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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 16, No. 38): March 26, 1863

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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## THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

At the foot of the hill, near the old red mill,  
In a quiet, shaded spot,  
Just peeping through half hid from view,  
Stands a little moss-grown cot;  
And straying through at the open door,  
The sunbeams play on the matted floor.

The easy chair, all patched with care,  
Is placed by the old hearth-stone;  
With witching grace, in the old fire-place,  
The evergreens are strewn,  
And pictures hang on the whitened wall,  
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.

More lovely still, on the window sill,  
The dew-eyed flowers rest,  
While midst the leaves, on the moss-grown sashes,  
The martins build their nest.  
And all day long the summer breeze  
Is whispering love to the bending trees.

Over the door, all covered over  
With a sack of dark green bairn,  
Lies a musket old, whose worth is told  
In the events of other days;  
And the powder clock, and the hunter's horn,  
Have hung beside it for many a morn.

For years have fled, with a noiseless tread,  
Like fairy dreams away,  
And left in their flight, all shorn of their might,  
A father—old and gray,  
And the soft wind plays with his snow-white hair,  
As the old man sleeps in his easy chair!

In at the door, on the matted floor,  
Light, fairy footsteps glide,  
And a maiden fair, with tresses hair,  
Knocks by the old man's side—  
An old oak creaks to the angry storm,  
While the ivy clings to its trembling form.

## The Bright Coal.

AND HOW THE BABY TOUCHED IT.

There was once a darling little baby, who lived with his father and mother in a rough log cabin in Tennessee. He was a beautiful boy, with dark blue eyes and rosy cheeks. His skin was very fair, so that the neighbors, who were dark complexioned Southerners, called him the "white child"; and all round his head, down on his fat shoulders, clustered rings of shining, pale gold hair. He was a very merry and affectionate baby, and had the most charming way in the world of screwing his sweet little rosy mouth all into a pucker whenever he wished to kiss his mama which was many times a day.

Oh how dearly his mother loved him! How hard she worked to keep the room clean and neat, that it might be fit for the baby to live in! How much comfort she took in the midst of her toil and care, in watching her darling, in supping for a moment to give him a "good hug," and a kiss, at least twenty times a day. Above all, what a delight it was to undress him at night, and rock him to sleep while she sang a tender lullaby!

I could write you a whole great book about how this mother loved her baby, and what comfort she took with him—and yet when the book was written through, I would not have told you half!

Yet this darling caused his mother great anxiety; I will tell you in what way.

The fire was made of large logs, in a great open fire place, and whenever it was necessary to put more wood on, the coals would fall down on the stone hearth, making the room very bright for a short time. Baby seemed to think the red, glowing coals very pretty, and as soon as he could creep, he would start for the fire whenever it was stirred. His mother would take him back to the other side of the room many times a day; she would shake her head at him and say: "No, no! baby must not touch—fire will burn! Hurt the baby!" But the little fellow persisted, and grew so troublesome about going to the fire place that at last his mother did not dare leave him one moment alone, lest, when she returned, she should find that his clothes had taken fire. She could not go outside the door to feed the dog or cat, nor go a few steps to the well for water, without carrying her baby on one arm, and this added so much to her other work that she was almost worn out.

At last, one day when the mother was placing some bright hickory coals under the bake pan to have some biscuits, one coal fell to the far corner of the hearth, some distance from the fire; the baby saw it, and started; his mother resolved to let him do as he would, so did not appear to notice, while closely watching him all the time. How sorry she felt for her dear baby; she knew his little tender fingers would be badly burned, and she felt all most wicked to allow it; but she knew that it was the only way to teach him how the fire would burn, and she let him go. The baby crept very fast until he had nearly reached the fire place, then stopped and looked at his mother, but she did not appear to see him, so he crept on, but very slowly, (as if he knew that he was doing wrong), and at last reached his little hand and took up the red hot coal!

Oh, how he cried with pain and terror as he instantly dropped it! His mother caught him up from the floor, and pressed him to her breast; then she dipped his hand in cream, sprinkled flour thickly over it, and wrapped it up in soft, raw cotton, so that it would soon get well. But she did not say anything, only, "Did the fire burn the baby?" Yet she could not help crying for her heart was very sad to think that her dear little, precious child must be so badly hurt before he would mind. At last she sang him to sleep, and in a few days the hand was quite well, but baby did not forget his lesson; for always, after that, when any coals fell down, he would scamper away as fast as he could creep to the other side of the room, and one of the first words he learned to say was "burn."—[Ind.]

INTELLIGENT CURIOSITY.—Education alone enables men to apprehend and relish what is new in a thousand directions. Very few persons can receive impressions on subjects upon which they are wholly ignorant, and on which their observation is unpracticed. This is conspicuous in such scenes as the late Exhibition. Not one in a hundred of all those crowds took in a single idea from any object to which the mind had no previous clue. All the strange, novel, and beauty were passed by—were not visible, did not reach the brain, did not even catch any sense of the vacant, bewildered gazer. The artisan studied machinery, the soldier looked at the guns, the rustic at the plows and harrows; but they could not even see the pictures or the statuary which were ranged before them! The women, as a rule, noticed dress and fabrics to the utter exclusion of other things, not from vanity or frivolity, but because these were the only matters their training qualified them to think about. A veil hung between them and all the art, genius, and wealth crowded around them. It was all too strange for the mind to say of anything, "This is new to me"—which is in fact comparing it with what is old. There was no ground for a comparison. A man sent his cook to spend the day there; the sole thing that remained on her mind was a kitchen-grate, in which she observed some novelties of construction. The majority of all great crowds are like the woman who emigrated to America with her husband, and returning after some years to her native village, was asked what she had seen. "I can't say," she replied, "as I see'd anything particular," and if she had followed Humboldt over the world, she would have said the same. But who can stay a stone at his neighbor on this point of intelligent curiosity? The desire for what is new, and the power of apprehending it, remain grooves. Nobody is inquisitive of

all points deserving of inquiry; only the largest mind, most thoroughly cultivated, embraces most.—[Saturday Review.]

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.—Here are two men; one has come on the path of good things. He is the mother's darling and the father's pride. His hands are lily-white, and beautiful. And he is good for nothing! The other is all scarred over by the rough usage he has undergone, and the severe experience he has passed through. He is twenty-five, and there is not a line of beauty in him. God's plow has drawn its furrows across his brow. He is as hard as an anvil, and he has been pounded as much. He has had evil upon evil, and trouble upon trouble. And what is he now? A man; and he will be the world's ruler if God so please. For it is the men who are wrought out under such circumstances who steer the things that are.

Now, I ask you whether it is not true, in the whole career of a man, that what are called evil things are a great deal better than what are called good things. As between good, as a moral quality, implying virtue, truth, nobleness, charity; and evil as a moral quality, implying meanness, lust, appetites—of course, as between these there can be no doubt that evil is always bad, and good always good. But when we speak of all things working out good, we mean good in the sense of property. And I declare that in the whole course of man's life education, he is served better by things that are not good, than by things that are. It takes both to make a fully developed man; it takes prosperities and adversities; it takes blessings and mischiefs; it takes soft peace and hard blows; it takes things bright and things dark; it takes day and night; it takes summer and winter. All of these go together; and when the man is wrought out as the product of them all, all things may have worked together for his benefit in the long run.

THE CLIMAX.—A clergyman in England, one Sunday, informed his hearers that he should divide his discourse into three parts, the first would be terrible, the second the horrible, the third, the terrible horrible. Assuming a dramatic tragic attitude, and wishing to bring the sulphurous lake vividly before the mind's eye of the hearer, he swung his right arm wildly, pointing to about the center of the church, with his eyes seemingly transfixed with horror, he exclaimed in startling, agonizing tones:

"What's that I see there! Still louder, 'what's that I see there?' Louder yet with a wilder swing of the arm; 'What's that I see there?' Here a little old woman in black, cried out with a shrill treble tone:

"It's nothing but my little black dog; he won't bite nobody."

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—How much trouble would be saved in this world if every one would remember and practice upon the old adage, "Mind your own business." Curiosity is a principle implanted in every human being, but it was never intended that it should degenerate into that mean, prying-in disposition which we discover everywhere about us. In every community there is a class of persons who well deserve the title of "busy bodies"; they spend all of their time in minding everybody's business but their own. Do a couple see fit to marry, every fact in the history of each is chronicled, and many are the wonders how they happened to choose each other—just as if that were any one's business but their own. Did you ever hear of a match that suited everybody? I never did any but Lucifer Matches. Yet whose business is it, if people suit themselves?—what should we care? Does a stranger make his appearance in town—then, who is he? where did he come from? what is he worth? are questions which give our "busy bodies" employment for some time. Let a person do anything a little out of his line of conduct, and how quick it is noticed and commented upon just as if 'twere anybody's business what anybody's business is.

Finally, there is no character more despicable than these "busy bodies"—tattling, mischievous, slandering "busy-bodies"; how easy the ascent—how quick appears the green-eyed monster. What do they gain? Not the least thing; they are despised by everybody. If we would be learned, wealthy and respected, we must "mind our own business." They only who labor can win the prize. Yes, "mind your own business" ought to be thumped into the head of a great many people in the world, for they are a disgrace to themselves, to the community and the world.

POISONOUS PLANTS.—Among the best known poisonous plants are enumerated the poison asparagus, poison elder, or poison dogwood (Rhus venenata), poison ivy, or poison oak, (Rhus toxicodendron), and the climbing ivy, (Rhus radicans).

These plants have a milky juice of poisonous acid property, which may be neutralized and made harmless by almost any alkali. When one has been exposed to being poisoned by either of these plants, the parts exposed should be washed as soon as possible with weak ley, or a solution of saleratus, soda, or ammonia water. A piece of hard soap carried in the pocket to be used as occasion demands, may save a great deal of pain from poisoning. Ley forms a very simple, and very complete protection from the poison of ivy or dogwood.

To make ley for a preventive of poison, put two shovelfuls of hard wood ashes into a pail of water, and stir it up and leave it to settle.

Before going out to work among ivy, wet the hands, arms, legs, face and neck, with the ley and let it dry on the skin, and it is said you may work among it without harm. The ley must not be too strong, if it is it will injure the skin. [Farmington Chronicle.]

Gor. Morton, of Indiana, a Kentuckian by birth, in a recent speech said:

"Where in the history of this war, is the record that a New England regiment has ever shown cowardice? Where the New England regiment that has turned from the field of battle? He presented the striking contrast between the New England and Southern States in the Revolution. Then there were four New England States and six Southern States. New England had a population of 924,000 souls. The Southern States had a population of 1,832,000; almost double. The four New England States furnished for the war of liberty 76,000 more soldiers than all the southern States—more than double their number.—Massachusetts furnished 11,500 more soldiers than all the Southern States combined.

## The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XVI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE....THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1863.

NO. 38.

## The Eastern Mail.

EPM. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE...MAR. 26, 1863.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

## ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

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

UNION RALLY.—The interest in these gatherings continues unabated, and the Hall on Monday evening, was more densely packed than we have seen before.

While waiting for the appointed speakers, Mr. F. P. Haviland was called upon and made a short but very good talk. It was plain, he said, that there were now only two parties—one for the country and the other against it—and there can be no neutral ground. The man of doubtful loyalty is working mischief; and if we must have traitors he would prefer to have them located on the other side of the Rappahannock. All loyal men now stand on the same platform—though they may have occupied different ones formerly—for there is, in fact, but one question before the country. This trouble was not of recent origin; its cause was not found in the election of Mr. Lincoln; it dated back to the days of Jackson and Charleston nullification. "The rebellion must be put down by the bayonet," said he, "and I'm for the fight to the end." He regretted that he did not see more of his democratic brethren at these meetings and on this platform—a democratic platform, for all true democrats are necessarily loyal men. The entrance of the speakers from abroad caused Mr. Haviland to close his remarks rather abruptly, but the people will be pleased to hear from him again.

Mr. Pickering, of Bangor, took the stand soon after entering the Hall, and made a brief speech—speaking, as he said, not for party, but for country. His sharp hits were well received by the audience, but he soon gave way for Mr. Lewis Barker, of Stetson, whom having once heard our people were anxious to hear again.

Mr. Barker is an orator, with magic power, at the wave of whose wand an audience are now weeping and anon laughing uproariously; and we would as soon attempt to put thunder and lightning on paper as his speech. His pathos and mirth are alike contagious; and he beguiles you of your tears, though you are fully awake to the cheat, and forces the most scrupulous hearer to accept a hard and doubtful joke apparently without a qualm. Previous to the meeting, a friend told us he was going to get cured of the blues, and if he was not relieved by Barker's treatment, he may safely set down his as a desperate case.

But besides wit and pathos, he has no common argumentative ability, and his speech must have had a good effect, especially upon his former political associates. Announcing himself a peace man, he showed clearly that peace, a peace word having, could come in only one way—by fighting. We are in a death grip with an enemy who shows no signs of yielding, and we cannot let go if we would. He reviewed the political history of this struggle, in its inception and continuation; and complimenting the masses on their honesty and loyalty, he showed up the party leaders and their management in all their hideousness. He was a democrat, and having been in the ring spoke of that which he knew. Now he knew no party but country; and no man was his friend who was not a friend to the country. He invoked a union of men of all parties for the salvation of the country. As a party measure he did not approve of the Proclamation, but as a war measure, he, democrat though he was, would endorse it, "holden without demand or notice." The Conscription act he went for with all his heart, and so would every true democrat.

Our musical friends, we are pleased to say were again with us, and contributed largely to the entertainment.

The meeting was adjourned to next Monday evening.

INQUEST.—The jury of inquest in the case of John Hudson, found dead in a stairway near Lord's liquor shop, as noticed in the Mail last week, held a protracted session under direction of coroner A. H. Barton, of Benton, and agreed upon a verdict that deceased came to his death in consequence of intemperance.

Most of the testimony was vague and unreliable—as is generally the case where either rum or its friends kill a man. It appeared that Hudson left Atkins' liquor shop, opposite the Williams House, about midnight, deeply intoxicated. He had eaten heartily of clams and other tough substances during the evening; and being a large and fleshy man, with his system poisoned and weakened by continued drunkenness, he was a probable subject of apoplexy. Lord's shop, where he was employed, was on the other side of the street, and several doors further down. His pocket book was found in the street after he left, with his papers scattered near it, but containing no money, though it was asserted in testimony, that he had been seen to have some twenty-five dollars in it in the forenoon. No wounds were

found on his person except a slight scratch on one ear, that bled a very little. There was no testimony to excite suspicion that he had been killed, though there was ground for thinking it possible that he had been thrust into the position where he was found, after falling in a fit, or possibly when dead;—or he might have been assisted thus far towards his room, and left to die where he was found. It was plain that he had not fallen down the stairs at the foot of which he was lying; and we think it safe enough to conclude that he entered the door at the foot of the stairs, for the purpose of ascending to his room, and fell in a fit and expired.

Many reports have been circulated indicating foul play in the case, but we think they are without foundation. Foul rum, foul companions, and foul food, led to the too common end of the drunkard—an end that threatens to come speedily to several of the men who contributed, directly or indirectly, to the death of poor Hudson.

LEGISLATURE.—The Senate, on Thursday, voted to substitute the minority report for that of the majority, on the agricultural college—the effect of which was to connect the institution with Waterville College; but the House, on Friday, by a very decisive vote, refused to coincide with the Senate. There will probably be no more legislative action on the matter, at this session, than simply to secure the government grant—the question of location &c. being referred to the next Legislature.

The regular attempt has been made to remove the seat of government to Portland, with the usual result.

The proposition to amend the Constitution, so as to elect Governor and Senators by a plurality vote, has been defeated.

The resolve providing for a continuation of the Scientific Survey, has been defeated.

Bill exempting Quakers and Shakers from military duty, was defeated in the Senate on Friday, and also the explanatory amendment of the liquor law.

Resolve, making a conditional grant to the Maine State Seminary, has been referred to the next Legislature.

An act for the establishment of Normal Schools passed to be engrossed in the House on Saturday.

Some sort of "an act in relation to the fisheries on the Kennebec river," as it is ambiguously phrased in the Augusta papers, has been introduced at this late stage of the session, and hurried along under a suspension of the rules. We look to our Senator and representative to see that our interests in the matter do not suffer through lack of attention on their part. [Too late: bill passed: Leg. adjourned.]

CORRECTION.—By the accidental omission of the little word "last," we completely reversed Justice Stackpole's meaning, though the context, we think, made it plain enough. What he did say was—"though an abolitionist, he was no less a Union man and a hearty supporter of the administration."

James Wedgwood of Palmyra, and Charles Roberts of Newport, members of the 22d Maine, died suddenly at Baton Rouge a few weeks ago.

There will be no lecture before Ticonic Division, this week, and the regular meeting is postponed to Saturday evening, on account of the Levee. A full attendance on that evening is desirable.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—The Rev. J. G. B. Heath, in an address before the South Shore Sabbath School Union says:

"The most of the pastors will say, I have no time for the Sabbath School! If you haven't you ought to have. If you can't get it any other way, take it out of your sermons! Sermons sometimes are too much like winter evenings, long, clear, and cold. They had better be like summer evenings, short and warm. The shepherd says he has no time to give the lambs! How strange that sounds! The lambs must have food, and from the shepherd too, if the sheep look louder than ever. We must regenerate society and the world through little children, or we shall make slow progress."

I sum up my words in this. The pastor is related to the Sunday-School as Teacher, Counsellor, Advocate and Friend. When he is faithful to these relations, he will be like the faithful shepherd in Isaiah, who feeds his flocks and gathers the lambs with his arms, and carries them in his bosom. Then he will be obeyed, who said, "Feed my lambs."

NEGRO SOLDIERS GROWING IN FAVOR.

An officer, now at Hilton's Head with his regiment, writes in a private letter, an extract from which is published in the Evening Post, some very interesting particulars respecting the negro soldiers, which indicate a change of feeling among our volunteers at the South:—

"The black soldiers are becoming quite popular here. General Saxton had a hundred applications in one week for positions in the black regiments; and I would go with them myself if I could make a suitable arrangement. The Maine regiments go in for them generally, as do all other sensible men. Old soldiers do not object to the negroes fighting for them, or with them; but some of the new ones, who have never smelt powder or heard the whizzing of a shell, do object, and think they would prefer to do all the fighting themselves. But on the whole, the negroes are becoming popular very fast, and it is thought by experienced men of good judgment, that the first regiment of South Carolina negro volunteers is the most effective one in the Tenth Army Corps, and I have seen no cause to doubt it. They are soldiers by nature; they are fond of music, and it would do you good to see them march, they keep such good time. They have given a good account of themselves in several reconnaissance in which they have been engaged."

## OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The contents of the April number are as follows:—

'On the Vicissitudes of Keats's Fame,' by Joseph Severn, a warm personal friend of the poet, and an artist of some reputation, now resident at Rome; 'A Spasm of Sense,' which discusses the relations of married life in a bold way, and is full of golden truth, though we dare say many prudish souls may shake their heads doubtfully over some of its startling assertions; 'Betrothed by Proxy,' a pleasant story; 'Resignation,' a charmingly piquant essay; 'Wet-Weather Work,' by a farmer, being an amusing and instructive account of the agriculture of the ancients; 'Golden Wedding,' eulogistic of Nicholas Longworth, the Cincinnati millionaire and wine grower; 'The Shilshir,' by Prof. Agassiz; 'Sojourner Truth, the Librarian Sybil,' by Mrs. Stowe; 'American Horticulture,' 'Personal Reminiscences of the late Henry Thomas Buckle,' by an ardent admirer; 'No Failure for the North,' a hopeful patriot, who gives reasons for the faith that is in him; several poems—with some well-written Literary Notices, in which will be found an eloquent Epitaph to Mrs. Stowe's Reply to the Address of the Women of England."

In the May number are promised the first chapters of a new story by the author of 'Margaret Howth' and 'Life in the Iron Mill'; 'Up the Thames,' by Nathaniel Hawthorne; 'The Human Wheel,' by O. W. Holmes; 'Dark Ways,' a new story by Miss Prescott; and papers by Prof. Agassiz, Gail Hamilton, and other popular writers.

The Atlantic is published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—The February number of this able work contains the following articles:—'Convicts and Transportation. Recent Attacks on the Pentateuch. Professor Falcet's Scientific Biography of Goethe. Greece during the last Thirty Years. Novels and Novelists of the Day. Domestic Annals of Scotland. Dr. Cunningham's Historical Theology. The Prospect of Parties.'

THE ENGLISHMAN'S REVIEW for January has the following table of contents:—'India under Lord Dalhousie. Diaries of Frederic von Gentz. Goldfields and Goldminers. Contributions to the life of Rubens. The campaign of 1813. Modern Judaism. Victor Hugo's Les Misérables. Convict System in England and Ireland. Public Affairs.'

For terms, &c. see advertisement of British Reviews, in our advertising columns.

NEW MUSIC.—The following pieces are from the well known publishers, Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington St., Boston.

Alexandra. Nocturne. By Brinley Richards.

O, Sing to me those dear Old Songs. Song and Chorus. As sung by the Buckley Serenaders. Words by Chas. Sturtevant, music by Frederick Buckley.

Golden Robin Polka. By Narcisse Bousquet.

The Celebrated Laughing Song. From Auber's Macon Lescant.

Gentle Annie Ray. Song and Chorus. As sung by the Buckley Serenaders. Words by A. Jones; music by Frederick Buckley.

Gen. Butler's Grand March. By J. V. Hamm.

For sale by all music dealers.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—The rebel report of a federal repulse at Port Hudson was false. Com. Farragut passed that point with all his force except the Mississippi, which grounded and was then burnt.

Another piece of good news is, that the colored brigade was not captured by the enemy as was feared, but that it has met with success, and has taken possession of Jacksonville, Florida.

In an encounter with our forces, under Col. Hall, of the 105th Ohio, near Milton, Tenn., several regiments of Morgan and Breckinridge's cavalry were badly beaten, after a fight of four hours duration. Our loss was 7 killed and 81 wounded; the rebel loss was 30 or 40 killed, including three commissioned officers, 140 wounded and prisoners, including three commissioned officers.

A successful federal raid has recently been made into Northern Alabama. Several ferry boats were destroyed by our gunboats at Florence, assessments were laid upon the wealthy rebels of Tusculumbia, and about 150 prisoners were taken.

The rebels begin to appreciate Hooker, and anticipate an early renewal of the struggle on the Rappahannock.

Another rebel invasion of Kentucky is threatened, and a fortification of Louisville, is recommended.

The colored soldiers behaved admirably in their expedition into Florida, both while in the presence of the enemy whom they drove before them, and afterward when they entered Jacksonville as conquerors.

Gen. Sumner died at Syracuse, N. Y. on the 21st inst.

Mount Sterling, Ky. in which was stationed about 200 federal soldiers, was surrounded and captured by the enemy on the 22d, after a smart fight. The town was burned by the rebels.

Our forces are gradually working their way in towards Vicksburg, by various channels, and the final struggle for the possession of the city must come soon. We have many rumors from that quarter, but not much that is reliable.

The rebels do not anticipate an attack on Charleston until the first of April.

A rebel force of three or four thousand has taken possession of Danville, Ky.

A letter to Ivory Lowe, Esq. of this place, from an officer in the army at New Orleans, says:—

If our cause is not finally to prevail, but that of the enemy to triumph, I sincerely believe it will not be from the want of valor, or the disloyalty of our armies in the field, but from traitors who remain at home. Their influence is felt with us; it throws discouragement into the heart of the soldier; he feels that the patriot heart has so nobly displayed, is but an exchange of place and station, while he has left foot and coward behind to revel in his patriotism, or vote away to hirelings, who have no higher aim than the very dollars for which their bodies were bought.

I believe the President's Proclamation to have been very reasonable and expedient, although perhaps it has caused more trouble in this Department than any or all of Butler's Confiscation acts, his hanging, or in fine, his necessary, though summary punishments; more than all the raids of Gen. Dow, and the

officers of the 13th, for which he is now, with several of said officers, being arraigned before a court of justice. Two generals in this department when we came here virtually proclaimed all slaves free; the consequence has been that since July negroes have run at large, we have had a thousand or more at the Port of all grades and species—the city has teemed with them; they have robbed, pillaged and plundered from plantation to plantation, and village to village; the inhabitants, professing loyalty, of course have had to suffer, with no redress; finally, the Proclamation says that this portion of La. is exempt, and by Banks' promulgative orders, 'slaves are slaves,' and the 'inhabitants, planters and citizens' are and must be protected and defended in claiming and retaining those slaves to labor, and this in short accounts for my being where I am, and my men scattered from plantation to plantation for a distance of nearly forty miles above and below New Orleans; the negro has been taught freedom and now compelled to toil on, under the lash, while bayonets protect the masters; on these plantations where the planter has run away, leaving his negroes behind, government agents have been placed and are 'running the institution' a la Yankee.

An advantageous loan from abroad, it is said has been offered to our government.

The difficulty between England and Brazil has been referred to the King of Belgium.

Accounts from the Polish insurrection are very contradictory. Serfdom in Russia ceased to exist on the 3d.

THE DETROIT DISORDER.—It turns out after all that the crime which was the pretext of the savage and atrocious mob against the colored population of Detroit, was not committed by a negro, but (says the Chicago Tribune) by a Spanish Indian, a notorious copperhead in politics. But we care nothing about his politics. It is sufficient to say that the murderous fury of the mob, whose disgrace will so long rest upon the city of Detroit, is deprived even of the wretched and worthless palliation which was given to the world. All those brutalities, crimes and murders inflicted upon an unoffending community are second only in their wickedness to the deeds of the Minnesota Indians, and had no provocation whatever, except such as existed in the prejudiced and inflamed passions of their perpetrators. What a testimony is this to that insane prejudice of race which some respectable men seem to feel to be their duty to foster, but which is already strongest in those quarters where there is the least general enlightenment. We trust that the melancholy lesson will sink deep into the public conscience of the North at this time, and prove the turning point in a tendency of feeling which has already sufficiently disgraced our people. [Boston Journal.]

FROM SOUTH CAROLINA DIRECT.—The Wheeling Intelligencer of the 17th says: We received a call yesterday from Mr. Williams, an old gentleman, a native of South Carolina, and, up to the passage of the ordinance of secession in that State, a member of Legislature. He left the city of Savannah on the 20th of last month, and came up through Tennessee to Cincinnati. He represents that military despotism in the South is perfect; that there is but very inconsiderable Union-feeling now; that, however, even the people of South Carolina would follow up a reaction in favor of the Union, should our armies be able to start it by their successes. He says the South have plenty to eat and to wear, such as it is, and that all talk about exhaustion in that way is nonsense. He thinks Charleston impregnable to naval attack, and represents that there are about 26,000 soldiers stationed there; that the fortifications along the channel are of the most formidable character; that the entrance to the harbor is filled with all sorts of obstructions including torpedoes.

A TENNESSEE DEMOCRAT'S OPINION.—A Tennessee lawyer, a refugee from rebel tyranny, who found shelter in a neighboring village at the outbreak of the war, was asked the other day why he did not return to Nashville, now that the Federal army is in occupation, and life and property once more secure. His answer was in these words:—"I shall never go back to Nashville till Tennessee is a free State! I have always been a Democrat, and I have been a slaveholder, but, old as I am, I believe that I shall yet go home to a State where slavery will no longer exist." The speaker was a man of sixty, whom the rebellion has converted into an anti-slavery man. [N. Y. Post.]

THE WORDS OF A PATRIOT SOLDIER.—The gallant General Rousseau, who may be said to have led Kentucky into the field, made a speech at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in which he said:—

"My political creed is but a minute long. I am for the government of my fathers and the friends of that government, and I am against the enemies of that government, and all their friends both North and South."

Giving a timely warning to his hearers he added:—

"No matter what your political predilections may be, unite to save the country, and after that settle questions of policy. Let not your differences of opinion weaken the arms of the brave men who are fighting that you may be free. In the Army of the Cumberland, in which I have the honor of commanding a division, officers and men know only the cause of their country; all are united in a common work; no dissensions or jealousies weaken their force."

Rev. Mr. Fletcher, whose residence in that country has given him superior opportunities for information, says, in reference to the slave system of Brazil, that it has created no political feeling, and the system is constantly on the decline since the abolition of the slave trade. While the number of slaves is one million less now than three years ago, the great staples of the country have increased thirty-three per cent.

A SHOCKING RECORD.—The suicides in France now average ten a day; the number for the present century, thus far, is over three hundred thousand. Not a day passes in which a suicide may not be directly traced to want of success in life; to the false moralities inculcated by wicked ignorant writers; to the failure of parents in obtaining a proper influence over their children; to unbridled appetites and passions and to the inability of multitudes to get along in the world's prosperity, for want of thoroughness of preparation for their calling or station in life. [Hall's Journal of Health.]

If a man during fifty years chews every day two inches of solid plug tobacco (and millions do) it will amount at the end of that time to nine thousand three hundred and sixty-six feet, or a mile and a quarter of tobacco, half an inch thick and two inches broad, and will cost \$1



