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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 23): December 12, 1861

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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[From Peterson's Magazine for January.]  
**NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.**

BY EMILY J. ADAMS.

Now I lay me down to sleep;  
 Day with all its toils is done;  
 Slumberous spells begin to steep  
 All my senses, one by one;  
 And, until the rising sun,  
 "Now I lay me down to sleep,"  
 Down to sleep, sweetly sleep,  
 Till the rising of the sun.

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep;"  
 Watching o'er my slumbering here,  
 Through the night-time still and deep,  
 Safe from every doubt and fear,  
 From each danger lurking near,  
 "I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"  
 Still to keep, safely keep,  
 Me from every danger near.

"If I die before I wake,"  
 Death for me, death waiting stand—  
 May no fears of death be made,  
 Though to lead me from the land,  
 He, perchance, may take my hand;  
 And, for my sweet Jesus' sake,  
 Gently, for His gentle sake,  
 May He hold me by the hand.

"I pray the Lord my soul to take;"  
 White-robed, with the harp and crown,  
 Sweetest melodies to wake,  
 Every earthly sense to dawn,  
 May He send His angels down;  
 "If I die before I wake,"  
 Upward flights with me to make,  
 May He send His angels down.

From the Student and Schoolmate.  
**THE BOY WHO CHEATED HIMSELF.**

BY MERTHA AEA.

Is your lesson ready, Edward?" said Miss Webster in a pleasant tone.

"No, ma'am," was the quick reply, and as his teacher turned away, the face of the boy betrayed the anger he felt.

She took no notice of his answer, but taking a book out to read; nor did she say a word to him until an hour had passed away, very profitably to herself, but it proved very tiresome to her pupil who had been doing nothing but plan how he should avoid that *proving grammar lesson*. He could have learned it in ten minutes, but he wasn't going to please Miss Webster enough for that, so he was shut up one hour in the school room on that beautiful afternoon, and that hour was squandered.

"Well, Edward, it must be ready now," she said, as she approached.

But the boy pressed both hands upon his brow, burning with rage, and said, "I can't study, for my head aches."

His teacher knew him too well to suppose this was any thing more than an excuse, but not wishing to appear to doubt his word, she gave him permission to go.

"Why, Ned," said Mrs. Davis, "where have you been since school?"

"That hateful teacher kept me in after school; I'll pay her for it tomorrow, though."

"What mischief have you been doing now?" said the mother.

"Not a bit, mother, only I never learn my grammar lessons; you see I get Charlie Payson to hold my book so that I can read them off, but at recess to day, we had a glorious time making little Fred Homer rot in old Mr. Haytop's ploughed ground. You know, mother, he looks just like a pig, or he would if he only went on four legs and was more fond of mud, and we just thought we would make an improvement in him. I really believe he'd be a Farmer Haytop would take him for one of his pigs and pen him up, by the way he ran away when we let him go. The bell rung before he finished washing his face, so he was late in, and he's got to lose his recess tomorrow. I'm sorry for that, because we can't have any fun with him. Well, our grammar class was called to recite, and when it came my turn, Miss Webster told me my hands were not clean, and sent me to wash them. They were all covered with mud, that stuck to them, when I was teaching Fred to rot, and it took me some time to get it off; then I thought I wouldn't go in till my class had finished reciting and get rid of my lesson, but when I went in, Miss Webster told me to recite, and I couldn't say a word of it, so I had to stay after school; but I pretended to have the headache, and she let me go. She didn't make much that time."

"I'm afraid you are a bad boy, Ned," said his mother.

But Ned didn't believe she thought so, for she had looked very much amused through the whole story.

"Now, mother, you'd have me be like Jim Steep and crawl round as meek as Moses, would you?"

"No, no, Ned," said the fond mother, "you're a smart boy, but I'm afraid you'll get into mischief sometimes."

"Smart boy, indeed!" said grandmother, who had been nodding in her chair, but awakened in time to hear the last of the conversation.

"He'll come to some awful place yet, if he don't mend his ways, and you'll—"

"The circus, or ball-room, you mean, don't you?" interrupted Ned.

"Your father always loved his books, when he was a boy, and behaved well at school; I fear you'll not grow up to be as good as—"

"I know the rest, you needn't trouble yourself to tell me," said Ned. "I learned that lesson long ago."

"This is the only lesson you ever did learn," replied she; "I would be a pity to forget it!"

Just then a huge basket came down over grandmother's head.

"You little rascal," she screamed, as she released herself from it, and gave it a toss just in time to lodge on the head of the retreating Ned. Mrs. Davis sent Ned out of doors, and thus established peace.

The next morning Ned came into school half an hour late; he had played on the way. He failed in Arithmetic, because the boy who sat with him was absent, and he could not copy his examples. He threw his geography out at the window, and told his teacher somebody had stolen it. He missed his spelling lesson, for the leaf was torn out of his book. That was true enough, but he tore it out to roll into little balls to throw at Tom Steady, whispering to him at the same time that he feared he would injure his health if he applied himself so closely to study. Ned had to remain after school; the teacher stepped into the entry a moment, and he cast a wishful glance at the open window. It would be so easy to jump out—and in a moment he had followed his missing geography. He half repented it, when he was safely out, but dared not go back. In the afternoon he persuaded his mother to let him remain at home.

"Edward, you may come to me," said Miss Webster, the next morning, soon after school commenced. He came and stood before her, trying to look unconcerned. She talked to him seriously and kindly, and then asked, "for what do you come to school?" This was a hard question for a boy who came for no purpose but to enjoy himself as best he might, and he did not reply.

"You do not come to study," continued she; "if so, you fail entirely of your object; you are receiving no benefit yourself, and are setting a bad example to others; you are wasting your time, and I fear I waste much on your account. If you intend to continue as you have done, you may as well remain at home, no one can teach you if you will not learn, but if you will promise to try to obey the rules of the school, I will do all in my power to assist you. Are you willing to try?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the bumble answer.

# The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1861.

NO. 23.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, DEC. 12, 1861.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 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. M. PETTINGILL, (successor to T. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 137 Broadway, New York, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

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'."

Now!—Yes, now cover up your plants, vines and shrubs, if you have neglected them. Chip dirt, straw, coarse manure and chaff are each good. Many things accustomed to pass the winter unprotected, would yet derive benefit from little comforts of this kind. Try them on your currants, raspberries, gooseberries, roses, strawberries, rhubarb, asparagus, and other choice things that you ought to have;—and don't forget to report to us if they are injured by it. Say nothing about the increased crops you get next year. That is your benefit from taking the Mail.

**NARROW ESCAPE.**—Col Johnson Williams had a very narrow escape from injury on Monday. On coming out of his gate to pass down College-st. he discovered a runaway horse and truck sled dashing furiously towards him from Elm st. Supposing the horse would pass up College st., he retreated to the side walk and took refuge behind one of the elms near his gate. Just as the horse arrived within a few rods, he turned suddenly to the right, and dashed upon the walk just where the Colonel was standing. Fortunately the sled struck the tree, touching Col. W. only enough to throw him down, without doing him any injury. The tree bears marked evidence of the kindness it rendered him.

Our fine sleighing, which came into active service almost with the month, has gone as gently as it came. Four or five days was the extent of its usefulness—only that it gave token of the energy and activity in business that wait to be developed. Up to the 11th, the weather has been exceedingly mild since December came in.

**DEATHS IN 8TH AND 9TH MAINE REGIMENTS.**—Up to Nov. 18th the deaths in these regiments, which are a part of General Sherman's force at Port Royal, were as follows:

**Eighth Maine.**—Phil. H. Briggs, Nov. 10, variola. Geo. H. Hubbard, Nov. 17, larynxitis. Hiram Trafton, Nov. 14, congestive fever. Geo. B. Philbrook, Nov. 26, pneumonia. Charles Frazier, Nov. 26, pneumonia.

**Ninth Maine.**—Jos. Hannibal, Oct. 25, congestive fever. Ed. K. Eaton, Oct. 30, congestive fever. John A. Dodge, Nov. 4, pneumonia. Silas Grant, Nov. 13, congestive fever. Roscoe G. Stevens, Nov. 16, congestive fever. Newman French, Nov. 10, remittent fever. Lucius L. Proctor, Nov. 18, acute bronchitis. Albert Nash, Nov. 14, acute bronchitis.

**WAR OF REDEMPTION.**—We have had a very quiet week, very little of interest having transpired since our last.

Through rebel channels we get news of a battle at Morristown, East Tennessee, where a large rebel force is said to have been routed with considerable loss by a federal force under the famous Parson Brownlow.

The extensive preparations on the Mississippi have filled the rebels below Cairo with terror. A dispatch from Memphis to the Nashville Patriot represents that place in great excitement relative to an expected invasion of Federal troops by land and water.

The plan of Gen. Halleck is said to be, not to proceed down the Mississippi, but up the Tennessee river, where his forces (75,000 strong) will leave the river and march in the rear of Columbus, Hickman and other points, towards Memphis. This maneuver will compel the rebels at Columbus and other points to fall back on Memphis, thus leaving the river clear for the gunboats and transportation vessels to pass up and down unmolested. No defenses have been thrown up on the Tennessee river by the rebels, and the continual running up and down that stream of gunboats, has kept the shores entirely clear of masked batteries and fortifications. The column of Major General Halleck will move forward in conjunction with Gen. Buell's division of 80,000 men from Louisville, which proceeds through Kentucky via Bowling Green to Nashville.

Gen. Wool is anxious to advance on Richmond, but whoever attempts to move over that road will find it emphatically a hard one to travel.

Gov. Letcher, of Virginia, urges a forward movement on the part of the rebels, and wishes to transfer the conflict from the Potomac to the banks of the Susquehanna. No doubt that would be very gratifying to them, but it cannot be done.

We get no direct news from Fort Pickens yet.

A letter from Fort Royal says one Quartermaster, on his own responsibility, had set forty cotton gins at work. The negroes received three cents a pound for all marketable cotton, and they have gone into the business with enthusiasm. Rebel authority announces the evacuation of Tybee Island by our troops, but the report is not credited at Washington.

The contraband question is exciting a good deal of interest at headquarters, and provoking much discussion in Congress. Most likely

the ultimate conclusion will be to confiscate the slaves and all other property of the rebels and their aiders and abettors, but not to interfere with those of the Unionists.

In Tennessee, a reign of terror has been inaugurated, and thousands of Unionists are fleeing to Kentucky to escape rebel imprisonment.

Garrett Davis has been elected Senator from Kentucky, in place of John C. Breckinridge, traitor, expelled.

The report that the rebel General, Zollicoffer, had advanced north of the Cumberland river is contradicted.

## Our Boston Letter.

Boston, Dec. 9, 1861.

Slidell and Mason—Wilkes' Oration—Grocery Literature—Philosophy of the Dinner Table.

The arrival of those arch traitors, Mason and Slidell, at Fort Warren and of the San Jacinto at the Navy Yard, created quite a sensation, I will say, a great sensation, especially when its heroic commander showed himself in Faneuil Hall. The "Cradle of Liberty" was fairly rocked by the thundering applause which shook its very foundation. One round well repeated was not 'good cheer' enough for that man who did not shrink to 'take the responsibility' and who was then before them to 'take the consequences,' but every man in the audience must needs make himself a little hoarse (on which, you will say to ride his hobby) before giving way to the sweet strains of music. But all their enthusiasm was well merited and as meekly borne by the 'hero of the day.' A most characteristic speech that of his—consistent with all his previous actions and, no doubt, future acts, will not fall much short of their predecessors. We did our duty for the Union, and are prepared to do it again! and if the past is any criterion of the future, we know they will. May they have as good an opportunity again presented where in fresh laurels will be well won and many a rebel be made acquainted with Col. Dimmick and Fort Warren. Capt. Wilkes should be granted exclusive control of the 'seizure and restraint' of rebel emissaries 'of all kinds,' that they may be one by one marched into Fort Warren till by their consequent weakness the rebels be compelled to cry 'hold! hold!' But this is not telling you of my interview with Capt. Wilkes.

Your correspondent had the great honor of taking the hand of 'the hero'—most deviously so—last Monday in Faneuil Hall. To the remark "May God strengthen your arm for this as well as all other occasions," which I ventured to make to him, he plainly showed by the broad smile which mantled his face that his 'gist' was understood and appreciated. The fact that some two thousand had grasped his hand and manifested their approval of his actions by a vigorous shake before I reached him, and as many more behind me waiting their chance, added force to the remark which that fact suggested.

Boston, you know, is celebrated for her notions. But there are many kinds—mechanical ingenuity, quackery, etc. I would speak more particularly at this time of a peculiar notion one of her merchants displays in advertising his wares. He is a grocer on Washington St., near Dover, past whose door ceaseless streams of humanity "wend the even tenor of their way." Taking advantage of this fact and a large upright bulletin board, five feet by seven, he thereon advertises in glaring Roman capitals some articles of his "stock in trade" in a decidedly original manner, which costs him nothing (the advertising I mean, not the article) but the 'wear and tear' of his brain. He is a dealer principally in that important article which results from well churned cream, and he extols its merits by means of the aforesaid bulletin board, before the public. He has various ways of doing it. At one time there appears a compressed dissertation (no reflection intended) commencing with "The annals of English jurisprudence" which begins a lengthy revival of that somewhat musty subject, gradually tapered down to an essay on butter—its usefulness as a companion to the 'staff of life,' especially when purchased at such prices as he offers. And now appears a brief but glaring placard, and because of the orthographic ability there displayed, I will transcribe it for the benefit of your readers. Here is it:—

BUTTER.  
 BUTTER.  
 BUTTER.  
 FIRST CLASS BUTTER.

These, I think, are gross blunders—surpassed by none excepting the grocer. For the credit of that much abused individual, the "schoolmaster abroad," I will state that the grocer is of 'foreign extraction,' as might be expected.

Dropping into Parker's the other day, those Bill of Fare embraces all kinds of fish, fowl and fowl arranged under their various technical appellations, we were somewhat puzzled what particular dish to have served (our means allowing us only Hopkins' choice) and consequently well nigh used up one of his most obliging waiters. At last finding the waiter becoming desperate we quietly turned to him, slipping a quarter into his hand, remarked, "Patient waiters are no losers" and was immediately served to our heart's content. We would advise all who contemplate dining there at any future day, to obtain, if they can, a bill of fare at least a week in advance.

SENeca.

**THE MONROE DOCTRINE.**—As people at

home and abroad are continually mistaking the purport of this famous doctrine, we copy an accurate statement of it from the *National Intelligencer*, as follows:

"President Monroe never arrogated to the United States a monopoly of political control in the affairs of the American Continent. What he said was, that no part of their surface at that date, (in the year 1823,) was open to the colonization of European powers by the right of discovery and settlement as formerly applied to waste and unoccupied territory. To which doctrine of public law, as being due to the existing condition of the New World, he added a caveat against the alleged designs of the Holy Alliance, which it was represented, after putting down rebellion at home, proposed to extend its political system to the American Continent, for the purpose of suppressing all free institutions here as well as in Europe. The right of European powers to wage war with American States, or to acquire their territory by purchase or conquest, was never questioned by Mr. Monroe."

**INHALATION FOR THE CURS OF CONSUMPTION.** CATARRH, &c.—Dr. Morse, of Portland, will be at Turner's Hotel, Skowhegan, all day Tuesday, Dec. 17th; at Bunker's Hotel, Kendall's Mills, Wednesday, Dec. 18th, and at the Williams House, Waterville, Thursday, Dec. 19th, to receive calls from his patients, and all others who may wish to consult him, or avail themselves of the benefit of his treatment.

This will be Dr. Morse's last visit for the winter.

**LOTTERY TICKETS.**—We hope there is not a man in Maine foolish enough, in these days of cheap newspapers to buy lottery tickets; but it may be well to say that the swindling agents of these impositions were never more active than at the present time. The country is flooded with 'confidential circulars,' promising great prizes and rich rewards to those who will invest. Burn them at once; that is our advice.

John McKee, Esq., a well known citizen of Brunswick, died in that town, on Monday last week, at the age of 71 years.

**GOOD MEDICINES** are great blessings. Such Howes' Cough Pills and Clem's Summer Cure are said to be; and their good reputation at home is one strong indication in their favor. See advertisement in special notice column.

**NOTICE.** Subscribers for the support of preaching by Rev. Dr. Sheldon, will meet at Town Hall on Saturday evening, to organize for that purpose.

The 20th regimental band of Massachusetts so highly complimented in the papers, has two Maine boys for its leader and its band master: the former C. H. Thompson of S. Berwick, and the latter John F. Gibbs of Waterville. They rank as 2d lieutenants.

It is said of an Indian, that whenever he got into a bad place in a swamp, where the ground was too soft for safety, he put up a stake to mark the place. Thus he not only avoided the danger himself, but kept others from falling into the same snare. Might not every Christian learn a lesson from this rude son of the forest, not only to guard against his own false steps, but as he prays, "Lead us not into temptation," to be careful to remove temptation out of his brother's path?

The Rev. Dr. Henry, in his essay on the 'Intellectual Spirit of the Nation,' says, "In this country, above all others on the globe, men of science and letters have no place, no position in the social system. The respect paid to wealth and public office engrosses all the respect that in other countries is awarded to high letters. The multitude in this country, so far from favoring and honoring high learning and science, is rather prone to suspect and dislike it. It fears that genius savors of aristocracy! Besides, the multitude calteth itself a practical man. It asketh, what is the use? It seeth no use but that which leads to money or the material ends of life. It hath no opinion of having dreams and visions in society. It believeth, indeed, in railroads; it thinketh well of steam; and owneth that the new art of bleaching by chlorine is a prodigious improvement; but it laughs at the profound researches into the laws of nature out of which these very inventions grew; and with still greater scorn it laughs at the votaries of the more spiritual forms of truth and beauty, which have no application to the palpable uses of life."

**THE TOOLS GREAT MEN WORK WITH.**—It is not tools that make the workman, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed it is proverbial that the bad workman never yet had a good tool. Some one once spoke of what wonderful progress he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains, sir," was his reply. "It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvellous things—such as his wooden clock, that actually measured the hours—by means of a common penknife, a tool in everybody's hand, but then everybody is not a Ferguson. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Block discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of color. An eminent foreign *savant* once called upon Dr. Wollaston, and requested to be shown over his laboratories, in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the Doctor took him into a little study, and pointing to an old tea-tray on the table, containing a few watch-glasses, test-papers, a small balance, and a blow-pipe, said: 'There is all the laboratory I have!' Sothard learned the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects. A burnt stick or a barn door served Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas. Bewick first practiced drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of the cat's tail. Ferguson laid himself down in the fields at night in a blanket, and made a map of the heavenly bodies by means of a thread with a small bend on it, stretched between his eye and the stars. Franklin first robbed the thunder cloud of its lightning by means of a kite made with two cross sticks and a silk handkerchief. Watt made his first model of the condensing steam engine out of an old anatomist's syringe, used to inject the arteries previous to dissection. Gifford worked his first problem in mathematics, when a cobbler's apprentice, upon small scraps of leather, which he beat smooth for the purpose; while Rittenhouse the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plow handle.

**More Horses Wanted for Government!**—Buyers to be at Waterville. See their advertisement.

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THE BUREAU OF THE ARMY

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1947

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MERRIFIELD'S