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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 16, No. 52): July 2, 1863

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## MY DARLING.

BY ALICE CARY.

When night has cast the moon in the sea,  
And all is dark as dark can be,  
Cast the moon in the sea, like a ring,  
Which a lady out of her window might fling.  
To her watching lover below;  
These shimmers a little light, sweet and clear,  
And I say this is coming, my darling is near;  
I know it is late, for the step I hear  
Is as soft as snow on snow.

Sweetly it shineth, again and again;  
In all my sorrow, through all my pain;  
Asleep when alone with my dreams I lie,  
In the street with the great crowd sweeping by:  
And I say to my sad soul, wait!  
If our love be not the blackest of lies,  
If Christ ever summoned the dead to rise,  
And if any heaven be built in the skies,  
She is there at the golden gate!

She is waiting me there, for she could not die;  
I can think of the great sea shrivelling dry;  
Or the Spring without her royal rose;  
Of the day without its dawn or its close;  
Of all that is good and fair,  
Worn and wasted out of its place;  
But when I have risen o'er time and space,  
I find me nearer to God and His grace,  
And my darling with me there.  
(New York Ledger.)

## The Old Brown Mill and Its Miller.

BY MISS M. MCNAUGHY.

The old mill seat was the most attractive spot in all the country side for the school boys of the place. The building was old and weathered, for thirty winters had beat against it. But it stood the blasts stoutly, for its foundations were laid deep in the solid rock, and the water side was washed up with huge stones taken from the bed of the stream. There was a tall, old hemlock tree below the dam which fine or the storm had overturned, whose roots still clung to the bank above, and whose top rested among the crags below. How the venturesome boys loved to creep down this ladder of nature's constructing and ramble among the dark, mysterious ledges, with their deep fissures and cavernous openings, which were all dignified into famous robbers' caves! There were plenty of wild grapes here in their season, growing upon the tangled vines which crept in and out among the hemlocks, and winter greens, too, a little further down. There was a gray white pencil stone found in abundance along by the mill wall, but only the boldest of the boys could get it. When cut into shape and well dried it answered very well for slate pencils in those frugal days.

The school house stood on the hill above the bridge, and the children delighted to bring their little baskets and pails down to the mill to eat their dinners with 'uncle Roger,' the sunny faced miller. He was a kind-hearted old man, who did not forget that he had once been young and loved boys' sports. He had a wonderful old clasp knife, which excelled every thing in whittling and fashioning all manner of craft to suit the mill pond, from the full rigged ship to a bark canoe. Nothing added more to his popularity, unless it was his gift of story telling. He had a strong, earnest nature, and a moral power about him which the rudest boy could not resist. Had he been well educated he would no doubt have stood high in any profession he had chosen.

Did you ever reflect that there are just as great minds today at the plow and in the workshop, as there are in the pulpit and in the Senate halls? Often a person rises from these ranks to the very highest positions in society; but the mass, even of good minds, live on in the condition in which they were born, only seeking to improve it as much as they can.

God wishes good, earnest workers in every sphere in life. He saw that 'uncle Roger' could glorify him better in the humble country mill, where he exerted a powerful Christian influence over a score of children growing up to manhood and womanhood, than he could in any place else, so he kindly kept him there. Did you ever think that God orders even the place where you shall be born, and every thing about you that will help shape your character? Did you ever think that you were born in a refined Christian home instead of some dismal cellar in some wretched alley of the city?

One pleasant Summer day the boys were set free at twelve o'clock by a tap from the master's bell, and as soon as they had cleared the schoolhouse door, they dashed off down the hill with many a shout and hurrah as boys are wont to do. There was the wide old door of the mill open to welcome them, and its broad, worn threshold ready to rest upon. There was music in the soft, heavy rumble of the dusty wheels overhead, as they moved slowly round and round, turning the huge millstones below, into which the wheat was slowly pouring from the capacious 'hopper' which fed them. It was a pleasure which never grew old to run down stairs and watch the snow white flour as it came pouring down into the wide, clean bins, all nicely bolted and ready to be made up into delicious country bread.

'I should think those wheels would get tired,' said Mark, moving round and round forever. They have been going just that way ever since I can remember,' and Mark looked back over the space of seven years, thinking what a long time it was.

'I should think 'uncle Roger' would be the one to get tired,' said John Morris; 'wheels can't feel any thing.' But 'uncle Roger' was to be up early and late. I believe the mill puts me to sleep every night, and I am sure it is the first thing I hear in the morning.'

'I think going to school is hard work enough,' said Henry Mather. 'How I hate doing the chores up when I get home at night! I mean to find some easier way of getting a living than farming,' said Walter; 'some way by which I can make money fast, and live just as I please.'

'How little you think what a blessed thing work is, boys,' said uncle Roger. 'What poor, unhappy drones we should be if we had nothing to do. Idle hands are always tired. Did you ever notice that? 'Uncle Roger was famous for his proverbs. They used to say themselves, the boys thought, they always fitted in so well.

'The most unhappy person I ever knew was a man so rich he had everything he chose to buy, and no employment. Nothing to do but to fret. And he died that so well that nobody liked to see his face.' Old Croaker, they called him behind his back. His boys were not trained to work either, and grew up so worthless they were a shame to the town. 'The lazy man tempts the devil,' seemed to be a true saying in their case. Common people who are tempted by him, don't seem to go half so far in wickedness as they did. They both died under thirty, and it might have been put on their tombstone. Died of nothing to do.

'Why, a very rich man once, who thought he would retire from business and take the good of his wealth, found himself so uneasy that he used to go to a blacksmith's shop on his estate and ask the privilege of blowing the bellows several hours every day. Finally that did not seem enough like work, so he went to the city and engaged himself to his own clerk, working for nothing rather than be idle. You can tell a lazy man as far as you can see him. There is no life nor snap about him; even his step shows it.

'Then, too, you may be pretty sure that a

## The Eastern Mail.

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WATERVILLE, MAINE....THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1863.

NO. 52.

## The Eastern Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE...JULY 2, 1863.

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

## Written for the Eastern Mail.

## Cause of the Gulf Stream.

## A LEGEND.

BY C. C. C.

Among the Aborigines whom Columbus first visited in the islands which border the Caribbean Sea, there existed an authentic legend, which easily and reasonably accounts for that anomaly among ocean currents, which has set so many scientific men by the ears, the Gulf Stream. Those people, some of whom possessed more intelligence than is generally ascribed to them, had ventured far enough from their wild shores, in their limited nautical expeditions, to have discovered that mighty river of the sea, which flows from the gulf of Mexico. The cause of such a river was clearly explained from a remarkable incident in the early history of that part of the world.

Many centuries before the romantic shores of the New World were visited by Europeans, what now constitutes the Gulf of Mexico was a dry and elevated country. The numerous rivers which now flow into the gulf, then, uniting with the father of waters, poured into the Caribbean Sea in one mighty volume, rivaling, in majesty, the noble Amazon. In this fertile land dwelt a numerous and thriving people. They flourished in a high degree of enlightenment, as did their neighbors of Yucatan and Guatemala, whose architectural ruins, the remains of ancient greatness, are a wonder and perplexity to modern antiquarians. Here the powerful state of 'Guahano' had for many years been increasing in greatness under the illustrious rule of King Zamaiah. Their ancestors as far back as their history extended, had always worshipped the only true God, the sun God, the blazing Sun, still lighted up their fruitful lands, still imparted warmth and life to nature around them, while they, wholly regardless of his many blessings, bowed down before rude images, unmindful of a day of retribution which was to avenge their wickedness.

The old infidel king of this people had a fair young daughter, as such rude legendary kings generally did. Her loveliness and amiability won the hearts of many a noble lover, and many a prince had sued in vain for her hand. For, among the young people of those days existed an ancient custom, which has not been wholly discontinued even at the present time; the habit of falling in love with one another. And what should happen in the present instance, but that this beautiful daughter, Nolah, and a fine manly youth, Soraman, should form an attachment for each other, as tender as possible in such cases, and yet so strong that no power could break it. Now, although Soraman was chief engineer in the proud king's invincible army, a position to which his remarkable native talents and his persevering study and industry eminently entitled him, yet he was not of noble blood, and a proposition to the royal father, that the lovers should wed, had been met with terrible rage, and a flat and furious refusal, accompanied with the command that they should never have another interview together.

But, though Zamaiah could command his child, he could not tear the image of her lover from her heart, and when the succeeding year had chased the bloom from her cheek and the lightness from her step, he saw that he must consent for her to marry his gifted though common subject, or death would snatch her from the royal home.

Summoning Soraman to his presence he said: 'Hark ye, young man. You have ungratefully won the love of my daughter, after I rewarded your ability with your position in the army, and death should be a propitiation for your offense. But I have the power to raise you to a rank of nobility, and present you with a fortune worthy of her hand, and then give her to you. On one condition will I do it. You, with me and most of my people have renounced the God whom our fathers once worshipped, the Sun. Invent some means to quench his light, and thus banish him from our sight, and these great rewards shall be yours.'

The young engineer set himself to the work. All his talents and knowledge and the skill of former inventors were brought to bear upon the task. Money and men were furnished as profusely as he could use them. In ten months he had devised and constructed, upon the banks of the noble river, in the centre of the kingdom, the most powerful engine of destruction ever known in any age of the world. The Ballista and Catapult of the ancients, or the iron horse and steam fire-engine of to-day would have been mere pop-guns in comparison.

It was intended to dip up the water from the mighty stream, and dash it into the face and eyes of the source of light. But see how that ancient God punished such infidelity and presumptuous wickedness.

The appointed day for the trial of the awful engine at length arrived. The royal family, the entire nobility, and the subjects in thousands had assembled as anxious spectators at the scene of operation. The machine was put in motion. But behold! The insulted and angry God withholds his power no longer. Darkness and lightnings filled the air. The earth trembled to the remotest corners of the doomed kingdom. The ground opened in yawning chasms and issuing flames lighted up the terrible scene. Mountains were hurled from their foundations. And amid all this din and chaos and sickening contest of the elements above and below the earth, the powerful kingdom of Guahano, with all its wealth and its inhabitants, sank far below the level of the sea.

The waters of the ocean rushed over it and formed that great inland sea, known now, as the Gulf of Mexico.

Thus did an indignant God visit an offending people with vengeance. But the mighty engine, constructed to throw such volumes of water, once set in motion can never stop, and continues to throw the stream across the Atlantic, which is called the Gulf Stream.

Negro soldiers are more popular than they were before the rebels came north. They are enlisting large numbers of them in Maryland, for the defence of the State.

Attention is invited to the changes in Post Office Regulations, advertised in another column, as everybody is interested.

CONCERT.—John W. Hutchinson—glorious old John, of whom we all have such pleasant remembrances—aided by A. J. Whitcomb, the great American Harpist, will give a Concert at the Town Hall, in this village, on Saturday evening, July 4th, on which occasion they will present a pleasing variety of 'Songs for the Olden Time, and Rhymes of the Hour.' All who love the music of the heart will not fail to be present.

The following casualties are reported in the 21st Maine Regiment, in the last attack on Port Hudson.

Killed—Henry Linwell, shot through the abdomen.

Wounded—C. F. Nichols, Co. G. finger; M. Ingraham, Co. G. side; B. F. Dunbar, Co. D. abdomen; E. B. Mayo, Co. B. hand; O. Lincoln, Co. F. finger; Corp'l T. J. Tracy, Co. C. thigh; Lieut. G. W. Hubbard, Co. I, thigh; O. Richards, Co. I, scalp.

Market day at Brighton has been changed to Wednesday.

The 1st army corps, in which is the Maine 16th Reg't, in their recent march moved 81 miles in three and a half days—as we learn by a letter from Capt. Wm. E. Stevens.

Knowles, the wounded Detroit desperado, died on Thursday last.

A young man, John McCarty, aged about 17, was killed by lightning in Carmel, on Friday.

The gallant Admiral Foote 'd in New York, on the 26th ult.

West Virginia is now one of the United States. The legislature was organized and Gov. Rosecrans inaugurated on Saturday last.

Waterbury Bank has made its semi annual dividend, payable the 1st Monday in July, of 8 1-2 per cent.

TO THE POINT.—The following extract, which we are permitted to make from a letter from Col. J. B. Farnsworth, in Gen. Banks' army, to his sister (Mrs. Wm. Marston) in this place, shows exactly how a true man ought to talk and act, in this time of national trial. Indeed the man who does not talk so, knows but little of the true principles and impulses of either democracy or republicanism.

Every thing now seems to us favorable to an early closing up of the war, but it depends wholly upon our friends at home. The North must continue loyal, sustain 'Old Abe!' Although he sometimes errs, nevertheless he is honest and wise and can do better than any other man in the country. If it is necessary to give him the powers of an Autocrat I believe he can be trusted better than any other public man that we have got. We think he has too many conscientious scruples. We want to see him jerk those 'copperheads' bald-headed. You well know that I was always a democrat. I am so still, that is so far as old democratic principles can be applied to our government, but I go for supporting the present administration. It must be done or our country is dismembered and dishonored. I also go in now for the entire wiping out of the institution of slavery.

ADJOURNED.—The temperance meeting at Town Hall, Monday evening, by adjournment from the previous week, met but a light attendance, in the face of so many other interests and excitements. In the absence of the president and secretary, and for a dearth of 'talking men'—the promised copy of the pledge being also wanting—it was voted to adjourn to such time and place as the call of the chairman might designate.

DROWNED.—A valuable family horse, the property of Edwin Noyes, Esq. and known in our village as the 'Platt Horse,' was drowned a few days ago, under circumstances that may be a caution in other cases. He was in pasture on the banks of the *Mescalons*, with his fore foot and head tied together to prevent jumping from the pasture. In attempting to get down the bank to drink he fell in, and—how could a horse swim with head and foot tied together? Of course he was drowned.

## OUR TABLE.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE.—The number for July is truly a superb one, particularly in its embellishments. Among them are a beautifully colored double-sized fashion plate; a four-page engraving of the latest styles of morning, evening, bridal, and other dresses; four-page pattern for a child's dress; parasols, children's dresses, &c. &c., more than we can enumerate, and a host of engravings illustrating the miscellaneous department. The story of 'John Marchmont's Legacy,' by the author of 'Lady Audley's Secret,' is continued, with increasing interest; and the number is rich in literary attractions. Published by Frank Leslie, New York City, at \$3 a year.

GODER'S LADY'S BOOK.—Godey is unsurpassable in his peculiar department, and no other ladies' magazine is so popular as his. The July number is brimful of attractions, pictorial and literary, and he has a thousand and one delightful knick-knackeries for his fair patrons, both useful and ornamental. Three dollars a year is a very low price for a work like this 'in these times.' Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

LADIES' REPERTORY.—The 'Glimpse of the little Miami,' in the July number of this magazine, is a charming picture, and the portrait of Robert Hall is a good one. The number is well filled with interesting and useful reading, which will be appreciated by persons of healthy and correct taste. Published by Poe & Hiltcock, Cincinnati, at \$2.50 a year.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—The rhymed story of 'Jessie and her Fawn,' in the July number, cannot fail to please the children; the continuation of 'Philip Snow's War' is very interesting; and the remainder of the number is equally well chosen. As usual, the number is prettily illustrated. Published by J. N. Stearns, New York, at \$1 a year.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—The rebels have swept into Maryland and Pennsylvania, in strong force, and with little or no opposition. Making threatening demonstrations in various directions—Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, &c.—they have managed to mystify those set to watch them, and are now gathering rich spoil in the fertile valleys of Maryland and Pennsylvania. Some little skirmishing has occurred at Harrisburg, where there is a large force gathered to oppose their farther advance in that direction, and at several other points, but thus far they have managed to keep out of the way of the army of the Potomac, and whether another great battle is to be fought in Maryland remains to be seen.

Active measures are in progress for the defence of Philadelphia and Baltimore, but it is extremely doubtful if either of these cities is seriously menaced. One thing is sure; if Lee is allowed to make his way out of Maryland, in safety, with all the booty he has secured, it will be to the lasting disgrace of northern arms.

Many rumors are afloat of changes in the cabinet, &c.—McClellan for Halleck, Butler for Stanton—but we do not learn that they have any foundation in fact. Oh, for a few new driving wheels of greater capacity, that would impart a little more velocity to the machinery of government and launch a few thunderbolts upon the enemy now ravaging our territory.

The enemy took possession of York, Penn., and levied a contribution of \$150,000, 150 bbls of flour, 40,000 lbs beef, &c. The bridge across the Susquehanna, at Columbia, has been destroyed.

A portion of Gen. Foster's force from North Carolina has come north to assist in the present crisis.

Our troops suffered another severe repulse at Port Hudson on the 14th. Our loss being nearly or quite 1000. The conduct of the men is highly spoken of.

Progress is reported in the siege of Vicksburg, but it is necessarily slow.

Gen. Hooker has been relieved of the command of the army of the Potomac, at his own request, and Gen. Meade has been appointed in his place.

As the rebels advance into north territory they greedily gobble up all the colored population—slave and free, old and young. Large numbers, born to freedom, have been taken off to slavery.

The Richmond papers report a heavy column of Yankees on York River. It is supposed they are aiming for Richmond.

On Saturday, a startling report came over the wires, that the Revenue Cutter Caleb Cushing, stationed in Portland Harbor, had been run off by the officer in command, with the intention of turning her into a rebel privateer. This was not true, but something almost as bad had really occurred. The crew of the rebel privateer Tacony, after doing immense injury to our shipping, finding themselves in great danger of being captured, from the number of U. S. vessels in pursuit, abandoned their vessel which they burned, and transferred themselves to the Archer, one of their prizes. On board of this vessel they made their way into Portland harbor unsuspected, on Friday, with the design of burning the two gunboats now building there; but failing in this, they boarded the Revenue Cutter Caleb Cushing, early Saturday morning, put the crew in irons, and with two boats towed their prize down the harbor. As soon as the disappearance of the Cutter was made known to the authorities, they promptly dispatched the steamers Forest City and Chesapeake, with soldiers and cannon, to overhaul her. The steamers encountered her about a dozen miles from the City, and after the change of a few shots which did no damage, they prepared to run her down. Thinking their capture sure, the rebels abandoned the Cutter, blowing her up, and embarked on their boats, which with their schooner, were taken possession of by the steamers and brought back, the rebels, 85 in number, being safely lodged in Fort Preble. It is about the boldest adventure of the war, and but for the promptness

and energy of the authorities of Portland, would have been entirely successful. If they had got off with the Cutter, they designed to pay Bath a visit. As it was they gave them a big scare, and on Sunday night a steamer was dispatched to Augusta, for men and guns to protect the city from a steamer said to be lying off the mouth of the river. This bold movement will no doubt arouse our seaboard towns to preparations for defense.

Rosecrans has advanced in Tennessee, and the enemy, after being defeated in several smart engagements, is falling back on Tallahoma, our troops following.

Gen. Milroy, who made so poor a fight at Winchester, has been relieved of his command.

In a recent raid to Hanover Court House, Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee was taken prisoner, with 200 other rebels, and a valuable train captured.

Gen. Meade is last reported at York, Penn., and it would seem as though we ought to hear of some heavy fighting soon.

DROUGHT.—Rain is sadly needed in all this region. The hay crop promises to be a short one, at the best; and unless we have rain very soon it will be a very short one.

PICNIC.—The picnic excursion by the Sabbath Schools of our village, proposed for the coming Fourth, and in reference to which the several schools had preliminary action, has been deferred to a more appropriate time, not yet fixed. It will probably take place soon. Let not the children think they are to lose it, but save their money for that occasion instead of wasting it for India crackers on the 4th.

UNION CONVENTION.—There was a very full attendance of delegates at the Union State Convention yesterday, at Bangor. Hon. Sam'l Cony, of Augusta, was nominated for Governor. Mr. C. was formerly a democrat, but has stood in the first rank of Union men since the fall of Sumter. While we express the fullest confidence in the integrity, ability and general competency of our present governor, we yet hail the nomination of Judge Cony as one in which all men who are true to the country will heartily unite. It shows that the men who propose a platform broad enough for all Union men are not only honest but liberal; and the democrat or republican who will not take his stand upon it must rank as an unmasked copperhead.

THEY DISOWN THEIR FRIENDS. We expressed the opinion not long ago that the rebels would not thank the Roebucks and the other English champions of recognition who still speak against slavery. We now see that the Richmond Enquirer calls on the Confederate government to repudiate its commercial agent, Mr. Spence, who has so warmly advocated the rebel cause in the London Times, because in his books and in his letters he has admitted that slavery is a great moral evil, adding his hopes of seeing it extinguished through English influence. The Enquirer says very emphatically:

'This will not do. Mr. Spence may be a good commercial agent, but he is a most damaging and compromising advocate. This people repudiates him, though Mr. Mason recommends him, though the Secretary of the Treasury appoint him, though the State Department may get an appropriation for him, though we may pay him in solid gold—yet, the Enquirer, presuming in this matter, to be the 'organ' of the Confederate people, will venture to declare to the British public that it is grossly deceived if it imagines that the slightest interference will ever be permitted, or so much as the faintest suggestion listened to, coming from abroad, bearing in the remotest way upon the domestic institution of these States. England will recognize, or not just as she pleases; but we will suffer none of her philanthropy in these parts.'

The committee on national affairs of the city council of New York presented the Kearney medal, specially prepared for Gen. Meagher, at the Astor House on Tuesday. In his speech after receiving the gift, the General said:

'I trust that from this hour, there shall be no supplications for peace since these supplications have hung open the gates and invited the enemy to cross the Potomac. This is not a moment to mince words, certainly not for one who has been accustomed to utter nothing but words of command, and to see those words promptly and punctually and literally obeyed. I for one cannot regard any one who utters 'peace' from this moment, but as a confirmed and branded traitor.

PATRIOTIC AND GENEROUS.—Hon. Freeman H. Morse, of this city, Consul to London, recently addressed a letter to his brother, Edwin A. Morse, Esq., stating that he might draw on him for any amount, which he might deem proper, to be appropriated under his immediate supervision in aid of families of soldiers or returned soldiers belonging in this city, who may be in needy circumstances. [Bath Sentinel.]

In Ohio, the opponents of the war against rebellion have nominated the notorious Vallandigham as candidate for governor. A secular paper pointedly says, 'the Convention which nominated Vallandigham passed resolutions against the administration, against its emancipation policy, against Governor Tod, and against pretty nearly everything except the rebellion and traitors. Not a word was 'resolved' against these.'

THE OHIO RIOTERS. The traitors of Holmes county, Ohio, who banded themselves together to resist the enrollment, were brought to their senses by the troops sent to enforce the authority of the law. The rescued deserters and their sympathizing rescuers were given up and the leaders pledged themselves that there should be no further difficulty and that the draft should go on unmolested and that hereafter deserters should be taken without opposition.

LATEST.—A cavalry fight at Hanover Penn., in which our forces were victorious. A big fight close at hand.

EMANCIPATION ORDINANCE passed in Missouri.—Slavery to be extinguished in 1870.

The City of Mexico has been abandoned to the French.

The rebels report a Yankee force advancing on Richmond.

The question of locating Normal Schools is still open and proposals may be sent to the commissioners. These schools cannot go into operation this year.

LIBERAL ROYALTY.—The Government has offered a bounty of \$400 for every soldier who has been in the service 9 months or more, and has been honorably discharged, who will re-enlist.



