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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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"LIST OF THE KILLED."

Mothers who sit in dumb terror and dread,
Holding that terrible list,
Fearing to look lest you see 'mid the dead
The name of the boy you have kissed—
Kissed 'em as those who in anguish and pain,
Kiss precious faces of clay,
For as you would had you abominably slain
That dear one in grave robes away.
I pity you, sitting with faces so white,
Striving to parry the blow!
I know how that name will torture your sight,
Can fathom the depth of your woe.
By the pang that rent my desolate heart,
By this crushing weight of despair,
I know you too will shudder and start,
Reading that dear name there.
I know you'll hush the passionate cry,
Thinking of him as he lies,
With beautiful face captured to the sky,
Death veiling the glorious eyes.
"Fighting he fell!" Does a feeling of pride
Lighten your grief as you think
How brave was the boy that went from your side—
How he would not flinch nor shrink?
The mother's love triumphs. Men call women weak—
Thinking, perchance, that my dying is there—
Peace, heart; he can come over now.
But still there's a thought that softens my woe—
Above there's a glorious list;
And one day I'll have with a rapturous glow
The name of the boy I have kissed.

MARVELS OF MAN.—While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence whatever on the acid, delicate fibres of the living stomach, nor has it any upon the living hand, but at the moment of death it begins to eat away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on sea, on land, in the valley, and on the mountain tops—there is dust all ways and everywhere; the atmosphere is full of it; it penetrates the noisome dungeon, and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth; no palace door can shut it out, no drawer so secret as to escape its presence; every breath of wind dashes against the naked eye, and yet it is not blinded because there is a fountain of the blindest fluid in nature incessantly emptying itself upon the eyelid, which spreads itself over the surface of the ball at every winking, and washes every atom of the dust away. But this liquid, so well adapted to the eye itself, has some acid, which, under certain circumstances, becomes scalding to the skin, and would rot away the lids, were it not that along the edges of them there are little oil manufactory, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eye-balls washed clean, as the best varnish is impervious to water.

FACTS ABOUT MANURE.—An agriculturist once observed very truthfully, that men have explored the caves of India, the battlefields of Europe, and the coast of Africa, for the elements of fertility, yet upon our own farms and in adjoining workshops are to be found many sources from which fertility may be obtained. A glance at some of these sources of fertility may not be unprofitable. Enough manure is produced to keep every farm as rich as the choicest garden spot, if it were only saved and applied properly. The head lands, the road-sides, and many other spots are covered with a rank vegetable growth, that should be gathered together, and thrown into a pile to decay. The swamp furnishes a mine of great value to the farmer. Its black, porous muck is one of the best materials in the world for absorbing liquid manure, that is too often allowed to run to waste. A compost heap formed of turf and muck makes a convenient place for throwing all the slops from the house, all offensive refuse, and soon becomes a regular guano heap. Those who live near a town, by being on the lookout, may be able to pick up a good deal of valuable matter cheap. The sweeping of the blacksmith's shop is excellent, so is the refuse from wooden factories, and all bone shavings. The best field of wheat we ever saw was owned by a comb-maker, who had made liberal use of horn shavings. Farmers will find wood ashes of far more value than many imagine, especially for light lands. But, for a little extra choice manure for special purposes and occasions, there is nothing like the fowl house. If hen manure is well saved and used to the best advantage, we believe it will more than pay for the keep of fowls. For giving onions a start ahead of the weeds, there is nothing so good as a little dry hen manure, drilled, in with the seed, and it is just as good for carrots. A tea-cup full scattered in the hill at the time of planting corn, helps the young plants amazingly, and gives them a lift that carries them well through the season. But every farmer needs a good vegetable garden, and for this fowl manure is mostly needed. Four or five quarts put in a barrel of water, makes a fine liquid manure for any beds of young plants that need stimulating. In this form we use it for melons, cucumbers, &c., as soon as they appear above ground, to put them out of the way of bugs, and on beds of cabbage, cauliflower plants, for the same purpose. Celery plants, after being set out, may be hurried amazingly by being watered two or three times a week with this liquid food. If magnificent sweet corn is wanted, half a pint of dry hen dung, if made fine and well scattered in the hill, will produce it.

[Rural New Yorker.]

A DYING SOLDIER PRAYS FOR THE PRESIDENT.—Never, until we stood by the grave of the Green Mountain boys, did we realize how much stranger is truth than fiction. Your readers will all recollect last summer a private was court-martialed for sleeping on his post out near Chain bridge, on the Upper Potomac. He was convicted; his sentence was death; the finding was approved of by the General, and the day fixed for his execution. He was a youth of more than ordinary intelligence; he did not beg for pardon, but was willing to meet his fate. The time drew near; the stern necessity of war required that an example should be made of someone; he was an aggravated case. But the case reached the ears of the President; he resolved to save him; he signed a pardon and sent it out; the day came.

"Suppose," thought the President, "my pardon has not reached him." The telegraph was called into requisition; an answer did not come promptly. "Bring up my carriage," he ordered. It came, and soon the important State papers were dropped, and through the hot broiling sun and dusty roads he rode to the camp, about ten miles and saw that the soldier was saved! He has doubtless forgotten the incident, but the soldier did not. When the Third Vermont charged upon the rifle pits, the enemy poured a volley upon them. The first man who fell, with six bullets in his body, was William Scott, of company K. His comrades caught him up, and as his life ebbed away, he raised to heaven, amid the din of war, the cries of the dying, and the shouts of the enemy, a prayer for the President, and as he died he remarked to his comrades that he had shown he was no coward and afraid to die. [Yorktown corr. Phil. Inquirer.]

Spring has come and the frogs are out.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1862.

NO. 43.

The Eastern Mail.

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

WATERVILLE... MAY 1, 1862.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 30 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.
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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, Relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

From Our Boys.

We are permitted to make the following extracts from a letter from one of the College boys—now in the Maine Third, at Yorktown—to a friend here:—

"We are, as the papers have already informed you, in camp before Yorktown; and, according to our calculation, about ready to re-enact the old Revolutionary drama. Although of course the fortunes of war should be somewhat considered, in connection with our plans, yet we are perfectly sanguine of success. Of course you will second the motion, and wish us all pleasure unalloyed in our prosperity."

We left our camp at Hampton two weeks ago, last Friday, and after two days' easy marching camped in a field where history tells us Gen. Lincoln had the pleasure of overseeing the operations of a small party of British soldiers who per agreement piled their muskets on the grassy soil for the benefit of U. S. authority. The rebels occupy the old English intrenchments, and our force is gradually drawing in to the position of the patriot army of olden time. They will find it difficult to hold the same ground for the force is larger now—patriots?

The last part of our second day the march was hastened, as the rapid firing of artillery was heard all along the line and the prospect of a battle was good. We fled down through the fields till we came where the shells were cracking in all directions through the air, and here threw off our knapsacks and—camped. Next morning early all were under arms, expecting that day to decide the fate of Yorktown; but the day wore away and no signs of war except now and then a shell which burst close by or over our camp, and then sets in a real Virginia storm. O mud! mud! if your presence was comfort this would be a paradise; if Merrifield would turn his "traveling agent" this way he would check his speed or at least recover his own—the boots—by digging for them. The ground in dry weather is firm, but after a little rain begins to soften, and then there is no way of estimating depths. If it were the fashion to say good bye we should shake hands at every step. Each is important to consider, with but little time for accomplishment.

Of course this storm checked operations a great deal, but still the army was not idle. I believe Washington, with more than double the force of his opponent, occupied one month in reducing the Yorktown of his time. We will give good account of the same place in due time if Horace Greeley and Co. will allow it us, if not we will welcome them to our ranks as skirmishers (the place of honor) and give them fair chance to examine both sides. These chimney-corner Generals fight desperate battles and show wonderful strategy. Pity they do not consult the oracle before the action is fought.

Our life here, though much the same as on the Potomac, is much more exciting. Wednesday, after our arrival, we go on picket, march on and on in the direction of the rebels till all at once the regiment files out on open ground, and there a short distance on the right are the long low breastworks of the secession border, and just behind them wagons and tents with men walking amongst them. It is evident that they have our range, for the trees are cut through all around us by their shot, but we pass on in silence and undisturbed, commenting on the result of their making such a demonstration before our works on the Potomac. Perhaps they wished us to follow their example. If so they have missed their calculation, for Uncle Sam's guns have already given their barracks a thorough ventilation.

A few days ago there was an alarm, and the troops were under arms along the entire line, (as far as we could feel it.) After marching through the woods for some time at "double-quick" the regiment came to a halt along side the 40th N. Y. (Mozart.) Soon there was a slight stir along the line and a bright-eyed, pleasant looking man, dressed in plain blue, came riding past, followed by a few of his staff. In a moment the air was full of hate in recognition of Gen. McClellan, but by a waving motion of the hand he checked the outburst, and said, "Still, boys! still! The rebels are within rifle shot." He received an enthusiastic cheer—but a silent one. What a pity the politicians could not supersede him, now that he is prepared to reap the fruit of his long labor of organizing and equipping his force. Republicans are ungrateful, and the most devoted today sometimes gets only—his just reward.

Heavy batteries are constantly being got into position, and we can plainly hear the stroke and explosion of their shells in the land of Secession. They continue to fall further

away, from which we infer that secession retire before their superior presents. They look innocent enough here, but "no prophet is without honor save in his own country" and I presume their advent there is somewhat pointed and impressive, at any rate they make an energetic address on their first arrival.

"All quiet at Yorktown," and depend on me to forward any reports that I may hear.

"FATHER HILLS."—Those of our readers who know anything of this truly venerable and philanthropic man in Maine, will be gratified to hear that in his modest and unassuming way he still continues to "go about doing good." We see him mentioned in high terms by several papers in Massachusetts, and we are glad that health and energy still permit him to be a blessing to his day and generation. We learn incidentally that, like all who labor to reform their fellow men, Father Hills is troubled, and fears that his usefulness may be injured, by certain scandalous reports that claim to follow him from Maine. We do not believe they were ever uttered here! Certainly they would be harmless where he is known. No man who ever heard him lecture can doubt his earnest desire to do good; and those who know him more intimately will never question the genuine warmth of his heart and the purity of his life. If scandal has at last overtaken him, let her stay with him and starve; she can get no aid from Maine. When he fails to secure good faith as well as good houses in Massachusetts let him hasten to his old friends down East—where the young folks will receive him with open arms, and the parents bless him for what he has done for their children.

PAINFUL.—A letter received by the family of Mr. William Buck, of this place, announces the sudden death of his son, Reuben E. Buck, on the 14th of April, at Iatan, Mo. He had been engaged on the St. Josephs Railroad, and on his way to meet another engagement, in company with three others, he took lodgings for the night on board a steamboat. A sudden hurricane in the night capsize the boat, and all on board were drowned. He was an enterprising and worthy young man, whose sudden death brings deep affliction to many relatives and friends.

A SOUTHERN VIEW.—Many of the Southerners are beginning to realize whether they and their peculiar institution are drifting, in the present contest, though many northern conservatives are wonderfully purblind:—'Carleton,' of the Boston Journal, in one of his recent letters, says—

Yesterday one of the secession prisoners, an intelligent Louisianian, remarked that if we whipped them in another fight it was all up with them, and then said he, 'Slavery goes down. We know very well what we are fighting for; it is for our slaves. We know that if you win, slavery will be abolished. If we win, we shall perpetuate it.' He had no desire to evade the issue. He was an officer of Bucher's battery, taken at No. 10, and conversed freely and with more candor than is usual to those captured. A friend of mine who was present remarked that if they would lay down their arms the constitution would protect them in their rights. 'O, it is no use to talk about the constitution. We have got past constitutions. We have appealed to arms, and arms are to settle it. If we win, we shall keep our slaves; if you win, we shall lose them, and that is all there is to it.'

This war, if protracted, is evidently destined to work a revolution in Southern society, not dreamed of by those who inaugurated it. The poor white man will be elevated, and the aristocratic slaveholder humbled. In a recent letter, 'Carleton' gives an account of an interview with a Tennessean, which is interesting in its revelations:—

A citizen of Memphis is with us. He is driven from the place in January. He is a strong Union man, has something to do with the new government, has just come down from Nashville, and has something to say about affairs which will be of interest at this time. He has been through middle and eastern Tennessee since the surrender of Donelson, and has and is having communication with the leading Union men of the State. The feeling at Nashville is changing, especially among those in humble life. Nashville is a fossilized place. It has been under the influence of the Barnacle family, I mean the Tite Barnacles, for many years. By them the State was plunged into secession. The wealthy and aristocratic class ruled and ruled. The masses begin to see it, and under Governor Johnson's influence they are beginning to comprehend that the time has come for them to assert their independence. The deposition of the old council at Nashville by Johnson, composed of the aristocratic secessionists, and the appointment of sterling men, who through life have been over-sought, has worked charmingly. The masses see that the time has come under the protection of the federal administration, when men of integrity, no matter if they be day laborers, can be in official position, trusted and honored. It will have a wonderful influence on others.

The gentleman talked freely upon the subject of slavery. He said it was doomed. The people of Tennessee felt that it was, and the opinion was strengthening that President Lincoln's message was the beginning of the end. He believed that if the message could be explained to the people of the State they would accept it with an overwhelming majority. He believed in confiscation. 'The quicker Government goes about it,' said he, 'the better.' He warmed up on the subject, and expressed his amazement that the richest man in Tennessee, worth millions of dollars, who at the outset of secession gave ten thousand dollars to help it along, and who had contributed freely through the war, should be permitted to ride round Nashville every day in all his pride, still advocating secession! Governor Johnson had no authority in the premises. If he

had there would be an example to secessionists within twenty-four hours. There are hundreds of others in the place—rich aristocrats, open secessionists—who should be made to pay the piper, after they have got up such a ball for thirty millions to dance to, regardless of the expense in blood and treasure.

He complains of the conduct of Gen. Buell, who seemed to make special efforts to conciliate this class. I give his words: 'General Buell seemed to give his main attention to these men. He took special pains to return runaway niggers. We despise that sort of thing.'

He complains of Buell's tardiness. Said he: 'When the rebels left Nashville they were a mere rabble, a disorganized army. They could have been scattered to the winds. The roads were excellent—it is a limestone country, and there was nothing to prevent his sweeping down upon them and capturing all their stores, yet he dallied in Nashville five weeks. I was in Columbia at the time the rebels were there. The secessionists praised Buell because he respected Southern rights! I write his very words. I have no comments. He also held Buell responsible for the Pittsburg slaughter. He might have been at Pittsburg weeks ago. The feeling is deepening here that there should be an investigation into that affair.'

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—Operations at Fort Wright are suspended at present, beyond occasional firing by the mortar boats, Gen. Pope's forces having gone to reinforce Halleck near Corinth. Troops from other quarters, however, will soon fill their places.

Gen. Sherman, with 2000 troops, recently proceeded to Chickasaw, Alabama, and destroyed the Bear Creek Bridge, on the Memphis and Charleston railroad. But feeble resistance was made by the rebels.

The roads are in very bad condition, owing to recent rains, but it is understood that our army is advancing slowly toward Corinth. A recent reconnaissance in force encountered a large force of rebel infantry and cavalry, eight miles from the Landing. The rebels formed in line of battle, and after firing one volley retreated in great disorder with considerable loss. Fifty-nine prisoners were taken. Gen. Halleck has issued orders thanking Gen. Grant and Buell, with their officers and commands, for the bravery displayed in withstanding the rebel attack on April 6 and 7, and impressing upon officers and men the necessity of thorough discipline. Both Generals Grant and Buell are continued in their respective commands. Rumors are rife of preparations for an evacuation of Corinth by the rebels, but they are not generally credited.

The presence of Gen. Halleck has infused new life into our army, and order and discipline reign where all was disorder and confusion. There is a great deal of hard talk against Grant, who is considered measurably responsible for the surprise and loss of life in the recent battle.

Fort Barrancas and McRae, at Pensacola, have been evacuated by the rebels. The rebel steamer Florida was recently captured by the U. S. barque Pursuit.

Our last accounts from Savannah report that Fort Jackson, six miles below the city, is in possession of our forces, and that our pickets are within four miles of the city.

Gens. Banks and Fremont are driving the rebels out of Northern Virginia. Jackson, the rebel General, is retreating towards Gordonsville.

Norfolk has been in a state of active excitement, in anticipation of an attack from Burnside. The Merrimack has not yet ventured out, though momentarily expected. Since the arrival of the Glens at Fortress Monroe, our folks have little anxiety as to the result of the threatened naval attack at that point.

On the Peninsula, McClellan is busily preparing for the assault upon the enemy's works. Our forces are pushing up nearer to the enemy's lines, and forcing them into squalid quarters. Guns are being placed in position, and when all is ready it is said that two hundred shells will be rained upon the rebels every minute. Twenty thousand negroes are employed in the secession army, and they are driven to posts of danger at the point of the bayonet. Many negroes have lately escaped into our camp, where they are kindly treated, well fed and employed at fair wages. The loss of the enemy, in the affair with the Vermont troops, was double that of ours. A reliable newspaper correspondent says:—

At no point have we allowed the rebels to construct a new fortification, and have even grown saucy and overbearing in our treatment of the race. We have crowded them up until they cannot work their guns, and taunted them in every possible manner. While we can give no indication of what our preparations are, it is sufficient to say that those of us here on the grounds, and in close daily observation of the works, are surprised both at the developments of Gen. McClellan's and Gen. F. J. Porter's ingenuity and skill in taking advantage of natural positions, and the rapidity with which the work advances. Have patience; the men in command and their means are equal to the occasion, and whether the rebels make a stubborn resistance and fight a bloody fight, or evacuate after a few rounds, the army of the Potomac is ready.

From the South, by way of deserters and rebel papers, we have the glorious news of the capture of New Orleans by our forces on Thursday last. After a terrific combat at Fort Jackson, in which there was considerable loss on the rebel side, and perhaps on board our vessels also, and during which one of our steamers is said to have been sunk—the fleet succeeded in passing up the river, and at 4 o'clock P. M. appeared before the city, which

had previously been evacuated by the rebel forces, who left hurriedly, taking stores, ammunition, &c. Many steamboats and large quantities of cotton were burned by the retreating rebels. We have but few particulars, as yet, of the fight or surrender, but the fact of the fall of the city no one pretends to doubt.

OUR TABLE.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—One of the Boston papers thus enumerates the contents of this leading monthly:—

The present number is, superior to the last, and, in fact, combines unusual attractions. It opens with a suggestive article entitled 'Man Under Sealed Orders,' in which human progress is well sketched. Miss Prescott begins a new and attractive story, called 'The South Breaker.' 'My Garden,' by Miss Dodge, is a capital magazine article. Emerson contributes a characteristic poem on the 'Tit-mouse,' and the verses by the late Gen. Lander, 'Under the Snow,' are really of great merit. 'Weather in War' is one of those historical and anecdotal papers which few men but Mr. Hazen can write. 'The Statesmanship of Richelieu,' by Prof. White, is graphically written, and has some points of interest bearing on the present times. 'Slavery' is as interesting as usual, and the same remark may be made respecting the new 'Biglow Papers.'

Among the new papers announced to appear in forthcoming numbers, are articles on Health, Gymnastics, Insanity, &c. by Dr. Dio Lewis, Mr. Higginson, and Dr. Ray. Rev. John Weiss and Henry D. Thoreau will also each contribute a series of articles, beginning with the next number.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The April number has the following table of contents:—

Caxtonia: A Series of Essays on Life, Literature, and Manners—part 3. The Lives of Two Ladies. Political Tragedies in Japan. A Box of Books. Works of Charles Lever. The International Exhibition—its Purpose and Prospects. Chronicles of Carlingford: Salem Chapel—part 3. Spencer's American Union. The 'Caxtonia' series of essays are very interesting—the one in this number being entitled, 'On Intellectual Conduct as distinct from Moral—the Superior Man.' The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 54 Gold Street, New York. Terms of subscription. For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage on any part of the U. S. States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

THE PULPIT AND ROSTRUM.—This is the title of an elegant pamphlet series, containing reports of the best sermons, Lectures, Orations, &c., published by E. D. Barker, 135 Grand Street, New York. We think this work will find great favor with the public, giving us, as it does, the best thoughts of our best men, as they come from their lips. No. 30 contains a discourse on 'The Sabbath, and its Relations to the State,' by Rev. A. H. Vinton, D. D. The price is 10 cents a piece, or 12 numbers will be sent for \$1.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The May number contains two charming pictures—'The Burial of Wilkie,' and 'The Maid of Saragossa.' The table of contents is exceedingly attractive, and the number is full of good reading in great variety. Published by Poe & Hitchcock at \$2 a year—which makes it the cheapest magazine published, considering its many excellences.

MAY DAY FESTIVAL.—Of course all are prepared to attend the Festival at the Town Hall, this evening, for the benefit of the soldiers. With a little outside assistance, the ladies and gentlemen connected with Ticonic Division have made arrangements for a pleasant entertainment, embracing an Old Folsom Concert, several Dramatic pieces, Tableaux, R-freshments, &c. It promises to be one of the pleasantest affairs of the season.

EXCURSION.—The next little steamer Augusta will make an excursion to the Capital to-day, and we predict a large company and a pleasant time.

PRIZE DECLARATION.—There will be a Prize Declaration, by the Sophomore Class of Waterville College, at the Baptist Church, on Wednesday evening of next week.

GRAND DIVISION.—The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance closed its session on Saturday at Kendall's Mills. The attendance was very large and the meeting quite interesting. The next session will be held at Belfast.

WHAT SCOTT THINKS.—The hero of Lundy's Lane thus endorses our two prominent generals:—

'There are two men who can be depended upon under all circumstances and in every emergency—I mean Gen. McClellan and Gen. Halleck. There is no doubt they must take things as they meet them—and they have great opposition to contend with—but McClellan is, at this moment, at the very work his heart loves, and which will call forth all the abilities of his powerful mind—that of trenching, engineering and besieging. And in regard to Gen. Halleck, he will do his work like a soldier. There can be no fear of these two able soldiers doing any base or disloyal act. They are honest to the core, and will never betray their country.'

Barnum is arranging for a great Dog Show to come off on the 12th inst.

The colors of the 8th Maine regiment, first planted on Fort Pulaski, after its capture, have been sent to Gov. Washburn.

The iron clad frigate Philadelphia is about ready for launching.

Cotton continues to come in lively at Nashville, the planters being wide awake to their own interests, and willing to sell at good prices.

SLAVERY IN THE BORDER STATES.—Judge Yeaman, a member of the Legislature of Kentucky, and a candidate for a seat on the bench of the Court of Appeals, recently made a speech at Harpersville, Ky., which illustrates the revolution of opinion that is going on in the border States with regard to slavery. We copy from a brief report of the speech:—

'The Judge believes that the effect of this rebellion will be to destroy the controlling power of slavery as a political element; that slavery in the border States has only a constitutional existence. I will be rejoiced,' said

he, 'at every prospect of its subversion in a legal way, either numerically or territorially; and I would lend every legitimate aid conducive to this result.' Who doubts to-day that agitation about emancipation and colonization will increase? Who doubts that masters will become restless and fearful in the border States—that the progress of emigration southward and southwest will begin, and that the redundant population of the East and North will pour over the present slave line? 'In presence of such facts,' exclaims the Judge, 'the result is too clear to be doubted. Thus it is that a mighty convulsion, which false friends pretended would strengthen the institution, secure it forever in its present footholds, and insure its expansion from the Ohio to the La Plata, has been the initial of its decay and death.'

Counterfeit Threes on the Thomaston Bank are in circulation.

Old Clothes, to be forwarded to the contracting at Fortress Monroe, may be left at the store of Hill & Hasty.

RESTAURANTS OF THE CAPITOL.—The Commissioner of Public Buildings has made a report that the restaurants of the Capitol cost the government five hundred and twenty-five dollars per month. This report was made by order of the House. Now will Congress cut off this useless expense?

FIRE.—The dwelling house, porch, wood house and a portion of the furniture of Mr. Jerome Nelson, of Clinton were destroyed by fire on Wednesday, A. M., the 16th inst.—The fire took from a spark on the roof. Insured in the Somerset Co. for \$250.

CLARION.
Parson Brownlow has repeatedly assured Prudence that he never swore an oath, never played a card, never took a drink of liquor, never went to the theatre, never attended a horse-race, never told a lie, never broke the Sabbath, never wore whiskers, and never kissed any woman but his wife.

A memorial to Congress is being numerously signed by colored persons in the District, desiring most respectfully to show for themselves, and their relatives and friends whom they represent, that they appreciate to the full extent the humane actions which are now inaugurated to give freedom to their race, but they believe this freedom will result injuriously unless there shall be opened to the colored people a region to which they may emigrate—a country which is suited to their organization, and in which they may seek and secure by their own industry that mental and physical development which will allow them an honorable position in the families of God's great world. Though colored people and debarred from the rights of citizenship, their hearts, they say, none the less cling to the land of their birth. They desire to go to Central America, there to be temporarily protected, so that they may not be wholly excluded from the United States; that they may aid in bringing to the United States that great commerce of the Pacific which will still further increase the wealth and power of our country.

Mr. Gladstone told the British House of Commons, the other day, that the American blockade had been much more extensive and efficient than he supposed it could be made.

PROGRESS IN DELAWARE.—The Delaware State Journal applauds warmly the course of Hon. Geo. P. Fisher, from that State, in voting for emancipation in the Federal District, and intimates that popular sentiment is running strongly in the same direction. The Delaware Inquirer, a Douglas Democratic paper, publishes communications which justify Mr. Fisher very decidedly. A strong effort, it is understood, will shortly be made to place little Delaware among the galaxy of free States.

BIGAMY.—A young couple were sitting together in a romantic spot, with birds and flowers about them, when the following dialogue ensued:—

'My dear, if the sacrifice of my life would please thee, most gladly would I lay it at thy feet.'

'Oh, sir, you are too kind! But it just reminds me that I wish you'd stop using tobacco.'

'Can't think of it. It's a habit to which I am wedded.'

'Very well, sir, since this is the way you lay down your life for me, and as you are already wedded to tobacco, I'll take good care you are never wedded to me, as it would be bigamy.'

THE MATERIAL FOR WATER PIPES.—Professor Stillman, Jr., of Yale College, in reply to a question whether water may be conducted through lead pipes for drinking and domestic uses with safety to health, replies that it may; and adds that from pretty extensive inquiry and observation, he has had the fact demonstrated that the waters of lakes and rivers do not, unless in some exceptional cases, act on lead. The exceptional cases are those in which time rubbish has been carelessly allowed to remain in the pipes used to convey lake or river water. He remarks that it must not be assumed that what he has stated about the safety of lead pipes in other respects is applicable to spring water, which, as a general rule, acts upon lead, producing a corrosion that is pregnant with danger to health.

Singularity may be as shallow as the shallowest conformity. There are people from whom if you deduct the eccentricity, it is like taking red from vermilion, or six from half a dozen.

The receivers of Sanford Bank give notice that all claims against said bank must be presented to them before the 19th of August.

A son of Sam Houston of Texas was wounded at the Pittsburg battle, and is now a prisoner at St. Louis. Pierre Soule's mother is also a prisoner.

Lieut. Thomas, the 'French lady,' who was arrested in Baltimore last summer, escaped from Fort Lafayette yesterday by swimming, but was discovered by the guard and recaptured.

It is remarkable that in proportion as the engraving of war is improved the destruction of life is diminished. To have taken Fort Pulaski by the old method would have involved the slaughter of hundreds; to take it by means of the 'latest improvements' in artillery, cost the life of but one man.

Col. Rich, of the 9th Maine, from Portland, is under arrest and will undoubtedly be discharged from the service.

The Senate on Thursday by a unanimous vote, ratified the Seward-Lundy Treaty recently negotiated for the suppression of the African Slave Trade.

Dickens heart-breakingly says of a mother who died with her babe on her bosom: 'Clasping that light babe with her arms, she drifted on upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls around the world.'

We should so live and labor that what came to us as seed, may go to the next generation as blossoms, and what came to us as blossoms may go to them as fruit. The best two lines of rhyme yet produced by the rebellion are the following, got off by a youngster at a recent school exhibition in one of the towns of Massachusetts:—

'Rockaby, Jeffy, upon the tree top,
Keep your love and rebellion well wot.'
Some things come as odd names. The most uncommon quality in man is called, 'common sense,' and a paper sail a mile long is called a 'brill.'

A physician very satisfactorily accounts for the fact that mistletoe is warmer than gloves, 'for the same reason that four children would be warmer in one bed than sleeping alone.' It is the superabundance of caloric in 'mistletoe' that makes a young man's face and ears so red when Miss Caroline says no.

SEE A WOMAN, in another column, picking Sambucus Grapes for Speer's Wine. It is an admirable article used in Hospitals and by the first class families in Paris, London, and New York in preference to Old Port Wine. It is worth a trial, as it gives great satisfaction.

