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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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THE DYING WIFE.

Written by a young wife as a memento of affection, to be perused after her death by her husband and two daughters.

Lay the gem upon my bosom, let me feel her sweet, warm breath.

For a strange chill o'er me passes, and I know that it is death;

I would gaze upon the treasure, scarcely given before I go!

Feel her rosy, dimpled fingers wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters, but a blessed shore appears!

Kneel beside me, husband, dearest, let me kiss away thy tears.

Wrestle with thy grief, my husband, strive from midnight until day:

It may prove an angel's blessing when it vanishes away.

Lay the gem upon my bosom, 'tis not long she can be there;

See! how to my heart she nestles—'tis the pearl I love to wear;

If a cherub call thee father, far more beautiful than this,

Love my first-born oh, my husband! turn not from the motherless.

Tell her sometimes of the midnight watches—can she call her by my name?

Shield her from the winds of sorrow—if she errs, oh gently blame!

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping, I will answer if she calls.

And my breath will stir her ringlets, when my voice in blessing falls.

And her soft blue eyes will brighten, and she'll wonder whence it comes.

In her heart when years pass o'er her, she will find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal walks between two angels here;

One records the ill, but blots it, if before the midnight dream.

Man repenteth; if uncanceled, then, he seals it for the skies.

And the right hand angel weeps, bowing low with vain-eyes.

I will bathe right hand angel, sealing up the good for heaven.

Striving that the midnight watches find no misdeed unforgotten.

You will not forget me, husband, when I'm sleeping near the sod.

Love the jewels God has given us, as I love thee, next to God.

NOSTALGIA.—Dr. Hunt, of Buffalo, now stationed at Newport News, Virginia, gives the following instance of that form of homesickness which becomes insanity. In a letter he narrates an affecting, and painfully touching case, thus:

"You have learned, perhaps, of that form of camp homesickness which develops itself into insanity, and is written down in the books as *nostalgia*. It is a singular, and painfully interesting phenomenon.—One of them only has been developed under my eye. The man came here almost entirely recovered from fever, and claimed himself to be entirely well, refusing medicines and talking very rationally about everything but home. Day after day, as the boat came up to the dock, he would pack his knapsack quietly, say good bye to his wardmaster, and march down to the wharf only to be disappointed and to find out as he more forcibly than elegantly expressed it, that it was not the right boat; it was another—d—d boat." At night, in his sleep he talked continuously of wife and child; day-times he said little; but finally made a confidant of me, and said that all night and all day he dreamed and thought of home, and sometimes perhaps, it made him light headed. He had been a year in the service, and was always gay and happy up to the period of his recent illness. His family lives in New York, and one morning I had the happiness to see Charley march down to the boat with his neatly slung knapsack, and it was the right boat that time. He has been home a fortnight now, and I have no doubt will return to his regiment a good soldier. To have kept him here would have ended, probably in suicide."

GEN. HALLECK.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says: "Leading men fresh from the people, and urgent to have the Government put forth its full power, are agreeably disappointed at finding Gen. Halleck of the same mind with them selves. He seems, they say, thoroughly to believe and entirely ready to act upon the belief that we are engaged in a war, and that we must treat the rebels as our enemies, using all civilized means of warfare to the end of victory, and suffering no undue leniency to stay the hands of the Government from striking traitors, whether in arms in the field, or secretly plotting treason in the loyal States. Gen. Halleck is, according to these gentlemen, certainly not a whit behind, and probably somewhat in advance of the Government as regards energetic action, whether against external or internal foes."

A GOOD TEXT. At a war meeting in Portland, the other day, Rev. Mr. Collier of Chicago, was introduced. He said Illinois—a State that was born after her sister Maine was a full grown woman—has furnished her full quota at the call of the President. He asked Maine to do likewise. He had been a peace man, and could find plenty of peace texts; but after the first shot fell upon Sumter, he found another text that suited him exactly; it was this: "He that hath no sword, let him sell his coat and buy one. His speech was one of the most telling of the evening, and frequently was broken in upon by the wildest of applause."

A HOME THRUST.—Gen Butler, in his letter to Count M'ran, the French consul at New Orleans, on the subject of depriving the French residents of their fire arms, which the Count contended were necessary to protect them against insubordination, among their slaves, turned the point against the Count by the following keen thrust: "It would seem natural, when their masters had set them the example of rebellion against constituted authorities, that the negroes, being an imitative race, should do likewise." He then goes on to promise perfect protection from all violence, whether offered by blacks or whites.

When the young and gifted Sumnerfield was preaching in the city of New York, and immense audiences were held entranced by his eloquence, a wealthy lady threw herself into his society, conferred upon him many favors, and finally addressed him a note, in which she told him that "her heart, her fortune, and her hand was at his disposal." The reply of the devoted and eloquent Methodist was:—"Give your heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, give your fortune to the poor, and give your hand to the man who asks you for it."

Will not Maine Publishers adopt a rule not to publish an advertisement from an unknown person or firm unless accompanied by the cash? This would give the business to reliable men like Pettengill & Co., and would prove far better for publishers, agents and advertisers.

Will the Press agree to do so? Who will respond? Who will respond and adhere to such a rule.—[Machias Union.]

DIPHTHERIA.—An effectual remedy for the diphtheria is, as related to the editor of The Augusta Age by a gentleman from Solon, an equal mixture of salt and ashes in a dish, dipped in red vinegar, and applied to the throat every fifteen minutes. The throat also to be gargled with hot water and cayenne pepper. This treatment has never failed to effect a speedy and radical cure whenever applied.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XVI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, SEPT. 4, 1862.

NO. 9.

The Eastern Mail.

BPH. MAXHAM, & DAN L. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 4, 1862.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 110 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.

S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer,) Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scotland Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as required by above.

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."

From 'Our Boys.'

We have been favored with the perusal of a private letter written by a member of Capt. Leavitt's company in the 18th Regiment, to his parents, here. We would gladly publish the whole, but for lack of space content ourselves with the extracts below.

Their first camping ground in Virginia was at Camp Casey, on Arlington Heights, and the first portion of the letter was written at that place, on the 23d ult.

Their treatment in Philadelphia and Baltimore is contrasted as follows:—

We arrived at Philadelphia about 12 o'clock Wednesday night, and made a stop there of about 2 hours, during which time we very gladly accepted the hospitalities so kindly offered us by the good folks of the Quaker city who showed us every attention, and more consoling and strengthening than that, gave us a new hot supper—after which we stood the march of three miles to the depot with scarcely any fatigue, and the boys went on their way toward Virginia wishing a multiplicity of blessings for the ladies of Philadelphia.

Thursday forenoon we marched "through Baltimore." We took exactly the same route as did the Mass. regiment which received such rough usage on the 19th April, 1861. The exact locality of that transaction was pointed out to me as we passed the place. But we were troubled with no molestations of the kind—neither did we perceive any particular demonstrations of patriotism or even loyalty. The crowds that lined the streets as we passed, were composed mostly of countenances hard, cold and sneering. The contemptuous sneer of "Raw Recruits" which occasionally greeted our ears, made the boys awful mad. One old fellow however, did not fear to pay us a well deserved compliment. He was the finest looking man I saw in Baltimore. I noticed him in the crowd as we passed along and when our company were right opposite him, he sang out loud enough to be heard quite a distance—"All good men—All good sized men—All good looking men"—to which the men replied with three good hearty cheers. This was the only occasion we had for cheering in Baltimore.

Of their condition on arriving at Camp Casey, after a march of eight miles from Washington, beneath a burning sun, he says:—

We were the dirtiest, blackest looking set when we got here, that you ever saw. We hardly knew each other, and you wouldn't have known your own boys.—Any one who didn't positively know, would have taken us for a regiment of contrabands. We got here at half past four. The baggage train was an hour later, and then there were boxes to unpack, tents to pitch, &c.—and if there wasn't confusion, I never saw it. A shower was coming up and everybody hurried and nobody accomplished much any way. Before we got half through, it began to rain. We hustled our things under cover as well as we could and piled ourselves down a confused mingled heap of boxes, knapsacks, muskets and men; and in this shape we went to sleep and passed the night. I found a couple of boards and laid them down in one corner of our tent; on them I laid a blanket, on that, myself; and with another blanket over me I went to sleep, and didn't wake up till a newsman came along about half past six this morning, shouting "The Washington morning papers, containing a full account of the union of Pope's, McClellan's and Burnside's forces," and all for only three cents. Cheap enough, if it's all true.

Of the weather and the appearance of the country he writes:—

As we are in a different latitude from Maine we can hardly expect the temperature at the meridian height of the sun to be the same, and we find that it is not. Without any breezes, it is about as warm in the daytime as our N. E. pretty warm July days. But we are now right on the hill, and are favored most of the time with nice breezes, so that as yet we have not suffered with the heat.

The country about here, and the houses look just about as they are represented in the pictures in geographies and story books. As we passed along through Maryland, I couldn't help being struck with the fact that the people of that State are just a hundred years behind the times. For instance, they use for market wagons, the oldest fashioned, heavy covered, round topped coaches, which so nearly resemble meat carts.—And in every thing else, they are at least as much behind in civilization.

A Pennsylvania and a New York regiment broke camp in their vicinity and moved off for other quarters. Of them he says:—

As they passed along, I stood by the side of the road and had a good chance to see what kind of stuff they were made of. I don't wonder that our 16th Maine is called a splendid regiment, after seeing those fellows. More than two-thirds of them would be thrown out by our Maine surgeon without any talk at all. They are small, weak and puny chaps, and very poor material for soldiers.

Our boys came near being called into action immediately, it would seem.—

A queer mistake has happened at the War Department in reference to our Regiment. This morning Col. W. received orders to march immediately to join Pope's Division. Not knowing what to make of it he started for Washington to make inquiries. It seems that the Secretary of War, having mixed up his head with something else, got the idea into his head that we had been here drilling for six months, and hence the order. When he learned the true state of things the order was countermanded.

Some of the boys dropped out by the way:—

We started from Augusta with a full regiment. But on the way, we have dwindled somewhat. Every company has left more or less sick at the hospitals on the way. We left nine—one at Philadelphia, one at Baltimore, and seven at Washington. Among the latter number are Chas. Cross and Munroe Lyford. Their trouble, and that of about every other sick man, was eating fruit on the way. We took particular pains to caution every man against eating the stuff, but they didn't heed it. The above two are all of the Waterville boys who are unwell—and they will join us in a day or two.

Our men have been and now are all in the very best of spirits.

On Sunday they were marched off in a northwesterly direction, three miles, and of the new position and condition, he writes on Monday:—

We are now camped right in front of Fort Tillinghast, which is occupied by the 14th Mass. They are, however, under marching orders and it is supposed that when they leave, we shall be assigned to garrison duty in their places.

Our sick from Washington all came in yesterday, and as we have a very healthy position, we hope not to be troubled with sickness if the men will be careful what they eat. The immediate locality of our camp is a gloomy place—but the surrounding country is perfectly charming. We have as good water here as we get at home—the first time I have seen it since we left Maine.

A letter gives the information that they now garrison Fort Tillinghast and Case.

THE LATE LIEUT. COL. HEATH.—On Monday last week, at a session of the Supreme Court in Augusta, the death of Hon. Rufus Williams, James L. Child, E-q., and Lt. Col. Heath, was announced by J. W. Bradbury, who presented some resolutions which had been adopted by the Kennebec Bar, of which the deceased were members. In his introductory remarks, Mr. B. made the following mention of our late townsman:—

Lieut. Col. Heath was the oldest son of Solomon Heath Esq. one of our respected brethren. He graduated at Waterville College, in 1835 and was admitted to the Bar in this county in 1838. He then removed to Minneapolis, Minnesota, and opened an office there. After a year's practice in that State he received an appointment under Hon. W. B. S. Moor, his father in law, the U. S. Consul for the British Provinces, and spent a year at Montreal. He then returned to Maine and opened an office in Rockland, where he continued until the breaking out of the Rebellion, when he instantly offered his services to his country. He was engaged as a private, using his influence to raise a company, of which he was at once elected Captain. He repaired to the confidence of the General in command.

He possessed a high reputation for his soldierly bearing and military ability, commanding the respect and affections of the soldiers under his authority, and the confidence of the General in command. He was a man of high integrity and noble character, and up to his death, the study of the classics with a relish that is not common in this busy, bustling, practical age.

I have been told that on the evening prior to the battle in which he fell, after completing every preparation that duty required, he repaired to his tent and sat down to write a letter to his wife and children. He was the original, as Caesar himself, in his pastime of writing them, during the evenings preceding the great conflict which described.

He had not been long enough at the Bar to attain the distinction of which his abilities gave promise. His life, however, was sufficiently long to secure a grateful remembrance of those with whom he has been associated.

The resolution relating to him we also copy:—

Resolved, That this Bar cannot omit to place upon its records a merited tribute to the memory of one of its youngest members, the gallant Lieut. Col. William S. Heath, who, at the call of his country, hastened forth amongst the first to vindicate the honor of our honored flag; and who heroically fell at the head of his Regiment, the brave 16th Maine Volunteers, in the battle before Richmond at Glendale Mills, on the 27th of June, patriotically, only offering his life in defense of the Constitution and the Union.

To the remarks and resolutions Judge Rice made a fitting reply in the course of which he paid the following tribute to the memory of Lieut. Col. Heath:—

With our younger brother Heath, my acquaintance has been less intimate. Endowed with native powers of a superior order, his mind had been early and vigorously cultivated. He had just commenced the practice of his profession with encouraging prospects of success, when he was called to leave his home and his country, called on citizens to arms for the defense of our national existence. He was among the first to hear and heed that call, and with patriotic zeal to hasten to his defense. His career in the army has been brilliant and honorable. No man possessed in a larger degree the confidence of his superior officers and of the officers and men under his command. But in the midst of his usefulness he was instantly struck down by the swift winged messenger of death. He fell as the heroic man would wish to fall, bravely battling under our flag for the integrity of our constitution and the rights of our country.

"Dulce est decurrere ut pro patria mori." To his young wife and infant children his early death is a sad bereavement. But his many friends will treasure with pride the recollection of his warm patriotism, his heroic courage and manly virtues.

GENERAL JACKSON accepts the nomination of the Democrats of Maine as their candidate for Governor. In his reply to the committee, he says:—

Our Union has heretofore been the pride and the glory alike of the South and of the North—but a rebellion has sprung up and is now raging, that threatens its dismemberment. And my only desire is in this hour of our country's danger, to do all in my power, as best I can, and with all my might, to put down that rebellion, and to restore everywhere allegiance to the Constitution and the Union.

I hope soon to be able to return to the field, again to try to render my country some service,—but, in the meantime, or when away in the midst of the conflict, if my name at home can be of any avail to rally and unite the

loyal men of my State, and to arouse them to an effort proportionate to the magnitude of the issue at stake, then, it is always at their service.

TWENTIETH REGIMENT.—The 20th Regiment did not leave Portland until Tuesday morning, when it took cars for Boston, there to embark on board the steamer Merrimac for Washington. We are largely interested in this regiment—Co. A, Capt. I. S. Bangs, being made up of recruits from this vicinity. No truer patriot or better officer has gone out from among us than Capt. Bangs; and those who have friends under his command may rest assured that he will carefully look after their welfare. He was highly prized here as a citizen, a friend, and a neighbor, and in rendering him at the imperative call of our country, we feel that we are making a sacrifice. As a slight testimonial of their regard, some of his Waterville friends recently sent him a sword, in presenting which at Camp King, on Friday morning last, the bearer, Mr. G. P. Lasselle, said:—

Capt. Bangs.—In behalf of your friends in Waterville, I present you with this sword, as a slight token of their esteem. Take it, and may you never sheath it until our glorious flag again floats over these once peaceful happy United States, and may the time soon come when Peace shall be again restored and you return to your friends who will be proud to give you a brother's welcome.

To which Capt. Bangs responded:—

Mr. Lasselle.—To those kind friends of mine, whom you represent, please tender my most earnest and hearty thanks, for this beautiful sword and trappings. In it I see an emblem of war and of their confidence in my success as a soldier.

Since the outbreak of this rebellion I have had many struggles between love and duty, ease and hardship; but in this dark hour of our nation's peril I shall be soothed and ungrateful to our common country did I not put forth a single effort to maintain our nation's honor and defend her flag. I have—simply—done my duty. With my whole soul enlisted in this glorious cause, I now—like you—do my whole duty as I know it, and never to sheath this sword till this causeless, damnable rebellion shall be utterly crushed.

In camp, or in battle, this sword will remind me of my kind and confident friends, and the Star Spangled Banner of my duty, and whatever of disaster has occurred or may occur, you and I will yet see "old glory" proudly flying, bravely floating over every foot of soil of this happy, generous, prosperous, United States.

All that is true in heroism, profound statesmanship, commendable in enterprise, tender in humanity, grand in generosity in Christianity, in typical whenever or wherever that glorious flag is unfurled. Wherever that floats all that is grand in America is honored. Wherever that goes down, under the hand of violence, there sinks in the starless night of barbarism the legacy of our fathers, and the hopes of the world.

Again, to yourself and the kind friends, of whose regard and esteem I have such evidence, I tender my earnest thanks and bid you all Good Bye.

Mrs. Bangs.—daughter of Hon. D. L. Miliken—accompanies her husband, to share his fortune on the tented field.

On Saturday Lieut. Addison Lewis, of the same company, received a sword and revolver, from his friends of the West village. The short, well conceived presentation speech made by the bearer, Wm. H. Hatch, E-q., was feelingly responded to by Lieut. Lewis.

The allotment roll of this company is evidence of the good character of its members. From their pay the 95 men composing it made a monthly allotment of \$1,054; men and of officers \$1,324. Only two men went below \$10, and they allotted \$8. We think this can hardly be paralleled by the record of any other company.

"THE HUB."—Last Sunday was a great day in Boston. All the afternoon meetings were suspended, and men, women and children applied themselves to the work of preparing and collecting articles and money for the sick and wounded soldiers in the army. N. York papers announce that on Monday morning eleven well laden cars arrived there from Boston, bringing the fruit of the half day's work. Seven thousand dollars in money was collected at the same time. If Boston is not "the hub of the universe," it spoke well this time, and if its thousands of noble fellows don't tire, they will continue to fill their boxes with charitable offerings and roll them on towards Washington.

MERIT. The eldest son of Rev. Dr. Sheldon, of this place, a member of Harvard College, has recently been awarded a "scholarship" in that institution, for excellence in the various departments of study—this being the third time he has secured the same token of distinction in the three years he has been in college. These scholarships have an educational value of three hundred dollars each.

Our Town Meeting, on Friday last, called out a very full attendance of the voters. The vote to pay one hundred dollars, to each soldier in the new quota passed without a single hand against it; and when the Selectmen were instructed to borrow \$5,300 for this purpose, competent endorsement for the amount was promptly volunteered.

Our quota of 53 was nearly full yesterday, lacking, we think, but two or three, with several positive pledges from which to get them. Two or three men who have been particularly active in accomplishing this work, deserve the best thanks of their townsmen. They are well known, and will be gratefully remembered.

PICNIC.—The Unitarian Sabbath School made a picnic excursion, yesterday, to the little grove near the North Belgrade depot. They went and came in the regular trains for the day, and, with the most charming weather, had a very pleasant festival. They numbered about 250, and spent the day in singing, singing, boating, jumping, romping, climbing, chatting, eating, laughing, and growing fat. Ask the little ones if they had a good time?

Tie-die ones are arranging a fishing excursion to East Pond, some day next week. That will be one of the times! Think of one of Wendall's chowders over on that island!

OUR TABLE.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY.—Lady Audley's Secret, a story of thrilling interest, is continued in the September number; and there are others almost as good. A great variety of other interesting reading will also be found, including anecdotes, biographies, facts in science, essays, poetry, valuable recipes, amusing puzzles for the young, &c., &c. The number is handsomely illustrated, like all its predecessors, and contains a splendid colored fashion plate, with numerous new patterns and designs. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The August number has the following table of contents:—Chronicles of Carlingford—Salem Chapel, part 7. A Skye-Lark—Part 7 of Caxtonia—on the Moral Effect of Writers—Victor Hugo's Last Romance. The rights of Woman—Sermons. Across the Channel. Ten years of Imperialism.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 54 Gull Street, New York. Terms of subscription: For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. States will be but 24 cents a year for Blackwood, and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—Great events have been in progress since our last, the result of which is, not that treason has received its death blow, as we hoped, but that Washington is once more seriously menaced by a bold and insolent foe, who are even now "thundering at the gates of the Capital." With no room for details, which are numerous and in many respects confused and contradictory, we subjoin a brief summing up of the events of last week, which most readers will find more satisfactory.

On Monday we have no trace of the rebel movements, though subsequent events indicate well enough that they must have been in substance. Their troops were pouring round our right wing, and bursting through Thorofare Gap into our rear.

Tuesday. The rebel movement came to the surface of observation on Tuesday evening, in the shape of a cavalry raid on the railroad near Manassas Junction. It was really the advance of Jackson's entire army corps, which was the forerunner, for aught that we know at present, of the bulk of the whole available rebel army. Their manifestation that night, however, was confined to the destruction of railroad property and the capture of a few prisoners.

Wednesday. The above events having become known, and their purport detected, Gen. Pope dispatched McDowell and Sigel to the neighborhood of Thorofare Gap, while he himself marched back toward Manassas, meaning to settle the matter with those who had already got in his rear, and to cut off others from coming to their aid. Of his force, Hooker's division encountered the rebel Ewell's brigade on Wednesday afternoon, a few miles south of Manassas, and drove them back, with heavy loss, to the latter place. On the same day occurred two skirmishes near Bull Run, one with some New Jersey troops, who were driven back to Centerville, and the other with a part of Gen. Cox's division, for the possession of the railroad bridge.

Thursday. On the afternoon of this day McDowell and Sigel encountered the enemy six miles west of Centerville, and a severe battle took place, lasting till darkness separated the combatants. According to Gen. Pope, the enemy was driven back at all points. But the action seems to have covered a wide area, and probably did not on the whole, much change the relative position of the parties.

Friday. This was a battle day from sunrise to sunset. Gen. Pope's history of it is comprised in his second dispatch, which was published Saturday evening. The attack was made by our troops—the enemy remaining on the defensive throughout—and night found us in possession of the field. Gen. Pope had with him the army corps of Hentzelman, Sigel and McDowell, who are supposed to have encountered 50,000 or 60,000 rebels. The scene of the battle was a few miles northwest of the site of the old Bull Run fight. It is of this engagement that McDowell telegraphs: "The victory is decidedly ours."

Saturday. Saturday morning opened with no new reinforcements for Gen. Pope. The army corps of Sumner and Franklin, which had been the last to leave the Peninsula, had arrived at Alexandria probably, and were on the march to his assistance. The rebels, on the other hand, must have been strongly reinforced on Friday night, otherwise they would not, on the heels of their defeat, have been able to renew the combat. As it was, they opened the fight on Saturday morning, and another severe struggle occupied the day. The result was, that Gen. Pope was compelled to fall back on the strong position of Centerville, which he did in good order. After the battle was over, Franklin came up with his corps, and Sumner was reported coming forward near at hand.

On Sunday there was only some slight skirmishing, and on Monday, the last yet, Pope was reinforced by about 60,000 men, including Franklin's, Sumner's, Porter's, Richardson's, Sedgewick's, and Cox's divisions, with Gen. Sturgis's new division and several Pennsylvania regiments.

The losses upon both sides, in all these battles—of which there have been no less than fifteen since the rebels advanced to the Rapidan—have been very large, particularly of which come in very slowly. Many prisoners were taken by both parties, but at several times, being unable to hold them, they were disarmed and paroled. About 1500 rebel prisoners, however, have reached Washington. Col. Fletcher Webster was killed; Col. Roberts, of 2d Maine, reported killed, is alive and well; Gen. Taylor was wounded and has since died, and the same is true of Senator Fessenden's son, of Portland.

On Saturday Burnside finding himself compelled to evacuate Fredericksburg, fell back to Aquia Creek, after blowing up the machine shop, burning the bridges, and destroying all the government property he could not take

away. His forces are now under the protection of the boats.

Part of the James river flotilla have left for the Potomac after demolishing City Point and dispersing the rebels. Appearances, too, would indicate that Norfolk is to be speedily evacuated and the troops moved for the protection of the Capital.

Baton Rouge is to be evacuated and perhaps destroyed. Breckinridge says the rebels with him will raise the black flag, and give no quarter.

Our troops have been defeated at Richmond, Ky, with heavy loss on both sides. The Governor calls on the citizens to rise for the protection of the State. Our forces retreated, and the enemy menace Cincinnati, which city, with Covington, and Newport, has been placed under martial law. Business is almost entirely suspended, and the railroad trains have stopped running.

Gen. McClellan is busily superintending matters around the Capital and organizing forces for its defence. The city is under martial law and the government clerks are forming into companies for service.

There is no truth in the report that the new levies have been pushed into battle. They will garrison forts and guard railroads for awhile before they will be put under fire.

On Monday evening, in an engagement near Chantilly, about two miles north of Fairfax Court House, between a portion of Pope's army and a rebel force that had again made its way to our rear, General Stevens and Gen. Philip Kearney were killed. Our loss was heavy, but the enemy were driven back.

Later.—Pope's army has fallen back upon the defenses around Washington, and it was during this retreat that the engagement took place in which Kearney and Stevens were killed. The rebels captured a train of a hundred wagons during the process.

There are reports of rebel demonstrations on the Upper Potomac, and it is said that heavy firing was heard at Leesburg on Wednesday. The omnipresent Jackson is reported to be on his way to Baltimore, by that route, with 40,000 men.

Cincinnati is still in an excited state, and active preparations are in progress for resisting the rebels, who are said to be a short distance from the city with 20,000 men. They occupy Lexington, 6000 strong.

The Portland Press states that the War Department has given Gen. Washburn permission to commission deserving privates and non-commissioned officers in the new regiments.

Among the sick soldiers at Portsmouth Grove, in Rhode Island, are two members of the Maine Third—Elias A. Rowe, Co. H, and Hiram J. Walker, Co. G. George S. Rollins, of Co. G, is in hospital at Alexandria, wounded.

FROST.—There was considerable frost last Tuesday night, sufficient in some places to injure vines and beans.

EDWARD CARSWELL, Esq., the distinguished Temperance Orator, will lecture in this vicinity as follows:—West Waterville, Sept. 11; Waterville, Sept. 12; Kendall's Mills, 13th.

The best time for transplanting evergreens, says an experienced nurseryman is during the months of August and September.

The U. S. bounty and advance is still paid to men enlisting in the old regiments.

The Popham celebration came off according to programme. An immense crowd was in attendance.

The Central American Colonization scheme has been abandoned.

A Citizens' Caucus, to nominate a candidate for town representative, has been called for Saturday at 4 o'clock afternoon, "per order."

DEED.—Daniel D. Noyes, of Brewer, mate of the gunboat Carondelet, of the Mississippi fleet, died in hospital at Mount City, Illinois, on the 15th inst. His age was 39 years. He was son of the late Dea. John Noyes, of Bangor, and leaves a wife and two children.

THAT MAN who recently put his hand carelessly into our drawer and abstracted the Scientific American, N. E. Farmer, and other papers, is Mr. — of this town!

CRUEL PERFDY.—It has been said that the negroes who were employed in cutting the Vicksburg ditch were sent back to their masters after the work was suspended. We can not believe that this is true; but if it be true, we will risk the charge of "negro sympathy" by denouncing it as an act of bad faith, as impolitic as it was cruel. Whatever may be the doubts about employing negroes, there can be no sort of doubt that when they are employed in our service, in whatever capacity, they should not be returned to rebel masters. He who strikes a willing, cheerful blow for the Union, be he slave or free, whether he strikes with the sword or the spade, should be held to a

