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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 16, No. 13): October 2, 1862

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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From the Boston Transcript.

## After the Shadows, the Morning.

The tempest may dash on the vale and hill,  
But the angelic will smile behind it;  
The caverned rock hides the mountain's bill,  
Yet a gleam from above will find it;  
Gladness will sleep upon grief's pale breast  
To soothe the voice of its weeping;  
Over the darkness sweet hope will rest,  
And after the shadows, the morning.

Life may grow darkened, though love has thrown  
The strength of its light around it;  
Till longer and deeper the shadows grow,  
Mid the haze of blue that crown it;  
Clouds may float down on our valley of peace,  
And crush the meek flowers with scorn;  
Yet never this song in our spirits shall cease—  
After the shadows, the morning.

Never so closely does pain fold its wings,  
But the white robe of sympathy's wear it;  
And each tear that the dark hand of misery wrings,  
Brings the touch of a blessing to cheer it;  
When it weaves its bright web of adorning,  
So fleetly pale grief from our life path away,  
Comes, after our shadows, the morning.

## Charcoal for Grape Vines.

Bulwer is writing a series of essays on 'Life, Literature and Manners' for *Blackwood's Magazine*, and in illustrating some remarks on mental culture, tells the following amusing story:—

A certain nobleman, very proud of the extent and beauty of his pleasure grounds, chancing one day to call on a small squire, whose garden might cover about half an acre, was greatly struck with the brilliant colors of his neighbor's flowers. 'Ay, my Lord, the flowers are well enough,' said the squire, 'but permit me to show you my grapes.' Concluded into an old fashioned little green house, which served as a vinery, my Lord gazed, with mortification and envy, on grapes twice as fine as his own. 'My dear friend,' said my Lord, 'you have a jewel of a gardener; let me see him!' The gardener was called—the 'single gardener'—a simple looking man under thirty. 'Accept my compliments on your flowers and your grapes,' said my Lord, 'and tell me, if you can, why your flowers are so much brighter than mine, and your grapes so much finer. You must have studied horticulture profoundly.' 'Please your Lordship,' said the man, 'I have not had the advantage of much education; I be'n't no scholar; but as to the flowers and the vines, the secret as to treating them just came to me, you see, by chance.'

'By chance? explain.'

'Well, my Lord, three years ago, master sent me to London on business of his'n; and it came on to rain, and I took shelter in a mews, you see.'

'Yes; you took shelter in a mews; what then?'

'And there were two gentlemen taking shelter too; and they were talking to each other about charcoal.'

'About charcoal?—go on.'

'And one said that it had done a deal of good in many cases of sickness, and specially in the first stage of cholera, and I took a note in my mind of that, because we'd had the cholera in our village the year afore. And I guessed the two gentlemen 'were doctors, and knew what they were talking about.'

'I dare say they did; but flowers and vines do not have the cholera, do they?'

'No, my Lord; but they have complaints of their own; and one of the gentlemen went on to say that charcoal had a special good effect upon all vegetable life, and told a story of a vine dresser, in Germany, I think, who had made a very sickly poor vineyard one of the best in those parts, simply by charcoal dressings. So I naturally pricked up my ears at that, for our vines were in so bad a way that master thought of doing away with them altogether. 'Ay,' said the other gentleman, 'and see how a little sprinkling of charcoal will brighten up a flower bed.'

'The rain was now over, and the gentlemen left the mews; and I thought, 'Well, but I'd better make some inquiry of them as aren't doctors, but gardeners'; so I went to our nursery man, who has a deal of book-learning, and I asked him if he'd ever heard of charcoal dressing being good for vines, and he said he'd read in a book that it was so, but he had never tried it. He kindly lent me the book, which was translated from some foreign one. And after I had picked out of it all I could, I tried the charcoal in the way the book told me to try it; and that's how the grapes and the flower-beds come to please you, my Lord. It was a lucky chance that I ever heard those gentlemen talking in the mews, please your Lordship.'

'Chance happens to all,' answered the peer, sententially; 'but to turn chance to account is the gift of few.'

His Lordship, returning home, gazed gloomily on the hues of his vast park; he visited his stables, and scowled at the clusters; he summoned his head gardener—a man of the highest repute for science, and who never spoke of a cowslip except by its name in Latin. To this learned personage my Lord communicated what he had heard and seen of the beneficial effects of charcoal, and produced in proof a magnificent bunch of grapes, which he had brought from the squire's.

'My Lord,' said the gardener, scarcely glancing at the grapes, 'Squire's garden must be a poor ignorant creature to fancy he had discovered a secret in what is so well known to every professed horticulturist. Prof. Liebig, my Lord, has treated of the good effect of charcoal dressing to vines, especially, and it is to be explained on these chemical principles;—therewith the wise man entered into a profound disputation, of which his Lordship did not understand a word.'

'Well, then,' said the peer, cutting short the harangue, 'since you know so well that charcoal dressing is good for vines and flowers, have you ever tried it on mine?'

'I can't say I have, my Lord; it did not chance to come into my head.'

'Nay,' replied the peer, 'chance put it into your head, but thought never took it out of your head.'

My Lord, who if he did not know much about horticulture, was a good judge of mankind, dismissed the man of learning; and, with many apologies for seeking to rob his neighbor of such a treasure, asked the squire to transfer to his service the man of genius. The squire, who thought that now the charcoal had been once discovered, any new gardener could apply it, as well as the old one, was too happy to oblige my Lord, and advance the 'for times of an honest fellow born in his village. His Lordship knew very well that a man who makes good use of his ideas received through chance, will make a still better use of ideas received through study. He took some kind, but not altogether unselfish, pains with the training and education of a man of genius whom he had gained to his service. The man is now my Lord's head forester and bailiff. The woods thrive under him, the farm pays largely. He and my Lord are both the richer for the connection between them. He is not the less practically painstaking, though he no longer says 'I be'n't no scholar,' nor the less felicitously theoretical, though he no longer ascribes a successful experiment to chance.

Make ready for winter! he's coming along!

## The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XVI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCT. 2, 1862.

NO. 13.

## The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, OCT. 2, 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.

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Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

## ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING,' or 'EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.'

**WATERVILLE REPRESENTATIVE.**—The *Ansion Advocate*, a paper that pollutes the name of democrat, by making it a cloak for secession, claims to have received a communication from West Waterville which charges our representative elect, J. M. Libbey, Esq., with having been 'bought up by the republicans.' Mr. Libbey's townsmen have never been troubled to find out his politics. He was always frank, active and earnest for his party; and we doubt not that to-day, he is as truly a democrat as ever in his life. But he is no such democrat as the *Advocate* would have—stand in the way of the war, and clur and sneer and sneak, when his country calls. When Sumpter surrendered, Mr. Libbey was the first man in the loyal town of Waterville to move for enlistments to put down the rebellion; and in all the measures of the town to sustain the war, he has, as one of the board of selectmen, taken a decided, manly and consistent stand; while as an individual he has been behind none in doing his part. Democrat as he is—or republican as the *Advocate* charges—no man need fear but Mr. Libbey will be faithful to the cause of the Union.

**NORTH VASSALBORO.**—Among the thriving villages of our State, whose thrift grows out of personal energy and enterprise, rather than natural advantages, we believe few are more worthy of note than North Vassalboro'. With a little stream that would only pass for a tolerable trout brook, and a water power excellent in a score of places within as many miles, it has not merely grown to be a pretty and prosperous village, but is now offering promises for the future that give present activity and thrift, while in most other places are dullness and stagnation. One of the evidences of this prosperity is presented in the fact that the Manufacturing Company are now engaged in the construction of another manufactory, of dimensions equal to that now used; the great demand for their cloths having been judged, by its prudent managers, to warrant such an expenditure, even in the present critical times. This new mill will nearly double the amount of woollen manufactures in the place, and of course add greatly to the minor items of its business. That village has been marked for other and even better characteristics than its amount of business. For the steady and peaceful industry of its population, and the consequent quietness and order so uniformly seen in its streets,—for the earnest patriotism which has made its people one in support of the war, and induced the most liberal contributions,—and for the absence of intemperance, so prevalent in manufacturing villages. For these reasons, aside from business considerations, the growth of N. Vassalboro' is gratifying to all who love to witness prosperity; and its leading men—so well known without being named—have the consciousness of success beyond the mere consideration of making money.

**WATERVILLE QUOTA.**—The following is a list of the Waterville soldiers in Co. A, 20th Regiment, of which I. S. Bangs is Captain:— Addison W. Lewis, George C. Getchell, Sidney Keith, Edgar Scott, Charles E. Shoray, Edward A. Sturtevant, George E. Muzzey, William H. Low, Josiah Soule, John Roderick, Dennis M. Foster, Joseph M. Hatch, Charles N. Smiley, Henry M. Toler, David J. Lewis, Albert M. Clark, Revaldo Shaw, Cyrus Bickford, Wm. H. Stevens, Albert R. Smiley, John King, William Rankins, John H. Bates, Faneuil H. Emery, Charles Love.

**A NEW USE FOR AN OLD TOOL.**—If the man who makes two spires of grass grow where only one grew before, is to be styled a public benefactor, inasmuch as he contributes to the wealth of community, surely he is deserving of the same honorable title, who, by some ingenious contrivance enables a man to double the amount of his labor in a day, for he brings about the same result—and this whether by means of a new implement or machine, or a new use for an old one. Mr. Charles A. Dow has this fall used a light manure fork, with six round tines, for digging potatoes, with surprising results, and wishes us to recommend its employment to his brother farmers. He is confident that potatoes can be dug, with a fork, in any soil, three times faster than in the old way, by the use of the hoe, and after seeing him operate for a short time, we had full faith in his statement. Try it, farmers, and we don't believe you will ever use a hoe in digging potatoes, when you can buy a fork.

In a list of Maine soldiers at the Carver Hospital, Washington, on the 12th inst., we find the following names:—Peter Huntton, Fairfield, 1st Cavalry, strag; Erastus Woodman, Waterville, Co. G, in knee joint [since died]; William D. Pasley, Waterville, 8d,

lost finger and sick. In the General Hospital—Alonzo Copp, Waterville, 5th Penn., was wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run No. 2.

## From 'Our Boys.'

From letters written to his friends, by Capt. Bangs, Co. A, 20th Regiment, we are permitted to take the following extracts:—

**Wednesday, Sept. 19th.**—We are in the mountains of the Blue Ridge and in the midst of a terrible battle, which has raged without intermission since 7 o'clock, A. M., it is now 4 P. M. From the summit of a hill I witnessed the progress of the fight for two hours, and saw the shells fly and watched them in their flight; and I assure you it was an exciting sight. We have up to the present time been held in the reserve, but expect at any moment to be ordered in to the battle. A most terrific cannonade is going on as I write, and the shells occasionally pass over my head, and bury themselves in the ground or burst in the air. We have been ordered to several positions, on the field, but troops are so plenty we have not been sent into the fight.

**Sept. 19th.**—Last night, or yesterday afternoon, we were ordered out to the left, to support Burnside's corps, and finally encamped on the southern slope of a steep hill, upon the summit of which a heavy battery was planted, and which we were intended to support. We were ordered to lie close, and to build only small fires and cook our suppers quietly; which done, we lay down on the side of the hill for the night.

**Saturday Morning, Sept. 20th.**—We were near the advance yesterday, following the enemy in their retreat, and camped in an open field about half a mile from the Potomac, on the side of a hill crowned with a wood, in which was a continuous line of Batteries playing across the river.

**Sunday Morning, 8 o'clock.**—I had written thus far yesterday when the bugle sounded the call of attention and we took up our line of march for the 'sacred soil of Virginia.' We crossed the river Potomac, at a ford about a mile below Shepherdstown—the sharpshooters were on the Bluffs opposite, and occupied them till the Brigade in advance of ours drove them back to the second line of hills. A few of our men were wounded but none dangerously. As soon as possible we formed in line of battle, under cover of the bluff and in a moment the word came along that the enemy were coming down the ravine on our right. The fire down the ravine was very heavy, and the bullets flew around us like rain, pattering against the wall and whistling through the trees, and I could see them strike in the river beyond, which was alive with troops fording across rapidly. The rebels were strongly posted in a wood directly in front of our position, and as the regiments on our right gained the hill the firing was very heavy, and the cannonading from our batteries on the Maryland side, placed to protect our crossing, was terrific, the air being filled with screaming shells. We received the order to recross the river, and back we went. At this time the scene baffles all description. The infantry firing and the cannonading were nearly continuous and the noise almost deafening. I do not doubt but that 50 cannon were firing shells at the short range of 1000 yards—as the river itself is not more than 300. There was no confusion or panic; on the contrary when a man would fall down in the water it would raise a great shout. After recrossing the river we marched directly along the bed of the canal, which the rebels drained two days previously, and formed along behind the tow path as a parapet, and commenced a rapid fire at the sharpshooters on the hills who were firing at our men in the water. From this time until 5 P. M., we lay in the canal, firing whenever a grayback showed himself, and then withdrew to our last night's camp. After cooking our suppers we were ordered off on Picket duty.

**SEVENTH REGIMENT.**—The following are among the casualties reported in the Maine Seventh:—

Lieut. A. F. Emery, Kendall's Mills—absent, slight.  
Rufus Preble, Winslow—killed.  
Thomas Hennessey, Harland—killed.  
Corporal N. S. Burdell, Harland—hand.  
Abram Batchelder, Pittsfield—arm, severe.  
Elias H. Hammond, Pittsfield—foot, severe.  
The Regiment went into the action with 166 men out of an aggregate of 662 now composing their full number—the balance of whom are sick or detailed on special duty—and came out of action with 70 men.

The following are the field and staff officers of the 21st Regiment:—

E. D. Johnson, Lewiston, Colonel.  
Nathan Stanley, Vassalboro, Lieut. Colonel.  
Benjamin Merry, West Bath, Major.  
Joseph T. Woodward, Sidney, Adjutant.  
William S. Brown, Waldoboro, Quartermaster.

Geo. W. Hubbard, Waterville, Sergeant Major.

The soldiers at Camp Pope, in Bangor, are making nightly raids on sutler's stands, corner groceries, and neighboring fruit gardens. Would it not be well to send them to the seat of war, and let their surplus vitality find vent in damaging the enemy?

The story of the death of Ex-Gov. Houston, of Texas, was a canard. He is alive and well.

## OUR TABLE.

**CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.**—The October number of this fine magazine has a rich and varied bill of fare, including several good stories and varied political articles. The Publisher makes the following announcement:—

'The Proprietors of the *Continental Monthly*, warranted by its great success, have resolved to increase its influence and usefulness by the following changes:— The Magazine has become the property of an association of men of character and large means. Devoted to the National cause, it will unflinchingly and unconditionally support the Union. Its scope will be enlarged by articles relating to our public defenses, Army and Navy, gunboats, railroads, canals, bridges, and currency. The cause of gradual emancipation and colonization will be cordially sustained. The literary character of the Magazine will be improved, and nothing which talent, money, and industry combined can achieve, will be omitted.'

The political department will be controlled by Hon. Robert J. Walker and Hon. Frederic P. Stanton, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Walker, after serving twice as Senator, and four years as Secretary of the Treasury, was succeeded in the Senate by Jefferson Davis. Mr. Stanton served ten years in Congress, acting as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee and of Naval Affairs. Mr. Walker was succeeded as Governor of Kansas by Mr. Stanton, and both were displaced by Mr. Buchanan, for refusing to force slavery upon that people by fraud and forgery. The literary department of the Magazine will be under the control of Charles Godfrey Leland of Boston, and Edmund Kirke of New York. Mr. Leland is the present accomplished Editor of the *Magazine*. Mr. Kirke is one of its constant contributors, but better known as the author of 'Among the Pines,' the great picture true to life, of Slavery as it is.

The *Continental*, while retaining all the old corps of writers, who have given it so wide a circulation, will be reinforced by new contributors, greatly distinguished as statesmen, scholars, and savants.'

The *Continental*, we are pleased to learn, is properly appreciated by the reading public and is rapidly extending its circulation. It is published simultaneously in New York and Boston, by J. R. Gilmore, at \$3 a year.

**SHOW AND FAIR.**—The North Kennebec Agricultural Society will hold their annual Show and Fair in this village, on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, Oct. 7th and 8th, and let all interested make a note of the fact. We especially hope that there will be no apathy on the part of farmers, or their wives and daughters—for it is emphatically their exhibition and festival. If every one will do a little, only we may have a Show that will be a credit to the agricultural portion of the community, and a benefit to the Society. Fill up every department, with contributions from the orchard, the field, the barn, and the house. It is possible that you may not draw a premium; but you are sure to do something better, if your motive in bringing in your quota is only right. Don't plead the war and hard times as an excuse for neglecting your duty; the hard times are more in imagination than reality, and you, at home, can best serve your country by enhancing its agricultural capacities. One of the best ways of doing this is to impart a new interest to your business, by coming together, showing what you have done, and comparing notes for mutual improvement.

**Bring in your entries early.**—for that will accommodate all parties, and ensure correctness, and give you opportunity to prepare your statements with some care.

In good fruit years we have noticed, almost invariably, a small display in this department—each man supposing everybody else would be present with a great variety. Don't let it be so this year.

The programme of the Show and Fair will be as follows:—Tuesday will be devoted to an exhibition of *Stock* of all kinds, the drawing match to take place in the afternoon. Wednesday—Plowing match at 9 A. M. Trotting to commence at 10 A. M. The Fair will open at the Hall on Tuesday evening, to continue through Wednesday, on the afternoon of which day, at 3 o'clock, an Address will be delivered by Rev. W. A. P. Dillingham, to be followed by reports of committees.

We trust that the friends of the Agricultural Society, who reside in the village, will manifest their usual interest in the coming Exhibition at the Hall, and bring in whatever they can, conveniently, of the beautiful and curious, to enhance the attraction. While conferring a great favor upon the Society, they can in this way do much to refine and elevate the taste of the community. Our mechanics and shopkeepers, too, we hope, will see the wisdom of filling up considerable space with samples of the various articles they make or sell.

**GOVERNMENT STAMPS.**—It will be recollected that the law now requires Government stamps to be used upon all agreements, contracts, bank checks, drafts or orders for the payment of any sum of money exceeding \$20, drawn upon any bank, person or corporation; bills of exchange, bills of lading, express packages, bonds of every description, certificates of stock, deeds of conveyance, mortgages, telegraph dispatches, insurance policies, leases, manifests, powers of attorney, and all legal instruments; and any person signing or issuing any instrument, document, or paper without being duly stamped, denoting the duty imposed thereupon, an adhesive stamp to denote said duty, will be subject to a penalty of fifty dollars, and such instrument, document or paper, will be invalid and of no effect.

**GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN** has been pitching into Charles Sumner and the abolitionists, as recklessly and foolishly as he did into the English across the water. He is one of those blunderbusses that do as much injury to friends as to foes, though he occasionally has a good shot, well aimed.

Editors of foreign intervention are again rife in England and France, but well informed persons scout the idea, and nobody seems to be alarmed. The short crop in several Euro-

pean countries is our best protection from interference in our family quarrel, and probably worth more to us than all our iron clad vessels.

**WAR OF REDEMPTION.**—While some of the rebel papers are claiming great victories in the late battles, and especially in view of the capture of Harper's Ferry, they all unite in bearing testimony to the bravery and good conduct of our forces—wondering that the same troops which had been driven from the Peninsula and beaten under Pope should be able to fight so gallantly under different circumstances and with other leaders.

The armies of the Potomac, both Union and rebel, have been very quiet of late, preparing, it may be, for active and bloody work hereafter. We have rumors that Lee intends to recross the Potomac, but they are not generally believed. They are very apt to give out hints of doing one thing, while aiming at something else in another direction.

A meeting of the Governors of the loyal States has recently been held at Altoona, Penn., which has given rise to a good deal of mischievous speculation on the part of many semi secession prints. To quiet all their sensation stories it is enough to say that it was called at the instance of Gov. Todd, of Ohio, a democrat, sanctioned by Governors Curtin of Penn., and Pierpont of Western Virginia, both conservative men and true patriots, and its object was simply 'to take measures for the more active support of the government'—a worthy one, truly.

Manfordsville, Ky., has been retaken by our forces.

A proclamation of the President suspends the privileges of the writ of habeas corpus in the case of certain persons imprisoned under military authority, during the existing rebellion.

There is talk of allowing Hon. Eli Thayer an opportunity to try his armed colonization scheme in Florida.

Pope's officers, imprisoned at Richmond, have been released and exchanged.

A body of 1500 rebels dashed into Augusta, Ky., on the night of the 27th ult., and drove out a small Union force with the citizens, and burned the town. Augusta is on the Ohio river.

A shocking tragedy, and one universally regretted, occurred at Louisville, Ky., on the 28th ult. In an altercation growing out of difficulties of long standing, Gen. Nelson was shot by Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, and died immediately. The accounts all blame Nelson.

Gen. Sigel has advanced to Fairfax Court House, of which he holds possession at present.

Gen. Morgan has evacuated Cumberland Gap.

A detachment of Sigel's corps was sent to Warrenton on Monday, where they captured 1200 rebels and a large quantity of stores.

Judging from the reception of the President's emancipation message by the representatives of foreign governments at Washington, it is thought that its effect abroad will be excellent. Some of the foreign ministers pronounce it the death blow of the rebellion.

**BATTLE WITH THE INDIANS.**—Three hundred Sioux Indians, under Little Crow, attacked Col. Sibley's command, in Minnesota, on the 23d inst. The battle lasted two hours, resulting in the repulse of the Indians with the loss of thirty killed and a large number wounded. Four whites were killed, and from thirty to forty wounded.

The 7th Maine are highly complimented for their gallantry in the late severe battles, and among those specially noticed we find the name of Capt. J. W. Channing of Kendall's Mills.

The Penobscot Musical Association will commence its annual session this year at Bangor, on the 14th inst., and continue four days. Leonard Marshall, Esq. of Boston, will have direction of the exercises.

The French iron clad steamer *Normandie* has crossed the Atlantic and is now in the Gulf of Mexico.

John E. Shaw, M. D., of Sidney, belonging to the 14th Me. Regiment, died in New Orleans on the 17th of August last.

One Lawrence Doyle, an Irishman about 30 years of age, has been arrested on suspicion of having murdered the Libby girl in Strong. He was in the employ of her father at the time.

Rev. Mr. Leonard, Chaplain of the Maine Third, is at home for a short time; and although different in outward trim, his many friends here find him the same warm hearted and true man they parted with fourteen months ago.

The leading Missouri and Kentucky newspapers, while they reiterate sentiments of loyalty, are opposed to the President's emancipation proclamation.

**REBEL PROPOSAL FOR A PEACE.**—The *Richmond Examiner* of the 20th says that Mr. Foote of Tennessee, of the rebel House of Representatives, has offered the following joint resolution:—

'Resolved, By the Congress of the Confederate States of America, that the signal arms with which Divine Providence has so continuously blessed our arms for several months past, would fully justify the Confederate government in dispatching a Commissioner or Commissioners to the government at Washington City, empowered to propose the terms of a just and honorable peace.'

**THE WIDE AWAKES.**—Here is a fine thing from Orpheus C. Kerr. Having alluded to the inquiry which is sometimes made as to where the 'Wide Awakes' are in the present contest. He writes:—

'Too many of the wide-awakes of the last campaign are indeed fast asleep now, when their country needs them. I saw one of them slumbering near Culpepper Court House last week. He was sleeping with his right arm twisted in the spokes of a disabled cannon wheel, and a small purple mark was on his right temple. But he was not alone in his forgetful slough, for near him, and rigidly grasping his disengaged hand, was a Democrat, slumbering too!'

The sight, I remember, rendered me so honestly indignant that I could not help pointing it out to the chaplain. The chaplain looked a moment at the Fusion Ticket before us.

'They sleep for the Flag,' says he softly, 'and may its stars shed pleasant dreams upon their loyal souls forever!'

Gen. Halleck has requested that no more presents be sent to soldiers. They accumulate in Washington, are destroyed, benefit nobody, but trouble a great many in care and transportation.

**CHOWDER!**—The Ticonic Ones had their second fishing excursion to East Pond on Friday last, and the Mail was represented at the chowder—to say nothing about who caught the most fish! A pleasant day, a brisk ride over the hills, a merry sail, a good haul of fish, and a 'Wendall chowder'—if this is not a category of luxuries we may look in vain. Some thirty of the 'boys' made up the party; and though we have seen a smaller number of good fellows get as many bites and eat as much chowder, we have rarely aided any number in securing more enjoyment in the same length of time. We are satisfied it can't be done. If they should ever attempt to outdo themselves, we should like to lend a helping hand.

George H. Bassett, son of Williams Bassett, Esq., of Winslow, a member of Co. G, 3d Maine Regiment, died in Hospital at Washington, on the 19th ult. He was a worthy young man, about 23 years of age, a good soldier, and highly esteemed by all who knew him. He was a member of Waterville College, and enlisted at the first call for soldiers. His funeral sermon will be preached at the Congregational Church in Winslow, next Sabbath forenoon.

A. P. Pluisted, Esq., Cashier of Ticonic Bank; has been appointed Assistant Assessor under the Tax Act which has just gone into effect.

Richard Busted, the well known Democratic lawyer of New York—now engaged in raising a brigade—writes a characteristic letter to the *Tribune* on the President's proclamation, closing as follows:—

'Slavery is dead, and the Republic lives! Lives a new life, graduated by the principles of God's eternal justice. The footfalls of advancing Freedom throw their forward echoes upon the gladdened ears of liberty-loving men, and soon the imprints of his mighty tread will be discernible over and upon the prostrate and mortal remains of the haughty, but doomed slave power. The American Republic henceforward is free in fact and in name. God bless Abraham Lincoln!'

Yours, for liberty.

## RICHARD BUSTED.

Hon. Alfred Fletcher, of China, recently a member of the State Senate, is now Captain of a company from China at the encampment of E. D. Keyes in this city. His son is a private in the same company, as fine a body of men as ever marched to music or labored in the cause of freedom.—*Ken. Jour.*

A ready writer thus amusingly alludes to the current phrases of the day:—'Beet' has become the synonym of humbug, impostor, delusion, &c. For example, John Smith, who pretends to be more than he really is, is a 'beet'; or if it be proper to make especial emphasis to express unusual positiveness, then he is a 'dead beet.' Extraordinary presumption is often described as 'some pumpkins.' 'Small Potatoes,' another figure borrowed from the vegetable kingdom; fills a most significant place in the slang vocabulary; the superlative being reached when there happens to be a 'few in the bill.' 'Bully,' a term suggesting combativeness, pugnacity, or other quarrelsome elements, is used to express quite a contrary idea. 'Bully for you,' strange as it may sound, has become a term of commendation. Our primitive old folks used to say 'good boy,' but 'bully boy' makes the former obsolete. It seasons every variety of conversation, and is adapted to all possible uses. It expresses praise—superlative praise. Whether an honest old Teuton draining his lager, with the remark, 'dat ish bully,' or young America extolling the quality of some favorite pet as a 'bully boy,' it seems equally apposite. 'Go in,' and 'sail in,' are accepted orthodox idioms with the fast boys. A 'big thing' is a very comprehensive expression, generally indicating something uncommon or extraordinary. 'Don't see it,' by no means conveys the idea of blindness of vision, it having generally more relation to the mind's eye than the physical optic. Obtuseness of perception as to a joke suggests that you 'don't see it.' The initials 'O. K.', were in vogue twenty years since; but one is a fossil of the past who uses them now.

**SMOKE CHIMNEY.**—A correspondent of the *London Builder* gives the following cure for a great and common evil:—'A smoky chimney and a scolding wife are two of the worst evils of domestic life, says the old proverb; and to obviate the first evil ingenuity is ever racking its brain. Hence, Regent street and every part of the metropolis has its house tops bristling with pipes and deformed by crows in every conceivable and almost inconceivable variety. Now, I have built many chimneys in all possible situations and have found one simple plan everywhere succeeded, the secret being only to construct the throat of the chimney, or the part just above the fireplace, so small that a man or a boy can barely pass through it. Immediately above the chimney should be enlarged to double its width, like a purse, to the extent of about two feet in height, and then diminished again to the usual proportions. No chimney that I ever constructed thus smoked.'

**THE GOOD OLD KIND.**—At a recent agricultural exhibition, a venerable lady who had come down to us from a former generation, furnished an ancient rule for baking brown bread. The dough, after being properly prepared, was to 'bake till the outside is the color of a negro, and the inside is as red as an Indian.'



