



1-23-1862

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 29): January 23, 1862

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. 29): January 23, 1862" (1862). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 756.  
[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail/756](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/756)

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.



From the Continental Monthly, for Feb.  
THE WATCHWORD.

'Trust in the Lord, and keep your powder dry!'  
So cried stout Oliver in the storm, before  
That redder rain on bloody Marston Moor,  
Which whelmed the flower of English chivalry.  
Repeat the watchword when the sudden sky  
Stoops with its weight of terror, while the roar  
Of the thunder deepens, and no more  
God's gracious sunbeams greet the lifted eye!  
Not faith alone, but faith with action armed,  
Shall win the battle, when the anointed host  
Wars with the alien armies, and unarmed,  
Snatch victory from a field where all seemed lost,  
Front Death and Danger with a level eye!  
Trust in the Lord, and keep your powder dry!

## Who'd be a Donkey?

'Oh! who'd be a donkey?' said a smart-looking boy, that was grazing in a meadow, under the hedge of which a heavily-loaded donkey was picking up a thistle.  
'Who'd be a donkey?' sneered a cow in the opposite meadow, looking at him through the grass.  
'Who'd be a donkey?' said an elderly gentleman, dressed in black, walking in a reflecting manner up the road, his arms crossed behind his back, and his stick under his arm.  
'Friends,' said the donkey, with a very long and delicious thistle hanging from his mouth, 'you'll excuse my speaking while I am eating, which is not polite; but in order to set your benevolent hearts at rest, I beg to assure you that I'd be a donkey.'

'Well,' said the horse, 'there's no accounting for taste. I wouldn't. Do you mean to say seriously that you prefer your rugged pasture out there to my delicate fare in here?'

'I never tasted yours,' said the donkey, 'mine is very pleasant.'

'Do you mean to say, friend,' asked the cow, 'that you prefer carrying that heavy load to living at ease, as I do?'

'I never lived at ease; I am used to my burthen,' said the donkey.  
'I should think, my poor fellow,' said the gentleman, 'you would be glad to change places even with your master, vagabond as he is. You would certainly escape beating and starvation; I can see the marks on your poor head where his blows have been, and your ribs show plain enough what your ordinary fare is.'

'Sir,' said the donkey, with a polite bow, 'I am greatly obliged to you for your pity, but I assure you that it is misplaced. My master is more of a brute than I am, both when he gets intoxicated and when he beats me. I don't like beating, especially about the head, and ears—but it is a part of my lot to bear it, and when the pain is past I soon forget it. As to starving, there are degrees in starvation; I am many points from the bottom of the scale, as you could see by the delicate thistle I was munching when our conversation began. I believe my master, who cannot dine on a hedge, more frequently suffers from hunger than I do.'

'Truly my friend,' said the gentleman, 'your philosophy is worth having. But that but then must be too much for you; it is full twice your size.'

'It is heavy, sir; but who is without a burthen? You, sir, for instance—pardon my familiarity; not for a whole farm of thistles would I put you on a par with a poor donkey—you are, as I should judge, the clergyman of this parish?'

'Yes,' said the gentleman.  
'And you have a family?'

'Yes; six children.'  
'And servants, of course?'

'Yes; three.'

'Dear me,' said the donkey. 'Sir, excuse me again, but what is my burthen to yours? A parish, six children, and three servants; especially the servants!'

'Oh,' replied the clergyman, 'but my cares are such that I am constituted to bear them.'  
'Just so, sir,' said the donkey; 'and my burthen fits my back exactly, although it wouldn't fit yours. The truth is, sir, I believe, and I would recommend you (once more excuse me) to put it into your next sermon, that half—yes, more than half—of our wants are created by ourselves; half and a great deal more than half of our miseries are imaginary, and half, yes more than half, of our blessings are lost for the want of seeing them.'

'I learnt this from my old mother, who was really a sensible donkey, and my experience of life has shown me its truth. With neither of my friends over the hedge would I change places, scornful as they look while I say it. As for you, sir, let me tell you that there is a thunder-storm coming up. It will not harm my old substantial grey coat, while it will spoil your nice black one; so I advise you to scamper home as fast as you can, while I finish my dinner.'—[Casket and Playmate.]

'THOUGHT IT WAS NO USE.—Why don't you go into business?' said a prosperous merchant to an old schoolmate, who was down in the world and couldn't get a situation even as book keeper.

'Haven't got the capital,' was the doleful reply.

'I suppose you know what I commenced on?'

'Yes—next to nothing.'

'Well, why can't you do the same?'

'I don't know why—but I can't.'

'Did you ever try?'

'No; I thought it was of no use.'

'That's it! Just one half of the unfortunate people in this world think it is of no use to try.'

'The whole of one's success centres in the act of trying to succeed. Never give up the ship!'

'RATHER HARD.—A correspondent of the Nunda News, writing from the camp of the Thirty-third New York volunteers, says:

'There are many farmers (F. F. V. Planters) between Manassas and the Potomac who find themselves in a rather peculiar situation as regards themselves and property. What their enemies left their friends, take. There was a free black man living near the Chain Bridge, who owned about fifty acres, a span of horses, a few cattle, and lived by selling milk and vegetables in Washington. He was a strong pillar of the church, and familiarly known as Uncle Bob. The secessionists took his horses and cattle, and whatever else they considered of value, and they felt back and the Union men advanced, our boys found it as hard to pass his melon and green corn patches, as for a troop of monkeys to pass a basket of sweet apples. He saw his little living vanishing before his eyes, and one morning when the clatter of the last of his fowl had failed to awaken him, he could endure it no longer. He went to one of our officers and gave vent to his grief, and ended by saying: "But I suppose every affliction is from the Lord. I try to forgive him as he forgives me. I try to pray for the Lord to have mercy on 'em, but I wish de debil had 'em all de time!"'

'CARRYING FA HIS DINNER.—As we plodded along through this busy world, with these tender bodies and feeling hearts of ours; exposed on either hand to the disease and accidents which lay waste the vine, and sorrows which crush the olive, we every now and then meet with incidents which touch the hardest heart and leave life-long impressions.

'One such comes to our recollection at this

writing, which is worthy of public mention. A sweet, active little girl, of some seven or eight years, was accustomed to carry to her father, who was a laborer at one of our depots, some part of his daily meals. One evening as she was returning just at dusk, she dropped her pail by the wayside to amuse herself with some matter which attracted her childish attention. Thoughtless of danger, and busy with her play, she had halted on one of the many railroad tracks which crossed her path, and in the dusk was not discovered by the engineer, who just then passed with his engine, until he had run over and mangled her in a most shocking manner.

On the following day we were by her bedside, with her physician. She was feeble, but conscious and vigilant, and in her debility suffered but little pain. Her left arm was so mangled at the shoulder that the physician took it away and passed it from the bed under the clothing in such a manner that she did not know that she had lost an arm. Efforts were made to remove the clothing from the right arm, which was crushed and distorted so as not to have any semblance of an arm. Feeling a tinge of pain, she raised her head and for the first time discovered that she was armless. Looking an instant at her armless shoulder—the arm gone—she turned her head and saw the shapeless right arm, and supposing that, too, must soon be taken from her, she looked up anxiously and with an expression of great regret, and in a most piteous voice exclaimed: 'Oh, ma! how can I carry pa his dinner now?'

We are not lachrymose, in the main, we have little fellow feeling for those who are forever pumping for our tears, nor do we sympathize deeply with those whose fountains of grief are so shallow that their tears ripple over the lid with every gust of sorrow; but we envy the stoical soul that could withstand such provocation unmoved.

It has been our lot many times to witness the scenes of innocent suffering, and they always awaken thoughts and inquiries which we can scarcely answer; but we remember none more affecting than the one just related. The mangled frame of the little innocent sufferer; her calmness and patience; the thought that it had been her chief delight from day to day, to have the hour arrive when she could 'carry pa his dinner,' her regret, expressed in both look and word, that she could never go to that pleasant errand again; these, coupled with the sad thought that she had not long to live, made up a case peculiarly affecting.

—Sandsky Register.

THE EFFECT.—We are reliably informed that when the news that permission had been granted by the United States authorities for the passage of British soldiers through our territory became known in Canada, it produced an electrical and profound effect upon the public mind of the most gratifying character. It seemed to dispel the war frown instantly; and well informed gentlemen predict the effect in England will, if possible, be still more happy. We trust it will prove so; we expect it will. It is no use to paw dirt or shake horns at John Bull or any other variety of the Anglo-Saxon race, unless you desire fight. Generous confidence and magnanimity appeal to the better side of his nature, and he is as unwilling to be outdone in that direction as in the other. This little courtesy may turn the whole current of feeling between the two countries into a better channel, and give it a more natural and rational tone. God grant that it may.

[Portland Argus.]

GEN. McCLELLAN AND FUGITIVES.—The New York Tribune's Washington correspondent says:

'Some time ago Gen. Hooker asked Gen. McClellan what he should do with 50 or 60 fugitive slaves who were within his lines at Budd's Ferry. Gen. McClellan replied with an order, directing him to inquire in each case whether the fugitive from bondage had or had not been employed in the military service of the enemy. If he had been, Gen. Hooker should employ him, if he had not, he should exclude him from his lines, thus temporarily liberating him, and leaving the final disposition of the bondman to the civil authorities. It is understood that a similar rule will hereafter be applied in every case occurring within the army of the Potomac. Further than this Gen. McClellan is believed to be unwilling to go in the absence of other legislation than that of the July session of Congress.'

HAITI.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia North American says that matters are progressing favorably for the establishment of more extended commercial and friendly relations with Hayti. The latest intelligence (authentic) from Port au Prince was to the effect that the appointment of a Consul by the United States Government would be promptly followed by the appointment of a prominent Bostonian, doing business in Hayti, as Consul from that country to the government at Washington.

It is reported, apparently on good authority, that the Southern agents in France and England are proposing to negotiate for recognition on the basis of commercial treaties highly favorable to the interests of those powers, and the gradual abolition of slavery in all the States of the Confederacy.

Gen. McClellan strongly urges the organization and practical preparation of artillery corps in all the seaport and lake towns, with a view to have in readiness for any emergency an effective body of well drilled artillery, for the defense of our harbors and coast.

This accords with his recommendations in his published work on the Crimean war, where he urges the rapid completion of our coast fortifications, and the training of artillery in the use of large guns.

THE PRESENT TIMES.—Gov. Sprague, in his beautiful letter of reply to the 'Mercantile Library Association,' of Boston, says: 'I thank God I have been permitted to live in the present generation. In our lives, we shall never have a like occasion to serve our country, to fight for our homes, for those who are fought for us, and for those who look to us to establish freedom for all mankind. We have the elements within us, the heart is right—let the hands do what the heart dictates.'

The mortality in our army since the war broke out will reach 22,000 men. The number killed in battle, skirmishes, &c., is about 11,000, and the number wounded 17,000. These figures may appear startling to a great many, but they are reliable. The number of prisoners South, and soldiers deserting and missing, is about 6000. The entire strength of our army, as returned in the Adjutant General's office, foot up 521,000; about 450,000 are now reported as fit for service.

# The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, JAN. 23, 1862.

NO. 29.

## The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JAN. 23, 1862.

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. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 13 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers 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.'

'NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY.'—We beg pardon of the Lewiston Journal for any over excitement or excess of labor in which we may have involved him, by our few words about national bankruptcy, of which he is so much afraid.

We agree with him in the great point of his argument, that the government cannot carry on this war without money; and we also do in the other equally profound point, that unless the government attends to the matter, there will be danger to the 'good name of our credit.' He might have led us even further, and compelled us to admit that if the government should cease all action there would be anarchy; that if our troops don't fight we shall win no victories; and that if no opposition is made to secession it will be successful. All this is plain. Now will the Journal see if he cannot assent to our position:—that the government WILL arrange a plan to prevent bankruptcy by paying its debts; that it will fight and win; and that secession will be sent where its authors ought to be? If so, will he say it in few words?—confessing that 'the Mail's plan,' contemplates no bankruptcy that the public need groan over till it comes. Then we will oppose no further obstacles to the 'pressure' which the Journal imagines he is helping to bring upon Congress—and the nature of which Congress understands nearly as well as he does.

CHAPLAIN LEONARD.—For some time past we have heard intangible reports of the arrest of Rev. Henry C. Leonard, formerly of Waterville, chaplain of the 3d Maine regiment, for alleged violation of some rule of etiquette towards a superior officer. The only reliable information we had was so far confidential that we could not use it, and so we left the subject untouched. We knew enough of him and of the circumstances of the arrest to feel sure that this attempt to disgrace him would result to his honor—and so it has resulted. The Bath Times says it has obtained the facts from those associated with them, and that instead of reflecting unfavorably upon the chaplain it is 'every way to his credit.'

The Times adds, 'We know the matter is so regarded by the highest officials in the State.' It seems that one field officer, who had been superseded for highly reprehensible conduct, very naturally supposed the chaplain had not backed him with proper energy, and took occasion to insult him by dispensing with the ordinary religious services—accompanying the order with an insulting remark aimed at the chaplain. And yet so uncertain is military justice, that when Mr. Leonard laid his case before the Colonel, he found himself arrested! How the matter ended we do not learn, except that both the colonel and general had accepted the chaplain that there was no cause for his arrest. If not, then there should be investigation enough to show who ought to have been arrested in his stead.

HOW IS IT?—An article in the Lewiston Journal says that one day last week Mr. Frye, of Lewiston, a member of the House, 'asked and obtained leave to lay on the table a bill to amend Sec. 21, Chap. 24 of the Revised Statutes, so that Selectmen of towns may not have the power to remove the family of a volunteer when his residence is not of the State. Mr. Frye said that Corporal Hudson came to his room in great trouble, and stated to him, that he had left a wife and child, at Benton and had enlisted here. He had received no pay and could send nothing to his family. About a week since, his wife went to Clinton with the children on a visit, and one morning, looking out of the window, she saw all her furniture and household goods piled up near a house opposite, and soon after he received a notice from the town that his wife and children were to be removed to Vermont under a warrant issued by a Justice of the Peace under this section.'

Mr. Frye wished so to amend the statute, as that such acts as these could not be sustained by law. It can hardly be supposed that the town authorities of Benton have no excuse for an act that appears so heartless. The law permits many things that it does not demand; and while it leaves matters of town economy to the discretion of men selected for their wisdom, it does not require them to violate the laws of God and the best feelings of humanity, in order to save a few pence to the treasury. In many, if not in most towns, we believe the matter of pauperism—which is a harsher name for poverty—is managed in a most unchristian way. The wives and children of the soldiers who have enlisted in this war of freedom should be the foster-children of the towns where they reside; and it is to the honor of God that many towns so regard them. We hope the town of Benton has not set an example that she would blush to see followed by her neighbors.

DIED.—In Cambridgeport, Mass., Thomas W. Dickman, a former resident of Augusta, aged about 65 years.

Thomas W. Dickman—that name has a wonderfully familiar sound, we thought, after repeating it several times; where have we known the man who bore it? 'Thomas W. Dickman'—and our thoughts went up and down our path of life—but without being able to connect with the name any remembered form or event. So we began to ring the changes upon it, hoping thus to raise a ghost from the buried past. And first by inverting it—'Dickman Thomas W.'—no; then dropping the middle initial—'Thomas Dickman'—that seemed nearer, but not quite the incantation needed; and lastly, taking a liberty, by abbreviating—'Tom Dickman'—when, presto! in a flash, as it were, we stood—a little urchin, in checked apron and broad rolled collar—on one side of a rough counter, with a few red cents in our fist, surveying with longing eyes the treasures of nuts, candies, cakes, &c., in the keeping of him, 'Tom Dickman,' afore said—'monarch of all he surveyed,' and proprietor of the only 'restaurant' then extant in this goodly village. Oh, yes; we knew him 'like a book,' and in those days, doubtless, much better than any book we found in the school room—more the pity. His shop was a humble offshoot of the old Dr. Wright house—formerly the Dr.'s office, perhaps—and not far from where the shoe store of C. S. Newell now stands.

Another vivid remembrance we have of him is this:—when the old Waterville Light Infantry paraded on the easterly side of the Common—not the Common of to day—(the ununiformed Militia, or 'String Beans,' as we called them, occupying the west) after the company was 'sized,' Charles Stackpole—what a different Charles!—was always found at one end of the line and Tom Dickman at the other.

Alack-a-day! of the crowd of boys who then covered the old Common, 'as thick as spatters,' scarce half a dozen remain to share these memories with us.

'THE UNION BARDS,' in their tasteful Zouave costumes and with their excellent and well selected pieces, gave a musical entertainment of more than ordinary interest last evening. They have a good programme, and a good combination of superior musical talent; and we can honestly and emphatically commend the Bards to public patronage, as well qualified to meet the expectations of any reasonable audience.

DIED.—In this town, 18th inst., Mr. Alexander McKeechie, aged 83 years. Mr. McKeechie was the oldest resident, if not the oldest man in town, having resided here from his birth. He was son of Dr. McKeechie, an early settler and associated with the early history of the town. He was a worthy man and a good townsman and neighbor.

BIG STEERS. We saw before our door, yesterday, a pair of three-yr-old steers, which Messrs. Hilton & Doolittle had just bought of Seth Holway, Esq., of Fairfield, that weighed 3590 lbs. They were bought to be slaughtered and sold to the customers of the market corner of Main and Temple streets; and they have been larger boned and perhaps better steers, we never saw a pair that promised to make choicer beef. They are very fat, and have been fed high without much work; and we are told that they are to be cut up and retailed at moderate prices. On Saturday the quarters of one of them may be seen at the market, where the lovers of good beef had better look at it. And we commend to the attention of our townsmen as well as to our neighbors in adjoining towns, the efforts now making, both at this and the other market, to furnish to customers the very choicest qualities of all kinds of meats. If 'charity should begin at home,' the best meat in the world should be eaten here in Waterville—but if we would enjoy the highest luxuries we must sustain them with some degree of liberality. Call and see the meat of the big steers!

MRS. PEARSON'S SCHOOL, advertised in another column, has a new and valuable attraction in the engagement of Mr. Isaiah Dole as teacher of languages. Mr. D. brings recommendations for superior facilities and much experience in this department of teaching, and will confer important advantages to this over most other schools. The school is meeting increased success, and we again commend it to attention abroad, as well as in our vicinity, as a quiet and well managed home for pupils who would make it such.

MASON AND SLIDELL.—The arrival of these individuals at Bermuda has been reported, with their subsequent departure for England; but the correctness of the report is questioned, and doubt is still entertained as to their safety.

WELL DONE, IOWA.—Seventy-six and a half per cent. of all the syrup required by the inhabitants of this new State, for the present year, has been produced within its own borders; from Sorghum. There are sections in Illinois that have done equally as well.

The troops at Augusta are to be paid off immediately, and it is now confidently stated that they will leave for the South within fifteen days.

STANTON, the new Secretary of War, seems to be the right man in the right place. Radical and conservatives are equally well pleased with him, while all agree that he is for a vigorous prosecution of the war.

LEGISLATURE OF MAINE.—The machinery is now fairly in motion; but although many grists go into the hopper every day, very little has been ground out as yet. As usual, many orders of inquiry are introduced and referred, many to receive their quietus at the hands of the committees.

A great splurge was made about furnishing the soldiers at Augusta with additional blankets, of which they are in need; but the matter was finally left with the Governor, where it was originally.

Legislation was reported inexpedient for altering the laws regulating the sale of potatoes; giving bounty to volunteers in regiments 'last raised,' for introducing military tactics into schools; also for diverting school money to other purposes.

A bill providing for coast defences is under consideration.

Parties are pressing for a tax on dogs, not so much with a view to raising a revenue, as for the protection of sheep.

Various economical measures are proposed, that our resources may be diverted to the one great object of suppressing rebellion; some of which may merely save at the pigst to waste at the bung hole. Among these are—the abolition of Normal Schools, and the Board of Agriculture; the suspension of allowances to County Agricultural societies, and the bounties on wolves and bears.

A Resolve making a grant of land to Waterville College is under consideration.

Among the banks applying for reduction of capital is the Waterville, who asks to be let down one half.

James Stackpole and others ask for County Court in Kennebec Co.

An order has been passed directing that all petitions presented after the first day of Feb. shall be referred to the next Legislature.

An inquiry into the expediency of abolishing the board of Fish Wardens in the counties of Sagadahoc, Kennebec and Somerset, is just what we expected from our wily down river neighbors, who will leave nothing undone—except that Fishway—to cheat us of our rights.

In the Senate, on Monday, Mr. Smart put the lash to Mr. Case, the new hunker editor of the Portland Advertiser, to the satisfaction, apparently, of all present.

Numerous petitions are in for the passage of a law compelling Town Agents to sell pure liquors.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—The pirate Sumter has been reported at Cadiz, having burnt three vessels on her trip out. Since that we have a doubtful report of her having been sunk near that port by a federal gunboat.

Jackson, with the whole of his force has retired from Hancock, having probably gone to Winchester. [A rose; he's back again.]

From the Burnside Expedition we get little that is reliable. Roanoke Island and Yorktown are said to have been abandoned by the rebels in anticipation of an attack, and Gen. Wool was reported to have sent a message to Gen. Huger, at Norfolk, to remove the women and children; but this last has since been contradicted. The following description of the theatre of operations of this Expedition—Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, with their surroundings—we take from the Boston Journal:

Pamlico Sound, the more Southern of the two, is over 80 miles long from east to west, and from 8 to 30 miles wide, with a general depth of 20 feet. If any offensive movement is made in this sound it will probably be to seize and break up the railroad communication of Richmond with all the Southern seaboard. This might be done by going up the Neuse river 100 miles from the sound to Goldsboro, or up the Tar river, 85 miles, to within 15 miles of the road. Light draft boats could make the trip. Goldsboro is the more important, as an inland branch strikes off there, which might be used by the rebels in case the road was tapped higher up. Between the two sounds, and commanding the entrance, lies Roanoke Island, strongly fortified, and held by 2000 or 3000 rebel troops. This place will have to be reduced, and will undoubtedly provide the first heavy work for the expedition. The rebels have been busy upon its defenses ever since the Hatteras expedition, and it must therefore have considerable strength. As soon as the expedition, or the destined portion of it, is in Albemarle Sound—60 miles long by 4 to 15 wide—it will doubtless seize the railroad communications at Weldon, near the Virginia and North Carolina line, no matter whether the line below shall have first been broken up or not. The main roads both from Richmond and Norfolk, concentrate at Weldon. There is sloop navigation by the Roanoke river to Halifax, twelve miles from Weldon. There is also another water route, ending in a longer march. Weldon is about 70 miles by railroad from Norfolk. On the extreme northern arm of Albemarle Sound is Elizabeth City, 50 miles from Norfolk. The connection is by a river, allowing craft drawing 7 feet, and the Dismal Swamp Canal, 23 miles long, 6 1/2 feet deep, and 46 feet wide.

Gen. Lane has left Washington to take an independent command in Kansas. We shall hear a good report of his operations, in due time, as he will be left to manage matters in his own way.

In Kentucky, Gen. Buell is pushing forward

in the direction of Bowling Green, which place the rebels are actively preparing to defend. We get news of a severe and bloody conflict at Somerset, near the Cumberland river, on the 19th inst., resulting in the defeat of the rebels by Gen. Schoepff, and the death of Zollicoffer, and Bailie Peyton, son of the ex-member of Congress of that name. The loss on both sides is said to be large, that of the rebels being set at 275. The rebels fled across the river, abandoning their canoes, stores, tents, wagons, &c., which fell into the hands of the federal troops.

The great expedition down the Mississippi, which the newspapers started with such a flourish, a week ago, seems to have achieved nothing. The movement from Cairo seems to have been nothing more than a reconnaissance in force, and the troops have since returned.

Carleton, the correspondent of the Boston Journal, lets the gas out of the swelling reports sent out from this point. The number of troops sent from Cairo, he says, does not number over seven thousand, and these never thought of venturing very near Columbus; the mortar boats, or rafts, are there, but the mortars have not yet arrived from Pittsburg! The gunboats, however, he thinks are formidable. All the misrepresentation in regard to this expedition—its force and movements—he says is chargeable to military men, and not to the reporters, who wrote what was dictated to them. This is an outrageous abuse, for which somebody should be punished.

A body of loyal Indians have been attacked and defeated by a force of Texan rebels, and forced to retire into Kansas.

Fort Pickens has had another turn at the rebels, making a large breach in Barrancas and setting Warrington on fire again.

The St. Louis Democrat of the 17th has a dispatch to the effect that a large body of rebels, under Jeff. Thompson, numbering six thousand, advanced upon a federal detachment of eight hundred troops under Col. Mills, at a distance of about twenty-three miles from Ironton, and gave them battle. A desperate conflict is said to have ensued, resulting in the loss of many killed and wounded on both sides. The Union troops, overpowered by numbers, had, at latest accounts, fallen back a distance of eight miles, leaving a quantity of baggage in the hands of the enemy, and were still retreating toward Pilot Knob, where some alarm existed, and Colonel Carlisle was making every preparation for the impending struggle at that point.

WATERVILLE ACADEMY.—In the multiplicity of new schools, the well founded claims of this old institution must not be overlooked. Under the care of Mr. Jones, the present efficient Principal, it deserves a good support—the instruction being thorough, and the discipline firmly and pleasantly maintained. The Spring term—as will be seen by referring to advertisement in our columns—will commence on the 18th of February.

THE CONGREGATIONALIST now has regular Army letters from Rev. A. H. Quint and Rev. HORACE JAMES, and a capital weekly letter from Washington; besides a large corps of special contributors, including Rev. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, GAIL HAMILTON, Rev. DR. BACON, of New Haven, and Dr. THOMPSON of New York; and a Children's department sustained by some of the very best juvenile writers.

Just now the Congregationalist Quarterly, or the Student and Schoolmate, is offered as a premium to every new subscriber. The Congregationalist is ably conducted, and specially valued as a family religious paper. Specimen numbers may be obtained by addressing GALEN JAMES & Co., 15 Cornhill, Boston.

PROOF POSITIVE. Through the generosity of Mr. Derogues, the enterprising proprietor of the lower meat market, the editors of the 'Mail' were enabled to satisfy themselves that the beef from his big ox, recently slaughtered, was actually as good as it looked—two nice 'roasts' having been served on them for that purpose. ALL the good beef is not sent to Boston now a days.

Lieut. George McIntire and Sergeant A. R. Small, of our town, have just come home to raise recruits for their company—G, Third Maine Regiment.

When Rev. I. S. Killoch was with the army on the Potomac, a short time since, he held a prayer meeting, at which an old negro rose, and referring to the war said—'Massa, I haint got no religion, but I tank de Lord for dis mighty great fuss.'

In the list of exchanged prisoners, arrived from Richmond, we find the following names of members of Co. H, of the 3d Maine Regiment:—Llewellyn Ballard, Thomas W. Merrow, and Charles H. Preston. The last named was reported killed by a cannon ball at Ball Run.

NOTICE YE! That the Book and Fancy Goods Store of O. T. Gray is removed to larger premises one door North. We believe it to be a fact that goods are sold very low there, and we know there is a nice stock of very pretty articles; and of course careful attention to business explains the need of a larger store. Those who have occasion to purchase in an economical way will do well to look in at Gray's. (See advertisement.)

LECTURE.—Before Ticonic Division Friday Evening, by Mr. J. H. Jackson.

FLOODS IN CALIFORNIA.—Many lives have been lost and millions of dollars worth of property destroyed in California, this winter, by floods. The last one, greatest of all, laid the City of Sacramento from two to eleven feet under water.

Gen. Seth Williams, a native of Maine, succeeds Thomas as Adjutant General of the U. S. Army.

MR. COBLEN ON THE BLOODED.—The Cincinnati Times relates that Mr. Cobden has written a letter to Gen. Scott, in which he expresses the opinion that, unless the rebellion shall be crushed before the first of April next, England will be under necessity, (impelled by the popular clamor of her commercial and manufacturing interests) of opening the cotton ports of the South.



