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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 20): November 21, 1861

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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O! Nation. Great art thou and mighty.  
The wings of thine Eagle overshadow the earth.  
Wide are the bounds of thy dominion  
Compassing the mountains and the mighty rivers,  
Stretching from sea to sea, from the stormy to the  
Peaceful shore.

Then eldest Queen among the Nations;  
Unto thee do the needy cry.  
Princes and Kings do thee honor,  
For thou lovest their fear to scorn.  
God hath opened his right hand upon thee  
And thy hills and valleys groan beneath their wealth.  
The purple wealth of grapes,  
The yellow wealth of corn,  
Thy barns are bursting with their harvests;  
Thy presses overflow with floods of wine.

Thou dost the famishing stretch forth their hands.  
Thou feedest the hungry nations and knowest not that  
any have perished.  
Thou coverest the naked of all lands,  
And knowest not that thou hast a garment less  
Green are thy hills, fair are thy meadows,  
Thy heavens are pure and clear thy stars, thy flowers,  
Gem heaven and earth with beauty, night and day.  
Thy sons are proud and stately;  
Thy daughters are like angels seen in dreams.  
Thy like thee, O! royal Nation,  
Youngest, but most favored Child of God?

But a Cloud hangs over thee, Land!  
Thy sounding Corn and thy waving Wheat,  
Through the length and the breadth of thee,  
Is borne on the wings of the wind,  
Yea, the lightning is its carrier—  
Thy woe, to the proud Nation,  
To the Land made strong; but not by right.  
To the Land that trusteth not in God!  
Not with the Lord, its Maker,  
Woe, woe to the proud Nation!  
The needy cry, and the Lord will avenge them,  
For the Lord God is the Judge of all people—  
Not with the Lord, its Maker,  
Oh! a Cloud hangs over thee, Land!

It burst in its fury,  
If the flash and the crash come together,  
What a storm will go forth from thy bosom!  
How will thou reel under the shock,  
And fall and be broken and perished!

## The Village Doctor.

A wonderfully wise man is the village doctor.  
One of the most important men in the  
village, excelling all other men in his  
book-learning and medical skill. He has a  
cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to, he un-  
derstands all the symptoms of a patient by a  
glance, he appears to comprehend intuitively  
where the pain is chiefly felt, and seems to be  
less intimately acquainted with the very  
remedy that will make the sick man sound.  
There is healing in his very presence. A  
shake of the head is enough to produce despair,  
a nod awakens hope and comfort; there never  
was a sower a man as the country doctor—  
This is at least the opinion of the villagers.  
It may be, the faculty would by no means be  
impressed with his sagacity, for, if some people  
speak true, he has passed no examination,  
studied in no regular and orthodox fashion,  
but acted as his own instructor, and dubbed  
himself a doctor. But what of that? good  
sense and skillful practice may sometimes exist  
apart from regular practitioners, and the coun-  
try people have more faith in old Dr. Good-  
man than in all the College of Physicians, and  
more respect for his simple remedies than for  
the whole materia medica.

There he sits with a calm, sagacious, honest  
countenance, his grey hair rather long and  
wavy, telling, as it were, of his free handsome  
youth—spectacles on nose. He wears no suit  
of sable, but is very much at his ease in shirt  
sleeves, open waistcoat, drab shorts and gray  
worsted stockings; in one hand a snuff box,  
from which he has just removed a pinch; and  
withal has so pleasant a look that one feels  
inclined to trust him.

The room in which he sits is his laboratory.  
It serves, indeed, for other purposes, for par-  
lor, kitchen, and hall; but bears the dignified  
title of study. A very room of wizardry it  
is to simple country folk—a mysterious ap-  
artment, the stronghold of all wisdom, a sanc-  
tuary that one must enter cautiously.  
From a cord suspended across the ceiling hang  
samples of various kinds—herbs gathered from  
all quarters, on shelves are ranged bottles and  
jars of healing mixtures, ready to do battle  
with disease. On the floor stands a pestle and  
mortar; and on the window-seat are a pair of  
scales and an open book, and above them, more  
ominous than all the rest, more to be revered  
than the herbs and poisons, a human skull.  
Doubtless, the doctor is a learned man—it  
gives a scientific air to the place, which makes  
our faith in him the stronger.

But, human skill is a terrible object, some-  
thing that produces an indescribable dread.  
The peasant girl has accompanied her mother  
and young brother to the domicile of the doc-  
tor, for the boy grows feverish and restless,  
and has filled his mother's heart with fear.  
How solemn she looks, as the boy sits on her  
lap and she details the symptoms of his com-  
plaint; how she multiplies every particular of  
his disorder!

"He does not appear so bad, poor little  
duddy!" she says, and at every term of en-  
dearment draws him closer to her; but he is  
very ill. He very often weeps, and cannot re-  
sist the sobs; he seems to lose his appetite, and cannot relish  
his simple fare; we have obtained for him  
little dainties, but he appears so listless, dear  
heart! that I am quite afraid. I think he  
requires more sleep. He will never play with  
his two sisters; he will suffer none but his  
mother to touch him, pretty lamb! and never  
seems happy."

"Is he your youngest child?" asks the doc-  
tor.  
"He is, sir, the last of all; pretty poppet!"  
"Are your other children girls?"  
"They are, sir; alas! this is the only boy.  
The girls are well enough. This youngest one  
who is with me, aside me to carry her brother  
about; it is for him we feel so much—no ap-  
petite, no sleep, no cheerfulness. Alas, we  
would give our all for him!"

"And you really think that he is suffering  
severely?"  
"We do, indeed, doctor, his hands are hot,  
and his mouth parched, and he has no energy,  
poor little lamb!"

"And, says the doctor solemnly, 'there is no  
remedy but one.'  
"Alas! what is that, doctor?"  
"Nothing! Submit him to the same disci-  
pline as your other children; do not pamper  
his appetite and so spoil his taste and his  
digestion; do not humor his tempers, and so  
ruin his character and blight his own prospects  
and your own. Let him go out into the fields  
and take care of the sheep, let him share with  
the rest at table; what others can eat he can  
eat too, a small piece of meat a good supply  
of bread and potatoes, and nothing but clear  
water to drink, will make a man of him."

"But he is so delicate," says the anxious  
mother, "and so young. Really it is possible  
that that can be good for him?" He is so very  
very dear to us."

"I like not these over-learned Benjamins," says  
the doctor, "they nearly always grow up to be  
selfish men. The majority of the child is plain  
enough; he has eaten all hours, and spent  
three parts of the day at table."

"But, doctor, he can eat nothing; we are  
obliged to give him spices and sauces, and  
cream, and sweet stuff, something to tempt his  
listless appetite."

"Woman," says the doctor, "the boy wants  
air and exercise. Nature will make a cure of  
him if nature be permitted to have her own  
way. Medicine can do nothing for him. Let  
him rough it with the other children of the  
family; do not shelter him from every wind  
that blows, as if every breath of heaven were  
loaded with infection; let him fare as the rest  
of the family."

"Such a farmer's boy is brought up to the  
idea that work is the grand thing in life—  
Work, indeed, is supposed by him to be pretty  
much all of life. It is supposed to spoil far  
more to get anything but work into their

fare, and labor as the rest labor, and depend  
upon it, he will eat and sleep and be as merry  
as you could wish."

## Farmers Work too Hard.

The following extracts from one of Dr.  
Holland's "Timothy Titebalt Letters," should  
be well considered by young farmers.—  
Not a few American farmers work too hard.  
From sunrise to sunset, they labor harder  
than any hired man on the farm. There may  
be times when this is necessary; but as a  
general rule we can not but think it would be  
more profitable for the farmer rather to take  
the general supervision of the operations,—to  
keep things straight—to see that the imple-  
ments, tools and machines are in proper con-  
dition and in their right places, ready to be  
used when needed; in short to attend to the  
innumerable little details of the farm, that re-  
quire thought, rather than muscle. Much of  
the severe labor of the farm can now be done  
by machinery, and there is far less necessity  
for hard labor than formerly, but more need  
for intelligence and skill. Read what Dr. H.  
says:

Riding into the country recently, I saw one  
of the little railroad stations a pair of  
young men, leaning against the station house;  
they had evidently been waiting for the ap-  
proach of the train, but they did not stir from  
their positions. They were young men, whose  
life had been spent in severe and unremitting  
toil. Their hands were large, coarse and  
brown; their faces and necks were bronzed;  
their clothing was of the commonest material  
and pattern, and was old and patched besides,  
and they had a hard look generally. There  
was the usual bustle about them, but they did  
not seem to mind it. At last they started,  
and these are the words that one of them  
spoke:

"Come, Bob, let's go over and see if we  
can't tuck away some of that grub."  
So both turned their backs upon the train  
and upon me; and as they went over to see if  
they couldn't tuck away some of that grub,  
I got a view of their heavy shoulders and  
their shambling, awkward gait. A pair of old  
draft horses, going out in the morning to take  
their places in front of their truck, would not  
move more stiffly than these fellows moved.

Now these young men taught me nothing.  
I had seen many such before; but through  
them I took a fresh and very impressive  
glimpse into a style of life that abounds among  
the rural population of America, and shows  
but feeble signs of improvement. These men,  
who, when they eat, only tuck away grub,  
or, when they go to rest, when they sleep, they  
call the sun "Old Yaller," naming him in honor  
of a favorite ox. When they undress them-  
selves, they "peel off," as if they were onions  
or potatoes; and when they put themselves  
into their Sunday clothing, they "surprise their  
backs with a clean shirt." When they marry,  
they "hitch on," as if matrimony were a sled,  
and a wife were a saw log. Everything in  
their life is brought down to the animal basis,  
and why should it not be? They labor as  
severely as any animal they own; they are  
proud of their animal strength and endurance;  
they eat, work, and sleep like animals, and  
they do nothing like men. Their frames are  
shaped by labor; and they are only the best  
animals, and the ruling animals on their farms.  
As between the wives and children, who live  
in their houses, and the horses and cattle that  
live in their barns, the latter have the easier  
time of it.

Having brought everything down to the  
animal basis, in their homes and in their lives,  
their intercourse with other men will naturally  
betray the ideas upon which they live. They  
are usually very blunt men, who "never go  
round" to say anything, but who blurt out  
what they have to say in a manner entirely  
regardless of the feelings of others. They en-  
ter into each other's houses with their hats on,  
and keep "themselves" when they sit at each  
other's tables, and afford great contempt for  
the courtesies and forms of polite life. They  
are exceedingly afraid of being looked upon as  
"stuck up;" and if they can get the reputa-  
tion of being able to mow more grass, or  
pitch more hay, or chop and pile more wood,  
or cradle more grain than any of their neigh-  
bors, their ambition is satisfied. There is no  
dignity of life in their homes. They cook, and  
eat, and live in the same room, and sometimes  
sleep there, if there should be room enough  
for a bed. There is no family life that is not  
associated with work, and no thought of any  
life that is not connected with labor; and if  
they sit down five minutes, either at home or  
at church, they go to sleep. Their highest  
intellectual exercise is that which is called out  
by the process of swapping horses, and the  
selling of their weekly product of eggs and  
butter at the highest market price. They in-  
variably call their wives "the old woman," or  
"she;" and if they should stumble into saying  
"my dear," in the presence of a neighbor, they  
would blush at being self-conscious of un-  
justifiable politeness and unpardonable weak-  
ness.

These men have learned to read, but they  
rarely read anything except the weekly news-  
paper, taken exclusively for the probate no-  
tices. The only books in their houses are the  
Bible and two or three volumes forced upon  
them at unguarded moments by book agents,  
who made the most of internal wood-cuts, and  
external Dutch mural, to place them in pos-  
session of the "History of the World," or the  
"Lives of the Presidents," or some other pro-  
duction equally extensive and comprehensive.  
There is no exhibition of taste about their  
dwellings; everything is brought down to the  
hard standard of use. If their wives should  
desire a border for flowers, they regard them  
as very silly, and look upon their attempts to  
"fix up things" as a great waste of labor—  
They never go out with their wives to mingle  
in the social life of their neighborhood; and  
if the wives of their neighbors come to spend  
an afternoon, they harness their horses and  
drive off to attend to some distant business,  
that will detain them till the women get away.

It is useless to say to me that this is an ex-  
treme picture, for I know what I am writing  
about, and know that I am painting from the  
life. I know there are hundreds of thou-  
sands of American farmers, whose life, and  
whose ideas of life, are cast upon these mod-  
els. Some of these are as coarse and hard as  
I paint them, and others are only a little bet-  
ter.

Such a farmer's boy is brought up to the  
idea that work is the grand thing in life—  
Work, indeed, is supposed by him to be pretty  
much all of life. It is supposed to spoil far  
more to get anything but work into their

hands; and scientific agriculturists will bear  
witness that they have been obliged to fight  
the popular prejudice against "book farming"  
at every step of their progress. They will  
also testify that the improvements made in  
farming, and the implements of agriculture,  
have not been made by farmers themselves, but  
by outsiders—mechanics and men of science—  
who have marvelled at the brainless stupidity  
which tilled on in the old tracks of unreason-  
ing routine, and looked with suspicion and dis-  
couragement upon innovations. The reason  
why the farmer has not been foremost in im-  
proving the instruments and methods of his  
own business is, that his mind has been un-  
fitted for improvement by the excessive labor of  
his body. A man whose whole vital energy is  
directed to the support of muscle, has, of  
course, none to direct to the support of thought.  
A man whose strength is habitually exhausted  
by bodily labor, becomes, at length, incapable  
of mental exertion; and I can not help feeling  
that half of the farmers of the country estab-  
lish insuperable obstacles to their own im-  
provement by their excessive toil. They are not-  
ing more than living machines of a calling,  
which so far exhausts their vitality that they  
have neither the disposition nor the power to  
improve either their calling or themselves.

## The Battle of Port Royal.

The telegraphic reports, together with the  
extract from Capt. Dupont's private letter to the  
Assistant Secretary of the Navy, give us a  
tolerably clear idea of the way in which this  
glorious battle was fought and won. As our  
gallant Naval forces lay off Port Royal en-  
trance, they saw before them an arm of the  
sea three miles wide between the headlands on  
either side. On the left Fort Walker on  
Hilton Head, mounting twenty-three guns; to  
the right, and a mile and a half further in-  
land, was Fort Beauregard, on Bay Point,  
mounting nineteen heavy guns. In the chan-  
nel between the two forts, but farther up the  
entrance, was Tattal's mu-quito fleet. But it  
is no matter about that—it did not even an-  
noy. With this view of the points of attack  
before him, Capt. Dupont arranged his plan,  
which, as he says in his private note, was  
"clever"—strikingly so.

Instead of locating his ships in stationary  
positions, he set the principal part of them re-  
volving in a large circle, of which the centre  
was nearly off against Fort Beauregard. By  
this arrangement, the train of ships, led by  
the Wabash, as they swept southward on the  
land side of the circle, delivered full broad-  
side into Fort Beauregard, and then passing  
on threw a raking fire into Fort Walker.  
Capt. Dupont says the fleet thus made three  
complete turns, and passed between the forts  
twice besides. The advantage of this plan is  
obvious—the continual movement of the ships  
baffled the aim of the rebel artillery, while  
their range was soon detected by our seamen  
and evaded. Thus, when it appeared that the  
rebel ships were graduated at six hundred  
yards, the ships were carried in within one  
thousand feet of the forts. Another advantage  
of the plan was that it kept any particular  
ship from being singled out by the rebels and  
disabled, but gave all equal risks and oppor-  
tunities for rest and preparations. By this means  
a continual fire was kept up at the rate of  
2000 shells an hour. No wonder the rebels  
quailed and ran before the storm.

Their own accounts represent the firing as  
terribly unerring and effective. We can well  
believe it. The tough old tars that man the  
guns of our navy are bred to the work. For  
years and years they have been drilled at their  
Dahlgrens and long tons, till every part of the  
service is performed with the regularity of  
clock-work and the rapidity of a lightning  
corps, of which we have heard so much, can  
probably vie with the gunners of our navy.  
And here let us say, and never forget, that this  
victory at Port Royal was wholly a naval vic-  
tory. It would appear from Capt. Dupont's  
letter that the selection of the destination of  
the fleet was also due to his good judgment.  
But however that may be, the battle was his  
and his gallant tars. It is a feat which re-  
vives the ancient glories of the American  
navy, and is worthy of the best days of Hull  
and Decatur. It has opened our eyes anew  
to the vast advantages which we have over the  
rebels in this respect, and to the mighty re-  
sources upon which we have only begun to  
draw. It will add a hundred fold to the en-  
ergies of the nation in crushing out this ne-  
farious rebellion. It will send a pang of terror  
and dismay into every heart, however hardened,  
which has suffered itself to become alienated  
against the best Government on earth. But  
for the full development of its results, we must  
wait with serene patience and faith. The  
present is sufficiently satisfying.

[Boston Journal.]

THE WOUNDED AT PORT ROYAL.—Among  
the wounded in the gallant fight at Port Royal  
was Henry C. Keene, aged 31, son of Charles  
Keene, Esq., of this city. He was Senior  
Acting Master of the United States steamer  
Ottawa. His right leg, below the knee, was  
carried away by a 32 pound shot fired from  
Fort Beauregard, Bay Point. Isaac D. Sey-  
mour, aged 37 years, of Pinpoint, Acting Mas-  
ter on board of United States steamer of war,  
Mohican, received a compound fracture of the  
left leg by a shot from Fort Walker. They  
were both brought to Fort Monroe and are  
doing well. We learn that the gallant  
and plucky Keene writes home that he will be  
at them again within three months time.

[Augusta Age.]

TAKING MAP OF MAINE.—We have  
seen a proof impression of a portion of the  
new map of Maine which has been got up by  
Mr. J. Chace, Jr., and Messrs. Sanborn &  
Carter. It is the handsomest specimen of  
map engraving ever issued in this country.  
The map itself will be the largest and best  
State map that has been published, embracing  
as it does many characteristics not on any other  
State maps, and it will be a credit to our State  
as well as to the worthy publishers. A Di-  
rectory will be published to go with the map  
giving statistics of every town in the State.  
The map will be ready for delivery in three  
or four weeks.—[Argus.]

TO CLEAN PAINT.—Stir a piece of  
flannel in common whiting, mixed to the con-  
sistency of common paste, in warm water. Rub  
the surface to be cleaned quite briskly, and  
wash off with pure cold water. Greasy spots  
will, in this way, be almost instantly removed,  
as well as other filth, and the paint will retain  
its brilliancy and beauty unimpaired.

## The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, NOV. 21, 1861.

NO. 20.

## The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING.

EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... NOV. 21, 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."

REPORT ON HORSE TROTTING.—We have  
just received the following report of the trial  
of speed at the late exhibition of the N. Ken.  
Agricultural Society, which we hasten to lay  
before our readers. In an accompanying note  
the Chairman apologizes for the delay, which  
was unavoidable on his part, the record of the  
time having just been put into his hands.

On Studs the committee award the Society's  
first premium to T. S. Lang's three-year-old  
colt, General Wayne, a son of Ethan Allen.  
He bids fair to make a very fast horse; his  
time is 3.6, 3.7, 3. To the Merrow horse we  
give the second premium; time 3.8, 3.10, 3.9.  
The third we give to the horse owned by J.  
W. Heron. The committee think well of this  
horse, but not of the way he was driven on  
the track; his time is 3.7, 3.12, 3.

There were five entered, six years-old and  
over. We give Betsey Baker the first pre-  
mium, owned by I. Doolittle; time 2.49, 2.47,  
2.49. The second we give to the Grey Mare  
driven by Jacob; time 2.50, 2.53, 2.56. The  
third we give to the Hussey Horse; time 2.50,  
2.52, 2.57. The horses driven by B. Rollins  
and S. Heron, the committee noticed were  
but a few seconds behind.

On five-year-olds, we give the first to the  
horse of E. J. Lawrence; time 3.9, 3.3, 3.7. The  
second we give to the horse owned by J. Rich-  
ardson, driven by S. Lombard; time 3.6, 3.13,  
3.15.

On four-year-olds we award the first to  
Alonso Hallett's mare. The committee think  
if she is well trained she will be a hard one to  
beat; time 3.15, 3.12, 3.17. The second to  
the black colt owned by I. Doolittle; time  
3.11, 3.12, 3.17. The third to F. Colcord;  
time 3.29, 3.24, 3.30.

The committee were very much pleased  
with the speed of the horses generally, and  
noticed quite a number of good stepping colts  
on the ground, especially one owned by Doc.  
Littlefield. They think with a little more age  
and good keeping he may make a fast horse.  
CHAS. B. CROWELL, for Com.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—The Union vic-  
tory at Pickett, Ky., has been toned down  
very much by subsequent advices. The rebels  
were routed—not with a loss of 400 killed and  
1000 prisoners, as at first reported—but with  
80 or 90 killed and 50 prisoners.

Of movements in Western Virginia, we get  
the following brief mention, by way of Cin-  
cinnati, under date of the 16th:—

Advices from Gen. Rosencrans' headquar-  
ters state that on the 10th Gen. Cox's Brigade,  
crossed Kanawha and New Rivers, and drove  
the rebels back three miles from all their po-  
sitions. Gen. Schenck's column intended at-  
tacking them in the rear, but was prevented  
from crossing the river by the high water.  
Gen. Benham's Brigade moved up and began  
to feel their front when a sharp skirmish took  
place, lasting from some time in the afternoon  
until dark. Benham's force lay on their arms  
waiting till morning. The rebels began their  
retreat and were well on their way to Raleigh  
when the movement was discovered. Benham  
pursued them twenty-five miles amidst a  
drenching rain, but seeing little chance of over-  
taking them, turned back. In the skirmish  
with the rear guard, Col. Crogan of the rebel  
cavalry was killed. The loss on our side was  
two killed.

From Missouri we learn that Price and  
McCulloch have retired into Arkansas. Our  
forces, under Hunter, are retiring upon St.  
Louis. What the programme is to be under the  
new commander, no one seems to know.

In Kentucky, active preparations are in  
progress for important movements by land and  
water. An attempt is to be made to get in  
rear of Buckner's forces at Bowling Green.  
A Louisville letter says:—

"Gen. Sherman is engaged at this time in  
fitting out a great naval expedition, whose  
destination is as secret as was that under com-  
mand of his namesake. The 'fleet' will con-  
sist of several of our largest Southern trade  
steamboats, of sufficient capacity to carry 1000  
men each. The Commissary Department is  
now engaged in supplying the boats with a  
sufficiency of food. What force will be sent  
on them, or in what direction, is not known.  
None of the boats employed in this movement  
can be floated in any of the inland waters of  
Kentucky, with the exception of the Lower  
Cumberland or Tennessee. I suspect—I have  
no definite information—that the purpose is to  
sail men and supplies up the Tennessee river."

The most startling event of the week has  
been the capture of Messrs. Mason and Sidel-  
l, rebel ministers to England and France, who  
were taken from the British Mail steamship  
Trent, by Commodore Wilkes, of the San  
Jacinto. Against their own protest and that  
of the British captain, they were removed,  
with their Secretaries, dispatches, &c., from  
the protection of the growing lion, and are  
now cooling their heels in Fort Warren in  
Boston harbor, within sight of Bunker Hill  
monument. It remains to be seen what John  
Bell will say to the transaction, but in the  
mean time we hold the game.

A very bitter feeling, it is said, pervades the  
bosoms of the dwellers in Palmetto-dom, in  
view of the desecration of their soil by the  
rascally Yankees, and they threaten to hoist  
the black flag and show no quarter—giving  
prisoners the same hospitality extended to  
John Brown by the great State of Virginia.  
Let them try it on awhile, if they think prop-  
er; but they will find there are two sides to  
that sort of play.

The Union men of East Tennessee are giv-  
ing the rebels some trouble, and by burning  
several bridges have seriously interfered with  
railroad communication between important  
points. There has also been some fighting in  
that section.

McClellan is seriously disturbed in his plans  
by traitors in his own camp and in Washing-  
ton. The enemy are informed of every con-  
templated movement.

Another attempt was recently made to sur-  
prise Billy Wilson's regiment on Santa Rosa  
Island, but the rebels, 1500 strong, were dis-  
covered and shelled off with great loss.

The Eastern shore of Virginia—Accomac  
and Northampton counties—are now occupied  
by Union troops—most of the inhabitants be-  
ing well satisfied with the movement.

A dispatch from Charleston to the Rich-  
mond Enquirer, of the 14th, states that Gen.  
Sherman had taken possession of Pinckney  
Islands, seized all the able bodied negro men,  
and sent them to the fleet.

No attempt has been made to land on the  
main land.

As far as heard from, Davis and Stephens  
have received a unanimous vote for President  
and Vice President of the Southern Confed-  
eracy. Their term is for six years.

The seizure of Mason and Sidel, on board  
an English steamer, excites the ire of Lord  
Lyons, it is said, and he is confident they will  
eventually be given up.

The rebel forces on Roanoke Island have  
destroyed their fortification and left.

Our forces at Port Royal are strengthening  
themselves in their position, and will be speed-  
ily reinforced. The rebels are mustering to  
protect the railroad, so that communication  
may not be interrupted between Charleston  
and Savannah.

Col. Shepley's regiment, which is to form a  
part of Gen. Butler's Division, will embark  
on the Constitution, with other troops, and  
leave on a secret expedition in a few days.

HO! FOR WASHINGTON!—Perham, the  
prince of excursionists, has arranged another  
mammoth excursion. Travellers go to Balti-  
more, Washington, Fortress Monroe, and a  
great many other places, leaving any time be-  
fore Dec. 15, and returning before Jan. 1, at  
greatly reduced prices. Those who would  
take this opportunity, either to see the world  
or shuffle among the beggars for office around  
the capitol, are referred to Boston papers,—or  
they may address Mr. Perham, at the Adams  
House, Boston. Various routes are offered,  
and at very moderate prices.

GOOD THINGS.—It was a pleasant sight,  
last Monday morning, to see the array of  
turkeys and other components of Thanksgiving,  
as they were in the process of packing to be  
sent to the soldiers. Package after package,  
of everything that ever belonged to this popu-  
lar institution, was piled upon the pavement  
in front of Boutelle Block; and box after box,  
that had surrendered its dry goods, was re-  
stuffed with the waiting luxuries. We know  
but little about feeding a thousand men—ex-  
cept an ancient trial in a cheap way—but if  
the 3d regiment could empty those boxes at  
once, we should hope the seceders would  
not take advantage of them until Thanksgiving  
was over. They would be in a painful con-  
dition for a double quick! If the boys could  
have seen the many genial faces that beamed  
upon these dainties, as one by one they were  
stowed away, they would relish their meal  
only the better for knowing that the givers  
enjoyed the gift as much as they. In more  
than one case, as we know, those turkeys left  
no mate for a festival at home; and in many  
more they were the contributions of those who  
had no kindred among the soldiers, except the  
ties which came from love of country. But  
they all went with a hearty blessing; and we  
prayer the man or woman who saw the box close  
while it held no friendly token from them.

Our authorities, State and National, are  
taking good care of the soldiers, and are evi-  
dently doing all they can to secure them and  
their families from loss or imposition. Gov-  
ernor Washburn, as we learn from the Ken-  
bec Journal, has just detailed Col. A. H. Wilder,  
of his staff, to proceed to Washington to pro-  
cure allotments of the pay of Maine soldiers  
for their families. He has also appointed re-  
ceiving and distributing officers throughout the  
State, of whom Homer Percival, Esq., of our  
village is one.

THE RECORDER.—This is the name of a  
new paper just started in Richmond, which  
announces as its specialty, "Free Discussion  
of all Moral and Religious Subjects." It is  
published by A. W. Hobbs, editor and prop-  
rietor, at \$1 a year.

FIRE INSURANCE.—Those wishing to ef-  
fect a safe, reliable and economical insurance  
upon their buildings, are referred to the ad-  
vertisement of the Hallowell Mutual Fire In-  
surance Company in another column. Its affairs  
are managed with great prudence, and no  
company in the State has a better reputation.  
Mr. A. T. Bowman is agent for this town.

Senior Exhibition. This was a pleasant  
entertainment, on Wednesday evening, and  
filled the Baptist church with an appreciating  
audience. The programme embraced ten Sen-  
iors and six Juniors. The competition gave no  
easy task to the judging committee, but was  
settled by awarding the prize for best com-  
position and declamation to Mr. Zemo Augustus  
Smith, of Hodgeford—the piece entitled 'The  
Struggle of Freedom.'

CARPETS.—See the advertisement of the  
bankrupt stock which is being sold by the New  
England Carpet Co., of Boston.

FRAUDS AND COUNTERFEITS.—NOTICE TO  
DRUGGISTS, PERFUMERS, AND THE PUBLIC  
GENERALLY.—An imitation of William A.  
Batchelor's justly celebrated Hair Dye has  
been detected, and some of the spurious stuff  
has found its way into this State. Actions at  
Law have been commenced against Houses in  
New York and elsewhere for selling imitations,  
and very heavy damages claimed, which will  
doubtless be recovered from those parties who  
are proven to aid imposters in their ready  
grasping at any article bearing the stamp of  
staple goods, at reduced prices, without stop-  
ping to inquire of the wretched peddlers 'who  
generally offer their temptations,' whether  
they are stolen, genuine or bogus. It is suf-  
ficient for such dealers if they can foist their  
rubbish upon the public and cheat their cus-  
tomers and the proprietors of the genuine ar-  
ticle, to say nothing of the disappointments  
occasioned by such meanness. We advise all  
dealers in patent medicines and others, to do  
business only with reputable Houses, thus  
crushing out these dangerous bogues, whose  
mal practices do so much damage to legitimate  
trade.

Mr. Batchelor will exchange for new stock  
any genuine old sent to the factory, 81 Barclay  
street, New York, without any charge. The  
genuine William A. Batchelor's is the original.  
It has an immense sale, and is recognized all  
over the globe as the best Hair Dye known.  
Thus the incentive to dishonest imitations bad men.  
We hope all detected will be exposed.  
[Peterson, N. J., Guardian.]

VERMONT.—Rev. Wm. S. Balch, of Lud-  
low has introduced a bill into the Vermont  
Legislature which confiscates all intoxicating  
liquors brought into the State of Vermont.  
All packages of liquor found in the hands of  
railroad corporations, or other common carriers  
are to be seized by government. If pure, it  
goes to town agents; if impure, it is destroyed.  
There is a prospect of its being passed. This  
is the most stringent prohibitory law ever in-  
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