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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 50): June 19, 1862

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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## THE IRON SHIP.

BY CHARLES MACRAY

She was not born 'mid rain or dew,  
Nor in the sunshine ever grew;  
No loudly monarch of the wood  
Fell in his glory where he stood.  
That she might flourish fair and free!  
Might flourish fair and free!

But down a thousand fathoms, down  
Where stretch the roots of mountains brown,  
We drew the iron for her frame,  
And built her up 'mid smoke and flame,  
To sail, the mistress of the sea.  
The mistress of the sea.

The hammer fell, the anvil rang,  
As she to shape and beauty sprang;  
In mimic lightning she was hurled,  
And crashed by their thunder burst;  
And now we launch her, fair and free!  
We launch her, fair and free!

To brave alike the tempest-stroke  
And fire that slays the heart of oak,  
The iron conqueror of the main;  
May danger track her path in vain—  
The queen and glory of the sea!  
The Glory of the sea!

**HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.**—A man who lives wrapped in the atmosphere of love—love of children, love of bosom companion, love of men, love of God—imparts to his dearest body something of the youth of the spirit within. As the body may and does affect the spirit when no countervailing agencies prevent, so does the spirit act upon the body as a preservative power, when in its normal condition and exercise. Many an old man's and woman's face have I seen luminous with the fires of youth, outshining from the soul. The clogs are lifted from the mortal when the soul comes into this element of immortality. The love that goes for all is the real elixir of life—the fountain of bodily longevity. It is the lack of this that always produces the feeling of age. Upon a soul not filled and exercised by love, the decaying body encroaches its weakness and poison, till the belief of many in the immortality of the soul—a soul independent of matter—comes unrooted.

Whenever men or women find themselves losing their sympathy with youthful hearts and pursue their way be sure that something is wrong with them; for it is not in the nature of the soul to grow old. It may grow in height and depth and breadth and power, but the passage of years can bring it no decay. Consequently, all those who feel themselves dissonances in the song which the young life around them is singing, are allowing their bodies to do their souls damage. I believe that every healthy old saint in Christendom finds his heart going out more and more towards the young. As the evening sun descends, and heaven grows glorious while the shadows gather around him that which is essentially heavenly—youthful men and maidens and the bright forms and innocent faces of children, prepared for heaven, it is only in such society and that which sympathizes with it, that he finds his heart at home. I believe that social life in all its healthful manifestations is that which combines all ages—which brings youth and middle age together with old age and childhood. Every age needs the influence of every other age to keep it healthful. There is no such thing as age with those who in a few years at most will be as the angels in heaven. As we shall be, and as we shall associate there; so should we be and so should we associate here; and let this truth never fail to be remembered; that unless the aged sympathize with the young, they will get no sympathy, save in the form of pity from the young. God does not send young sympathies in that direction. He always holds us back with them, while our bodies go on to decay and death, and we forget in immortal youth that we were ever old.

**BALTIMORE REDEEMED.**—The loyal ladies of Baltimore, who were at one time overwhelmed by the violence of their secession opponents, are showing their sympathy for the Union and the sufferings of the Union soldiers, in a truly wholehearted way. The Baltimore *Clipper* thus speaks of their conduct on a recent marked occasion:—During the last three days near one thousand of our brave countrymen, who have perilled their lives in defence of our glorious Union, have been landed on Fell's Point from steamers State of Maine and Donalson. For the sake of the reputation of Baltimore, I wish that the people of the loyal States could have witnessed the manner in which their brave men were received by our citizens and noble countrywomen—hundreds of them flocked to the wharves with buckets of tea and coffee, fresh bread, soups, ice water, lemonade, ice cream and many other luxuries, which were dealt out with an unsparring hand to emaciated and languishing soldiers. The ladies, true to the God-like reputation of their sex, like ministering angels, were to be seen gently gliding among them with tears of sympathy and words of love, whispering consolation to the dying and words of encouragement to all.

**CURCULIO REMEDY.**—The New York *Observer* has published for several years in succession a mixture for preserving the plum crop from the ravages of the curculio, which the *Observer* says, "we have never known to fail in our experience." It says, also, "All sorts of insects and worms are destroyed by its application, unless it may be the large beetle, on which we have not used it." The mixture is as follows:

To one pound of whale-oil soap add four ounces of sulphur. Mix thoroughly, and dissolve in twelve gallons of water.

Take one half peck of quicklime, and when well slacked, add four gallons of water, and stir well together. When settled and clear, pour off the transparent part, and add to the soap and sulphur mixture.

To this mixture add four gallons of strong tobacco water. Apply this compound when thus incorporated, with a garden syringe, to your plum or other fruit trees, so as to drench all parts of the foliage. If no rains succeed for three weeks, one application will be sufficient. If washed by rains, it should be renewed.

The whale oil soap is kept by druggists generally; but when it cannot be obtained, strong soft soap may be used.

[Congregational Journal.]

**OUR TEETH.**—They decay. Hence unseemly mouths, bad breath, imperfect mastication. Everybody regrets it. What is the cause? I reply, want of cleanliness. A clean tooth never decays. The mouth is a warm place—98 degrees. Particles of meat between the teeth soon decompose. Gums and teeth must suffer.

Perfect cleanliness will preserve the teeth to old age. How shall it be secured? Use a quill pick, and rinse the mouth after eating. Brush and Castile Soap every morning; the brush with simple water on going to bed. Best tooth trifling care upon your precious teeth, and you will keep them and ruin the dentist. Neglect it, and you will be sorry all your life. Children forget; watch them. The first teeth determine the character of the second set; give them equal care.

Sugar, acids, saleratus, and hot things are nothing when compared with food decomposing between the teeth. Mercurialization may loosen the teeth, long use may wear them out, but keep them clean and they will never decay. This advice is worth more than thousands of dollars to every boy and girl.

[Dr. Lewis in Independent.]

## The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1862.

NO. 50.

## The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JUNE 19, 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 V. 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."

## From Our Boys.

[We are allowed to make the following extract from a letter written by a member of Co. G, Third Maine Regiment, to a friend in College.]

FALL OAKS, Seven miles from Richmond, Va., June 9th, 1862.

"Dear Chum:—'On to Richmond' is numbered with the things that were, and we are present are camped before the above named place, every day drawing the lines closer around it. The final act of the drama cannot be far off. Affairs are very quiet now, except when the pickets get on a rampage, or one of our war dogs wakes up and startles the echoes with his sonorous barks. So I suppose we may say, 'All quiet at Richmond.'"

We have had strange experience in our journey here, and its novelty has served in a great measure to take the rough edge off the unadorned fact that we were literally carrying on war; said war being confined to the personal effects of each,—three days rations for the hungry boys and those implements of death that all warriors are expected to carry—quite a load for a civilian but we consider ourselves outside the pale, at present. Talk of the taxpayers bearing the burden of the war! Wouldn't the boys like to take such a sordid, fat, double-chinned specimen, in the midst of his complaints, fasten one of their bandboxes to his shoulders, fit him out with equipments and "sixty rounds," and then give him the double quick in earnest, with the prospect of bullets at the first stopping place, and all on hard bread? Who bears the burdens of the war?

Our march here has been through what might be the most beautiful country on this shore. Success led the way on our march, and kept good the advantage they held at starting, but still they found time to take along with them the inhabitants with their movable property. The plantations, some of them containing several thousand acres, stretch along the rivers with intervals of wood and field, hill and valley, and on the very spot that should have been chosen "the house" has its location—and near by the little village of huts for negroes, a feature from which our northern landscape is free. Altogether it is a beautiful country and I think if Mrs. — has no objection we will perhaps locate here at no distant date. But, alas! "Recollection at hand soon buries me back"—not to despair, for I am not subject to the blues, but to the facts of the case and some of the realities of this romance. First, there is no Mrs. —, and if there were she would not come here; again, these lands are not contraband, and are of course unattainable; and last of all, when we consider the people—the F. F. V.'s, such a proud, ignorant, dirty, self-conceited herd as it never has been my lot to meet before—it is reason No. three why your correspondent should not leave New England. I have listened to their accounts of descent and tried to estimate the velocity attained at the present stage, if the rule for material bodies held good in computing social decline, but my mathematical acquirements are all too short. I have seen three colleges in this State and but one school house, and of a family of five full grown scholars but one had ever seen the inside of "the temple." This is as well as the State can show.

We are now fairly across the Chickahominy, and any hour may bring on a general engagement, though that I think is rather a doubtful event. They gave us a pretty sharp trial a week ago, and I think are not so curious as then to inspect our condition. At all events they are very modest in making advances. Our lines are advanced by moving—a mile or so at a time so as to keep the army constantly in readiness to act either offensively or defensively as the case may require.—We had just made one of those moves, when we heard about a mile to the front a heavy firing of musketry. It excited no interest at first as it was nothing uncommon, but its continued increase and the frequent report of artillery soon showed that something earnest was being attempted. Then came the order to fall in, and we moved out to defend the railroad. A mile out and "cannon on all sides volleyed and thundered," while the roar of musketry was almost beyond belief. We moved back and forth, but with the exception of clearing the woods of sharpshooters had no fighting that night. Next morning at daylight we again formed line and sent four companies of the 8d (I, H, E, G.) forward as skirmishers, the remainder of the brigade holding the reserve. Soon the firing began in front, some ways off; and Col. Ward, commanding the brigade, ordered it to wheel to the right, leaving our skirmishers to the left and rear. We advanced to the edge of the woods and lay down behind the fence waiting the turn of events. A few scattering shots began to fall around us and in a moment we could see the gray uniforms of

secession. They were within thirty paces when our line of bayonets formed a level. One volley and the order came, "Go in!" In they went, yelling like fiends, and poor secessh scattered before the steady advance of our bayonets like sheep, except those who gave evidence of our skill as marksmen. I carried one of the colors, a broomstick with a silk rag on it—well enough for dress parade but a terrible bore in fighting times—so I wrapped it close, and, revolver in one hand and flag in the other, joined the crowd. The Color guard each went his own way and claimed a hand in the free fight. Bassett soon appeared with a prisoner that he had "mittened to," as he said, and after taking him to the rear joined the colors again. The rebels never stopped walking till they passed through and out of the woods and joined their reserve. And then I don't you remember when you and I were little rascals, prone to go fishing, that we were sometimes caught out in a smart shower and obliged to take shelter in the bushes? and don't you remember when an angry pater the big drops kept up in spite of all our wishing it would stop? If you do, you can imagine in some degree the sound over our heads, for Secessh very accommodatingly fired most of their shots high. There was an uninterrupted roar of musketry and a steady whistle of shot, and in spite of high aim the bushes were well cut away around and bullets were knocking over every tree for us. Their reserve must have been very strong, though we could not tell, as they were in the woods. The Maine 4th took position on the flank and their force soon fell back. Very soon the firing ceased all along their lines, and "The hour of wrath and death was done." Our six companies led between seventy and eighty killed and wounded, with one from the skirmish line which lay in range, all in moving about eighty rods. I have taken safer if not more pleasant walks though, hardly so exciting. Men fight in a frenzy. I will spare you a description of the field after the fight, as I never visit such places. It is like picking up the game we have killed.

By inquiry of the prisoners I found we had had the honor (?) of fighting the brigade commanded by Hon. R. A. Pryor, of Potter county. Southern papers say he has the best in the service. They were Alabamians, Louisianians, and Virginians. I think they have made their greatest struggle here, as they brought out their best troops (prisoners say 80,000) and made a desperate attack on what they thought our weakest point; and though at first in part successful, we drove them back Sunday, and on Monday advanced our lines more than a mile further than they had been before. If they do not resist that, we think they are getting amiable.

**WHAT SENATOR SUMNER SAYS.**—A private letter from Senator Sumner to a gentleman in Boston, has been published, expressing his confidence in the President and his policy. We extract from it the following paragraph:—"I am happy to tell you that he has no sympathy with Stanley in his absurd wickedness, closing the schools, nor again in his other act of turning our camps into a hunting ground for slaves. He repudiates both—positively. The latter point has occupied much of his thought, and the newspapers have not gone too far in recording his repeated declarations, which I have often heard from his own lips, that slaves finding their way within the national lines, are never to be re-enslaved. This is his conviction, expressed without reserve."

**JUBILATE!**—Carleton, of the Boston *Journal*, indulges in a little pardonable "hallelujah," in recording the capture of Memphis. Hear him:—"Great credit is due to Capt. Wilcox for his untiring energy and enterprise. Think of it. In an hour after the thunder of the cannon has died away in front of Memphis, he is making arrangements for the shipment of a cargo of sugar! In an hour after the fight, your correspondent accepts an invitation to dine with an editor of one of the Memphis newspapers. Who says that the North and South can never be at peace again!"

How wonderfully has the river been repossessed! The fleet lost—a man at No. 10; not a man at New Madrid; not a man at Fort Pillow; not a man at Memphis! very few were the casualties at Forts Philip and Jackson. One by one the rebel obstructions have been removed. How often have we been told that they were impregnable! How often that the gunboats would be destroyed! How often that never would the river be opened till the Confederacy was a recognized independent power! One short year and their labors—the ditch digging, the cannon casting, boat building, their braggadoocio is come to nought. New Orleans is ours! Memphis is ours! The mighty stream of the West is open to the world! So moves a mighty nation in a career unparalleled in history, rescuing from the grasp of tyrants and plunderers the garnered wealth of ages.

A great celebration of the Masonic Fraternity will be held at Portland, June 24th, in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Free Masonry into Maine. The occasion will be one of much interest.

**ATTENTION, LADIES!**—For about a year past, no one, from reading the advertising columns of the Mail, would have dreamed that dry goods were kept for sale in our village. Blumenthal & Co., at the lower end of Main St., having just bought a large and attractive stock very advantageously, are willing to give the public the benefit of their shrewdness and good luck; and, as will be seen by advertisement, to which we invite attention, offer their goods at prices that will make it an object for people to call.

"Trust a dog with your dinner," is an old saying, which means, do no such thing, if you are wise. The voracious Pike, of the *Age*, wants to help Crosby manage the fish business, and offers to hoe all that friend C. will plant. Pike is in one respect well qualified for the job, the scriptural injunction being—"Ho, every one that thirsteth," and he is the driest customer we know of. Nothing is more common, says some one, than that a community of interest should induce similarity of opinion: thus the shepherd and wolf both agree that mutton should be well fed, and Crosby and Pike are interested in promoting the growth of fish.

If our brother of the *Age* really wishes to aid friend Crosby in his labors, let him keep an eye on the fishway at the dam, and unbiased by sectional interest, do something for his constituents outside of Augusta by spurring the corporators to their duty when they neglect to keep the water open. We are informed that the fish-way is dry a good deal of the time lately. We are also told that certain parties are nightly taking the salmon that find their way up to the dam. If these things are so, the Fish Wardens are evidently remiss in discharging their duty.

The Hallowell editors, we are glad to see, are disposed to take an independent view of the projected improvement of the fisheries, and do not covertly sneer at it, in imitation of some of their neighbors. The *Courier*, in particular, has an article of some length, explanatory of the subject, in which it demonstrates the wisdom of fostering this great enterprise, and exhorts all to lend a helping hand.

Mr. Crosby is now carrying on his share of this enterprise energetically, and a record of his labors recently would surprise slow people. Fish have been taken through on every freight train, for a week past, and on Tuesday as many as could be kept alive in four hog-heads of water were taken to Burnham and Newport.

**OUR ARMY.**—The War Department has upon its books an army six hundred thousand strong, but there are in reality but four hundred thousand able bodied fighting soldiers under the command of the national generals today.

Complaints come up from the banks of the Chickahominy that too many officers are absent on furlough, through the interposition of influential friends. The service suffers in consequence.

**A PIOUS DODGE.**—Bonner, of the *Ledger*, not only publishes a paper of "high moral tone," but he is also a member "in good standing" of some church in New York. Of course, then, he would not be guilty of meddling with horse racing, though he owns a pair of very fast ponies, for he has a valuable reputation to lose. And he is too crafty to be caught by a simple change of name; for when recently asked to "exhibit"—in plain English, trot—his team, in Philadelphia, for the benefit of the sick soldiers, he consented—provided that two thirds of the Philadelphia clergy consider the object a good one and will sign an invitation to that effect! Bonner is a sly rogue.

Col. Charles Ellet, Jr., the commander of the ram fleet that did such good execution recently at Memphis, superintended the construction of the Niagara Suspension Bridge from plans made by himself; and he was the first to cross it, before the guards and railings were put up, with a team of horses, to give the public confidence in its stability and safety.

A brother of Dr. Kane, the Arctic Navigator, a Lieut. Colonel in a Union regiment of Western Virginia was recently taken prisoner near Harrisonburg.

We are requested to announce, that, by invitation, Rev. Dr. SHELTON will repeat his sermon upon the "Supernatural Character of Christianity"—preached a few weeks since—on Sunday next, in the forenoon, at Town Hall.

Slaveholders are making great efforts to regain their lost chattels in the vicinity of Washington, and three colored men were shot at Bladenburg, recently, by professional slave catchers.

**COALS TO NEWCASTLE.**—Some one has sent a rake to the office of the Kennebec Courier.

**BEWARE OF HUMBUGS.**—A lady of Bel fast was dangerously poisoned recently, by taking medicines containing arsenic, prescribed for the cure of humor by a New York quack.

**CONGRESSIONAL CONVENTION.**—Third District.—The Republicans and all other citizens of the Third Congressional District who support the State and National Administrations, are invited to meet in convention at Waterville, on Tuesday, the 8th day of July next, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent the District in the XXXVIIIth Congress. Waterville is entitled to five delegates in this convention.

A Teachers' Convention was held in Saco last week, closing on Saturday with a practical lecture on "The Living Teacher," by E. P. Weston, Esq., our able Superintendent of Common Schools. The session was pleasant and profitable, and the attendance large.

**ATTENTION, THE WHOLE LINE!**—The circus will make its grand entree into town today, by way of the Augusta road, and exhibit in the afternoon and evening at the old ground on Front street.

## OUR TABLE.

**NORTH-BRITISH REVIEW.**—The May number has the following table of contents:—

The Church of England—Respondent. Geological Changes in Scotland in Historic Times. Recent Homeric Critics and Translations. The Commemoration of 1861. Early Poetry of England and Scotland. Present Movements among the French Clergy. Lunacy Legislation. Sir G. C. Lewis on the Astronomy of the Ancients. Last Poems and other works of Mrs. Browning. Our Colonies.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 54 Goldstreet, 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 two 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 to any part of the U. States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for July has a fine steel engraving entitled "The Sisters," with a story of the same name, to match. There will also be found a colored fashion plate, a pretty wood engraving colored pattern for handkerchief, a piece of music, and a host of designs and diagrams for articles of dress, ornament and convenience. The number is full of good reading, including stories, poetry, amusements and recreations for the parlor, useful recipes, &c., &c. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

**WAR OF REDEMPTION.**—The battle of Cross Keys, between Fremont and Jackson, is represented as a complete federal success. Five hundred dead rebels were left on the field, and the 6th Louisiana regiment, it is said, lost all but 30 of their men. Our loss was about 125 killed and 500 wounded. Jackson got away as soon as he could after the battle, and crossed the Shenandoah at Port Republic, driving a portion of Shields's brigade from its position and taking many prisoners. He was thus enabled to cross the Blue Ridge in the vicinity of Madison's Cave, on Tuesday of last week.

Memphis, since its capture, is reported very quiet, and trade has been partially resumed. Federal rule is thus far remarkably lenient, so much so, indeed, that Union men of the city begin to complain. Applications to ship 6000 bales of cotton have been made. Confederate scrip is almost universally refused.

Gov. Stanley, says a correspondent of the *Traveler*, is coming to his senses, and now declines to aid in returning any more runaway slaves. He refused a recent application, saying that he had no machinery for executing civil process, and no military force at his disposal for that purpose, and he could not again interfere. Gen. Burnside says that his army shall not be used as negro catchers.

From Corinth, and vicinity, the Cincinnati Gazette reports that the divisions of Halleck's army were scattering, and the general impression was that the season of active operations was nearly over. Troops from both the other corps d'armes had joined Pope, and the combined force was pushing the enemy's rear, some forty miles south of Corinth, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad. McClelland was opening up the railroad north of Corinth, toward Columbus Ky. Other divisions from the West Tennessee army were opening the road toward Memphis, while Gen. Wood, from Buell's army, was moving out in the opposite direction on the Memphis and Charleston road. Squads of railroad men are already at work, and the captured locomotives were being used in running construction trains.

There was no prospect of finding the enemy in force anywhere except at Okolona, and it was not supposed that a serious movement upon him there would be attempted for the present. McCook's division was occupying Corinth, and both General Halleck's and General Thomas' headquarters were established in the town. Large numbers of officers were availing themselves of the prospects for quiet to secure furloughs. There was a rumor that General Halleck would remove his headquarters to St. Louis again in a short time.

A late dispatch says that the forces of Gen. Sherman and Hurlbut had marched from Corinth, by the route of the railroad, to Memphis.

They are preparing for a desperate struggle at Charleston, large reinforcements having arrived and the noncombatants leaving for the country. Several skirmishes have occurred, with small loss on both sides, at James Island, but it is thought our forces will not attempt an advance until reinforced.

The death of Ashby, who so effectually cooperated with Stonewall Jackson in his recent raid, is a severe affliction for the rebels.

The batteries at Vicksburg are on a high bluff, out of the reach of the guns of our fleet, but when the mortar-boats arrive the rebels will be compelled to skedaddle.

We have a report, that Fort Morgan, the main defense of Mobile, has been taken by our fleet.

Matters at New Orleans are progressing as favorably as could be expected. Pierre Soule is under arrest on a high political charge, and will be sent north. One woman has been committed to the calaboose, under the famous rule. Butler acknowledges his indebtedness to the blacks for valuable information.

Jackson is said to have been largely reinforced, outnumbering Fremont's army which is thought to be in danger.

On Friday, a force of rebel cavalry, 1500 strong, made a dash in the vicinity of White House, driving out a squadron of our cavalry, taking some prisoners, killing several teamsters, and destroying considerable property.

A pursuit was immediately ordered, but they got off with a loss of only five. From active movements and demonstrations, recently, in the vicinity of Richmond, a big battle is thought to be imminent. Our fleet on the James river remains inactive, for reason unknown to outsiders.

We are in receipt of the Bath *Daily Times* and Sentinel, for which Brother Lincoln has our thanks. He makes a good paper and we hope his enterprise will be liberally rewarded.

The Maine State Baptist Convention is in session at Skowhegan.

**REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOTS.**—There are only 62 revolutionary patriots alive, viz: in Massachusetts 3, Maine 9, Vermont 3; Connecticut 2, New York 13, Pennsylvania 1, Ohio 4, Michigan 3, Illinois 1, Indiana 2, Wisconsin 1, Kentucky 1, Tennessee 6, N. Carolina 2, Georgia 5, Missouri 1, Virginia 3, District of Columbia 1, Arkansas 1. There are none in the States of Rhode Island, New Jersey, New Hampshire, Iowa, Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, California or South Carolina.

The Mayor of New Orleans, in surrendering that thrifty municipality to Com. Farragut, intimated that the act was wholly due to compulsion—in fact not to put too fine a point on it, he surrendered the city because he couldn't help himself. He added that his people were "sensitive," and gave us to understand that, although conquered, they still repudiated the star spangled banner. This reminds one of our exchanges of a perverse incline, who, having fallen under the festive board at a disgracefully early hour, was strongly urged by his friends to get out and take the air. "Never!" he said—"a billion times never!" But they nevertheless took him quietly up and set him out on the door stone. "I'm out here," he said, "by brute force. 'Thaz way (hic) I'm out here; but 'f yer shink I'm goin' to take er air, yer very mush 'staken'!"

**FOREIGN HUMBUG AND NATIVE HUMBUG.**—With all our cuteness, we are annually swindled by foreign humbugs who palm themselves on us as medical men and university graduates. Mr. A. Speer, however, comes out flat-footed and tells us he is no doctor—but a plain, practical man, with a good property in New Jersey which he has turned to account in making his Sambucus wine, which he does not wish the public to regard as a patent medicine, but simply to give it credit for whatever medicinal virtues scientific men affirm it possesses.

Messrs. Chillon & Co., the eminent chemists of New York, pronounce it pure and for medicinal purposes superior to other wines. Its effects upon the system being stimulating, diuretic, sudorific and tonic, and beneficial to the kidneys and chronic diseases, with general debility of the constitution.

Dr. Harris of the N. Y. Hospital, finds it an excellent tonic and gentle stimulant preferable to the commercial port and other wines, and recommends it especially for ladies. Dr. Parr of Philadelphia pronounces it to be a purely unadulterated juice of the grape, possessing much medicinal virtue, and uses it for its purity, fine flavor, medicinal properties, and non-intoxicative qualities, &c. Our limited space forbids any more extracts from letters of similar import from numerous physicians and clergymen, many of the latter using it as a communion wine in preference to foreign wines.—[Harper's Weekly.]

Sold by our town agent and I. H. Low, druggist.

**SLAVERY IN MISSOURI.**—Col. Gratz Brown, well known in Missouri, has written a very interesting letter on the present position of slavery in that State. He states, as the results of his investigations, that Missouri, which contained in 1860 one hundred and four thousand slaves, has at present little if any more than fifty thousand. In the eleven counties of Northwestern Missouri, where McCulloch and Price so long held sway, only 361 slaves are left, out of 2784 in 1860. The counties which lie along the Kansas border, and which had in 1860 11,129 slaves, have now, it is said, scarce a hundred remaining. He thinks, therefore, that the State might cheaply and advantageously dispose of the system under the President's offer. Respecting the deleterious influences of the institution on the progress of State, Col. Brown says:

"It is a startling fact, that whereas the increase of population in Missouri during the last ten years has been about 70 per cent, and more than half of that a German immigration, which came in the faith that Missouri would soon discard slavery—on the other hand, the increase of Wisconsin has been 154 per cent, that of Iowa 251 per cent, and that of Minnesota 2730 per cent, and that of Kansas, peopled amid the devastations of a border war, has been 7870 per cent."

**READ THIS, EVERYBODY!**—The Rockland Democrat talks sensibly about patronizing local papers. The Portland papers now charge for the insertion of deaths and marriages. This is but a small item in the large amount gratuitously done by the printer for the public. There are some who can be satisfied with nothing but a New York or Boston paper, while a paper printed at their door, laboring for the interests of their locality, giving the marriages of themselves or their children, and faithfully telling when their nearest and dearest have been gathered to the common resting place of mankind—gets no support from them. A man who despises a local paper has not sense to realize its value, or is hardened enough to spit upon the tombstone of his mother. One day a paper publishes the death of a child, and the next day the father comes in to the office and stops his paper, because he can get a New York paper for 50 cents less on a year. How thoughtless persons are who refuse to sustain a local paper.

**SELF SACRIFICING DEVOTION.**—Speaking of the efficacy of family prayer, a gentleman of doubtful piety remarked in the hearing of our informant, that it was a constant practice of his, to hold family worship every night before retiring. "How do you reconcile your piety with the habit of indulging in ardent spirits?" inquired our friend. "No matter about that," said the man of devotional habits. "I never go to bed, drunk or sober, without praying with my family."

The following is the last grand effort of transcendentalism. It is a luminous rendering of the vulgar and common place term of "clear out." "Enliven the atmosphere of your presence by calling into action your quiescent motive power, and transferring the material elements which compose your terrestrial organization to some other portion of this mundane sphere."

**THAT'S THE WAY TO DO IT.**—The Union authorities at Nashville have issued an order that all rebel sympathizers who make their treacherable talk public, shall be arrested and carried beyond the federal lines, where they are to be let loose further down in Dixie to scratch for grub in a half starved country, with the injunction that if caught within our lines again during the existence of the rebellion, they will be treated as spies and hung.

