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The Eastern Mail

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8-8-1861

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 05): August 8, 1861

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 05): August 8, 1861" (1861). *The Eastern Mail*. Paper 732. [http://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail/732](http://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/732)

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BLE.

The illustrations in the Maine, a charming work by Zachariah Paddock. Perhaps more than the one will object to this well chosen. The La-Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati Methodist Episcopal Society, Boston; agent for

month this little magazine things for its young readers, essays, anecdotes, and numerous. The July numbers will be pleased to see the improved and corrected. Published by Wm. W. Brown, Boston.

ge through fire seems to be a new thing, and it is appearing before. Jacob Abbott's 'Bravery' in the August number is the finest reading for the young. Robert Merry and know just what their by J. N. Stearns, 111

contents of the July and Letters of Schlegel of England and Wales. Kings of H. Taine. Mr. The Countess of its Inhabitants. Mr. in England. Christian temporary Literature Reviews and Black issued by L. Scott & Co

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From Our Boys.

A letter received from a member of Co. G. has been sent us for publication, from which we make the following extracts:—

ALEXANDRIA, VA., July 23, 1861.

Dear Brother:—The day following the date of my last letter to you, we left Camp Clermont and marched on to Fairfax Court House, where we routed the rebels and took five or six prisoners. We rested one day and then marched on towards Manassas Junction, halting within three miles of that place.

Our advanced guard attacked one of the batteries that day, but were defeated. We stopped there some two or three days until McDowell came up with his division; we were about 40,000 strong.

Sunday morning we were called out at three o'clock, A. M., and took up our march for Manassas. Our Brigade was sent around to the north side to cut off their retreat; we marched until ten o'clock A. M., when we were ordered to the front of the battle ground. We then took up the 'double quick' and kept it up until about three o'clock, P. M., we came up in front of the batteries. It was very warm, and we could get nothing but muddy water to drink and sometimes none at all, and about one-third of our men dropped down beside the road exhausted. H. R. got tired out and was not in the battle. Of the Clinton boys in our company, there were only Horace Hunter, Phi., and myself in the battle.

As our troops advanced they came upon the enemy's battery; Sherman's battery was brought to bear on it, which soon routed them and took their battery. The rebels retreated some three miles, when, receiving reinforcements, they made a stand, and as we came up they opened fire upon us in every direction from masked batteries. Our Brigade was the last to get on the ground; when we got there the battle was the same as lost, but we charged on them and held them at bay for an hour.

As we came on to the battle-ground, we stopped to get breath and prepare for a charge. I looked along the line to see who was missing. I saw Horace and Phi, they were just at my left. I went up to them and shook hands with them, each wishing the other good luck, and just as I got back to my own place, a cannon ball struck Horace in the thigh, tearing his leg half off, striking David Bates, the next man behind him, taking both legs nearly off. Bates is the man I used to march with in Waterville. As we advanced, another man dropped at my right side, a ball striking him in the head. We marched on, and soon came within musket shot of the rebels, and then we poured it into them. I fired twenty-three rounds. The rebels would not come out in the open field to fight; they were in the woods and behind fences, with masked batteries on every side. Cannon-balls and shells were flying in every direction, and men falling on all sides; I shall never forget the 21st of July.

But, thank God, I escaped, and shall have another chance at them yet, though I did not expect to come off the field alive. Those rifle bullets sounded like a swarm of bees round my head, and those cannon-shot—the sound is ringing in my ears now.

After I had fired my last shot, I looked around, and there was not an officer in the field; they had all gone, and there were only some half a dozen men of our company left on the ground, so we made our retreat. As I came over the hill, I found one of our men lying on the ground, wounded in the side; his name was Crosby. We took him up and carried him nearly half a mile to the house where Horace was. They were firing on us all this time, cannon-balls striking both sides of us. I saw a ball strike a horse just in front of us, taking his head off. When we got to the house, we left the wounded and went to try to get an ambulance to bring them off, but could not as they were retreating and all full. It is said the rebels charged upon the hospital after we came away, and fired a whole volley into it. Horace had had his leg tied up, but we had to leave him on our retreat, and he is probably a prisoner if alive, but I think he is not alive. I barely escaped with my own life. We marched all night and arrived in Alexandria the next day at eleven o'clock. We were on the road forty-eight hours, with nothing but hard bread to eat and muddy water to drink. I drank water that day that you would not wash your boots in, but am thankful to come off as well as I did.

CAMP CLERMONT, July 25

Here we are in our old camp again, and I feel as well as ever. Troops are pouring in here every day, and we shall soon have our ranks filled again, then we are going to march on and avenge our fallen comrades. We get good living while in our camps, but when we are on the march we fare pretty hard. My health is good, and I stand it first rate so far. Asber Hinds, of Benton, was wounded in the leg; he is in the hospital here, safe.

Your Brother,

ALBERT.

THE KENNEBEC COURIER.—T. W. Newman, for many years the publisher of the Hallowell Cultivator, and Postmaster in that city up to the election of Lincoln, has just started a new paper in the old commercial emporium of Kennebec, with the above title. It claims to be independent in politics and religion, and goes in for the Union with a will. He is a plucky man to start a new enterprise of of this kind in the present depressed condition of the country. The initial number is a very neatly printed and well filled sheet.

THE TRUMP COW.—Our friend Hosea B. Maynard, of Kendall's Mills—the same who lived to get home from Frazer River—has an 8-years-old cow, from which he weighed, in the month of July, 1511 pounds of milk—being an average of about 48 and 3.4 lbs. per day. She calved in March. Friend M. says he is willing to brag a little over this

cow; and though she cost him what some would call a high price, he will pay higher still for the cow that is proved her superior. He would like to see those "big cow men," Percival, Paine and Duolittle, "trot out" their cows. So should we—and we will bet the calf of one against the butter of the other, and hold the stakes, that the "Queen of Frazer River" beats any cow in Kennebec.

Return of the First Regiment.

[Our correspondent "S." who is now on a visit to his old home, was present at the reception of the First Regiment in Portland, on Saturday, of which he gives us the following account.]

Messrs. Editors:—The first Maine Regiment, Col. Jackson, arrived here on Saturday last, at two o'clock, P. M. The men who composed it looked badly. The uniforms were rather the worse for wear, but they covered such a noble set of men that it was not much noticed. After arriving at the P. S. & P. R. Depot, the Regiment proceeded up State street, where they met with an escort, consisting of over two hundred past members of Portland Military Companies, and all proceeded through State st. to Congress, through Congress to Federal, through Federal to India, down India street to the Ocean Steamship Warehouse, where they sat down to a bountiful collation prepared by the proprietor of the International Hotel. After the soldiers were seated at the tables, His Honor, Mayor Thomas, in a very neat speech welcomed them home. Col. Jackson responded in a happy manner, and said that he had only come home to see his friends and was ready to return to duty at the call of his country. The report is, that this Regiment having expressed a desire to return to the seat of war, they have been promised the first chance in the Regiments soon to go forward to Washington.

Every one joins in praising the appearance of the First Regiment; and the cheering, waving handkerchiefs, and shaking hands, that might have been seen on their stepping from the cars and marching through the streets of Portland, on Saturday last, was enough to establish the fact that their fellow-citizens are not forgetful of their willing and ready response to aid in defending our Nation's Capitol in the hour of danger. Some journals are censuring this Regiment, because they have not had occasion to smell gun powder. But every one who reads and is willing to believe the truth, knows that they were stationed at one of the most important points of defence near Washington, and were not allowed to participate in the battle of the 21st, because they were more needed in or near Washington, and were the only Regiment that understood perfectly how to guard that point.

Not a man has been lost from the Regiment, but two or three were left behind on account of illness.

RISING STAR LODGE, No 7, I. O. OF G. T.

—The following are its officers for the ensuing quarter:

- Arba P. Davis, W. C. T. Mrs S. Matilda Millett, W. V. T. J. L. Town, W. S. E. C. Lowe, W. F. S. Joseph Hill, W. T. William Emery, W. M. O. D. Seavey, W. I. G. William Lowe, W. O. G. Miss Julia A. Prescott, W. R. H. S. Miss Amanda Godwin, W. L. H. S. Henry B. White, W. C. W. A. Stevens, D. G. W. C. T. Edward C. Stevens, P. W. C. T. Charles S. Newell, W. E.

A GRAVE JOKE.—"Why, Lucy! you are the last person I expected to find working on the Sabbath! How do you reconcile this with your professions?" Lucy was a seamstress in the employ of a government clothing contractor whose engagements drove him to work more than six days in the week for a little time.

"Well, to be honest," replied Lucy, "it did trouble me for a while, but I finally settled the question in this way. Everybody says it is right to make grave clothes on the Sabbath; now a large share of these articles we are making will prove to be the grave clothes the poor fellows who wear them will get, and therefore there can be no harm in making them on Sunday. That is the way I satisfied my conscience."

KENDALL'S MILLS COMPANY.—Mr. J. W. Channing has enlisted over sixty men at Kendall's Mills, who await the arrival of Mr. Sel den Connor before organizing. Mr. Connor—a Kendall's Mills boy—has been at New port News, in a Vermont regiment, and few men of his age have had more military experience than friend Channing, who smelt gunpowder in the Mexican war; with one of these gentlemen for Captain, and the other for 1st Lieutenant, the Company will certainly be well officered, and those who enlist will feel confident there will be no failure at the head.

AN INSPIRING SIGHT.—The burnt district at Kendall's Mills has been all rebuilt, and presents a better outside show than before, while within all is life and motion. We know of no better eye opener to one of our quiet citizens, who is getting dozy under sleepy influences and fancies the whole world is stagnating, than a look into the mills and shops of our neighbors. If he is not aroused from his lethargy by the life and motion and busy din of industry all around him, he must be far gone indeed, and may safely set himself down as a fossil.

RASCALTY.—A poor woman arriving in Portland, recently, gave her checks to a stranger, who made off with her baggage to parts unknown. He gave his name as Charles F. Myles, and said he belonged in Waterville. Of course he wished to claim a residence in a town with a good reputation for honesty, and was least likely to grow such a mean scamp.

BETTER.—A letter received by the family of Lt. John R. Day, of Waterville, reports him as recovering from the sickness which has kept him for some time in the hospital. He

was detailed of baggage directly take resume du O, You Lewiston tion to eat his village- only apolo- Was he en- to be marr- pass their

TERRIB beautiful Col. Shurt habit of c- 'ear time- 'bing' at- had been o- just after t- dog's head- sides of an- hard subst- the two ha- Tray!—an

THE SA the hundr- filling fluid- recently an- this cause- escape was- the benefit- that they w- hazard of

STRANG last week woman!") a half bush- ter and tw- exchange- "strange" does not d- make the c- instead of- Perhaps he- the name o- for rum. of butter, associated to be exch- bitterness otherwise s- bitious pov-

Who i- Republica- the recent- That fo- mond, rest- cal Admin- That for- the milita- time and m- in any deg- precipitatu-

How T- Richmond- the late ba- from which- with his fo- 3 o'clock, w- The D spa- Between- men were- wounded, o- gle, who ga- fire on both- sure that o- conquered l- North. It- that the res- the balanc- most disas- and Bee ha- Colonel Job- been killed- wounded, b- general wh- staked on- promptly of- into action- surpassed a-

Gen. Bea- lines betwe- regardless o- couraging o- struck his b- the horses- Hayward- into the thi- of a Georg- the charge- by their int- and Maj. M-

Your co- exclaim to- ment: 'Oh- was answer- forcements- turned in o- Kirby Sm- men of Gen- heard while- roar of ba- hurried his- just where'

DROWN- nal, that a- Fairfield, w- Mass., on S-

The clo- glorious sp- peroration: all I would- men, upon r- you for the- and benefice- knife now a- do its work- add yet ano- which white- my heartfel- written in h- was not fou-

REVENUE conference- Friday, agre- ington corre- says:

'The feat- and plasing- fress list w- lowed to ren- of an increa- a duty of tw- and a half c- tax and ad- twenty milli-