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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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MISCELLANY.

PATRIOTIC LINES.

The following admirable lines were read by Oliver Wendell Holmes, at the dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge on Thursday:

In vain the common theme my lips would shun:
All tongues, all thoughts, all hearts can find but one.
Our saviors, where the noisy world was dumb,
Throb with dull drum-beats, and the echoes come
Laden with sounds of battle and wild cries
That mingle their discordant symphonies
Old books from yonder shelves are whispering "Peace!"
This is the realm of letters, not of strife.
Old graves in yonder field are saying "Cease!"
His jacket is the noisiest mortal's life.
—Shut your old books! What says the telegraph?
We wait an hour, not an epoch.
Old classmates, (time's unconscious almanac,
Counting the years we leave behind our backs,
And waiting them in "links on the brow"
Of friendship with his kind: "How are you now?"
Take up by the hand and speak of times that were—
Then come a moment's pause: "Pray, tell me where
Your boy is now?" Wounded, as I was told.
"Twenty?" "What—blasted me! twenty years old!"
"Yes—time moves fast." "That's so." Old classmate, say,
Do you remember our commencement-day?
When such boys as these at twenty? "No." Nay,
God called them a noisier task than ours,
And gave them holier thoughts and manlier powers.
—
This is the day of fruits and food of flowers!
"Time" boys, we read about in old papers—
Are the same men we read of in old papers—
The brooms recast of dead heroic ages!
We read them now, our own sweetest, best—
Let but the quater's issue stand content!
There's old gray for you, fathers, shall bless you,
And freedom fighting with her valor down!
Better the jagged shells their flesh should mangle,
Better their bones from sabre-necks should dangle,
Better the fairest flower of all be trampled,
Should crumple the black mark of the southern vulture,
Than vain act o'er the murder of his brother,
Dive on our side—rather than on the other!
Each of us owes the other his best endeavor;
Take these few lines, we'll call them

NOW OR NEVER.

Listen young heroes! your country is calling!
Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!
Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!
You whom the fathers made free and defended,
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame!
You whose fair heritage spotless descended,
Leave not your children's inheritance of shame!
Stand not for questions while Freedom stands gasping;
Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall!
Brief the life's meeting be, swift the hands clasping—
"Off for the wars" is enough for them all!
Break from the arms that would fondly caress you!
Hark! 'tis the bugle blast! sabres are drawn!
Forth the rank away, where our fathers are lying,
Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone!
Never or now! cries the blood of a nation
Poured on the turf where the red roses should bloom
Now is the day and the hour of salvation!
Never or now! speak the trumpet of doom!
Never or now! bows the banner throated cannon
Through the black canopy blotting the sky;
Never or now! flaps the shell-blinded pennon
O'er the deep ooze where the Cumberland lies!
From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,
Aliens and foes in the land of their birth,
Forth the rank away, where our fathers are lying,
Pleading in vain for a handful of earth,
From the hot plains where they perish, outnumbered
Furrowed and ridged with the battle-field's plow
Comes the loud summons: too long you have slumbered,
Hear the last trumpet—Never or Now!

(From the Atlantic Monthly for July.)

THE CHILDREN'S CITIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLES AUCHTER."

There was a certain king who had three sons, and who, loving them all alike, desired to leave them to reign over his kingdom as brothers, and not one above another. His kingdom consisted of three beautiful cities, divided by valleys covered with flowers and full of grass; but the cities lay so near each other that the walls of each city could see the walls of the other two. The first city was called the city of Lessonland, the second the city of Confection, and the third the city of Pastime.

The king, feeling himself very old and feeble, sent for the lawyers to write his will for him, that his children might know how he wished them to behave after he was dead. So the lawyers came to the palace and went into the king's bed room, where he lay in his golden bed, and the will was drawn up as he desired.

One day, not long after the will was made, the king's fool was trying to make a boat of a leaf to sail it upon the silver river. And the fool thought the paper on which the will was written would make a better boat, for he could not read what was written; so he ran to the palace quickly, and knowing where it was laid, he got the will and made a boat of it and set it sailing upon the river, and away it floated out of sight. And the worst of all was that the king took such a fright, when the will blew away, that he could speak no more, when the lawyers came back with the golden ink. And he never made another will, but died without telling his sons what he wished them to do.

However, the king's sons, though they had little bodies, because they were princes of the Kingdom of children, were very good little princes, at least, they had not yet been naughty, and had never quarrelled, so that the child-people loved them almost as well as they loved each other. The child-people were quite pleased that the princes should rule over them; but they did not know how to arrange, because there was no king's will, and by rights the eldest ought to have the whole kingdom. But the eldest, whose name was Gentil, called his brothers to him and said,—

"I am quite sure, though there is no will, that our royal papa built the three cities that we might each have one to reign over, and not one might over all. Therefore I will have you both, dear brothers, choose a city to govern over, and I will govern over the city you do not choose."

And his brothers danced for joy; and the people too were pleased, for they loved all the three princes. But there were not enough people in the kingdom to fill more than one city quite full. Was not this very odd? Gentil thought so; but, as he could not make out the reason, he said to the child-people,—

"I will count you, and divide you into three parts, and each part shall go into one city."

For, before the king had built the cities, the child-people had lived in the green valleys, and slept on beds of flowers.

So Joujou, the second prince, chose the city of Pastime; and Bonbon, the youngest prince, chose the city of Confection; and the city of Lessonland was left for Prince Gentil, who took possession of it directly.

And let us first see how the good Gentil got on in his city.

The city of Lessonland was built of books, all books, and only books. The walls were books, set close like bricks, and the bridges over the rivers (which were very blue) were built of books in arches; and there were books to pave the roads and paths, and the doors of the houses were books with golden letters on the outside. The palace of Prince Gentil was built of the largest books, all bound in scarlet and green and purple and blue and yellow. And inside the palace all the loveliest pictures were hung upon the walls, and the handsomest maps; and in his library were all the lesson-books and all the story-books in the world. Directly Gentil began to reign, he said to him-

self, "What are these books for? They must mean that we are to learn, and to become very clever, in order to be good. I wish to be very clever, and to make my people so; so I must set them a good example."

And he called all his child-people together, who would do anything for the love of him, and he said,—

"If we mean to be of any use in the world, we must learn, learn, learn, and read, read, read, and always be doing lessons."

And they said they would, to please him; and they all gathered together in the palace council-chamber, and Gentil set them tasks, the same as he set himself, and they all went

home to learn them, while he learned his in the palace.

Now let us see how Joujou is getting on. He was a good prince Joujou,—oh, so fond of fun! as you may believe, from his choosing the city of Pastime. Oh, that city of Pastime! how unlike the city of dear, dull Lessonland! The walls of the city were beautiful toy bricks, painted all the colors of the rainbow; and the streets of the city were filled with carriages just big enough for child-people to drive in, and little gigs, and music carts, and post-chaises, that ran along by clock work, and such rocking horses! And there was not to be found a book in the whole city, but the houses were crammed with toys from the top to bottom,—tops, hoops, balls, battledores, bows and arrows, guns, peep-shows, drums and trumpets, marbles, ninepins, tumblers, kites, and hundreds upon hundreds more, for there you found every toy that ever was made in the world, besides thousands of large wax dolls, all in different coat dresses. And directly Joujou began to reign, he said to himself,—

"What are all these toys for? They must mean that we are to play always, that we may be always happy. I wish to be very happy, and that my people should be happy, always. Won't I set them an example?"

And Joujou blew a penny trumpet, and got on the back of the largest rocking horse, and rocked with all his might, and cried,—

"Child-people, you are to play always, for in all the city of Pastime you see nothing else but toys!"

The child-people did not wait long; some jumped on rocking horses, some drove off in carriages, and some in gigs and music carts. And organs were played, and bells rang, and shuttles and kites flew up into the blue sky, and there was laughter, laughter, in all the streets of Pastime!

And now for little Bonbon, how is he getting on? He was a dear little fat fellow,—but, oh, so fond of sweets! as you may believe, from his choosing the city of Confection. And there were no books in Confection, and no toys; but the walls were built of gingerbread, and the houses were built of gingerbread, and the bridges of barley sugar, that glittered in the sun. And rivers ran with wine through the streets, sweet wine, such as child-people love; and Christmas trees grew along the banks of the rivers, with candy and almonds and golden nuts on the branches; and in every house the tables were made of sweet brown chocolate, and there were great plum cakes on the tables, and little cakes, and all sorts of cakes. And when Bonbon began to reign he did not think much about it, but began to eat directly, and called out, with his mouth full,—

"Child-people, eat always! for in all the city of Confection there is nothing but cakes and sweets!"

And did not the child-people fall to, and eat directly, and eat on, and eat always?

Now by this time what has happened to Gentil? For we left him in the city of Lessonland. All the first day he learned the lessons he had set himself, and the people learned their toys, and they all came to Gentil in the evening to say them to the Prince. But by the time Gentil had heard all the lessons, he was very, very tired,—so tired that he tumbled asleep on the throne; and when the child-people saw their prince was asleep, they thought they might as well go to sleep too. And when Gentil awoke, the next morning, behold! there were all his people asleep on the floor. And he looked at his watch and found it was very late, and he woke up the people, crying, with a very loud voice,—

"It is very late, good people!"

And the people jumped up, and rubbed their eyes, and cried,—

"We have been learning always, and we can no longer see to read—the letters dance before our eyes."

And all the child-people groaned and cried very bitterly behind their books. Then Gentil said,—

"I will read to you my people and that will rest your eyes."

And he read them a delightful story about animals; but when he stopped to show them a picture of a lion, the people were all asleep. Then Gentil grew angry, and cried in a loud voice,—

"Wake up, idle people and listen!"

But when the people woke up, they were stupid, and sat like cats and snaked. So Gentil put the book away, and sent them home, giving them each a long task for their rude-ness. The child-people went away; but, as they found only books out of doors, and only books at home, they went to sleep without learning their tasks. And all the fifth day they slept. But on the sixth day Gentil went out to see what they were doing; and they began to throw their books about, and a book knocked Prince Gentil on the head, and hurt him so much that he was obliged to go to bed. And while he was in bed, the people began to fight and to throw the books at one another.

Now as for Joujou and his people, they began to play, and went on playing, and did nothing else but play. And would you believe it?—they got tired too. The first day and the second day nobody thought he ever could be tired, amongst the rocking horses and whips and marbles and kites and dolls and carriages. But the third day everybody found it to ride at once, and the carriages were so full that they broke down, and the rocking horses rocked over, and wounded some little men; and the little women snatched their dolls from one another, and the dolls were broken. And on the fourth day the Prince Joujou cut a hole in the very largest drum, and made the drummer angry; and the drummer threw a drumstick at Joujou, and Prince Joujou told the drummer he should go to prison. Then the drummer got on the top of the painted wall, and shot arrows at the Prince, which did not hurt him much, because they were toy arrows, but which made Joujou very much afraid, for he did not wish his people to hate him.

What do you want? he cried to the drummer. "Tell me what I can do to please you. Shall we play at marbles, or balls, or knock down the golden ninepins? Or shall we have Punch and Judy in the court of the palace?"

"Yes! yes!" cried the people, and the drummer jumped down from the wall. "Yes! yes! Punch and Judy! We are tired of marbles, and balls, and ninepins. But we shan't be tired of Punch and Judy!"

So the people gathered together in the court of the palace, and saw Punch and Judy over and over again all day long on the fifth day. And they had it so often, that when the sixth day came, they pulled down the stage, and

broke Punch to pieces, and burned Judy, and screamed out that they were so hungry they did not know what to do. And the drummer called out,—

"Let us eat Prince Joujou!"

But the people loved him still; so they answered,—

"No! but we will go out of the city and invade the city of Confection, and fight them, if they won't give us anything to eat!"

So out they went, with Joujou at their head, for Joujou, too, was dreadfully hungry. And they crossed the green valley to the city of Confection, and began to try and eat the gingerbread walls. But the gingerbread was hard because the walls had been built in ancient days; and the people tried to get on the top of the walls, and when they had eaten a few holes in the gingerbread, they climbed up by them to the top. And there they saw a dreadful sight. All the people had eaten so much that they were ill, or else so fat that they could not move. And the people were lying about in the streets, and by the side of the rivers of sweet wine, but, oh, so sick, that they could eat no more! And Prince Bonbon, who had got into the largest Christmas tree, had eaten all the candy upon it and grown so fat that he could not move, but stuck up there among the branches. When the people of Pastime got upon the walls, however, the people of Confection were very angry; and one or two of those who could eat the most, and who still kept on eating while they were sick, threw apples and cakes at the people of Pastime, and shot Joujou with sugar-plums, which he picked up and ate, while his people were eating down the plum-cakes, and drinking the wine till they were tipsy.

As soon as Gentil heard what a dreadful noise his people were making, he got up, tho' he still felt poorly, and went out into the streets. The people were fighting, alas! worse than ever; and they were trying to pull down the strong book-walls, that they might get out of the city. A good many of them were wounded in the head, as well as Prince Gentil, by the heavy books falling upon them; and Gentil was very sorry for the people.

"If you want to go out, good people," he said, "I will open the gates and go with you; but do not pull down the book-walls."

And they obeyed Gentil because they loved him, and Gentil led them out of the city. When they had crossed the first green valley, they found the city of Pastime empty, not a creature in it! and broken toys in the streets. At sight of the toys, the poor book people cried for joy, and wanted to stop and play. So Gentil left them in the city, and went on alone across the next green valley. But the city of Confection was crammed so full with sick child-people belonging to Bonbon, and with Joujou's hungry ones, that Gentil could not get in at the gate. So he wandered about in the green valleys, very unhappy, until he came to his old father's palace. There he found the fool sitting on the banks of the river.

"O fool," said Gentil, "I wish I knew what my father meant us to do!"

And the fool tried to comfort Gentil; and they walked together by the river where the fool had made the boat of the will, without knowing what it was. They walked a long way, Gentil crying, and the fool trying to comfort him, when suddenly the fool saw the boat he had made, lying among some green rushes. And the fool ran to fetch it, and brought it to show Gentil. And Gentil saw some writing on the boat, and knew it was his father's writing. Then Gentil was glad to read these words,—for a good king's words are not washed away by water:—

"My will and pleasure is, that my dearly beloved sons, Prince Gentil, Prince Joujou, and Prince Bonbon, should all reign together over the three cities which I have built. But there are only child-people enough to fill one city; for I know that the child-people cannot live always in one city. Therefore let the three princes, with Gentil the eldest wearing the crown, lead all the child-people to the city of Pastime, to play until the evening; and Joujou to lead the games. And in the evening let the three princes, with Bonbon wearing the crown, lead all the child-people to the city of Confection, to drink sweet wine and pluck fruit off the Christmas trees until time for bed; and little Bonbon to cut the cake. And at time for bed, let the child-people go forth into the green valleys, and sleep upon the beds of flowers: for in Child Country it is always spring!"

This was the king's will, found at last; and Gentil, whose great long lessons had made him wise, (though they had tired him too,) thought the will the cleverest that was ever made. And he hastened to the city of Confection, and knocked at the gate till the people opened it; and he found all the people sick by this time, and very pleased to see him, for they thought him very wise. And Gentil read the will in a loud voice, and the people clapped their hands and began to get better directly, and Bonbon called to them to lift him down out of the tree where he had stuck, and Joujou danced for joy.

So the king's will was obeyed. And in the morning the people learned their lessons, and afterwards they played, and afterwards they enjoyed their feast. And at bed time they slept upon the beds of flowers, in the green valleys: for in Child Country it is always spring.

PHILADELPHIA RELIEF COMMITTEE.—With pleasure we comply with the request to publish the following circular:—

The Society of the Sons of New England in the City of Philadelphia, Pa., have raised funds and placed them in the hands of a RELIEF COMMITTEE, who will visit the Army Hospitals within this Medical District, and seek out the sick and wounded soldiers belonging to the New England States, and render them such aid and advice as they may require.

Where a soldier is furloughed or discharged, and is without sufficient funds to enable him to reach his home, he will be assisted by the Society.

The Society will keep a complete list of all the New England soldiers admitted to the different Hospitals within this district, and will gladly answer, as far as they are able, any inquiries from their relatives or friends. They will also take charge of and deliver any articles or parcels which may be sent to their care for specified patients.

Special Committees are detailed to each Hospital, and the friends of the invalided soldier may rest assured that his necessities will be supplied, and as far as possible his general comfort will be increased.

Communications may be addressed to H. R. WARRNER, President, No. 16, North Seventh St.

The Eastern Mail.

KEP. MAXHAM, & DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JULY 24, 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 published 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."

WAR MEETING.—The meeting, Monday evening, on the Common, was probably the largest that ever convened there. The principal address was by Gen. Howard—preceded, however, by brief remarks from S. Heath, Esq., Rev. Mr. Hawes and Rev. Mr. Dillingham, followed by a most stirring speech by Lewis Barker, Esq., of Stetson. Mr. Abigail Crosby, of Benton, closed the speaking with an earnest appeal for enlistment, declaring his own determination to go at the call of the president.

The committee of arrangements labored faithfully and deserve much credit for the admirable manner in which they provided for the comfort and pleasure of the audience.

(The notice in the Mail for the meeting "at 2 1/2 P. M." was agreeable to the first plan—afterwards changed.)

ARREST.—A soldier named Davis, who had neglected to return to the army, was arrested in Winslow on Tuesday, and taken away. It is said that fifty thousand soldiers, many of them officers, are at this time unlawfully absent from their places in the army. If the work of picking them up has commenced it is a good movement. There are several "returned heroes" in Waterville, though we presume some of them have won their discharge by meritorious "strategic movements," and will not be called for. "Rely upon it," said a worthy soldier the other day, "that government does not discharge men who are worth keeping, except for reasons that all may know."

LECTURE.—Ticonic Division, on Friday evening, will have a lecture from Mr. F. D. Goodrich, on the subject of the war. Members of the order, especially of neighboring Divisions, are invited to be present.

TOWN MEETING.—Tomorrow, Friday, the voters of Waterville meet to see how much they will give the soldiers who enlist for the war. A liberal policy will no doubt prevail. Fairfield, Clinton, and other neighboring towns have voted one hundred dollars to each soldier.

Capt. F. E. Heath, of Co. H, of the Maine Third is called a little higher than we stated last week. He has been appointed Lieut. Col. of the 19th, instead of Major, as we had it.

Slaves continue to scatter from Maryland, and one man has recently lost over thirty thousand dollars' worth. A convention is to be held at Baltimore, shortly, to discuss the President's emancipation project.

MILITIA ELECTIONS.—The following are officers of the other two companies in this town:—

Co. C. Winthrop Morrill, Captain; Asa R. Clifford, 1st Lieutenant; Martin Soule, 2d do.; K. B. Pullen, 3d do.; Moses Penney, 4th do.

Co. D. Wm. Atwood, Captain; Andrew Pinkham, 1st Lieutenant; Addison W. Lewis, 2d do.; Jas. J. Holbrook, 3d do.; A. J. Bates, 4th do.

Co. A. of Winslow, made choice of the following officers:—

Joseph Eaton, Jr., Captain; Henry Hedge, 1st Lieutenant; LaForest Simpson, 2d do.; Josiah W. Bassett, 3d do.; Stephen A. Abbott, 4th do.

OUR LOSS.—Official statements of our loss in the recent battles at Richmond foot up as follows:—Killed, 1,565; wounded, 7,701; missing, 9,558; total, 15,224.

The Grand Division of Maine, will hold its next quarterly session at Belfast, on the 30th inst.

It is recommended to select assessors and their assistants, under the new tax bill, from disabled soldiers throughout the country.

"James B. Angell Park Benjamin"—the name of the Commemorative Orator, as published in Zion's Advocate, Per order of the Graduating Class—if a true index of the length of his oration, will leave a sleepy set of hearers for the poet who is to follow.

A FOREIGN VIEW.—A writer in one of the Liverpool papers shows that the noble policy of our Government is not lost on fair-minded observers abroad. He says:—

"The American Government has proved its capacity to take care of itself, to discomfit those who malign it, to reach the nations of the world what a united people can accomplish. What are the effects of all this? In the first place the North has conducted itself in a way that no Government ever before did conduct itself in the face of rebellion. The Executive has sharpened no ax, erected no gallows, contrived no new instruments of torture; it has not visited treason with death, massacred prisoners, or starved them; it has not been resorted to. It has done precisely, as nearly as possible, the reverse of all this. Confident in its strength, it seeks to reclaim, not punish. Its example on the world will not be lost; the lesson it has taught to a fine humanity and true policy will be learned by Governments on this side of the Atlantic."

OUR TABLE.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The contents of the August number are as follows:—The New Gymnastics, illustrated by Dr. De Lewis; Mr. Axtell, the beginning of what promises to be an excellent story; My Daphne; Concerning Disagreeable People, one of the Country Parson's delightful essays; The Sam Adams Regiments in Boston, continued; Life in the Open Air, a record of a trip down-east, by the late Major Theodore Winthrop; To William Lowell Putnam; The Horrors of San Domingo, continued; My Lost Art; In War Time; Amy Wentworth; Thoreau; A Summer Day; Reviews and Literary Notices.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$2 a year.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S book, says the New York Independent, is one of the remarkable successes of literature. The publisher is this week printing thirty thousand additional copies, which will make the whole number, thus far, one hundred thousand, and the book has not yet appeared at all in the "regular trade." Applegate & Co., Cincinnati, ordered forty thousand copies at once, which is supposed to be the largest single order in the history of the trade. We have not yet had the pleasure of perusing this book, but hear it spoken of in all quarters in the highest terms of praise. The price of the book is \$1.25. It is published by George W. Childs of 828 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will send copies free by mail on receipt of price. The work is handsomely illustrated.

THE RIGHT FEELING.—The son of the elder Quincy, in a speech at the Harvard dinner, said:—

It will be interesting to know what is the feeling of the oldest graduates of Harvard College on the present condition of the country. Day before yesterday I called upon him with a gentleman from New York, who was very desirous to ask his opinion on this subject. The first question was: "How do you feel about the present state of affairs?" "I glory in it," was the reply. (Three cheers were given for Josiah Quincy.) "I never before saw how it was possible for this country to escape from the contaminating influence of slavery and the power of the South." (Cheers.) "But," said the gentleman, "we have got to suffer greatly." His reply was: "We are fighting for republican institutions and they are worthy of the contest. What great good was ever obtained either by individuals or communities without a struggle."

Most I be carried to the skies,
On a very body of seas;
While others fought to win the prize,
Or sailed over bloody seas?"

Said he, 'what is to be the end of this?' He replied: "I know not; it is in the hands of a higher power. We have but one thing to do, and that is to do our duty. Our duty is to support the President of the United States. (Vociferous cheers.) We are fighting the great battle of republican institutions for this country in the future, and for the world, and there is but one alternative—we must conquer or die."

CONFISCATION ACT.—The following is a synopsis of the act of confiscation, with the amendments as recommended by the President:—

The bill declares death for treason, and the freedom of a traitor's slaves; or he shall be imprisoned five years, fined \$10,000, and his estate, except slaves, shall be seized. For inciting rebellion or giving aid and comfort, forfeiture of personal property, \$10,000 fine and slaves set free. The President is authorized, for putting down the present rebellion, to seize the property of all such persons and convey the proceeds to the Government. He is to proclaim that if in sixty days rebels do not return to their allegiance, their property shall be forfeited. Slaves of persons engaged in rebellion or who give aid and comfort to the rebels, that take refuge in our lines, shall be held as captives of war and be forever free from slavery. So also shall be all slaves deserted by their masters, and coming under control of our Government; also all slaves found in places occupied by our troops. No slaves escaping from one State to another State shall be delivered up except for crime or some offence against the laws of the United States, until the claimant shall make oath that he has not borne arms in the present rebellion, or given aid and comfort thereto. No person engaged in naval or military service shall decide on the validity of the claim or surrender of such slaves, on pain of being dismissed from the service. The President is authorized to employ as many persons of African descent for the suppression of the rebellion as he may think fit, and use them in such a manner as he may deem best for the public welfare, and he is also authorized to make provisions for colonizing the blacks beyond the limits of the United States. The President is also to extend to prisoners pardon and amnesty as he may deem expedient.

The following amendments were made to the original bill:—

"That no punishment under the bill should work forfeiture beyond natural life. Another amendment that the words granting amnesty shall be construed so as to authorize the President to restore any property taken if he should think it necessary. A further amendment that the words 'grant amnesty' authorizes the President to restore the property seized under the bill to any person found innocent."

From One of Our Boys.

We are permitted to make the following extract from a letter to a lady in Benton, dated Warrenton, Va., July 11th:—

"Well, here we are at Warrenton, a beautiful village situated about ten miles north of the Rappahannock river, and about nine miles north west of Warrenton Junction. It is noted for its sulphur springs, and in former times was quite a famous resort of the F. F. V.'s. Here we see more of the real aristocratic portion of Virginia than at any place we have ever been. The town is much neater and cleaner than they are generally, and the mansions are built on a much more modern style of architecture. It is considered one of the healthiest places in Virginia. We have now (it is said) about 20,000 soldiers here and we expect to stay here for a week or two but we know nothing certain about it. We are living high here now. Cherries and blackberries more than we can eat, just for the

picking; and then we drink nothing but sulphur water and we are as healthy as bucks.

You ask if we like our Col. as well as ever? We love him better than ever. He is to our regiment what Geo. B. McClellan is to the army, viz.—an idol. I am glad the President has called for more men, and I wish they would commence immediately to draft, for one thousand men now are worth ten thousand in three months from now. Now is the time to crush the rebellion, and if the "stay at home young men" would only come on and give us a lift we would do it. All we ask is that they will come and take our places here, while we go on and do the fighting. Will they do it? We shall see. One thing must be put a stop to, and that is the unjust and causeless opposition to McClellan. If the Government remove him from his command they rob the army of the Potomac of half its vigor. He must be sustained. The soldiers demand it; soldiers ought to be good judges of their Generals, and there never was in this world a general who was so universally beloved by his men, and in whom they had such implicit confidence as in army has in McClellan. Therefore, I say let the government beware how they tamper with this feeling. But enough of war matters; it is hardly a subject on which to write to a lady, but I have read lately a number of articles in the different papers criticizing pretty severely the course of our favorite, and it has riled me up considerably. What do these two cent editors know about war? About as much as your old nag, Tom."

G. H.

THE WAR OF REDEMPTION.

McClellan has advanced his main lines two miles, his pickets being extended two miles farther. The rebels have withdrawn their army ten miles, but keep up a strong picket force within three miles of our lines. It is not probable that any active offensive operations will be undertaken by our army there for some time.

Pope is endeavoring to fulfill the promises with which he commenced his campaign in Central Virginia. On the 17th, he sent a force forward and occupied Charlottesville without opposition. The junction of the great Tennessee railroad with the Virginia Central is at this place, and it is considered an important strategic point. A wholesale destruction of railroad paraphernalia took place. The enemy are said to be in force at Gordonsville.

A cavalry expedition, also from Fredericksburg was made on the night of the 19th, to Beaver Dam Creek, 25 miles west of Hanover Junction, and 35 miles from Richmond. It made a forced march of 80 miles in 30 hours, and destroyed the railroad and telegraph for several miles, burned the depot, with munitions of war

