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

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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(CONCLUDED.)

The whole town was speedily astir with the news and excitement of this novel case. Not all the youth and beauty of the accused, and the esteem and favor with which she had been regarded by her own class, as well as the gentry of the castle, could overbalance the fearfully accusing stain of evidence against her.

First, was her well-known scorn and abhorrence of the laird's suit—her repeated angry threats and reproaches when he had urged her father's favor to his pretensions. The laird himself testified that, only the evening before, she had said bitterly to him that she would not be his wife, and that she would rather see him hanged than marry him. This was a direct insult to his honor, and a direct challenge to his authority.

Then three persons had seen her in the immediate vicinity of the fire building, just before the conflagration. Nay, on a wild rose-bush in the yard, was found a shred of the dress she wore, fitting exactly to the rent she mended in her chamber on that fatal evening. The cover found amid the ashes matched the box she herself had sought to hide from observation. Her own sister, when questioned, was compelled to own her mysterious absence and strange behavior. Her agitation at the accusation had been already witnessed by others beside her own home friends; and more than all, her obstinate refusal to give any explanation of her whereabouts throughout these fatal hours of absence from her sister's side, condemned her at once.

Grizelle had hastened to visit her in prison, but the interview was a sorrowful and distressing one. She would give no confidence in answer to her sister's affectionate appeals for sympathy; only would Rona moan and sigh, deploring her own hard fate, and using unintelligible language that more completely mystified her friends. Everything that was possible to be done for her was attempted by the Glenmarnock family; but no one of them, more than herself, dared indulge the wild hope of her acquittal under such a weight of accusing testimony.

With a deep, deep sigh, Grizelle left her in the lonely prison, and returned to their sorrowful home, where the poor old father, immured himself to hide—as he declared bitterly—his disgrace and shame from the sneering world.

It may seem strange that the honest, affectionate old man so readily abandoned all hope of his daughter's innocence, but the hapless cause was Rona herself. A single protestation of innocence—a word of entreaty for confidence and affection—would have awakened in his heart a faith and trust in her that not all the blackest evidence in the world could have shaken. But as it was, every word and act, from her sulky silence to her avoidance of commiseration, seemed to deepen the agonizing conviction of her guilt and unworthiness.

When Grizelle reached the little gate of the cottage, the three as yet the plaid, and stopping a moment, looked around drearily. Then it was she discovered a stranger—a young and handsome man, in the short coat, blue bonnet, plaid, and rig of stockings of the Celtic peasant, all of which, however, were belied by the haughtiness of the erect carriage and a nameless air of aristocratic high breeding, which the rough garments could not disguise. He bowed respectfully in answer to her look of surprise.

"You are Grizelle Dalstone, just returned from a visit to your sister Rona. May I venture to inquire how the hapless girl bears her cruel situation?"

Grizelle hesitated a moment. A suspicion long lingering in her mind suddenly took tangible form and her eyes flashed.

"Nay, interposed he, 'be not angry at my boldness. For your sister's sake, I implore you to answer me to confidence. Though a stranger to you, I am not unknown to Rona.'"

"I fear much you are not, sir," answered Grizelle, indignantly, "and sadly mistrust it is a wretched thing for her, her acquaintance with you is not as limited as mine."

"Perchance you speak the truth, young lady," replied he, sadly. "But what has already happened there is no undoing. It is for the future we must be wary. I implore you to tell me how Rona appears and looks."

The very way he pronounced the name—as if he had an undoubted right to use it freely—gave Grizelle a pang; but despite her prejudice against him, her compassion was awakened by the remorseful wretchedness of his face; so she answered all his questions briefly, but comprehensively.

"And the poor girl speaks no word to exculpate herself?" said he, while the tears dimmed the clear depths of his large gray eyes. "Noble, heroic Rona—I am wholly unworthy such devotion?"

Then he was lost in deep musing, from which her uneasy glance at the house aroused him.

"Miss Dalstone," said he abruptly, "if you love your sister, say to her to-morrow that you have seen me—no matter for a name—she will know who it is, and that I bid her take courage and fear nothing; that I will save her, though it be at the foot of the gallows."

Grizelle looked at his ashy cheek and quivering lips, and answered quietly:

"I will tell her what you say."

He bowed gratefully, turned away, and was quickly lost to view, while the troubled, perplexed sister turned to the cottage door. Arrived there, she was called to a sense of her own personal welfare by the sight of Captain Dumbarton, her English lover.

Poor Grizelle's heart died within her. For the first time came the thought of the danger which menaced her own peace. For what could she hope? She, whose sister might so soon meet the ignominious death of the gallows—she had thought herself unworthy of him before—was not their separation now a certain and almost inexorable necessity!

She appeared before her eager lover with cheeks white enough to have deserved the title of the snowiest rose that ever bloomed in Scotland; and not even venturing to touch his outstretched hand, said firmly though in a hoarse, unnatural voice—

"Doubtless, Captain Dumbarton, you have been informed of the sore grief that has fallen upon us. No one knows better than we the disgrace and shame it will heap upon our heads—innocent though we ourselves may be. Not for all the world would I involve you in such trying notoriety. Let me thank you once again for all your kindness and give you back all the promises you have made. Grizelle Dalstone will never bring reproach upon the name she loves."

As she said this, the poor girl closed her lips fiercely to keep back the sob that strove for utterance.

The young captain looked at her in astonishment, and then in admiration.

"My gentle Grizelle, my pure hearted rose," said he resolutely, "you have done your duty nobly. You give me back my promises and release me from my vows. I thank you for it."

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE....THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1861.

NO. 5.

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At the sound of his voice the prisoner unclasped her hands, and forgetting the multitude around her, cried wildly—

"Eustace, Eustace—forget! It is all in vain!"

A single glance of tender, reverential affection, and the intruder turned to the judge.

"It is please your honor, I would like to be sworn before I give in my confession, testimony, or whatever name you may choose to call it."

The request was complied with, when he proceeded calmly, although the hectic flush of excitement burned on either cheek.

"My name is Eustace Dumbarton, or Lord Ingalls, as I am known in England. Scarcely two months ago I was secretly married to Rona Dalstone, after an irregular form, yet in a legal and binding way, which I intend to be solemnized in a public manner when this honorable body shall have acquitted her of a crime her gentle innocence never meditated in thought."

He paused a moment to wait for the murmur of surprise to die away. Rona had started up, and was bending eagerly forward, her shining dark eyes, for the first time dewy with tears.

Grizelle, unheeding her lover's exclamation—by St. George, it is Eustace himself!—clapped her hands joyfully, with the removal of the secret grief that had most sorely pained her, in unutterable relief, murmuring—

"Thank heaven, her good name is safe!"

When it was still once more, Lord Ingalls continued—

"It is painful and disagreeable, as well as unusual, to relate here what is better fitted to a private circle of immediate friends; but the fair fame of my wife demands that every one here who has accused her of such serious crimes should understand the circumstances that have thrown upon her the dark shades of suspicion. Our marriage was kept secret, and I intend to make it a public one, and I intend to make it a public one, and I intend to make it a public one."

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"Ay," replied Rona, bitterly. "It is no worse than the rest you believe of me. Go, Grizelle—leave me at once: I can bear anything alone, but I cannot endure the sight of your contempt."

Poor Grizelle stood a moment dizzy with anguish, and then suddenly she sprang forward and drew her sister closely to her breast.

"I will ask nothing—I will think nothing. Oh, Rona, I love you—I can never despise you! My own dear sister, whose head has been laid with mine upon our dear mother's bosom, though all the world forsake you, yet Grizelle must cling to you always!"

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But Rona shook her head and closed her lips firmly.

"Alas! my sister, entreated the other, 'why destroy yourself for the sake of one who must have wronged you so deeply?'"

"Never, never!" was Rona's sole reply, as she turned away to escape those pleading eyes.

With an aching head Grizelle left her, and hurried home to prepare for her own visit to the court room. But when the dreaded hour of trial came, the frightened trembling girl had a strong arm to lean upon as she passed up the aisle amid the audible whispers—

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Then she raised that bright, dark eye, glistening with its fiery sparkle, and fixing it full on his face, never withdrew it until he had finished and turned to leave the stand.

The laird seemed to be conscious of that piercing gaze, and faltered once or twice, flushed crimson, and at last turned his face away as far as possible. As he withdrew, a smile of contempt curled her haughty lips, but it operated against her in the sentiments of the crowd.

On the second day the verdict was given. It was what had been anticipated by friend and foe—

"Guilty," and without any recommendation for mercy.

The obstinate silence of the poor girl had undoubtedly been the most cruel and powerful cause to prevent the accustomed sympathy for one of her youth, beauty and sex. It was evident both judge and jury believed her a spoiled, wilful beauty, malicious and evil minded enough to gratify her ill will, even in defiance of the law. The testimony of Lord Glenmarnock in her favor could not shake this opinion, since all believed it was given more for her father's sake than her own, and the townsfolk were well aware that Grizelle had ever been the favorite at the castle.

As the awful sentence was solemnly repeated, Rona's head sank into her clasped hands, so her face was hidden from sight. Grizelle, sick and dizzy, closed her eyes, endeavoring to frame a coherent prayer.

But in the midst of the thrilling silence that had settled on the crowded assembly, came a stir by the doorway, busy whispering and tramping feet, and then the sea of heads divided and gave to view three advancing forms

—a gentleman, a peasant and a veiled woman. The first was a tall, fine-looking man, whose every bearing gave evidence of high rank and elegant manners. He came forward, exchanged a few whispers with the lawyers, and then addressed the judge—

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This was unjust, and I told him that though I did not think so highly of Gold-mith's little tale as some did, I was far from despising an elegantly written and moral fable. I then said, "Dr. Johnson, will you do me the favor to come and see Blondin?"

He laughed, and said I was putting him to the experimentum crucis—when I afterwards thought a most delicious phrase, because the Frenchman had to "cross" the transcript. I doubt not I have lost hundreds of equally good things through my culpable negligence of transcription.

"Why, sir," he said, "if you had asked me to purchase a ticket for this sight I should have peremptorily refused, because I am not justified in contributing to bribe a fellow creature (who) only a Frenchman and a mountebank, to risk the loss of his life. But as you have paid for the tickets, and as I shall not repay you, the onus is with yourself, and I will accompany you."

"We are at the Crystal Palace," I remarked, as the train entered the station.

"The building is not of crystal, nor is it a palace," said my illustrious friend.

The name, I said humbly, was given by Mr. Punch.

"Mr. Punch is a great authority," said Dr. Johnson, removing his hat for a moment, "and I will accept his nomenclature. The fact had escaped me."

So ready was he to own an error when it was properly brought before him.

"Mr. Punch," he continued, is most fortunate in selecting denominations. It was he who gave the name of *Academy* to that new arcade garden and locality at South Kensington, a name which I observe the journals are all adopting without acknowledgement of the original inventor. But few can so well afford to be robbed, though the wealth of the Bank of England is no excuse for the criminality of the burglar."

We proceeded across the beautiful garden, and my reverend friend, whose classic recollections were ever ready, pointed to the Mercury on one of the water temples, and remarked that there was a Blondin ready to exhibit. I said, "Sat in athenium," but was immediately and sternly rebuked by my honored friend for light use of a word signifying eternally. "But," he added playfully, "do not be cast down, for you yourself are an everlasting donkey."

This reassured me, and we ascended to the gallery and took our seats. Gazing down upon the vast area, on the sides of which and around it, were nearly 10,000 persons, Dr. Johnson whispered to me—

"Do you think as many persons would come to see you supported by a single cord?"

I felt hurt, for though I am conscious of many shortcomings, it was wounding to think that the greatest moralist of the age had ever seriously contemplated my coming to be hanged.

"Do not be a fool," said Dr. Johnson, kindly. "I will repose in your Scotch mausoleum, followed by an innumerable array of semi-dressed Caledonian bores; so be happy and survey mankind!"

The Frenchman came upon the rope, ran, tumbled, stood upon his head, feigned to slip, lay down, walked backwards blindfolded, and performed his other extraordinary gymnastic feats at a height of 180 feet from the floor that had been cleared below. Military music played, the vast assembly applauded, and tears came into my eyes.

"What are you blubbering for?" said my illustrious friend. "Do you envy that poor acrobat in his triumph, or do you imagine that you yourself could perform those feats better?" In the first alternative the sentiment is unworthy; the second, the vanity is egregiously so.

"Thus did he ever seek to improve my mind and heart, and what do I not owe to him?" I told him, however, that he misjudged me, and that I was weeping to think that 10,000 of my fellow creatures had assembled to derive excitement from the chance of a French mountebank breaking his neck.

"Spare your tears and stow your twaddle," responded my venerable friend. "They have come for no such savage purpose. They have heard that a person has acquired the art of safely walking on a suspended cord, and they evince a laudable desire to witness a triumph of courage and skill. Do not degrade your fellow creatures to the level of the Roman spectators of gladiator fights? Is there one person in that crowd who would turn up the thumb, if doing so would bring down that acrobat to that floor?"

I did not dare to remind him that he had summarily crushed my own plex in his clamorous, but I asked him whether he would take anything to drink. He was condescending enough to partake of a bottle of Scotch ale with me, and seasoned it by a good humored gibe at my selecting liquor bearing the name of my country.

The health of the French acrobat, with the American reputation, in a tumbler of Scotch ale!" he said.

"Drunk by Dr. Johnson," I ventured to add, "whose reputation is neither French nor American, nor Scotch, nor English, but universal."

"You are a humbug," said my venerated friend. "You care nothing for the fellow's courage or skill, but you have a vulgar desire to go with the multitude, and, perhaps, a concealed hope that you may be present at a painful catastrophe."

I urged that the Prince of Wales, my Sovereign's eldest son, had witnessed the sight, and rewarded the performer with a medal.

My honored friend became exceedingly angry. "Do not," he said, "drag the name of a member of the royal family of these realms (royal de facto, he added with a murmur to himself) into your miserable plea. The Prince of

report. As soon as I receive any information respecting any one of them I will instantly communicate it.

With many thanks to the citizens of Waterville and vicinity for the numerous kindnesses they have always shown us, and for the deep interest they manifested in our safety, I am, Yours respectfully,

W. S. HEATH.

LATER.—Under date of July 31, Captain Heath writes to us again as follows:—"Since I closed my letter to you I have received intelligence that Wm. C. Judkins, then reported as wounded, died yesterday morning at the hospital in Georgetown. I am informed that he received as good attention and was as well cared for, as circumstances would permit."

The Eastern Mail.

EDW. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . AUG. 8, 1861.

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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."

MASKED BATTERIES.—Beware, boys, of masked batteries! You know the mischief they work. They have various forms, and are located at various places; but they always work mischief. There are several of them in Main street, and for fear that they should be brought to bear upon you, we will point out two or three of them.

That tobacco behind Mr. Whatsname's counter, is a masked battery. Nobody ever came within its reach without repenting it. Mr. Whatsname may be a good man, but he doesn't know how much mischief he is doing. Tobacco is doing more harm to the world than rum! You don't believe this, but we do; and Mr. Whatsname will yet feel deep repentance that he ever encouraged its use. Beware, boys, of his masked battery!

That screen, that you see as you pass the saloon door, is a masked battery. You know this without being told—for why do men or boys go behind that screen for anything that is honest and proper? Did you ever go near enough to read what is written upon it?—"Come behind here, boys," it says, "and do what you are ashamed to be seen doing!—come behind here and be cheated, by giving your money for what will do you more hurt than good! Come behind here, and conceal a bad example! Come behind here, and see how mean a business we carry on—see how we mislead boys and ruin men; how we get our living by doing evil to others; how we make drunkards and promote poverty; how we wring the hearts of fathers and mothers by enticing their boys to ruin! Come behind here, boys, men, women, children, and see what the screen tries to hide.

Those little dog kennels, in the shop below, are masked batteries indeed. What kind of goods do men sell, whose customers have to go into those dirty holes and shut the door?—Better by far go into the lock-up. These holes are indeed masked batteries for men. More drunken men come out of these holes than go into them. Keep watch at the door, boys, and see who are the customers. Men with red faces and fattered characters enter there—men with "blue ruin" written all over them. They have faced masked batteries before. They think their disgrace is a secret, while everybody knows they have been "battered" till there is little left of them. Watch the door, boys, for nobody goes into those dog holes except to conceal their shame.

These are not the only masked batteries we could point out to the boys of our village. There are others more dangerous, because more deeply masked. Go to the Selectmen of the town, boys, and ask them to protect you from them!—and tell them that if they fail to do it, the deep responsibility is theirs. Go, boys of Waterville, and lay your interests before them, and ask them how they dare, in the face of God and the voters of the town, thus to neglect their duty! Possibly, they may hear you.

VISITORS TO THE CAMP.—Several of our citizens left here yesterday morning on an excursion to the seat of war, and more particularly to the encampments of the Maine troops. The party consists of Joshua Nye, Esq., Rev. Mr. Hawes, Dr. G. F. Waters, and Mr. Moore, a member of the College. They are bearers of numerous tokens from kind friends at home, and will be heartily greeted as among those whose good works have proved their devotion to the interests of the soldiers. We should like to be of their number, when they grasp the hands of "Our boys" in the camp—all of them, God bless them! And we almost feel the grasp, as we think about it, of the genial champion of the 3d, and the captains of G and H, with the scores of good fellows who gather around their old and tried friends, to ask more questions than there will be time to answer. Friends will indeed meet friends in that greeting.

From the official report of Maj. Henry G. Staples, who commanded the 3d Regiment on the day of the late battle, we make the following extract, leaving each one to make his own comments:—

I would take this opportunity to mention the heroic conduct of several officers of the Regiment, and particularly of Capt. E. Burr, of the Regimental Staff, who met me on the way, and tendered his valuable services to me in the capacity of Adjutant. Captain Henshaw, before leaving camp with his Company, offered a brief prayer, and was heard to say to his men, "Trust in God—stand by the flag, and you will know no fear!" They stood by it one and all, and the Captain cared not for his own comfort, but ministered to the wants of his command, and conducted in safety a part of the wounded to the camp. Captain Sawyer, Captain Heath, Lieutenants Hatch, Wiggin, Colson, Hall, Johnson, Watson, Savage and Harvey, evinced true courage, kept their positions during the engagement till ordered to retire, and ministered to the wants of the suffering.

OUR TABLE.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The illustrations in the August number are—"Summer in Maine," a charming picture, and a portrait of Rev. Dr. Zachariah Paddock. The reading matter is good, with perhaps more than the usual number of stories; but no one will object to this arrangement, while they are so well chosen. The Ladies' Repository is published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at \$2 a year. J. P. Magee, Boston; agent for New England.

THE PLAYMATE.—Month after month this little magazine comes full freighted with nice things for its young patrons—stories, sketches of travel, essays, anecdotes, poetry, &c., with pretty pictures innumerable. The July number is at hand, and its young readers will be pleased with its attractive pages and instructed and improved by its lessons of wisdom and virtue. Published by Wm. Guild & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—Its passage through fire seems, only to have improved this magazine, and it is apparently brighter and better than before. Jacob Abbott continues his story of "Pistols and Bravery" in the August number, which is brimful of the nicest reading for little folks, very prettily illustrated. Robert Merry and Hiram Hatch, the two editors, know just what their young readers need. Published by J. N. Stearns, 111 Fulton st., New York.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—The contents of the July number are as follows:—"The Life and Letters of Schleiermacher. The Salmon Fisheries of England and Wales. The Critical Theory and Writings of H. F. Maine. Mr. Mill on Representative Government. The Counties of Albany. Equatorial Africa and its Inhabitants. Mr. Buckle's History of Civilization in England. Christian Creeds and their Defenders. Contemporary Literature." The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 54 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription:—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; all four Reviews \$5; 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.

New volumes of the four Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly with the July numbers, and the present is therefore a favorable time to commence subscriptions.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, sends us the following, all of which can be obtained of C. K. Matthews, Waterville:—

The Man who didn't take a Paper. Song. By L. A. Heath.

God Save the Queen. Transcription for the Piano. By Adolph Bouccluch.

The Old Playground. Words by H. Monford. Music by L. Clarke.

Father Malloy. As sung by Henry Drayton in his Pastor Operas.

If I could change as others change. Ballad. Music by M. W. Ballie.

The War of Redemption.

All is apparently very quiet, though both sides are busily at work. Little is known, at least outside of official circles, of the designs and employment of the secessionists. The idea of direct attack upon Washington has probably been abandoned, it not being consonant with rebel policy to make a bold stroke anywhere. The defenses of the upper Potomac have been looked to by government and the rebels are now turning their attention to the lower portion of the river, where batteries have been constructed which threaten to interfere with navigation and trouble our folks. Several rebel vessels were recently destroyed on the Potomac river by an expedition under Lieut. Crosby; a Boston brig, seized by the rebels, was destroyed, with her cargo, at Cape Hatte ras, recently, by a party from the U. S. steamer Union; and extensive captures have been made by a U. S. steamer off Galveston.

Gen. Scott will not recognize the Southern Confederacy by exchanging prisoners. He will release on parole of honor. All the Confederate troops, sixty in number, recently taken prisoners in Western Virginia, and conveyed to Grafton, have been released on their parole. Those recently under Col. Pegram, also taken prisoners, have likewise been released. Our wounded soldiers, in Southern hospitals are kindly cared for and well treated.

A Congressional Investigating Committee find large numbers of disunionists employed in the several departments. It is time a thorough cleaning out was had.

The State of Missouri is in loyal hands.—The convention have declared the offices of Governor, Lieut. Governor, and Secretary of State vacant, and organized a provisional government to hold round until the next regular election in August, 1862. Hamilton R. Gamble, of St. Louis, has been appointed Provisional Governor, and vigorous measures have been inaugurated for the maintenance of law and order and the preservation of the State in the Union. Jackson and his coadjutors are making quite a formidable demonstration in Southern Missouri; but Fremont of course is watching their movements, and will no doubt see that they are properly received when they make an advance.

It is confidently said that there are hopeful indications of returning reason in North Carolina, and several other Southern States—the loyal men only needing a little encouragement, and support to make themselves formidable to the secessionists.

The late elections in Kentucky have resulted in large Union majorities.

Congress adjourned on Tuesday. All the bills which passed both Houses, were approved by the President, who yielded a reluctant approval to that for the confiscation of property used for rebellious purposes. Among them was one increasing the pay of volunteers \$2 a month. Also one providing for raising twenty millions of dollars by a direct tax and internal duties—the share of our State being \$420,826. This will be assessed in April, 1861, and will be laid upon real estate, spirituous liquors, carriages, gold and silver watches, incomes, when over \$800, stocks, &c. [Since modified.] Property to the amount of five hundred dollars for each individual, as well as all exempted by the laws of the State will not be taxed.

THE ARMY WORM.—This destructive pest, we are sorry to learn, has made its appearance on the Penobscot, and in some other portions of the State.

HORSE TRAIT.—See advertisement of trial of speed on Commencement day, at the grounds of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society. Entries can be made with the Secretary at the Eastern Mail office.

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 Clremont 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 Clifton 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 last, 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. Asher 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 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-year-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 DuPont, "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 Regiment, 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.

RISEING STAR LODGE, No. 7, I. O. of G. T.—The following are its officers for the ensuing quarter:—

Alpha P. Davis, M. 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 Love, W. O. G.
Miss Anna A. Prescott, W. R. H. S.
Miss Amanda Goodwin, 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 YOKEL.—"Why, Lucy! you are the last person I expected to find working on the Sabbath! How do you reconcile this with your profession?" 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 all 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 P. 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 to command a company in charge of baggage, before the battle, and was immediately taken sick. He will probably soon resume duty.

O, YOU WRESTON!—The editor of the Lewiston Journal recently declined an invitation to eat turtle soup at a popular saloon in his village—so he says in plain English! His only apology was a "previous engagement!" Was he engaged to be hung?—or possibly only to be married? Will Messrs. Whitman & Co. pass their next invitation this way?

TERRIBLE CAUTION TO TATTTLERS!—A beautiful little spaniel dog, the property of Col. Shurtleff of Winslow, had contracted the habit of concealing itself in the bushes till "car time," and then rushing out and "blabbing" at the passing train. The folly had been overlooked, till one day last week, just after the cars had passed, the poor little dog's head and body were found on opposite sides of an iron rail, with indications that some hard substance had interrupted the foolish game the two had been playing together! Poor little Tray!—and solemn warning!

THE SAME OLD TRICK.—Notwithstanding the hundreds of cases reported of fire from filling fluid lamps while burning, there was recently an alarm of fire in our streets from this cause. Nobody was injured, though the escape was a narrow one. We mention it for the benefit of those who have not yet learned that they who attempt this feat, do so at the hazard of their lives.

STRANGE!—We are assured that one day last week a woman—"the holy name of woman!" called at a store in Waterville with a half bushel of potatoes, three pounds of butter and twenty eggs, all which she wished to exchange for new rum! But this is not the "strange" part of the story—the trader, who does not deny that he sells rum, refused to make the degrading barter, and paid money, instead of rum! This is the strange part. Perhaps he had a wife or daughters, and tho' the name of woman too sacred to be bartered for rum. Perhaps the little domestic comforts of butter, eggs and potatoes were too closely associated with memories of home happiness to be exchanged for what brings poverty and bitterness to so many families that would otherwise share the "little luxuries of unambitious poverty."

WHO IS TO BLAME.—The Washington Republican is disposed to divide the blame of the recent disaster as follows:—

"That for the intended advance upon Richmond, rests upon the President and the political Administration."

"That for the battle of July 21, rests upon the military authorities, who took their own time and manner, and were not interfered with in any degree whatever, either by restraint or precipitation."

HOW THE BATTLE WAS WON.—The Richmond Dispatch gives an account of the late battle from its special correspondents, from which it appears Gen. Johnston arrived with his force from Winchester between 2 and 3 o'clock, when the battle was at its height. The Dispatch says:—

Between 2 and 3 o'clock large numbers of men were leaving the field, some of them wounded, others exhausted by the long struggle, who gave us gloomy reports; but as the fire on both sides continued steadily, we felt sure that our brave Southerners had not been conquered by the overwhelming hordes of the North. It is, however, due to truth to say that the result of this hour hung trembling in the balance. We had lost numbers of our most distinguished officers. Generals Bartow and Bee had been stricken down; Lieutenant Colonel Johnson of the Hampton Legion had been killed; Colonel Hampton had been wounded, but there was at hand the fearless general whose reputation as a commander was staked on this battle; General Beauregard promptly offered to lead the Hampton legion into action which he executed in a style unsurpassed and unsurpassable.

Gen. Beauregard rode up and down our lines between the enemy and his own men, regardless of the heavy fire, cheering and encouraging our troops. About this time a shell struck his horse, taking its head off, and killing the horses of his aids, Messrs. Ferguson and Hayward. Gen. Johnston also threw himself into the thickest of the fight, seizing the colors of a Georgia regiment and rallying them to the charge. His staff signalled themselves by their intrepidity, Col. Thomas being killed and Maj. Mason wounded.

Your correspondent heard Gen. Johnston exclaim to Gen. Cooke just at this critical moment:—"Oh for two regiments!" His wish was answered, for in the distance our reinforcements appeared. The tide of battle was turned in our favor by the arrival of Gen. Kirby Smith, from Winchester, with 4000 men of Gen. Johnston's division. Gen. Smith heard while on the Manassas railroad cars the roar of battle. He stopped the train and hurried his troops across the field to the point just where he was most needed.

DROWNED.—We learn by the Boston Journal, that a young man named Goodwin, of Fairfield, was drowned in South Dedham, Mass., on Sunday, while bathing.

The closing paragraph of Joseph Holt's glorious speech at Louisville is a splendid peroration:—"Even as with the Father of us all I would plead for salvation, so, my countrymen, upon my very knees, would I plead with you for the life, eye for the life, of our great and beneficent institutions. But if the traitors' knife now at the throat of the republic is to do its work, and this government is fated to add yet another to that long line of sepulchres which whiten the highway of the past, then my heartfelt prayer to God is that it may be written in history, that the blood of its life was not found upon the skirts of Kentucky."

REVENUE AGTS.—Through a committee of conference the two Houses of Congress, on Friday, agreed on the tax bills. The Washington correspondent of the New York World says:—

"The feature increasing the Morrill tariff, and placing a duty of ten per cent. upon its free list was stricken out, and the old bill allowed to remain as it was, with the exception of an increased duty on silks and liquors, and a duty of two cents a pound on sugar, three and a half cents on coffee, and fifteen cents on tea. Added to this bill is the one for direct taxation and an income tax. By the former twenty millions are to be raised, while an in-

come tax of three per cent. on all amounts over eight hundred dollars is levied. The direct tax is to be collected through general assessors, one of which is to be appointed by the President for each State. The amount which will be raised by this bill as passed is estimated by the Senate Finance Committee to be one hundred millions per annum!"

The New York Evening Post says:—

"Among the regulations for collecting a direct tax is one which levies a rate of three per cent. on all incomes over \$800 per annum. An income tax is a novel feature of taxation in this country; but it has long been common among most of the nations of Europe—so common that the people have ceased to think it extraordinary. The English government was the last, we believe, to impose an income tax. In France salaries have been made to contribute to the revenue for many years, in common with property; and the greater part of the revenue is raised by direct taxation."

In the present extraordinary emergency every man will be willing to contribute to the necessary expenses of the Government. We must pay because Davis and his fellows choose to mutiny against the Government they long served. Every man, woman and child in the nation thus feels the burden which these traitors have laid upon us. Let the people remember, when they pay their taxes, that it is the rebels—who thus burden us—and that the sooner we put down these conspirators against our liberties and against the Union, the sooner will the nation be relieved from those vast expenses, which but for this foul treason, it would never have been called to defray."

GRAND DIVISION, S. O. T.—The quarterly session of the Grand Division of Sons of Temperance of Maine, held in this city on Tuesday, was a very pleasant and harmonious one, although the attendance was not so large as was anticipated. About fifty or sixty delegates were in attendance, and about twenty-five new members were initiated. The report of the Grand Scribe shows that there are 214 Divisions in the State, which have initiated during the past quarter 859 members and 905 visitors. The whole number of members is about 13,500, and of visitors 14,800. Altho' the increase for the past quarter has been less than usual, the Order is in a very encouraging condition, considering the present state of the country.

A public meeting was held at the First Baptist Church on Tuesday evening, which was presided over by Rev. D. B. Randall, of Gardner. G. W. P. of the Grand Division, and earnest and stirring addresses were made by Dr. Colby, of Portland, Hon. N. G. Hichborn, of Stockton, and Messrs. John S. Kibbald, and E. F. Drake of Bangor, and Moore of Belfast.—[Rockland Gazette.

DR. GARCELON, Surgeon in Chief of Maine Volunteers, has returned to Lewiston and furnishes the following particulars in relation to the Surgeons now prisoners. The facts were gained from R. N. Gray, of the 4th Maine Regiment who escaped:—

Dr. Allen, son and hired man, of Orono, of the Maine 2d Regiment, were prisoners. The doctor had been put in charge by the rebels of a hospital about half way between Manassas and Bull Run, in which there had been 40 wounded federal prisoners, seven of whom had died.

Dr. Buxton, of Warren, of the Maine 5th, was also a prisoner, and had been put in charge of a hospital at Manassas, in a barn, in which were a number of our wounded.

Dr. Hunkins, of Windham, of the Maine 4th, was still missing, and nothing has been heard from him. He was last seen at the commencement of the panic, calling upon our soldiers not to leave their wounded, and in other respects acting like a brave and true man.

MUNIFICENT DONATION.—It was announced at the late meeting of the Alumni of Yale College, that the Scientific Department of that Institution had received during the collegiate year a second donation of \$50,000 from Joseph E. Sheffield, Esq., of New Haven. The course of education in this department is essentially that of the Polytechnic Schools of Europe, and is designed to fit young men for commercial and other practical pursuits, as well as for the direct applications of science.

AN ARGUMENT AGAINST ECONOMY IN TIME OF WAR.—Rev. T. B. Thayer, of Boston, in a sermon delivered last Sunday, made the following timely suggestions:—"The state of the times demands liberality and a generous expenditure on the part of those who have the means, whose income is greater than their wants. Such as these should not study economy, should not aim to save as much and spend as little as possible. I hear many of this class talking of retrenchment, of reducing their expenses, of denying themselves and families this and that to which they have been accustomed. I say no. This is a mistaken policy. Why should you save? You are in no danger of suffering. Why should you spend less, you who have more than enough, while thousands around are wanting employment and bread, and have nothing? What is to become of this class if every rich man, every family whose income exceeds, by much or little, their current expenses, begins economizing and diminishing expenditures to the lowest point possible? What is to become of these people without work or money? They must live? They must have bread. Give them employment and they will earn it. If you do not they must still have bread, that is certain, and somebody must furnish it. No, I say again, saving closely with those who have abundant means is false policy in such times as the present. Suppose your income has been annually \$4000, and has now fallen to \$3000—and suppose you have lived at an expense of \$3000, is it wisdom, is it mercy to reduce your expenses to \$2000 on the plea of hard times? It is not hard times for you. Better far keep on spending your \$3000. Do not expect to save anything while the war lasts, and thousands are out of employment. Live as you have lived—spend all your income, even if you never did before. Every new hat or coat, every new sofa or carpet, every new book or household ornament furnishes work and bread to idle men. Every new bonnet or dress gives employment to needlewomen who are struggling with poverty and suffering. How much better to pay them the money and leave them their self respect and independence, than by and by to give it to them as a charity, humiliating and painful."

ONE OF FATHER QUINN'S JOKES.—Father Quinn, of the Rhode Island First, is a wit, as well as a priest. While in Washington with his regiment, he was invited to visit Fort Corcoran, on the other side of the Potomac, and see the work which had been done by the New York Sixty Ninth. He accepted the invitation, and was much pleased with the appearance of the fort, which had grown into being through the hard labor, with pick and shovel, of the soldiers.

"Why," they talk of Southern chivalry, but it can't hold a candle to Northern chivalry!"

Dr. Buxton, of Warren, of the Maine 5th

