



4-17-1862

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 41): April 17, 1862

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 41): April 17, 1862" (1862). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 768.

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THE GIRL THAT LOVES GREEK.

Oh, I am no cook, nor dish washer,
No kitchen renown do I seek;
I'm not much at baking or boiling,
And hate at hard work to be toiling—
I would rather be studying Greek.

I don't want to mend shirts or stockings,
Or shave through the house all the week;
To be fussing with pork, beef or mutton,
Or be endlessly stitching on buttons—
I would rather be studying Greek.

'Tis all very well to be tidy,
To look very home-like and meek;
To pitch corn to the turkeys and chickens—
To pitch them both to the dickens—
And study my beautiful Greek.

I like a good cup of hot coffee,
And tea, when it's not very weak;
But mother may make it—for I can't;
Or sister may do it—for I shan't;
And that's all the same in the Greek.

I love the old classic antiquities,
In every dead language I'd speak;
Hullo! there's a language I love, too;
"Come down to your dinner, you phoo-phoo,
Can you dine upon nix in the Greek?"

The Clover-Blossom.

On a beautiful June morning, when the golden light rested on the hill tops and in the valleys, and the air was full of the pleasant sounds of country life, a little red clover blossom, in its humble home by the dusty road side, lifted its head, still wet with the refreshing dew-drops, to see what all the world was doing.

In the meadows and on the hill tops, the trees were standing in their wonderful beauty—the graceful elm, the strong oak, the drooping willow, the slender birch and the dark, solemn pine.

Along the road came the market wagons, carrying an almost endless variety of beautiful fragrant roses, and many other flowers of early summer; for there was to be a grand floral festival in the neighboring city, and large prizes were to be awarded to those who brought flowers of the rarest beauty.

The clover-blossom grew very sad as she thought of the use and beauty of everything around her.

"Of what use am I, a homely little thing, living here in the dust? If I were of any use to anybody, or if I were handsome, so that people would look at me and admire me, I should be happy; but now I might as well be out of the world as in it."

The day wore away; but before the sun had gone down, a large family carriage came slowly down the hill. At the foot of the hill, an unfastening of some portion of the harness caused the coachman to dismount. A little girl, with a pale thin face, was lying in the arms of her nurse. She raised her head, and looked from the carriage window.

"See, Nancy, the little red rose! Can you give it to me?" The pale hands grasped eagerly the little clover-blossom; the little head sunk back to its resting place, and soon, with the "little rose" pressed against her cheek, the child slept sweetly.

In her sleep, the loosened fingers dropped her treasure, and the mother took it from the child's lap.

She was a beautiful woman; yet one did not like to look at her face, it had such a rest less troubled look. The sweet scent of the clover seemed to awaken some old memories, for she looked like one whose thoughts were far away. One who listened might have heard the clover-blossom speaking to her these words:

"Come with me, lady, away from your elegant home and your fashionable life, to a little far away village. You have sometimes seen that low, brown cottage, almost hidden among sheltering elms. It is a very humble house, and the two whose home it has been for more than fifty years, are very plain, humble people; but when the Lord makes up his jewels for those who have loved unselfishly and have lived for others, he will not forget old Jacob and Martha Lester.

"Do you remember when their home and their hearts were opened to receive four homeless little orphans, whom they never let feel the loss of a mother's tenderness and a father's care? You have not forgotten that summer afternoon when two sisters and a brother, who had been merrily playing amid the new-mown hay, mounted the well filled cart for a homeward ride. Cheeks flushed with excitement and heat, hair twined with wild vines from the brookside, and hats trimmed with the sweet blossoms of the clover, cut down by the mower's scythe—what a merry ride it was!

"If Frank had only been with us, wouldn't we have had more fun?" said little Lucy, twin sister of Frank, the merriest rogue in all the village.

When they came in sight of the old farmhouse, a group of men and boys were slowly approaching the door. Eagerly the children hastened towards the house. When they reached the open door, the men were laying down their precious burden—merry little Frank—not merry now, but stiff and cold. He had been drowned in the stream near the woods, while the three were playing in the hay field. When they wore their hats again, black ribbons had taken the place of the clover-blossoms.

"And now," said the clover, "the old man and woman live alone in the old house; but they often long for the voices that once filled their home with pleasant sounds. Years have passed since they went away, and for a long time no tidings of them gladdened the hearts that cherished them so fondly.

"The little golden-haired Lucy is a widow now, giving all her time and strength to earn bread for herself and her children. James, the brother, has gone down slowly, step by step; if the wish for a better life comes to him, no wife, no mother, or sister rejoices with him, and strengthens him by her love, and in his loneliness he sinks again.

"The other sister (I think the clover's voice must have trembled a little as she said this)—you know where she is; and perhaps you can tell why, in her pride, she has forgotten the home of her childhood, and lost sight of her toiling sorrowing sister; and perhaps you can tell why the sinful, unhappy brother went from her, stung by her bitter words, to a deeper sin than he had known before, and why he is never welcomed to her princely home."

Tears were falling fast from the beautiful eyes, as the lady opened a case in her reticule, and carefully placed the clover in it. The carriage had reached its destination. They were at home.

No one ever knew the cause of the change that came over the proud lady, who called to her home the sad sister with her little boys. One of them, Frank, you might almost believe to be the same little Frank that lay so stiff and cold that summer day so long ago.

No one among his reckless companions knew what power, gentler yet stronger than all the powers in the world, drew one of their number from the snares of the destroyer, and made him strong to fight the good fight, and win the victory.

The old farm house is seldom silent now, for children's voices again ring within its walls, and in the summer they all come from their city homes, till old Jacob and Martha, surrounded by so much young life, forget that they are very old, and their journey's end is very near.

VOL. XV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1862.

NO. 41.

The Eastern Mail.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, APR. 17, 1862.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

A. M. PETERSON & 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. R. NILES, (successor to V. E. Palmer, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, 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."

WHICH IS THE BRUTE?—A dog and a man, one drunk and the other sober, were taking a stroll together, one day last week, along the railroad between the lower depot and the bridge. The name of the former was not Tray, though he was in bad company;—nor of the latter Barnum, though he made a sad fool of one man at least. Just this side the bridge, the man "dumped" himself down the embankment, and rolled in the soft mud at his foot. The dog could not help him; but he followed and stood beside him with a humbled look that plainly said, that sooner than desert his friend he would be taken for a drunkard's dog. He followed him as he was carried back to the depot, and sat down by his side when he was stowed away to dry and get sober. He was but a mite of a dog, but he resisted like a lion when any one approached his helpless master. True, he suffered a bottle to be taken from his pocket, but he snarled and showed the green fire in his eye when he heard "Charles" say he "guessed he'd carry that home." No doubt he would have grabbed Charles at once, but a bystander exclaimed, "Yes, Charles wants to sell the nasty stuff over again!" and the little dog turned back, wagged his tail, and said he guessed Charles was tired! Charles took the hint, and passed the bottle to better hands, and it was promptly secured from doing any more mischief. What afterwards befel either dog or master we know not; but strange as it may sound, we refer to Charles himself for the truth or falsehood of what was told us—that as Charles was shutting the door, he cast an eye back at the dog, and heard him mutter to himself, in the plainest of dog language, "Get out, you brute!"—supposed to be addressed to—his master.

INCIDENT. The great flood in California—second only to the one in which Noah acted so prominent a part—has furnished its volumes of touching incidents. Mr. G. W. Britt, who went from this vicinity, had a quart mill at the Washoe mines. As the water rose higher and higher, he and seven others, two of whom were women, retreated to the highest point of land that could be reached, and having secured a small boat, waited the result. When the water reached them, and they could no longer retain their position, they took to their boat. It was so small as to be nearly a hopeless resort for eight persons, and in a few minutes it swamped. With a brief but terrible struggle for life, one after another they were drowned, till Mr. Britt alone remained. A bit of board drifted within his reach, by the help of which he reached the shore.

SIGNIFICANT.—It is very direct praise to those who have had the care of our streets for some years past, that in many places the carriage track is, at this time, preferable to the sidewalks for foot travel. Our sidewalks are generally in good condition; but while the occasional piles of snow in their vicinity keep them more or less muddy, the well gravelled street is decidedly better. We speak more particularly of Main street, which just now affords an almost uninterrupted dry walk from the Upper Depot to the Waterville House. Such a state of things is profitable to all classes, but hackmen and shoemakers.

WHAT DID HE MEAN.—"Well, in my candid opinion," said a young gentleman yesterday, as he leaned against one of the granite posts in front of the other side of the street, "if Gen. McClellan don't do something pretty soon he'd better resign."

"But the telegraph says he has done a very patriotic thing," said another, with a wink that indicated something to "sell."

"I'd like to know what?" queried the post-fellow.

"Joined a fire company!" was the reply.

Curious! but half a dozen listeners in the doorways of that vicinity turned and went in, without laughing. It is said that nobody can see any point to the joke.

SOMETHING NEW.—In these strange times we look for almost anything in the line of invention, especially "way up in Vermont." Combs with teeth at each end, for combing bald heads;—needles without eyes, for sewing upon particular feminine garments;—nautical cheese, for vessels that carry their own skipper;—spring beds, for those who spend their winters at the South;—and other new things too numerous to mention, have a right to special notice. Even a machine for cutting human toe-nails, if evidently better for that use than a good set of front teeth, might command a patent and a market. But we confess to being fairly "cut up" when we read an advertisement of "Shears for trimming sheep's toes" in the Vermont papers. What under the sun!—do their thousand dollar sheep have combs?—or do their "toe-nails grow in?" We down-east farmers respectfully beg leave

to "jest at the question" of the Vermonters, what they do with those "shears for trimming sheep's toes," that we see advertised in the Rutland Herald? Here in Maine we shear the backs, sides, legs and tails of our sheep, but we have never yet sheared their toes!

PREPARATORY. The prospects of battles in which the Maine soldiers are to be generally engaged, have prompted the women of our village to a timely movement in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers. They had an encouraging meeting at Sons of Temperance Hall yesterday, at which a plan was matured for going to work in good earnest. The worthy old "Soldiers' Aid Association," which has already accomplished so much good, was revived by the appointment of Mrs. S. Plaisted president, Mrs. A. Wilson vice president, Mrs. S. Hong treasurer, Mrs. E. Maxham secretary, Mrs. J. Ware, Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Crook, Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Walter Gatchell, Mrs. Nye, Mrs. W. A. Caffrey, Mrs. Stark, and Mrs. Alden, managers of the work department—and an effective soliciting committee. Some forty dollars was subscribed by those present. The Sons of Temperance have tendered the use of their Hall as the laboratory of the Association; and we know many a noble "boy" in the army whose heart will warm with emotion when he learns that "the bonds of L. P. & F." which first embraced him in that hall, may yet bring him comfort in the distant battle field. We most earnestly commend the efforts of the ladies to the co-operation of all who have the means to aid them.

PUBLIC LECTURE. Col. Wildes, of Skowhegan, will give his lecture on "The North-west," to a public audience at Town Hall, on Friday evening of this week. It is given in response to an invitation of Ticonic Division, and will be free to all. A general invitation is given and a full house desired. The lecture will doubtless be one of much interest.

MR. WM. DAVIS, a "contraband," or ex-slave from Fortress Monroe, will address the citizens of Waterville and vicinity on Friday evening, April 25, in the Congregational Church.

He will relate some of his experiences during forty-seven years of slave life, and present the claims of that portion of the people he represents, who are now held as "Contrabands," but who ask aid from the charitable and philanthropic in their efforts for education and elevation.

A collection will be taken on the occasion for the support of Schools and Educational interest of ex-slaves at Fortress Monroe, Port Royal, and other points now open. Seats free. All are invited to hear and contribute, as they may feel it their duty. Exercises to commence at 7½ o'clock.

Religious services were held in only one of our churches on Fast Day. This was at the Baptist House, where a sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Pepper, which we hear highly commended. The President's National Thanksgiving, which followed close upon the heels of the Governor's Fast—and for which, thanks to the recent successes, the people were in much better temper than for fasting—was appropriately noticed in all our meetings on Sunday; though owing to the short notice and the absence of two of our clergymen, it was made the occasion of a special sermon at only one. This was at the Universalist church, where Mr. Dillingham favored his hearers with a stirring patriotic sermon, well up to the temper of the times.

Get ready for setting out your ornamental trees—the sooner the better after the frost is out of the ground. Don't put it off again, as you have no right to do while your neighbors are trying to adorn the streets. Set out something, if it is only the best you can get.

General Lander, a short time before he died, wrote a poem, which, during his last illness, he desired his wife, in the event of his death to send to the *Atlantic Monthly*. It will appear in the May number of that periodical, with the title "Under the Snow."

Henry W. Severance, Esq., son of the late Hon. Luther Severance, of the Kennebec Journal, has been successful in introducing the culture of rice in the Sandwich Islands, where he has for some years resided. He has recently shipped twenty tons of unhulled rice to San Francisco.

The Bath Times utters only the simple truth, probably, when it says that "no city in Maine has a better school system than Bath; none has so fine a High School house; none has a better corps of teachers; none raises more money in proportion to its population or actual valuation."

It is asserted that the war Department have in contemplation the formation of a few negro regiments with which to garrison the southern forts during the approaching sickly season. Why not?—the rebels do not hesitate to use the negro, whenever, wherever, and however he can be made serviceable.

Rev. Geo. Gordon, now in jail at Cleveland, Ohio, under sentence for violating the fugitive law, refuses the President's pardon tendered him, for the reason that he objects to a clause in the document which asserts that he was "legally convicted," &c. (He has since yielded, and is now at liberty.)

Cyrus W. Field is reviving his project of an Atlantic telegraph again. Capitalists in England look favorably upon the movement.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—Further accounts of the battle at Pittsburg Landing reduce the number of killed and wounded on both sides, but still show that it was a bloody contest, in which our forces were at first surprised and nearly overpowered, and did but little more than regain their lost ground on the second day. The enemy were finally driven from the field, and retired to their entrenchments, but our folks were in no condition to pursue them but a short distance. Gen. Prentiss, with more than 2000 of his command, was taken prisoner on Sunday, by the rebels, Gen. A. S. Johnson, of the rebels, was killed, also Geo. W. Johnson, Provisional Governor of Kentucky. The lowest estimate placed in our loss of killed and wounded is 3800, and in prisoners from 3000 to 4000. The rebel loss in killed and wounded is probably 1000 heavier. The rebels, in their retreat, left acres covered with their dead, whom they had carried to their rear, and destroyed the heavy supplies they had brought up.

A renewal of the conflict at an early day is predicted.

On the 11th, Gen. Mitchell occupied Huntsville, Alabama, and now commands a hundred miles of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, thus effectually interrupting the communication of the rebels. He secured 200 prisoners and 15 locomotives at Huntsville.

We learn nothing of the movements of Pope and Foote, since the capture of Island No. 10.

We have rebel authority for the surrender of Fort Craig to the rebels, the whole force surrendering unconditionally.

We get but little intelligence of what is transpiring at Yorktown. The enemy are there in great strength, and will doubtless make a stout resistance. The Maine Sixth have been complimented by McClellan for gallant conduct during a reconnaissance.

On Friday last the Merrimac came out, with four consort, and captured three small sailing vessels, chartered by Government. She exchanged shots with the Naugatuck, but no damage was done on either side. The rebel fleet lies in Elizabeth river, and for the present prevent our gunboats from going up James river to co-operate with McClellan's army.

Commodore Vanderbilt has taken a contract to capture or destroy the Merrimac for \$1,000,000. For this purpose he has in Hampton Roads his two ocean steamers Van derbilt and Ocean Queen, both of which have their bows plated with steel. Commodore Vanderbilt has entire control of the carrying out of the contract, and is stipulated that no navy officers shall be on board either steamer; but the gunners have been selected from the navy. The Vanderbilt is the fastest steamer afloat, and calculates to run into the Merrimac at a speed of 22 miles an hour, which it is expected will crack the sides of the rebel monster.

Commodore Vanderbilt receives no compensation, if he fails to place the Merrimac hors du combat. It will thus be seen that there are more men in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, than those connected with government vessels, who are anxious to have a contest with the Merrimac.

Jeff. Davis has promised to take the field in person at an early day, and assures his followers of ultimate success.

Gen. Sigel has been confined to his bed since the battle of Pea Ridge, completely prostrated by over exertion. He goes to St. Louis for awhile to recruit.

We learn but little of Burnside's movements. He is doubtless busily engaged in preparing for a bombardment of Fort Macon.

The steamer Nashville, it is said, was taken to Charleston.

Edward Stanley has been appointed Military Governor of North Carolina.

Before the battle of Pittsburg, it is said that Beauregard called a council of war, and the following policy was fixed upon: If they beat us, they would follow us and drive our forces as far north as possible; if beaten, they would withdraw their forces and make a desperate stand in the Gulf States. "Carleton" of the Boston Journal, is inclined to regard it as a decisive victory on our part, and thinks it the last great struggle in the West. We hope he is correct, but we cannot help thinking there must be another big fight in that vicinity, before the matter is fully settled. If pushed, it is confidently expected that Beauregard will abandon Corinth and retreat to Jackson, Miss.

Latest reports from our army near Corinth report Halleck who has now taken command of our troops, within two miles of Beauregard, ready for another battle. Our loss is said to be 1500 killed, and 3500 wounded, in the recent battle, and it would seem that all the cannon lost on Sunday were retaken by our forces on Monday, with twelve pieces of the enemy.

Fort Polaski surrendered to our forces on the 11th inst. after a short but severe fire from a federal battery of light Parrott guns at King's Landing. All the barbette guns were dismounted, and only one gun was left bearing on our position. The conical balls from our guns went clear through the walls at nearly every fire, and thousands of large shells exploded in the fort. Singularly enough, however, no one was killed in the fort, and only four wounded—showing that the garrison were a little careful about exposing themselves. An unconditional surrender was made of the troops in the Fort, but the number is not stated. The above news comes through rebel channels.

The fall of Polaski insures that of Savannah. It is fourteen miles below the city by the course of the river which is broad, and allows the free passage of vessels drawing fourteen feet of water. The most of Com. Du Pont's fleet will at once move up, and though they will doubtless meet with rebel obstructions, they will surely reduce Fort Jackson, four miles below the city, (it is not a strong work,) capture or drive away Tatham's musquito fleet, and compel the surrender of Savannah. After Savannah comes Charleston—but the capture of Polaski is glory enough for one day. It is the third of the old forts regained from the rebels.

A private letter from Gen. McClellan, received in Washington, according to the *Tribune*, says that he found the rebel fortifications at Yorktown ten times stronger than he anticipated, but he is confident of eventual success. The Richmond journals, on the other hand, affect to believe that the Union force has been entrapped at Yorktown, and that Gen. Johnston will die of old age before he is vanquished in the Peninsula.

Preliminary operations are progressing steadily at Yorktown, with occasional skirmishing between the opposing forces.

Fredericksburg is said to have been abandoned by the rebels some days ago, the bridge being left unharmed, though it would probably be destroyed on the appearance of a federal force.

Later.—The report of the capture of Fort Craig, New Mexico, by the rebels, is probably not true. There has been a battle in that vicinity, in which the federal force was successful. Com. Foote is at work on Fort Pillow for Randolph, is it?—for that comes first! with ten gunboats, and Pope is near him, on the Arkansas shore.

The Congressional Investigating Committee find abundant evidence of rebel barbarities at Bull Run, and also of the scalping of our dead at Pea Ridge, by their Indian allies.

Senator Wilson has introduced a number of important amendments to the fugitive slave law—establishing trial by jury, abolishing the cruel features of the present law, and debarring rebels from recovering slaves under any circumstances.

The next Quarterly Session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance will be held at Kendall's Mills on Thursday, April 24th.

CATTLE DISEASE IN BLUEHILL.—The Ellsworth American states that the cattle disease has made its appearance in that county. Capt. Joseph Hinkley of Bluehill, had three deaths among his stock last week.

A squadron of the Maine Cavalry was at Winchester a few days since. Probably they are now 30 or 40 miles south, pressing on the rebel flank with Gen. Banks' Division.

The Bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia has passed both houses of Congress and has been signed by the President. Glory, Hallelujah! the morning light is breaking!

MAINE STATISTICS.—We have not yet been favored with a copy of the last census returns, but the editor of the Boston *Journal*, who has, makes the following abstract which will be read with interest:—

The census returns show that there was a handsome increase in the agricultural industry and productiveness of the State of Maine between the years 1850 and 1860. The number of acres in farms was increased by about 1,145,000, and the number of acres cultivated about 636,000, while the valuation of farms was augmented about \$2,000,000. There was an increase of about 60 per cent. in the number of horses and mules, and a very moderate increase in the number of cattle. The value of stock of all kinds was about \$6,700,000 greater than in 1850, and the value of animals slaughtered rose about \$1,000,000 in amount. There was 220,000 tons more of hay raised in 1860 than in 1850. Of grain, the yield of wheat has increased 160,000 bushels, rye 20,000, corn 200,000, oats 80,000, buckwheat 230,000, (a three-fold increase,) barley 650,000, (only 151,731 in 1850,) beans 40,000, and potatoes 2,840,000 bushels, or nearly double the product in 1850. The amount of beeswax and honey was nearly double. A great impulse was given to the manufacture of maple sugar, and the yield rose from 47,740 pounds in 1850, to 306,742 pounds in 1860. The increase in the quantity of butter was 2,400,000 pounds, while the make of cheese rose from 213,964 to 1,799,862 pounds. The growth in aggregate valuation was \$57,434,029.

As the population of the State increased but 45,086 souls during the decade, the above figures show that the farmers were by no means idle and they obtained good returns for their labor. Maine is a fine agricultural State, and would exhibit a much greater increase in farm products, were she not afflicted by that mania of New England, emigration, which annually carries off a large portion of her young blood.

REPOPULATION OF VIRGINIA.—The repopulation of Virginia in the rear of our victorious armies, by settlers from the free States, has already begun. Buyers of lands are in the vicinity of Manassas have appeared, but they experience a difficulty in purchase. The real owners are chiefly rebels, and are fugitives from their possessions. Of course, purchases will not be made of any but the owners, and they must be loyal to ensure future protection to the transactions. The result will be, in the absence of loyal owners, that strangers will take possession in the manner of the squatters of the West, and leave to the future the settlement of title, which will doubtless be confirmed to the new holders in process of time.

Unionism seems to have the power of improving the places most prostrated and blackened by secession, according to a recent letter from Nashville, which quite reverses the very melancholy picture of affairs in that city, given a couple of weeks ago as existing when the secession forces were leaving and the Union army entering. Says this correspondent: "Nashville is better, I thank you. Nearly every store in town is open. The streets rattle with vehicles and human voices, and shine and sparkle with the decorum of our soldiers. Nary fracas yet. All glides on without tumult or friction. The true and loyal steadily multiply, the working men, especially, talking right out in meeting on the go. Even the secess are growing philosophical."

