

Letter from Ham Junk, of Maine, to His Brother in New York.

Hogs Hollow, Maine, July 16th, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER:—I feel kinder lonesome in not hearing, in course. I seen a hull heap of letters lyin around up at old Waters', at the offic. "Why on airth," says I, "don't these here fellers cum for their letters? Hull heaps on 'em, as is here." "Mebbe," sez he, squintin round, "ef you was lyin a rostin, out Chickahominy way, you might do yere darndest and not be able to ask for letters to Hogs Hollow?" "Wall," sez I, for the old chap looked in yarnest, "mebbe I wouldn't." "No," ses he, "you wouldn't; and so thank God, young feller, you arn't there, and I tell yer," he ses, (and his voice got low and serns like,) "this bloody war is eatin up the country slick, sir, slick; is eatin the morals of the country, and the kyne, which is wuss; and the comfort and freedom; and all is goin' down. Airth and Heavens," ses he, "we was bad enuff, but thar was some kinder good spots on us; and now, by gosh, the devils sin't much wuss, or I'm darned." "Wall," ses I, "I spose the right side will turn up after a piece?" "Aye! Aye!" Ses he, "don't ye set yer heart on that—we're jest goin right quar to destruction. Now," ses he, "ye're a young cub, as dunno nothin this side punkin pie and molasses, but I'll tell you this ere country fell out an riled up agin the ole country, and the ole cuss of a king George the Third. Wall now, all as he wanted to do was jest this, put on sum duties on sunthin, on tea, an ax fur sum stamps, or sunthin of that kind. Wall, sir, we ses, ses we; leastwise our ancestors did; darned ef we'll hev this here. Apple sarse is good, and so is king sarse, but nayther won't do a crammed down our throats, anyhow. So we ups, and tries to fix 'em, and they fixed us fur quite a bit; and so we fount and fount on, and Washington he gave 'em sunthin at last, and we wonned our independence right up and down; and the hull world, when we was cum out slick, and squar, and victorious, ses, "well done." "Wall, this goes on all right, 'till up comes this story about the cussed niggers, though that warn't no real cause of quarrelin; and now how is it? I'm darned ef half the folks arnt killed; and t'other half wounded; and there's a draft fur 500,000 more men in Septembar, and laws is trod under foot like corn cobs, and no man kin say his soul's his own, unless he wants Fort Lafayette for a pillar at nights; and the mob hev riled up once, and they'll rile up agin in New York too, ef they dare draw this here next draft; and the country is in debt, mussed up by thunder, and well look darned sharp, or the deuce any 'North American States' there'll be at all, fur one split makes many; and that's the hull matter. When I seen 'em throwin up crackers, and rockets, and sech on the 4th of July, it cum to me like beans, that we'd most a

better stayed under old George, then to be up set like this. Ef we'd paid stamps and tea duty fur all etearnty, we'd never got near the sum tottle of what this cussed war is goin to cost us."

Yours always,

HAM JUNKS.

Correspondence of the New York Herald.

PAKE'S FERRY, CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER,

July 6th, 1864.

General Johnston is virtually conquered. The adder is in the last rut; the skunk in his last strong hold. Victory with inflamed brows and horrent mien, is hovering over the victorious head of Sherman, is watering the laurels, which will soon, like a canopy, o'ershade that hero's brow. Onward still press our victorious legions. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! All resonant crunch our soldiers heels; there is, in the very sound, an invincibility, a fate! The God of battles is tied to our flag, bound fast as Prometheus, and glories in his bondage; all hearts are bounding, and Atlanta trembles, trembles as the *blanc mange* at the feasts of the Sybarites of Tenth Avenue, as Belsazzar on the night Cyrus smashed him like punkins. Let Nickajack Creek declare—let Big Shanty relate—how the celebrated flank movement was carried out by the brave McPherson—by the way, a descendant of the celebrated Pherson of the old ballad in which his exploits are related:—

"Pherson swore a feud
Against the Clan Mac Tavish;
And marched into the land,
To plunder and to ravish.

Pherson had a son,
Who married Nook's daughter;
And almost spoiled the flood,
By drinking up the water."

The present hero sings this ballad each night before retiring to rest, it is his. "Hymn to the Virgin," his "*Oh sanctissima*," his moral night-cap, so to speak; his material one consists of old Bourbon, slightly diluted. Yes, the heart is broken of this monstrous rebellion. Sherman is an Alexander, a Bucephalus, a Minotaur, a Poppaea, a Timon and a Simon Magus. Take the most brilliant qualities of all these great commanders of antiquity, pound them in a mortar, add the essence of chivalrous bravery, of Titan will, of a military genius before which that of the first Napoleon is dwarfed and desolate, and you have Sherman. Atlanta, *est delenda*.

Yours Correspondent

P.S.—Three hours later, I am ordered out of the lines by that tyrannical beast, Sherman. He take Atlanta? No more than I shall the Presidential chair. He is wandering over the mountains after Johnston, but the Confederate General is luring him on to destruction. Old Pherson is a drunken old beast and I am, your afflicted correspondent.

P.P.S.—I suppose you will publish my letter and suppress my postscript. The latter contains the truth, however. Please buy \$20,000 gold for me on receipt. We are sure of another rise.

THE WATER QUESTION.

OFFICE OF THE METROPOLITAN WATER CO'Y.,

To JOHN CARR, Esq., City Clerk.

SIR.—I am instructed by this Company to inform you that they cannot accept the offer made by the Corporation; as such offer would be tantamount on the part of the Company to supplying the City *gratuitously* with water in case of fire, and losing \$1,000 per annum; and as the offer of the Company to submit to arbitration has not been accepted by the Corporation, they must decline to be the losers of so large a sum each year, however anxious to meet the views of the Corporation.

I am Sir, Your Obed't Serv't,

JOHN EVANS, Clerk, Water Co.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, July 16th, 1864.

To JOHN EVANS, Esq., Clerk, Water Co.

SIR.—I am directed for to reply to your letter of the 15th proximo. The Corporation, which the Mayor is one of, do desire the fair thing, slap up; but in regards to your letter am not prepared to offer more. The Corporation desire me for to say they would particularly recommend your water *everywhere*, as they had influence; to be took also internal for bruises and sprains, likewise washing, which it is soft; and will do all in his or their power to encourage the temperance ticket. The Company should think of these matters and not go for to lose the patronizing of the Corporation; as the loss you speak of could be made up 'boutaneous to 'em, if so be water was more in request.

I am Sir, Your Obed't Serv't,

JOHN CARR, City Clerk.

P. S.—The Mayor have just come in and do announce that he will have a bath, private, once a week, all summer. This is encouraging, the Company had better agree.

Boys on the Office and Duties of Coroners.

"Boys are very well in their places," said old Mrs. Ruffles, as she laid down the *Leader* and wiped her spectacles, "but what they can know about the office and duties of Coroners, is more than I can make out." "Was different in my day, but young people get so knowing now-a-days." "Tis the name of the author, ma'am," said old Puggles, "his name is Boy." "Then, Sir," said the old lady, tartly, "he'd no business to write; before I'd take a Boy's opinion I'd go without one."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Our dog won't growl, and yet there is a strange footstep. "Stranger" not at all, right is surer than hearing. It is only our friend Charley, the smartest stationer and the best bookseller this day in the fair City of Toronto. May his shadow never grow less, but his piles of books decrease and increase again continually, like unto the moon. Does any man doubt our word, let him go to Toronto Street and he will find the prices of book-merchants to be, as well, a prince of good fellows. *Probatum est.*

Irving, (not Washington,) but Irving, of King Street, is always up to the mark and true to time. In light literature, nothing of worth is known but has its representative on his counter. Periodically, his shop is filled with customers. Periodicals, numerous as "leaves in Vallambrosa," display their tempting but and green, and allure customers, as beauty does youth. Long may literature flourish, and may her high priests flourish also, even as our friends does.