December 1966

Epilogue

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Recommended Citation
Colby Library Quarterly, series 7, no.8, December 1966

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Who's Who: In writing about Joshua Chamberlain and — not long ago — about General Ben Butler — Harold B. Raymond ventures far afield of his specialty. The title of his Harvard doctoral dissertation is “The Organization of English Political Parties, 1832-1867,” a subject upon which he expended his last sabbatical leave as associate professor of history at Colby College, and to which he is planning to devote his next sabbatical later this academic year. His investigation of source material takes place in the British Museum, among the papers of Sir Robert Peel, founder of the famed Bobbies. Despite the absorbing appeal of these original documents, Professor Raymond admits that his mind keeps wandering back to the exploits (gallant and otherwise) of our personable Maine Civil War worthies.

Shot and Shelved: From the lugubrious list of near-fatalities suffered by General Chamberlain during his service years, it would appear a foregone conclusion that the 59th Congress would provide grateful and adequate compensation. It is inconceivable that today's legislators would turn deaf ear to a veteran who (1) contracted malarial fever while on duty, was hospitalized, returned to the field, underwent a recurrence with complications of pneumonia, and was shipped to another hospital, lying unconscious on the floor of a cattle car; (2) while commanding an attack, was hit on the right hip by a minie ball which passed through his body, severed arteries, creased his bladder, fractured his pelvis, and tore through his left hip; (3) after returning prematurely to action, collapsed after a hard day's march and exposure to a sleet storm, and was once more hospitalized by order of the commanding general and the corps surgeons; (4) in the following spring, was brought down by a bullet that hit him just below the heart, slid around two ribs, and left through his back.

Wound (2), which occurred during the attack on Petersburg in June 1864, most nearly did him in. The attending surgeons, reluctant to prolong Chamberlain's agony, were on the verge of giving up. One, indeed, announced that this wound would kill Chamberlain. And as John Pullen, author of The Twentieth Maine, says, it did — “but not for another fifty years.”