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[From the Independent.]
"AT THE LOST."

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide;
And flowers are sweetest at the eve of day;
And birds most musical at close of day;
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For Morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of Day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power,
That Morning knows not in the evening hour.

'Till the evening "we must weep and toll,
Plow life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day."

O! when our sun is setting may we glide,
Like Summer evening down the golden tide;
And leave behind us as we pass away
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

THE DAUGHTER IN LAW.

Mrs. Tompkins' parlors were in apple-pie order—not a speck of dirt on the shining piano—not a stray shred on the velvet carpet, not an atom of ashes under the well filled grate. For Mrs. Tompkins was one of those thrifty souls who keep up appearances in spite of everything, and delight in handsomely furnished parlors, while the kitchen is stunted to the very closest degree of parsimony.

She was flying about, shaking out chair covers, and arranging the little china ornaments on the mantel, in a manner that betokened a considerable amount of inward disturbance. There was a jerk to her elbow and a toss to her head, which foreboded woe to somebody or other.

"I am clear out of patience!" ejaculated Mrs. Tompkins at last. "I don't believe there ever was a poor mortal half so badgered as I am, with poor relations! Why couldn't Harry have married a rich wife, while he was about it, instead of Mary Glenn, who wasn't worth a red cent—only a governess at that? And now the poor dear boy is dead and gone, and left his old baby of a wife on my hands. I declare, it's enough to make a woman crazy. Don't see why I should be obliged to support her just because she happened to be my son's wife! Why can't she go to work and do some thing? Too much of a fine lady, I s'pose, with her white hands and long curls, and pink and white cheeks. Never brought up to do any chores about the house—can't wash dishes, nor make biscuit, nor do anything useful. I am tired of this sort of business. And just as Mrs. Tompkins made this emphatic assertion, the door softly swung open, and a delicate girl of scarcely eighteen summers, glided in. Her deep mourning dress gave additional fairness to a complexion that was like snowy wax, shadowed with the softest rose tint on cheek and lips, and the timid, fluttering glance of her dark eyes indicated her position dependent.

"Can I assist you about arranging the parlors, Mrs. Tompkins?" she faltered, as if uncertain how her offer might chance to be received.

"No, Mrs. Tompkins, Junior, you can't!" said the old lady, with a toss of her cap border. "I couldn't think of allowing such a fine lady to soil her white fingers about my work. Then—you needn't go to crying—I don't believe in people that have such very tender feelings—I don't."

"I did not intend to cry," murmured poor Mary. "but indeed I could not help it!"

"I tell you what, Mrs. Tompkins, Junior," said the old lady, wrathfully, "we may as well come to an understanding at first as last. Zephaniah and me ain't rich—and we've a big family of our own; and now that poor dear Henry, our elder boy has been dead and gone a year, here Mrs. Tompkins mechanically pulled out a red pocket-handkerchief, and made a random dab at her eyes. "I don't see that you have any very particular claims on us! So you'd better look out for a situation as governess, or to do some plain sewing, or something, as soon as you can, for, to speak my mind, you've been sponging on us about long enough!"

Mrs. Tompkins stopped, with her mouth shut together like a steel trap. Her daughter-in-law had grown very pale.

"And while I am about it," continued the old lady, "I may as well say that Hetty don't like it because you insist on stayin' in the parlor every time Colonel Redcliffe calls. He's worth a cool half million, Zephaniah says, and if Hetty makes a catch of him, why the family fortune's as good as made. Of course, when Hetty is Mrs. Col. Redcliffe, you won't expect her to notice you much—she may give you some sewing to do once in a while, but—My gracious! there's a carriage at the door this minute! And he was here only yesterday. Biddy! run up and tell Miss Hetty to put on her pink dress, and take her curls out of the papers—Col. Redcliffe's at the door! You can sit in the kitchen while he's here, Mary, and peel the potatoes for dinner, if it isn't too common work for them lily fingers! Hetty don't want you prying round when her beau's here! Run quick!"

And as Mrs. Tompkins, Jr. disappeared, Mrs. Tompkins, Sr. opened the door with a smirking smile.

"Dear me, Col. Redcliffe, who'd have thought of seeing you? Do walk in—we're highly honored, I'm sure!"

Col. Redcliffe was a tall elegant looking man, whose wealth and station in society fully warranted the calm dignity with which he bowed to Mrs. Tompkins' adulation.

"Take a seat on the sofa, Colonel!" chattered Mrs. Tompkins. "Won't you sit a little nearer the fire? Not cold, eh? Well it ain't so freezing-like as it was yesterday, to be sure! I hope you won't get impatient," she giggled, "Hetty'll be down in a minute!"

"Hetty will be down?" inquired Col. Redcliffe, looking up from the book he was carelessly turning over, with some astonishment expressed in his fine features.

"Hetty—my daughter."

"I beg your pardon," said the Colonel, quietly, "there's some mistake here. I called to see your daughter-in-law, Mrs. Tompkins."

"Harry's wife?" gasped the matrons-in-law.

"And," added Col. Redcliffe, "as you are the nearest relative and guardian at present, it may be well for me to mention to you that I intend making her an offer of marriage. Her beauty and grace render her a fit wife for any man, and I am proud to think that I have won her affections. Of course I may reckon on your sanction and approval!"

"Ye-yes!" stammered Mrs. Tompkins, who was completely taken aback by this sudden overthrow of all her Aladdin visions concerning her red haired daughter, Hetty. However, even if Colonel Redcliffe's palatial establishment wasn't for daughter Hetty, still it was something to keep so much wealth in the family.

"I'll call her," she said hurriedly, slipping out of the room just in time to arrest the triumphant entry of Miss Hetty, with her curls all in a quiver of hair oil and cologne.

"Go back, Hetty!" she exclaimed in a stage whisper, "you're not the one that's wanted! It's Harry's wife!"

And she shot down stairs as fast as possible.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE....THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1862.

NO. 45.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE...MAY 15, 1862.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & 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 T. B. Palmer, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

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."

WATERVILLE ACADEMY.—Our citizens, and the many friends of this school abroad, will be gratified to learn that its management has passed into the hands of Mr. J. W. Lamb, under whom it promises to sustain a high rank among similar institutions. Mr. Lamb is a graduate of Waterville College, of the class of '55—since which time he has been four years at the head of Lebanon Academy, and the past year in a popular school near Boston, where an opportunity is offered for learning the best features of the Massachusetts system of teaching. With a good board of instruction, we feel great confidence that under Mr. Lamb's management the Academy is destined to be restored to the renown of its better days. He takes it under unfavorable circumstances—his two immediate predecessors having yielded to the demands of failing health—and looks for success to such continued and strenuous efforts as will make its merits known to the public. In these endeavors he ought to have the co-operation of our citizens, to whom the prosperity of this school is a matter of much importance.

EMANCIPATION IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser refers to the operation of the law as follows:

"I apprehend that the experiment of converting this District into free soil dedicated to free labor, will disappoint those who have doubted the wisdom of the measure, and expected disorder and confusion to result from it. Certainly as yet there is no indication that the poor fellows from whose necks the yoke of slavery has been lifted are disposed to be unruly or even idle under their improved circumstances. I strongly incline to believe that in a few weeks' time statesmen will marvel that they had not the wisdom and the courage to make the national territory free, years ago. Perhaps something of the quietness and good order which has attended the good work is owing to the fact that a great number of the slaves were sent away while the measure for their ransom was pending in Congress. But this was the natural effect of Congressional action, and the same thing would have occurred under like circumstances ten years ago."

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says it is a full answer to all the croakers and dissentients that the contrabands who reach Washington legally manumitted slaves almost universally prefer going to Liberia to remaining there. An influential colored man, who knows their feelings, and who has mingled much among them, says that such is their honest judgment.

REMOVAL.—S. M. Pettingill & Co., the well known Advertising Agents, have removed their N. Y. office from 119 Nassau St. to 37 Park Row, corner of Beekman St., fronting the Park and City Hall. There are many other advertising agencies in the country, but none that stand so high in the confidence and esteem of newspaper publishers as this; for in dealing with Pettingill they are always sure of good prices, prompt pay, and numerous kind and courteous acts that are of great value. We are never obliged to send them a bill but once, and what they offer they always pay. If the prayers of grateful publishers avail anything, Messrs. S. M. Pettingill & Co. will fare well both in this world and the next.

TICONIC DIVISION.—The following is a list of the officers for the current quarter:—Joseph Hill, Jr., W. P. Wm. A. Stevens, W. A. Henry Town, R. S. Morris Soule, F. S. F. S. Chase, T. F. N. Y. Chap. G. F. Waters, C. R. S. Boulter, A. C. Charles Lyford, I. C. Edward C. Lowe, O. S.

APPOINTMENTS.—Among the appointments made at the recent session of the Maine Conference of the M. E. Church are the following:—

Richmond, Samuel W. Russell.
Gardiner, Charles Munger.
Augusta, to be supplied.
Halifax, Charles W. Morse.
North Augusta and Sidney, Ashury C. Tralton.
East Readfield and Manchester, John Gibson.
Mount Vernon, to be supplied.
Kendall's Mill, Wm. H. Strout.
Fairfield and West Waterville, Isaac Lord.
Skowhegan, Daniel B. Randall.
Solon, Alva Bath.
Madison and Anson, True Whittier.
Mercer and Norridgewock, James W. Hathaway.

Payette, Phineas Libby.
Winthrop, Geo. Webber.
Henry P. Torrey, President, Francis A. Robinson, Professor of Languages, Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute, and S. Allen, Financial Agent.

The next session of the Maine Conference is to be held in Chestnut Street Church, Portland.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—Great events have transpired in the neighborhood of Hampton Roads, since our last. The President went down to the Fortress last week, and he seems to have stirred up the forces there to increased activity. On Thursday, our iron fleet moved up towards Sewall's Point, and commenced shelling the rebel batteries, which replied briskly at first, but afterward more feebly. After a while the Merrimack came out of Elizabeth river when our vessels retired, hoping to be followed to more favorable fighting ground. Considerable maneuvering ensued, but the Merrimack would not be drawn into a fight, except on her own chosen ground, and she eventually retired under the guns of Craney Island.

On Friday last the movement on Norfolk commenced. Not being able to possess Sewall's Point, the next best course was taken. The Rip Raps engaged Sewall's Point, while 5000 Federals were landed at Willoughby's Point, a mile south of the Rip Raps, two miles south of Fort Monroe, and eight miles northwest of Norfolk. The President as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy superintended the work having previously landed at Willoughby's Point and selected the place for disembarking the troops. The troops were all landed by Saturday morning, and under command of Gen. Wool, accompanied by the President and Secretary Chase moved on to Norfolk. At 5 o'clock the same evening our troops arrived before Norfolk. About five miles from the landing place a rebel battery was found on the opposite side of the bridge over Tanner's Creek, and after a few discharges upon two companies of infantry that were in advance, the rebels burned the bridge. This compelled our forces to march around five miles further. On arriving before the city a formal demand for surrender was made and our troops were marched in and took possession without opposition. Gen. Huger withdrew his forces without a battle. Secretary Stanton is at Fort Monroe, and with the President is directing the movements. The Merrimack finding herself an isolated monster, concluded that her race was run, and was blown into atoms. Thus has the great vessel gone, and with her the last hope of the rebellion in Virginia. Previous to evacuating the city, the rebels burned the navy yard.

The news from North Carolina is encouraging. A regiment of North Carolinians is being formed to fight for the Union. Large numbers of Union men have voluntarily appeared in Gen. Burnside's camp and taken the oath of allegiance.

The official report of Commander Bailey of Flag Officer Farragut's squadron shows that our victory at New Orleans was more thorough than at first reported. It is in fact complete and glorious—embracing all the rebel forts and batteries both below and above the city as far as at least as Baton Rouge, and probably to Memphis. The old flag, therefore, waves over the whole line of the lower Mississippi, and in fact throughout its entire length with the exception of three or four hundred miles between Baton Rouge and Fort Wright, above Memphis. And a large part even of this section may ere this have been passed over by our gunboats. The wholesale destruction of their property by the rebels themselves, along the shores of the river, proves that they consider the cause of the Confederacy to be lost in the Mississippi valley.

There is a rebel force of 11,000 men at Pensacola, and General Arnold is awaiting reinforcements and gunboats before commencing an attack on them.

Many Union men who were compelled to flee from Fredericksburg during the tyrannical rule of secession, have recently returned to their homes under the protection of the old flag.

Jackson has been driven from the valley of the Shenandoah, and it is supposed has formed a junction with Johnson at Gordonsville.

Our forces in the Mountain department, under Fremont, are getting into condition to damage the rebel forces in that part of Virginia. Our troops there have been successful in some severe skirmishes lately.

A good deal of Union feeling is manifested in Arkansas, especially in the small towns and villages. There are but few rebel troops in the State.

The rebel fleet at Fort Wright, increased by several vessels from below, on Saturday morning last made an attack on Foote's flotilla, now under the command of C. H. Davis. The action lasted an hour—eight rebel gunboats, four of them fitted with rams, being pitted against six Union vessels. Two of the rebel gunboats were blown up, one sunk, and the remainder prudently retired. One of our boats, the Cincinnati, was considerably injured by one of the steam rams.

From Corinth we learn that there have been several severe skirmishes between the opposing forces. All rumors of evacuation are without good foundation, and there is no doubt that the rebels having been largely reinforced will make a big fight. The force under Gen. Lovell, 80,000 strong, which evacuated New Orleans on the approach of our fleet, is at Corinth. Although an overwhelming force of negroes is kept at work by the rebels, constructing fortifications, &c., yet Gen. Halleck has seen fit to issue an order excluding all contrabands from his lines. "Carleton" says:—

No fugitives from slavery can enter Gen. Halleck's army. The bayonets now bristling against Corinth are also turned against the

black man if he cannot prove that he is authorized to be with the army. Hundreds of negroes who have presented themselves at our lines have been turned back. What is the result? Gen. Halleck does not know whether Corinth is evacuated, or whether he is to find it a stronghold in possession of the enemy—at least his division commanders in the advance are ignorant of the facts, and it is fair to presume that the commander-in-chief is also in the dark, inasmuch as all advances are made with great caution. It is generally supposed that we shall find one hundred thousand men behind the "corner stone" of the confederacy. "Thousands of slaves are around us. They appear by night at our outposts. They would help us if they could, for in doing that they feel that they help themselves; but a brilliant line of steel prevents their near approach, and an adamant command, as stern as the decrees of fate, and hard-hearted as that which bound Prometheus to a rock, turns them back. Their masters are behind the breastworks; to-morrow or next day, or the next, if they are there, they will do their best to defeat us, and there will be mourning in thousands of Northern homes."

Franklin, having landed at West Point, was met by the rebel forces, who were there ready to meet him. A severe contest ensued, but by help of the gunboats the secessionists were defeated and driven back, with a loss of 100 killed and wounded on our side. Subsequently a junction was effected with McClellan, and together they are moving on Richmond.

On the 8th, the iron clad steamer Galena, with the gunboats Octorara and Port Royal, went up James River, and proceeded first to the battery at the head of Goodwin's bay, where were found several rebel gunboats, all of which steamed up the river, pursued by our gunboats. The Jamestown, iron clad, being cut off in her retreat, ran under the guns of the battery and opened fire on the Galena, but without effect. The Jamestown was soon completely riddled, and then, turning her attention to the battery, the third shot from the Galena penetrated the magazine which blew up, and the stars and stripes soon waved over the battery and lighthouse near by. She next proceeded to Mulberry Island the battery on which was reduced in the same way, and the way is now open to Petersburg and Richmond, where secession is troubled exceedingly. Our gunboats have also advanced up the Pamunkey river as far as Cumberland, and nothing hinders their advance still farther. The rebel rear was not far beyond, at last accounts.

885 prisoners have been released by the rebels, and arrived at Fortress Monroe on Tuesday, but no officers were among them. 90 rebel prisoners refused to return to Richmond, and took the oath of allegiance.

MR. LANG'S HORSES.—Nobody should pass the stables of Mr. Lang, at N. Vassalboro', without looking at the beautiful horses always to be seen there. One of the best evidences we have seen of the great advantage Mr. Lang has conferred upon the farming interest, by introducing the best representatives of choice breeds of horses, may now be seen by all who call there. In one stable of eight stalls, stand eight colts, all, we believe, coming two years old—the stock of the distinguished Black Hawk and Morgan horses, "Telegraph" and "Gen. Kn. x." To the admirers of horses, (and all men of taste are such,) this is one of the prettiest displays they could find. To the proprietor they are the best advertisement he could devise, and one that gives full faith to all who see them. We believe it to be true, that considering the condition of this great interest in Maine, these are the two best horses ever brought into the State. One evidence of this is the fact that "Telegraph" was purchased and taken back to the place where he was raised, in Vermont, after an absence of two years. At full maturity he was found to be an unequalled representative of his famous ancestor, the Hill Black Hawk, and worthy to be retained where the stock was best known and appreciated. "Gen. Knox" has great popularity in Kennebec, where he probably has no superior in respect to speed. In all the points most needed in this section, and especially in those which characterize the Morgans, he has no rival. But their proof most in demand by our farmers, and that which needs no further comment, may be seen in the colts alluded to—which we advise them to call and examine. In this case, at least, "blood tells."

CONTRABANDS.—A private letter from McClellan's division to a gentleman in Boston, says:—"Contrabands are coming to the army in floods. A bright, intelligent little fellow of twelve years, came into camp this morning, and presented himself to Major —, saying that he had come from Fredericksburg; his master was a captain in the rebel army; when the army moved southward he declined to go with them, and ran away northward. The little fellow said his master had told him that the 'Yanks' would kill him, and all the negroes they could catch, and that was their only object. But said he, 'I told my father, and father said go with me, I'd fight 'em' (confessing) myself, and so I started 'Norb' (North) mass, and I see how ready to work or fight."

Another letter from Banks's army, says:—"Contrabands are our great resource. They can always be relied on as truthful, and willingly give any information they have, while their shrewdness and careful observance often add matters of great importance."

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.—The State Committee of the Republican party in Maine have called a convention to meet in City Hall, Portland, on the 5th day of June next, to nominate a candidate for Governor. The call is addressed to Republicans and all other citizens who support the State and National Administrations.

THE RIGHT OF THE MAJORITY TO RULE.—In the U. S. Senate, recently, when the confiscation bill was under consideration, Mr. Howe said:—

"Mr. President, so far as I have invested anything in this war, it is for a very simple and single purpose. I will state it. I do not know that I shall ever have a better opportunity, and I do not think this is a very good one. It is to demonstrate what I understand to be the fundamental principle of your Constitution—that one man is as good before the law as another, and that therefore twenty millions are better than ten millions, each man being equal before the law. When that is demonstrated, the war will be ended, and I shall have no further occasion for the war, and therefore shall not want to perpetuate it an hour beyond that moment. Before the war commenced that was the status of every citizen of the United States; when it is ended, if I consent to its termination, that will again be the status of every citizen of the United States; and why the war happened was simply because some eight or ten millions of the population of the United States had been dreaming for a great many years that they were better than any similar eight or ten millions; stronger, abler to make conditions, abler to pass laws and expound them, abler to administer government; abler, in fact, to do it than twenty millions. They undertook to demonstrate this, not under the ballot box, but with the cartridge box; not by ballots, but by bayonets. That is why the war happens."

THE RIGHT KIND.—Governor Johnson of Tennessee has issued a proclamation to the effect that, for every Union man captured or ill-treated by the rebel bands of marauders, five prominent rebels shall be made to suffer, and that ample remuneration shall be made to all loyalists who may be despoiled of their property out of the property of such parties as have given aid and comfort to the enemy.

THE GILMAN CASE.—We learn from the Paris Democrat that Attorney General Drummond will soon issue a complete report of the Gilman murder trial, which took place at the March term in Oxford County. As this case presented many curious features, the report will be looked for with interest.

MAINE REGIMENTS.—We are largely interested in the fortunes of the Union army in Virginia—many of the Maine regiments being actively employed. The 5th, Col. Jackson's, participated in the action at West Point, the 11th in the reconnaissance near Lee's Mills, and the 6th in the affair at Williamsburg. All our regiments in that section, it is said, have admirably in the presence of the enemy.

A poor colored man, a Methodist preacher, sentenced five years ago to ten years imprisonment in Maryland, for the heinous crime of having a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in his possession, has just been pardoned by the Governor on condition that he leaves the State.

MORE REBEL BARBARITY.—Many of our men, after the battle of Williamsburg, were found dead, with a bayonet and bowie knife thrust, who had only been wounded by bullets in the legs and arms, showing that the rebels murdered helpless, wounded men. Two men of a New York regiment, who had strayed from their regiment near Fredericksburg, were found with their throats cut, and one of them was hanging by his heels from a tree.

Henry D. Thoreau, a writer of some eminence, tho' somewhat eccentric, a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, died recently at Concord. Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered a fine address at his funeral, and many men of note in the literary world were present.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD bill has passed the House by a large majority. This provides for building one road only, and that over the middle route through free territory. There is a disposition among Congressmen to remove some of the bones of contention before the advent of members from the slave States.

Maryland and Missouri are violently agitated on the Emancipation question, and there is good reason for hoping that the friends of freedom in both of these States will win a speedy victory.

AS USUAL.—The despised negro was the first to inform our folks of the evacuation of Yorktown.

PORTRAITS.—We refer to the advertisement of Prang's Portraits of National Characters, a package of which we have received, and which prove to be as good as they are represented. The package of 100 embraces nearly all the names that have been prominent in the war, including a dozen or more of the most noted rebels.

The bill to organize the Territory of Arizona, which passed on Thursday, contains the customary provisions relative to election of Governor, Secretary of State and a judiciary. It also provides that there shall be no slavery or involuntary servitude in the Territory, except for the punishment of crime; and, further, it prohibits slavery forever in all the Territories now organized.

WHAT IS IN A NAME?—There is a confounded deal in a name. You are at a public dinner table. Smith, the grocer, says, "Rice is down again." "Is Rice down again?" asked the minister. "I am sorry to hear it. I was in hopes he had permanently reformed." "I was speaking of rice the vegetable," replied the grocer. "Oh, ah, indeed!" exclaimed the minister. "and I was speaking of Rice, the man. Ha! ha! he! he! he!" "Wool has advanced," says a dealer in that article, "Ha! he?" asked a military man; "which way is he marching now?" "I was speaking of the wool of the sheep," is the reply. "I beg your pardon, I supposed you were speaking of Wool the general." "What is better worth?" asks some one of the grocer. "Butterworth is a Hard-Shell Democrat," at once responded a politician, whose thoughts are wholly engrossed in the coming election. This confounding of names and things is endless, and sometimes is very annoying.

DIPHTHERIA.—This fatal disease is raging fearfully in this vicinity. In one family in Bingham, that of Mr. James Hampton, eight children have died within three weeks, their entire family. On Sunday the 4th inst, five lay dead together. Three children have died out of the family of a Mr. Bell, in Norridgewock.—[Clarion.]

HORACE P. PIKE, son of the editor of the Age, lost his left foot by a cannon ball at the battle of Williamsburg.

