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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 51): June 26, 1862

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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[From Peterson's Magazine for July.]  
WITHIN A YEAR.

BY JULIA KENNEDY MOTT.

Tread softly! True, she cannot hear your step,  
Yet death's mute presence sanctifies the place.  
Lift up the curtain, let the sunshine in,  
Draw the sheet gently from her pallid face.

Would you have known her? She has changed so much  
Since last you saw her, scarce one year ago;  
You would have wept to see how soon with grief  
The face we thought so fair grew pale and wan!

How still she lies! As if asleep? Not so—  
Slumber was never perfect rest like this!  
And rest was what she longed for. Once she said,  
That Heaven, for her, could have no higher bliss!

She was so fragile from a very child;  
Not strong, as some are, little used to care;  
For life had been all sunshine. When, at last,  
The dark clouds gathered, it was hard to bear.

Only last March she came to me, one day,  
A tender shyness glowing every grace;  
It was the "old, old story," which I read,  
Once and forever, in her changing face.

"Philip!" I said, answering the name,  
Fair, rosy cheeks bloomed on either cheek;  
And so, with fond caresses, and loving word,  
I won my darling of this joy to speak.

It was the Spring-tide of life, love, and hope!  
A little while, and she was gone;  
Of death's grim presence settled in her eyes,  
Whence the light faded surely day by day.

For to our country (which may God preserve!)  
This agony of peril came; and space;  
And in the ranks of freedom's holy sons,  
The earnest heart of Philip found his place.

When, with grave words, befitting such a theme,  
And a good man's stern sorrow for the need,  
He spoke of duty, of our nation's claims,  
Her whitening lips found strength to say, "God speed!"

She had a brave, true heart, the tender girl;  
And hid all pain beneath a cheerful guise;  
But I could read the tokens, which would mean  
Nothing to other and more careless eyes.

One Sabbath, in midsummer, we, who knelt,  
In mercy, bowed not over dear one lay,  
With quiet face turned homeward, on the ward,  
Stained with his life blood as it ebbed away.

Too soon, alas! the fatal tidings came.  
She heard it, mutely, and fell forward prone  
Upon the floor—so white and deathly still,  
With features rigid as the sculptured stone.

This is the end. Her New-Year dawned in Heaven;  
Earth's weakness and its pain she left below;  
The peace she gave to him who loved her,  
Now and hereafterward, it is hers to know.

[From Peterson's Magazine for July.]

# MY MATTER-OF-FACT COUSIN.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

I had just been admitted to the bar. Before  
me lay my aunt Fannie's letter, urging me  
to pay a visit to her, uncle James, and the girls.  
At dinner time I told my father of my plans.

"Very good," he said, approvingly. "You  
will have the free air that the doctor recom-  
mends; and if you choose to fall in love with  
your cousin Molly, I shall give my consent to  
the match."

"She's a dear, good girl!" said my mother.  
I instantly resolved to hate Molly. Fall in  
love with a dear, good girl! I—a poet—a  
genius—seeking, in this desert air, for a  
kindred soul—a heart to beat in unison with  
mine—a bright, ethereal being—formed to be  
worshipped, but, of course, willing to bow be-  
fore my superior mind! "Dear, good girl!"  
brought up a vision of a little bread-and-butter  
Miss, always ready to wait on mamma and  
cousin to a strange gentleman. I fell in love  
with her! Nothing could relieve my disgusted  
feelings but a canto to "My ideal love," which  
I finished before bed time.

The next evening found me in the quiet  
home circle at Lees, already more than half in  
love with—not the recommended Molly, but  
her sister, the fair-haired, blue-eyed Leonie.  
I had found a kindred soul, I was sure, in  
Leonie. Together we soared to the realms of  
thought; we quoted Byron—we compared fa-  
vourable. "Dear, good girl!" said my mother,  
"she is the most thoughtful of paper—she, in  
short, wrote poetry! She was unhappy, too,  
in want of sympathy. None of the family  
believed in her inspiration or genius. Her fa-  
ther said 'Trash!' to her finest effusions;  
and her mother advised her to spend her time  
in making cake, if bread was too common-  
place."

Molly had a small but neat figure, and her  
dainty slipper and dress both fitted exquisite-  
ly; her hair was dark brown, and braided in  
heavy loops; she had soft brown eyes, fair  
complexion, and a bright, cheerful face.

Leonie, tall, slender, and graceful, wore a  
white dress which might have paid a visit to  
the wash tub with advantage, but my eyes  
and admiration rested on her face. The fea-  
tures were Grecian, and the large, languid  
blue eyes, and long, loose curls, made a fair  
picture, which, to my blinded eyes, was im-  
proved by a half-reclining position and pensive  
expression.

"Leonie," said her father, "what are you  
looking so dolorous about? Too late for  
a look of scornful impatience excited at  
once my sympathy, and the laughter of the  
rest."

"Oh! I see," said uncle James; "you are  
composing an ode to a summer's night. Eh,  
Molly?"

"Including mosquitoes," said Molly, quietly.  
"Of course! Come, let's have the first verse,"  
said the poor girl's tormentor.

"Papa, spare me! Torture not my calm  
repose by dragging forth my sorrows to the  
world."

"Come, Lenny sing for us," said her mother;  
"and no nonsense!"

"So Love not, and the Broken-Hearted,"  
were sung in an agonizing manner; and then,  
at her father's request, Molly sang, in a blithe,  
sweet voice, some Scottish ballads, after which  
Leonie and I wandered out on the piazza—  
to gaze at the moon.

The first evening will stand for a picture of  
many more. The sentimental poetess was  
right when she told me no one sympathized  
with her; for all tried, by ridicule, or more  
gentle warning, to bring her from her fancied  
heaven, to the neglected duties blocking up  
her path. I labored in vain to win her a sis-  
ter's gentle sympathy—Molly was impenetra-  
ble. It was,

Molly, walk with us, on this lovely morn-  
ing, to woo the gentle summer's air, and seek,  
in the mazes of the wood, the murmuring  
brook and whispering foliage."

"Can't, indeed, cousin Ned; I must help  
mamma with the preserves!"

She was always busy. Leonie, who never  
missed till ten o'clock, was ready for my proposed  
stroll or reading at any later hour, and I forgot  
her untidy dress, rumpled hair, and slipshod  
feet in the melodious voice, the questioning  
sympathy, and soft flatteries of my blue-eyed  
cousin. Yet, though I fancied I looked down  
upon the commonplace Molly it was a pleasant  
sight to meet her little graceful figure always  
near, whether in the tidy morning chintz or  
the lighter evening dress—a pleasant sound to  
hear her cheerful voice—a pleasant thing to  
note her ever busy fingers always employed to  
lighten her mother's cares, to give her father  
a pleasure, or repair some negligence of her  
sister's. She spent part of her time in her  
own room; but the breakfast table never wait-  
ed for her, and here was the first kiss to wel-  
come her father's return at night.

I had been at my uncle's two weeks, and  
had already decided that Leonie was my  
second self, and my life a Paradise or a desert,  
according as she would to accept or reject my  
hand, when, one day, waiting for Leonie to  
walk with me, Molly's voice called,

VOL. XV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1862.

NO. 51.

# The Eastern Mail.

THE EASTERN MAIL.

EPH. MAXHAM, & DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE. . . . JUNE 26, 1862.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State  
street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for  
the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements  
and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.  
S. H. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer,) Newspaper Adver-  
tising Agent, No. 1 Bechley's Building, Court street, Boston, is  
authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as re-  
quired 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."

HON. ABNER COBURN.—In time of danger  
men act with increased caution. With the  
Union and all its associated interests at stake,  
every freeman's vote has a ten-fold value, and  
he should guard with proportionate care against  
a careless use of it. In the coming election no  
effort will be spared to divert republican votes  
from their regular nominees. These efforts  
will have their origin mainly in the smothered  
secession sympathies among us, but will get aid  
and comfort from all parties and factions  
hostile to the republicans. Many honest men,  
in their zeal to be liberal, will be led astray  
by the underhanded efforts of men who care  
more for party than for country. Already the  
bait has been taken, to some extent, by true  
and earnest Union men, and in their strange  
blindness they are circulating objections to Mr.  
Coburn, that in other circumstances they  
would urge in his praise. They say his life  
has been devoted to active business rather  
than to politics, and that his education denies  
him the eloquence of speech proper for the  
place. We have heard intelligent republicans  
make this plea for looking for another candi-  
date among the factions yet to be develop-  
ed. Now, while this is not true to any marked ex-  
tent, we believe it had better be more true  
than less. Mr. Coburn has had experience  
enough in legislation to render him familiar  
with its principles and direction, while his ex-  
tensive and successful business operations  
have made him acquainted with all the vari-  
ous interests of the State. He is an eminent  
sample of the self-taught and self-made man,  
and if, as was said of Gov. King, he "gradu-  
ated in a saw mill," it cannot be denied that  
he has made good use of his education, as well  
as of his opportunity for acquiring it. The  
voters of Maine—and especially the republic-  
ans—should investigate carefully the high  
character and qualities of Mr. Coburn, before  
they doubt his capacity for the office of gov-  
ernor. Plain, practical, honest men are need-  
ed in times like the present; and what is more,  
the voters are awake to this fact. Slimy poli-  
ticians, who are merely politicians, have had  
their share and more too. Mr. Coburn is  
noted for his integrity and sound common  
sense, as well as for his eminent success in all  
his undertakings. These are not only quali-  
fications for the office, but they are qualifica-  
tions for the times, not likely to be excelled  
by another candidate.

ANNUAL MEETING OF A. & K. RAILROAD.  
This meeting took place at Waterville yester-  
day. The Superintendent's report says that  
the earnings of the road are \$64,263 14 less  
than last year. The old board of directors  
was re-elected, except Rufus Horton in place  
of Samuel Doolittle, who declined.

"OUR BOYS."—We never had a doubt  
that the Maine troops would show themselves  
true men, when the time of trial came, and in  
the recent actions in Virginia we have not been  
disappointed. We are particularly pleased to  
know, also, that many Waterville boys were  
conspicuous for bravery and good conduct.  
Of one of them Col. Staples writes to the  
Governor as follows:—

It is my duty as well as pleasure to inform  
your Excellency of the heroic and manly con-  
duct of Sergeant Major Frank W. Haskell of  
my regiment during the engagement of the  
1st instant. He was in advance of the line  
during the whole time, constantly cheering  
on the men. For his gallant and meritorious  
conduct on this occasion he has won the praise  
and admiration of the entire regiment. Where  
all did their duty it is difficult to single out;  
but so much has been said concerning young  
Haskell that I have determined to inform your  
Excellency of the fact. He richly deserves a  
commission, and I take pleasure in commending  
him to your favorable consideration.

And to the good conduct of the same indi-  
vidual Lieut. Col. Thomas M. Egan, of the  
New York 40th Reg't testifies as follows, in  
a letter to Gov. Washburn:—

I desire most respectfully to call your at-  
tention to an instance of bravery and patriotic  
daring exhibited by a son of Maine in the late  
engagement at Fair Oaks, which has fallen  
under my personal observation. During the  
battle, the 2d Brigade, Kearney's Division,  
was engaged with an immensely superior force  
of the enemy, and drove them over a mile at  
the point of the bayonet, with great slaughter.  
This Brigade consists of the 3d and 4th Maine,  
and 38th and 40th New York regiments. On  
that day, I led the 40th N. Y. in the charge,  
and while under a most galling fire, I observed  
Francis W. Haskell, Sergeant Major of the  
3d Maine, leading the men on the left of that  
regiment, when no other officers were near  
him, whom I could observe. His conduct was  
so brilliant as to be worthy an officer of any  
rank.

Stimulating the men by voice and example,  
forcing forward the laggards and leading the  
brave, he that day showed himself a soldier of  
whom any State might justly be proud. We  
have few such men, even in this Army, where  
cowardice is rare.

A solution of two ounces of aloes in a gal-  
lon of warm water, it is said, is an effectual  
remedy for the striped and black bugs.

pers that he was taken to the Tombs in a  
riotous intoxication; then Smith tells Mrs.  
Smith that that Smith was not her Smith but  
another Mrs. Smith's Smith. The other Mrs.  
Smith's Smith also reads of his arrest and  
blandly explains to his Mrs. Smith that the  
item does not refer to her, best and brightest  
Smith, but to the other Mrs. Smith's brightest  
and best Smith. Then there is hot water in  
the family, and the Smith's get generally  
mixed.

Occasionally Smith stays out late at night,  
and coming home after milk-hours tells tearful  
Mrs. Smith on the former occasion that she  
is mistaken. It was not her own, her ducky  
Smith who stayed out all night with great  
horrid men, but the other Mrs. Smith's Smith  
—and won't he catch it.

This is all the data that Smith has on hand  
for a biographical sketch, and as we do not  
wish to anticipate we will allow a little time  
in which to furnish us with a further supply.  
[Vanity Fair.]

EASE OF OUR LANGUAGE.—A little girl  
was looking at the picture of a number of  
ships, when she remarked, "See what a flock  
of ships!" We corrected her by saying that  
a flock of ships was called a fleet, and a fleet  
of ships was called a flock.

And here we may add for the benefit of the  
foreigner, who is mastering the intricacies of  
our language with respect to its nouns of mul-  
titude, that a flock of girls is called a bevy,  
and a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a  
pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of  
angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises  
is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is  
called a herd, and a herd of children is called  
a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a  
covey, and a covey of beauties is called a gal-  
axy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde,  
and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a  
heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of  
blackwaders is called a mob, and a mob of  
whales is called a school, and a school of wor-  
shippers is called a congregation, and a congre-  
gation of engineers is called a corps, and a  
corps of robbers is called a band, and a band  
of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of  
people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gen-  
tle folks is called the elite, and the elite of the  
city's thieves and rascals are called the roughs,  
and a miscellaneous crowd of city folks is  
called the community or the public, according  
as they were spoken of by the religious "com-  
munity," or the secular "public."

POPULAR RETRENCHMENT.—Children are  
often sagely told that "they don't know what  
is good for them." The saying is true when  
applied to large folks, and their conduct proves  
the fairness of the application. When hard  
times, or a fear of hard times, comes over a  
land, on what do they begin retrenchment and  
economy. On the back? No, madam; you  
clothe yourself with the finest and rarest silk.  
With the stomach? No, Sir; you pamper  
your stomach with every delicate meat as usual.  
On luxuries? No, Mr. Squire; you drink the  
choicest, and smoke the most exquisite, in  
wonted profusion. No, no, no, no, no, no, no,  
you cut off books as if they were a pest, and  
you either stop your paper or refuse to pay  
for it. You seem to imagine that you are  
merely animal, without a soul or intellect.  
Your action indicates this anyhow.

Verily the public has been spoiled. Books  
and papers have been furnished at so low a  
rate, and with so little recompense to author  
and printers, that they are lightly esteemed,  
when they should be held above all price;  
and the consequence is, that the printer, who  
makes but a scanty living at the best of times,  
is left to crumbs or starvation when a real or  
fancied necessity for retrenchment exists. Out  
on such retrenchment! Wear less costly gear—  
eat plainer food—drink less, and smoke less,  
or none at all, rather than cheat your soul and  
mind of their due portion.—Buy good books,  
and take and pay for an honest and decent  
newspaper; and as upright God created beings,  
you will be the better and richer for it.

Gen. Butler has proved that the coin seized  
in the hands of the Dutch consul, is the same  
taken from the U. S. Mint; and has been  
stamped with Mexican dies to conceal its char-  
acter. The microscope reveals the lines of  
the American coin underneath the present  
stamp.

The Farmington Chronicle says Mr. Wil-  
liam Adams, one of the oldest, most exemplary  
and worthy citizens of that place, was found  
drowned on Thursday afternoon last, in the  
well which supplies the aqueduct leading to  
his buildings. He appears to have fallen in  
while seeking some obstruction in the water.

The charges upon which Hon. Pierre M.  
Soule was arrested at New Orleans are, first,  
that he is a leader of a secret society known  
as the "Southern Independence Association,"  
of which each member is solemnly sworn to  
oppose, at the cost of his life if necessary, the  
reconstruction of the old Union, no matter  
what disaster may befall the Confederate cause,  
and to aid by armed force if required, the  
Confederate government in carrying out its  
laws for the confiscation of the property of  
Union men and in the detection and punish-  
ment or expulsion of people whom they may  
regard as spies. The second charge is that  
Mr. Soule was the author of the insolent let-  
ter sent by the late Mayor to Commodore Far-  
agut, and is the principal support of the re-  
bellion in the city.

A Railroad accident occurred to the Maine  
Sharp Shooters on their passage from Manas-  
sas to Front Royal. A train from behind over-  
took and ran into a train ahead, by which  
Sandford S. Bartlett, of Augusta, was killed  
and 22 others were wounded.

There are incendiaries about Rockland.  
There were seven fires within one week, and  
four of them were known to be incendiary.  
The citizens are guarding their premises with  
fire arms, determined to shoot the first person  
they can catch in the act.

When Gen. Fremont was in the West, his  
most secret dispatches to the President were  
sent in Magyar, which was as good as cypher,  
since no traitor knows the tongue. What a  
compliment to the native tongue of Kossuth!

"No traitor knows the tongue." It is said that  
there is no record of any Hungarian being in  
the rebel service, though there are many in  
our army.

A solution of two ounces of aloes in a gal-  
lon of warm water, it is said, is an effectual  
remedy for the striped and black bugs.

## OUR TABLE.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The July number has the  
following table of contents:—

Some Soldier Poetry; Froude's Henry the Eighth;  
Why their Creed Differed; Presence; Chiefly about  
War Matters; The Minute Guns; Originality; Ericsson  
and his Inventions; Moving; Methods of Study in Na-  
tural History; Lyrics of the Street; Friend Edith  
Daughter; Taxation no Burden; The Poet to his Read-  
ers; The Children's Cities; Reviews, &c.

We have had time to do little more than look through  
the number, but we know there is good matter in it.  
Moving, which we have read, is no doubt written by  
the author of "My Garden," and will be found fully  
equal to that delightful paper.

This number commences a new volume, and of the  
future the publishers say:—

In the department of Novels and Stories the "Atlan-  
tic" will be specially well supplied, some of our most  
popular writers being now engaged on Romances and  
Tales for its columns. The author of "Life in the Iron  
Mills" and "A Story of To-day" has just completed a  
work of remarkable power and interest, entitled "David  
Gardner," which will shortly be commenced in its pages.

The late Theodore Winthrop, the author of "Geil  
Dreems" and "John Brent" has left a most interesting  
journal, of his travels, which will appear shortly in the  
"Atlantic," with the title of "Life in the Open Air." The  
record is full of adventure, and cannot fail of com-  
manding attention. The author of "My Garden," in  
the May number, has contributed several articles for  
forthcoming numbers of the Magazine, full of fresh and  
sparkling interest. Professor Lowell and Professor  
Agassiz will continue their popular contributions, so  
widely welcomed at home and abroad. Mr. T. W. Hig-  
ginson, whose valuable and entertaining papers from  
the commencement of the "Atlantic Monthly" have  
formed one of its most attractive series of articles, will  
still supply its pages with timely essays.

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

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY.—The July issue contains  
a large number of excellent stories, and much other  
good reading in great variety. The embellishments are  
unusually numerous, and include many illustrations of  
scenes and incidents connected with the war. Alto-  
gether, it is one of the best numbers we have ever seen,  
and that is praise enough. For the average general  
reader, we know of no work more satisfactory than this  
one, none that gives more for the same money. Pub-  
lished by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The July number contains  
twenty full page engravings, including a splendid steel  
plate of "Summer," with a charming fashion plate of  
six figures, such as Godey alone furnishes. The num-  
ber is brimful of good things—useful, instructive and  
entertaining—and is a creditable commencement of a  
new volume. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at  
\$3 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The July number of  
this excellent monthly is handsomely embellished with  
other good reading has continuations of Arthur's  
story, "What Came Afterwards," and Miss Townsend's  
"Battle Fields of Our Fathers." There is no safer mag-  
azine for the home circle. Published by T. S. Arthur  
& Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—Beauregard's  
army, at last accounts, was at Okolona, said to  
be 80,000 strong, but we doubt that. The  
army is under command of Bragg, Beauregard  
having left for Richmond.

Halleck has occupied Holly Springs. The  
railroads in that vicinity and near Memphis,  
as fast as they come under federal control are  
being repaired and put in running order.

The wife of Senator Harlan of Iowa, pub-  
lishes a letter in reference to the hospitals at  
Corinth. She complains that Gen. Halleck's  
order prohibiting the contrabands from enter-  
ing the lines entails very much suffering upon  
the sick and wounded soldiers, who might be  
waited upon and carefully served by the con-  
trabands driven away by his cruel order.

The rebel force at Mobile has been largely  
reinforced, and Beauregard is said to be there.  
Fort Morgan has not been taken by our fleet.

The rebels are re-occupying several of the  
towns on the west coast of Florida. Our  
troops are erecting fortifications at Pensacola,  
where all is quiet at present.

Col. Charles Ellett, the gallant commander  
of the ram fleet in the action at Memphis, died  
at Cairo, on the 21st, from wounds received  
in the engagement.

Our fleet dropped down the river from Mem-  
phis on the 19th, and Porter's left N. Orleans  
for Vicksburg on the 8th.

Several of our gunboats recently went up  
White River, in Arkansas, and on arriving at  
St. Charles, 80 miles from its mouth found that  
the rebels had placed obstructions in the chan-  
nel, and erected batteries to bar their further  
progress. Under a combined attack, by land  
and river, the batteries were carried, and the  
guns captured. Over 150 of the rebels were  
killed and wounded, and 30 were taken pris-  
oners, including Col. Frye, late of the U. S.  
army. Our loss would have been next to noth-  
ing, but for the explosion of the steam drum  
on the Mound City, by which nearly all of the  
crew were scalded—23 only out of 175 escap-  
ing without injury. More obstructions are re-  
ported further up.

Matters seem to be progressing quietly at  
New Orleans, under the energetic rule of But-  
ler and Shepley.

It is reported that 100 rebel dragons vol-  
untarily surrendered to our troops at Wash-  
ington, N. C. recently, and it is also said that  
six North Carolina regiments have been dis-  
banded at Richmond.

Rebel sympathizers are now held to strict  
account in Missouri for all mischief done by  
the guerrillas.

Gen. Birney comes out from his examina-  
tion by court martial, unscathed, and will no  
doubt be immediately reinstated in his com-  
mand.

They are raising a Union regiment of cav-  
alry in Arkansas.

Gen. Blenker has been removed from his  
command by Fremont and Carl Schurz ap-  
pointed in his place.

The Charleston papers report a severe bat-  
tle on James Island, in which they claim a  
victory, but it is notorious that secessionists  
are continually claiming more than fairly be-  
longs to them.

Jackson is said to be again largely rein-

forced with a view to another raid in the Shen-  
andoah valley.

We get but little from our army before Rich-  
mond, which has no doubt been recently  
strengthened by additions. McDowell's forces  
are said to be there, but this is doubtful. The  
rebels have several times threatened to attack,  
but finding our forces well prepared have re-  
tired after shelling our lines. Gen. Robert  
Lee commands at Richmond now, Joe Johnston,  
having been badly wounded at the battle  
of Fair Oaks.

The Augusta correspondent of the Bangor  
Whig says paroled prisoners in this State  
should immediately report themselves to Maj.  
J. W. T. Gardiner at Augusta, stating name,  
residence, post office address, regiment, com-  
pany, when and where released, place of impris-  
onment, and other essential particulars. On  
the receipt of such information, Major Gardi-  
ner will take charge of the case and see that  
the soldier has his rights, as it regards pay,  
&c.

EARLY.—It may be mentioned, as indic-  
ative of the forwardness of vegetation this  
season, that a mass of full grown peas was  
picked in the garden of Hon. D. L. Milliken,  
in this village, on the 20th inst.

The bill securing to freedom forever all the  
territories of the United States, which passed  
Congress by large majorities, has been signed  
by the President and is now the law of the  
land.

The train fired into by the rebels, recently,  
near White House, Va., was under the charge  
of Mr. W. H. Small, formerly conductor on  
the A. & K. Railroad.

The Pacific Railroad bill has passed the  
Senate—yeas 55, nays 5.

Our blockade is so effective that recent at-  
tempts to violate it have proved more fortunate  
for our sailors than for foreign shipowners  
and traders, and some of the recent captures  
have been peculiarly rich.

A premium of \$2 is now paid to each re-  
cruit for the regular or volunteer service, and  
a month's pay is advanced when the company  
is mustered into the service of the United  
States.

Mr. Marcellus M. Merrow, youngest son of  
Hon. Josiah Merrow, of Bowdoinham, died of  
cholera, April 26th, at Calcutta, on board of  
ship Sea Lion, of which he was second officer.  
His age was 21 years, 8 mos.

The people of Illinois, we are glad to no-  
tice, have refused to accept the new constitu-  
tion prepared for them by a set of negro  
haters, sitting in convention.

INDIANA.—At a Union meeting held at In-  
dianapolis, Indiana, recently, a State ticket  
consisting of three Republicans and two Union  
Democrats was nominated, and speeches were  
made by leading Union Democrats urging the  
vigorous prosecution of the war, opposing  
every description of compromise, and declar-  
ing that slavery must take the chances of the  
war. Rebels must take care of their negroes  
as best they could; if the rebellion could not  
be put down without the abolition of slavery,  
"let slavery slide." It is thought that this  
movement will completely sweep the field in  
Indiana.

The ladies will thank us for reminding  
them that Mr. Millett, who has won their good  
opinion for his superior custom boots, of all  
kinds, has removed to Hanson's Block, where  
he still solicits their patronage. An elegant  
boot is an indispensable accomplishment to  
every lady and nobody meets the demand like  
Millett.

CROPS.—The fine showers that have within  
a week past come to the relief of the parching  
fields, have revived the hopes as well as the  
crops of the farmer. Even the hay crop,  
which many had set down as a failure, is now  
admitted to have an average prospect. Corn  
and potatoes, for which there was at one time  
some fears, are now looking well; and so far  
as human eyes can see, the prospect of a gen-  
erous harvest is good. More planting and  
sowing has been done than usual, on account  
of the favorable weather. Th. S. Lang has  
fifty acres of oats; and our neighbor Wm.  
Brown, the well known carriage maker and  
blacksmith, has fifteen acres of potatoes. John  
Ware, the president of the A. & K. Railroad,  
has fifteen acres of potatoes. Great quantities  
of potatoes have been planted, while there has  
been no sowing of corn, beans and other staple  
crops. Maine will do her part in sustaining  
the war—furnishing rations as well as soldiers.

The National Division of the sons of Tem-  
perance met in convention at



