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Maxham & Wing

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HOW WE LEARN.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truths, Such as men give and take from day to day, Come in the common walk of easy life, Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Great truths are greatly won; not found by chance, Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream; But grasped in the great struggle of the soul, Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, mid corn and wine; Not in the merchandise of gold and gems; Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth; Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems;

AN ELDERLY MAN'S MISTAKE.

By FRANK LEE BENDIS.

I WAS forty-five years old—more than old enough, you young people will think, to have known better. But as years go on, you will find that the approaching winter does not chill the heart, that its needs are as numerous as in early youth, only more difficult to satisfy.

Why had I never married? A short story, and a common one; too ordinary to deserve more than the briefest mention. Full twenty years before, I had been in love, as the young usually are, not with the girl to whom I was engaged, but with the ideal to which I gave her likeness.

The engagement was broken off, and she married somebody else. Suffered, did I? Never mind such questions. I cannot think of those days, even now, without a strange pity for myself.

It was long before I recovered from that blow. There was the fresh wound to heal; the misanthropic doubts of all the world, harder still to bear; then the dead, cold feeling about my heart—hardest of all—which locked its pulses for years and years, and wore the last of my youth out under its pressure.

It all passed at length, at least as much as such things ever do pass. The scars remained, and the bitter teachings of experience could not be forgotten, but I had learned the difference between my dream and the reality. Those days were only a memory.

Effie is a brilliant, dashing woman of the world now. When I see her, with her painted cheeks and false gaiety, seeking forgetfulness in the scenes where she wore out all freshness and truth, I often wonder if she can possibly have any identity with the girl so full of romance and poetry.

But this is nonsense; that episode of my youth has nothing to do with the real life of after-years.

Yes, I was forty-five, and the blossoms had clustered over my heart again; but I could not tell whether it was only a brief Indian-summer, coming before the winter of age, or a second bloom of life and richness, like the double fruitage season of a tropical climate.

Ursula Grant was not at all the sort of girl with whom, according to the usual preconceived ideas, an elderly man would have fallen in love. She was not in the least yielding, or dependent, in her nature, she thought vigorously, and her opinions were broad and liberal, without being in the faintest degree tinged with the sins of the age.

Indeed, she was essentially feminine; there was a ladyhood, if there be such a term, about her which marked her slightest word or movement. She was a very proud creature, but it was a strong, honest pride that could never have stooped in the slightest degree.

She rode well, she had numerous accomplishments; she was handsome, witty, rich and courted; you can see at once how ridiculous my little romance was—never mind, it was none the less serious to me.

I have begun to describe her as she appeared to those who knew her well; let me give, if I can, the impression she must have produced upon ordinary acquaintance, between whom and her soul there was many a barred door which they had no magic to open.

She was youthful-looking to a degree—I did not imagine her over eighteen, and I remember thinking, the first evening I saw her, what a pity it was so young a girl should have become so familiar with the world that it had evidently lost all its gloss and novelty for her.

She was leaning back in a crimson chair, surrounded by a crowd of men, unconcerned and easy to an extreme that would have made almost any other girl appear bold, dispensing her smiles with too much evenness to be accused of coquetry. I recollect so well the thing which just attracted me toward her—if it had not been for that, I might never have looked at her again, and so that crisis in my fate would have been avoided.

She had been laughing and talking gaily. Suddenly, when she believed no one was remarking her, I saw a deep, earnest look settle over her countenance—a longing, wistful expression darkening her gray eyes. I seemed to read her character in that glance. She was not satisfied with her life; she had longings and aspirations beyond the fashionable existence in which circumstances had plunged her.

Waterville Mail.

I had gone to the opera, that night, with unusual elation of spirits—you know, nine times out of ten, it is in a similar mood that trouble comes upon us.

I saw Ursula Grant enter her box; how beautifully she looked that evening, wrapped in her white opera cloak, her hair simply dressed, and no ornaments but a single string of pearls about her neck.

She looked so entirely different from any other woman in the house; there might have been those more brilliant and handsome, but there was a something in her manner and appearance which even high breeding does not express, that I never saw equaled.

She looked listless and somewhat weary, as she opened did of late, leaving the men who entered the box to the care of her aunt, although I doubt, much as she loved music, if Medora's delicious voice was talking to her soul that night as it usually did.

Then another person entered the box—Watching her as I did, with my heart in my eyes, the least change which would have been imperceptible to another, did not escape me.

I saw her hand tremble nervously—a passing trouble in her face. I looked at the newcomer—it was Walter Thorne. I recognized him at once, for I had met him in Europe one year before.

He seated himself by her. I could easily imagine how brilliantly he was talking. I knew his powers so well. He was very handsome, too, and young—only twenty-eight. Ah! folly of my blindness, that I had so long refused to cure!

I heard two men behind me in conversation. "See," one of them said, "Thorne is back in his old place."

"He is the only man who could ever tame that proud girl," replied the other. "You believe she really cares for him?"

"Nothing more certain! It's an old affair. I rather think Thorne trifled with her as he does with all women. This coming back, though, looks serious; he must marry, for he is about at the end of his own fortune."

"I wonder if Miss Grant ever heard the story of Madame de Lucinan?"

"Ah, bah! All Paris and New York rang with it! My dear fellow, it will only make him the more popular; there is not a woman in the house but would fall at his feet; he'll carry off Miss Grant at last."

I rose from my seat and left the house. I hurried home—desolate, mocking word to me now.

I remember once travelling in Norway during mid-summer. I was resting in a valley among the lofty mountains—I never saw anything to equal the beauty of the place, or the luxuriance of the vegetation. It seemed impossible that the emerald freshness of the grass could ever fade, or the blossoms grow pale.

That very night there came a frost, and when I rose, the next morning, the valley stretched out before me bleak and desolate—not a flower, not a blade of grass had escaped the blight.

So the frost settled down on my heart, that night, as sudden and more fatal than that of the Northern clime. Other summers would come, and in their brightness fresh flowers would blow, and fragrant grasses put up their verdant shoots; but in my soul there would be no new season of light and warmth which might brighten the desert where there was not one oasis, not one pleasant fountain left.

I did not see Miss Grant for several days. I could endure my solitude no longer, nor could I bear that the world should say I was a foolish, disappointed man.

I must wrap my dead hope in its shroud and go out once more among men, hiding cautiously the dreary burden laid on my heart. I must learn to accept my fate, at least, with composure. There was no one to blame but myself, she had no share in the deception which I had practiced toward my own soul.

I must learn to see her with that brilliant man by her side—must look forward to the lonely future which had no promise left.

I saw her; she beckoned to me with the old cordiality. It seemed to me that there was a change in her appearance; the restless, anxious look which I had sometimes noticed in her face was gone entirely; the weary, listless manner was gone, too—yes, I read in her face the fullness of content and hope.

It was for his return that she had waited—it was his presence that thus sunned her youth and beauty to their fullest blooming.

happy future, love, and contentment; they are better than all the honors of a king."

I saw the color come and go on her cheek, her eyes wander wistfully about. Oh! I knew of whom she was thinking!

As if there was some mysterious affinity between their souls, Thorne came up at the instant when I knew that her thoughts were full of him—that slight thing was very painful to me.

"Ah! Mr. Digby," he said in his gay manner, "I am very glad to meet you again! So you have not given up the world yet—really, it is too bad of you elderly fellows to interfere with us young ones as you do."

The manner in which he spoke precluded the idea of premeditated offence, yet I felt certain that he intended the remark to be disagreeable. If so, he certainly should not have the petty gratification of supposing that he had annoyed me and I answered him in the same laughing manner, although I would not swear that I denied myself the pleasure of barbing my words with a slight sting.

"Miss Grant," he said, "you promised me this dance."

"And you prove a very importunate creditor," she returned, with a smile.

I thought he seemed annoyed at her jesting words—it was a sure proof of the intimate relations between them for him to take the liberty of being offended.

I watched him lead her away. She gave me, as usual, kind words, but I fancied that I perceived a restraint in her manner after Thorne came up.

Even the old friendliness must give way before that deeper feeling—perhaps it was better so. It would be a long time before I could content my heart with that chill consolation where it had hoped and entreated so much.

The evening was tiresome and odious to me beyond expression, but I forced myself to remain, to appear as usual. Indeed, indeed I could not have endured any one to suspect my suffering.

I wondered if it would be possible for me to subdue that yearning love into an affection such as a father might have for his child—to make myself her firm friend, and should she ever require it, her protector while my life lasted.

I feared that love for Walter Thorne would not suffice for the happiness of future years. He was a man of brilliant talents, perhaps his virtues were not greater than those of half his companions; but I thought I knew Ursula Grant well enough to be certain that she would be far more exacting than ordinary women in the habits and character of the man whom she promised to love and honor through all time.

Then I smiled at my own folly; I had once sufficiently deceived myself in regard to her. I was so blinded by my feelings that I was in no state to judge of anything where she was concerned.

One thing was certain—she loved Walter Thorne.

Weeks went on. He was always haunting her presence, and their engagement was talked of as a matter of course. People only wondered that it was not publicly announced—I waited for the tidings as a condemned criminal might for the date of his execution.

They told me it was an old love on both sides; many persons said that once he had not treated her well. I never believed that. She was so proud, so strong in her pride, that had it been so, she would never have received him again, even if she had dealt her own heart its death-blow in the refusal.

I saw plainly that my only hope of gaining anything like composure was in avoiding her society—I had will enough left to do that at least.

About that time her manner toward me changed; she grew distant and reserved, almost haughty often. I could not tell whether I had in some way, offended her, or if it was Thorne's work. It was impossible for me to demand an explanation, I could not trust my determination or my heart.

He had never liked me, I knew that well; but I was sorely grieved to think he should, in any way, have prejudiced Ursula Grant against me. Still, when I reflected, I saw it was all for the best. It was well that every tie between us should be broken beyond the possibility of reunion—it was my only hope of future peace.

I would take my broken life away from her presence, it would never again cross hers, and she would soon forget the brief episode which, to me, had become so much a portion of my soul that its records must go with me into eternity.

Then the old idea of lingering near her would return—the morbid fancy, born of my own selfishness, that she would, one day, need my friendship and counsel—and overthrow all my resolutions of separating myself from her forever.

or would allow me to be forgotten in the idle chatter of the youths who thronged about her.

That was the hardest of all, to feel that I had become a shadow upon her pleasure and happiness! Surely, I had in no way offended her; she had grown weary of my society; yes, I was an elderly man—my place was at home by my lonely fireside—I had no right to intrude in the haunts of the merry and young.

I had gone to Washington; I thought seriously of accepting an appointment abroad which had been offered me. The gay season was at its height; New York seemed to have emptied itself bodily into the capital.

Only a few days after my arrival, I met Walter Thorne in the avenue.

"I did not know you were here," he said; "you disappeared so suddenly that I concluded either you were laid up with the gout or had turned Trappist."

"Is that your idea for the future by way of expiation for your own sins?"

"I suppose that is a mild attempt at satire! Now don't grow spiteful; it is the last resource of old bachelorhood."

"Do you stay here long?" I asked.

"Impossible for me to say. I am at the orders of a couple of fair ladies; you can understand how delightfully uncertain my movements are."

He meant Ursula Grant and her relative—he had come there with them. Probably the engagement was acknowledged at last. I felt as if an east wind had suddenly struck my unprotected heart.

I avoided receptions, levees, every place where I should be likely to meet her. The knowledge that she was near helped me to make my decision. I determined to go abroad, and the journals announced the fact, although I had not definitely accepted the offer.

TALK ABOUT HAY-MAKING.—It may profit our farmer readers to hear the following conversation in a company of distinguished New-England farmers, who recently happened to be talking together upon the subject of haymaking, by their own experience.

Mr. Lyman, of Northfield, Mass., says he usually cuts his hay one day and gets it in the next. Wants it all coked up at night, and prefers to have it raked for this purpose before 3 P. M., and in heaps when warm. Likes to cart cover the second day. Can get hay dry as he wants it in one good day.

Hon. Hugh Green, of the same place, thought hay was dried too much in the sun and too little in the shade. Dew blanches and injures hay more than any supposition. He not only gets his hay in cocks early in the afternoon, but covers it with cloth caps at night, whether it rains or not.

Dea. Buffum, of Winchester, N. H., and Mr. Leverett and Mr. Hatch, of Keene, use caps, whether it rains or not. The former said that he usually cut his hay in the afternoon, coked it the next day, and the day following got it in. Cattle do better on hay cut early. They grow better and give more milk on such hay.

First crop hay gives nearly one third more hay than second crop. He weighs his cattle once a month regularly. Thinks clover cut early the best hay used. Likes to have it stand two or three days under caps, in the cock, as the hot sun injures hay. Low-land hay needs more drying than English upland hay. Mr. Leverett uses Manny's Mower. Likes to mow every evening and cart every afternoon. Wants his hay coked up early the second day, and the day following simply turned over without any spreading. Clover needs two or three days curing in the cock. It costs him about eighty dollars to cut, cure and house fifty tons in this way. Estimates the wear and tear of his mowing machine at six dollars a year. His men mow mornings when he has no deer moving.

Moses Stebbins, of South Deerfield, Mass., said he cut but very little natural hay. Mows his land six years, and stocks with herds grass and clover. The former will run the latter out in three years. He never mows when the dew is on, nor laterly uses salt in packing hay. He thinks he injured his sheep by salting hay. He cuts clover in the afternoon, and carts it next day if the weather is good. The hay sweats if housed too green, and six or eight inches of the top of the mow spoils; but has had no hay spoil for the last thirty years, unless it was an unusually damp. The second crop, or rowen, is more apt to smoke than the first crop. Hay free from dew and rain is not much in danger of spoiling if housed rapidly after one begins.

Herds grass is apt to be dried too much, and he often, particularly in the last of the season, carts it the same day he mows it. Considers clover well ripened the best hay for sheep after an experience of sixteen years. Hay will shrink from 15 to 20 per cent. in the barn, and when mowed never spends like that kept in the solid mow. Thinks a mowing machine is as necessary to a farmer as a plow.

SMOKING AND CHEWING.—If there was one single reason why anybody should smoke or chew tobacco, there might be some excuse for it, but these habits are utterly without reason. They do not give a single element of health; indeed, they are unwholesome habits. They are offensive habits, annoying and incommensurate to those about you. They pull at your purses, and make you spend what might be saved for a rainy day, or given to help some struggling brother. Tobacco has led many a youth to the cup. Smoking generally leads to thirst and drinking.

A boy has to try hard to smoke. It makes him sick. It gives him the headache. He hates the vile stuff; but somehow or other he thinks it makes a man of him, and he perseveres. Instead of that, he only excites pity, and makes himself a laughing stock. Poor boy, we say, he is weak enough to steal the vices, but not strong enough to wear the virtues of manhood. The rule which works well against intoxicating drinks, is of as much worth as applied to tobacco: "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

Take not the first step towards a habit there has never been shown one single reason or excuse for; but, on the contrary, every sober reason for shunning and abstaining from it altogether.—Child's Paper.

GOOD FOR BUTLER.—There is evidently some fun at Gen. Butler's headquarters. For instance, the General sentenced two liquor

sellers from Norfolk that had smuggled themselves through his lines, to hard labor in the trenches. One of them pleaded that he had served under the General at the beginning of the war. "Very well," said the General, "serve with me now at the end of it." Pearson begged off, telling the General to remember his family in Norfolk. "Well, I am not doing anything to disgrace your family." "But they won't know what has become of me." "True. Davenport, print this order in the Norfolk papers, and then his family can see where he is."

The Situation before Petersburg.

The correspondent of The New York Times furnishes a communication of very great length, dated "Army of the Potomac near Petersburg, Tuesday, 21st," giving a resume of the operations of the preceding week, and discussing prospects and probabilities with much discernment. The following is an extract from this letter:

"The line of rebel works, on a commanding ridge south of the city, taken by Smith on Wednesday, are but two miles from Petersburg, and thence one looks right into the 'Cockade City,' which lies in the valley of the Appomattox. But our line is now advanced far beyond those works, and in places not over half a mile from the town, which lies perfectly under the range of our batteries, and has already received quite a number of accidental shells.

In this state of facts I readily anticipate the question, 'Why, then, is the city not shelled?' To any one who has a conception of the ground, there is a ready reply to this question. Petersburg lies in a hollow, and is commanded both by the heights on the south, which are in our possession, and by the heights on the north, which are in the enemy's possession. Now, the assault which carries Petersburg must also be prepared to push over the river, and carry the heights beyond dominating it; for otherwise it would soon be made much too hot a place to be comfortable. In any other view the shelling of Petersburg would be a useless enterprise; and if we take the bombardment of Fredericksburg as a measure, would cost us much more in ammunition than the amount to which we might damage the town.

If this outline of the present situation be intelligible, it will have made manifest how absurd is the notion which has been expressed in the northern press that Petersburg is in a state of siege. Such a phrase, as marking a mere multiplication of ideas, might be allowed to pass unnoticed; but it is calculated to give altogether erroneous impressions, both of the present position and of the future prospects of the army. A siege, in any other than the loosest use of the term, can only be applied to an army investing a city and planted on or interrupting its communications. Now, we neither invest Petersburg, nor are we planted on nor have we interrupted its communications.

Begin with its northern communications—the Petersburg and Richmond railroad. This was seized by Butler at Port Walthall, and the track torn up for some distance. But Beauregard was able to repulse Butler, and this road, as is conveyed in an official despatch from Gen. Lee to Mr. Davis, had again been put in running order. Looking to the southern side, the communications of Petersburg are by the Petersburg and Suffolk, the Petersburg and Danville roads. Looking to the western side, its communications are by the Petersburg and Lynchburg railroad.

Beginning with these in order, the Petersburg and Suffolk road is in our possession—the left wing of our army rests; but it forms no part of the communications proper of Petersburg, because the terminus, Suffolk, has long been in our possession. There remain, therefore, the Petersburg and Weldon and the Petersburg and Lynchburg roads. These are its real communications. Now, we have touched, and in our present situation, can touch neither of these. To tap the Petersburg and Weldon road would require a development of our line several miles to the left. To tap the Petersburg and Lynchburg road is at present impracticable, and probably it will be impossible to do more than make it the object of visitations from raiding parties, because an extension so far to the left would seriously endanger our own communications, and the maxim does not allow us to expose our own communications in operating against those of the enemy. In this condition of things, to speak of Petersburg as being under a 'siege' is a mere abuse of language.

With reference to the question of the repair of the rebel roads, I have recently learned a fact, the truth of which is undoubted, and which accounts for the facility and rapidity with which the enemy has lately been able to make good all the damage we have done on their railroad communications. Gen. Lee has, in conjunction with several English railroad engineers, organized a corps of railroad construction, which has this matter in hand. Large supplies of new railroad iron have been received from abroad and placed at convenient points, and duplicates of all important bridges are also on hand. With this agency and these means, the damage which can be done is rendered merely temporary; and it is certain that the rebels were able in a marvelous short space to put in perfect running order both the Virginia Central and Lynchburg roads. It can hardly be claimed, therefore, that the enemy's communications are to-day in any respect seriously embarrassed.

This exposition, while showing that we hold no such relations to Petersburg and its communications as to claim its being under siege, yet brings out clearly all the commanding military importance of this point with reference to any operation against Richmond by this line. Petersburg is, in fact, the key to Richmond; and the elaborate construction of its defenses furnishes a standard of high value set upon it by the rebel military engineers. Viewed from a military point of view, it forms a powerful fortified *dele de pont*, covering the passage of the river and the main line of communication from Richmond southward.

Its relations with that capital are, in fact, almost identical with those held by Baltimore towards Washington; and were the rebels in possession of the former point they would not menace our capital more than we would Richmond, were we once in possession of Petersburg. In fact not as much, for even if Balti-

more were in the hands of the rebels, Washington would still have its water communication, while Richmond is isolated from it. The rebel defensive line was drawn around the city at a distance of about two miles from it, and formed a set of detached redoubts, after what is known as the German system.

Of these works there were seventeen, mounting 18 guns each. They were beautiful in design and powerful in construction, equal to the fortifications around Washington, and connected with an infantry parapet, the strongest that I have yet seen in my experience over all parts of the theater of war.

That they were left as inadequately defended as they were, therefore, can only be accounted for on the hypothesis—which indeed is no longer a hypothesis, but an ascertained fact—that Grant's maneuvers deceived Lee, whose army was still a day's march off when this line of defenses fell into our hands. The rapidity with which Beauregard was hurried forward to the defenses of Petersburg, and the tenacity with which it has since been held, are the best evidence of the kind of resistance we should have met had not Gen. Grant been beforehand with Lee.

I have adverted to the nature of Beauregard's defence of Petersburg. This has been a matter of remark with the ablest heads in the army. It rivals his defense of Charleston, and stamps him as one of the most skillful soldiers in the rebel army. This estimate is heightened by the fact that the army of the Potomac has not yet met in front of Petersburg a single man belonging to the army proper—not a man of the three corps of Longstreet, Ewell, or Hill. The force defending Petersburg consists exclusively of the army of Beauregard, with such accession outside of the army of northern Virginia as he may have received.

To the natural inquiry as to where Lee's army is, I can speak with no fullness of assurance. There may be a corps in front of Butler, and it is well known that five days ago Ewell's force was sent after Hunter. The other corps is probably preparing another defensive line, in case Petersburg should fall.

And this is the most unfavorable consequence of the unhappy failure to take Petersburg—it gives the rebels time to form their plans, make their dispositions, and enter on expeditions of the nature of diversions, while the integrity of their railroad communications allows them the opportunity of receiving reinforcements.

I have endeavored in this review of the situation to set it down freely and fairly as it stands. If it is not precisely as encouraging as might have been hoped, I shall have misconceived my own impressions if it is taken to be discouraging. It can be discouraging only to those whose absurd illusions respecting the work before this army should long ago have been dissipated by the experiences of the last fifty days' campaign. There is no let-up with this army; it is determined to go through with the business in hand, and it will go through with it if it be not adequately sustained. Petersburg presents precisely such a problem as we have already had half a dozen times before in the course of this campaign. It will be solved by instrumentalities precisely similar to those that have solved all the others—it will be either carried or turned.

The concluding portion of the communication is as follows:

"During the night of Friday the enemy abandoned all that portion of the second line which had not been carried during the two previous days, and retired to the third line, which they had meanwhile been constructing. Hereupon, the commanding General resolved upon an assault along the whole line for the purpose of carrying the town. This action, therefore, separates itself from the assaults of the two previous days, which may be looked upon as of the nature of preliminary operations. This was an action which was designed to be decisive of operations on the present position. Three different assaults were made during the day—at four in the morning, at noon, and at four in the afternoon. We gained ground; it brought our front close up to the rebel lines; but it failed to give us the coveted position, and after severe losses, night found the enemy still in possession of his works covering Petersburg.

"Since the indecisive engagement of Saturday, there has, up to the hour of writing, been no renewal of the attempt to carry the lines of Petersburg.

"Of the prospect I know nothing more than the suggestions of inference; but the lull is of a kind similar to that which followed the action of Coal Harbor. And I hazard the prediction that you may once more turn your eyes away from the front held by the confronting force, and endeavor to conjecture what new stroke will be made by the fertile brain that has already displayed such fertility of resources, in a campaign without its parallel in the history of warfare."

WHY DO ENGLISHMEN SYMPATHIZE WITH THE REBELLION?—This question is answered in very plain language by the Newcastle (England) Daily Chronicle of the 3d inst., in a long article on American affairs, in which that journal itself takes strong ground in support of the national cause:—

"The real reason of the prevailing sympathy for the Confederates intimately concerns ourselves. That reason was long since avowed by the Saturday Review. The battles of democracy and despotism, of progress and reaction, are being fought on slave-holding soil. The slave-dealing aristocrats of the South, like the despotic Governments of Germany are waging the world-old fight against the rights of man. But in America, it is not only the reduction, but the dishonor of democracy that is sought. No greater question for the working man has arisen since the days of Christ; for the South designs to found on slavery and crime a new system of 'civilization.' In that system white and colored laborers are alike liable to be included. The slave-owners have therefore proved themselves the enemies, not of the negro only, but of all mankind. Is it to such enemies, we ask again, that England should give her sympathies?"

TRAINING THE TOMATO.—Knock a flour barrel to pieces, take one of the hoops and two of the staves, sharpen one end of them and nail the other ends to the opposite sides of the hoop, set it over the plant and drive it into the ground. Set the staves in the next hill at right angles with those in the first, and let the hoops just come together and tie them with a string in such a way as to support each other. Thus at a trifling expense of time and money, you may effectively train all tomatoes. These may be little matters, but they will insure great tomatoes.—[Carr. New England Farmer.

SPINNING WITHOUT TOW.—At a communion in the west of Scotland, as a verbose preacher was addressing the congregation, one by one of his ministerial brethren left the chapel for the vestry. As the last one entered, those who preceded him inquired if the prolix speaker had not yet done with his address. "Weel," said he, "his tow's done lang time, but he's spinnin' awa' yet."—[Glasgow Gazette.

Waterville Mail.

PHIL MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JULY 1, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT, ANDREW JOHNSON.

CAPT. WILLIAM A. STEVENS.—The body of Capt. Stevens arrived here Wednesday morning and the funeral took place in the afternoon. After a prayer at his old home, in deference to the wishes of friends and acquaintances, the remains of the deceased, draped in the flag for which he had fought and died, were borne to the Baptist Church, that the community might have an opportunity to pay their last respects to one who had so nobly given his life in their defense.

IN MEMORIAM. MR. WILLIAM HENRY DEWOLFE, whose death has been recorded in the Mail, was a native of Wolfville, Nova Scotia. He came to this State and town two years ago. He pursued studies preparatory to the ministry even after his marriage. They were, however, terminated by his enlistment in Co. M, 1st Me. Heavy Artillery. This step was taken after much reflection for a twofold reason, to serve the national cause and secure a better field for immediate christian labor. The country he served well, though briefly. Christ, also, he honored by faithful and successful labor with his fellow soldiers.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT. DIED, Monday, May 29th, 1864, at Douglas Hospital, Washington, D. C., from a wound received near Spotsylvania, Va., Maj. ARCH DORRILL LEAVITT, 16th Regt. Me. Vols.

UNION STATE CONVENTION.—Gov. Cony was renominated by acclamation, at Augusta, on Wednesday, and Hon. John B. Brown of Portland, and Hon. Abner Stetson of Damariscotta, were chosen Electors.

SCHOOL REPORT. Those who inquire for an interpretation of the "To be continued" of our annual school report, are referred to the chairman of the school committee. We have published all that has come to hand, in accordance with the vote of the Town. The delay rests not at our door.

THE CIRCUS.—Boys, don't spend your pennies for fire-crackers on the Fourth if you are going to want a quarter next day for the Circus. This is probably the only Circus for the season, and perhaps you may be indulged in going if you are willing to take a little pains. But if you burn up your money in fire-crackers it is no matter if you don't go to the Circus. It is a good Circus—so they say.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD CO.—The annual meeting of this corporation, on Wednesday, brought a larger delegation, we believe, than any other similar occasion—the stockholders being determined to realize their sole dividend, a free ride. The following is a list of the directors chosen, Hon. Sam'l P. Benson, of the old board, declining a re-election:—

Hollis Bowman, Bangor; J. H. Drummond, Portland; A. P. Morrill, Readfield; E. S. Little, Lewiston; R. B. Dunn, Waterville; John Lynch, Portland; Sam'l Pickard, Auburn.

Among the appointments made by the East Maine Methodist Episcopal Conference, at its recent session at Bucksport, are the following:—Rockland, E. W. Hutchinson; South Vassalboro, E. Bryant; North Vassalboro, L. H. Bean; China, to be supplied; Winslow and Vassalboro, D. P. Thompson; Clinton and Jaston, H. P. Blood; Unity, P. P. Roberts; Newport, B. Foster; Detroit, Palmyra, and Wanaan, R. S. Dixon.

A score of years ago!—what a page to turn back to! And the verses below lead us there. The friend who wrote them, and the thousand surroundings that gave them beauty, all stand together, as spring-like as then. Even the very paper—and our own print. How they make us as one who wakes the memory of a long-ago dream,—or tangles his silver locks in the tail of a kite in the attic, full of knots of his own tying,—or digs from the rubbish a jack-knife cased in the rust of the score of years between him and his boyhood! The only piece, so far as we remember, with which the name of our editor friend has been connected in the public prints, it comes about in them, somewhere, when its season comes round, as modestly and almost as regularly as the 'snowy shadblows in the wood. We give it forth again, with this thread of remembrance "round its soft neck." Its lesson is always well renewed and worth receiving. It is a hymn of the season, in the simplest form.

SPRING.

THE year comes forth anew, Nature revives again! To bloom, to bear, anew, To bless us fondly again! O where's the strength of heart, The truth not yet put forth! O let it life impart, New vigor and new worth!

When every forest green Is felt a summer shade, And walk and meadow green Are left for forest shade— Oh, in the lively heart, And in the subtle mind, Let Nature and let Art, A child and master find!

Fair fruits shall ripening hang, Fair fruits untimefully hung; On vines the vintage fall, And in the sunny field, The young designs will fail, The heart by cares grow blind, And all it loved grow pale.

But, as the earth is true, And puts forth every power,— Oh! I'll myself be true, And take each season and power! By night she beads each plant, And fills each lofty tree, Nor in a leaf by day is scant, Nor will her purp' be true.

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OUR TABLE.

THE POTOMAC AND THE RAPIDAN.—By Alonzo H. Quint, Chaplain of the 2d Mass. Infantry, Boston: Crosby & Nichols. This is a handsome volume made up of letters for the public press, with some omissions, additions and corrections, and is a graphic and vivid record of camp life and the movements and battles of the army of Potomac, extending from the failure at Winchester to the reinforcement of Rosecrans. It is one of the most readable, and apparently one of the most reliable books called out by the war, and will be of value to those who are to write its history. A map of the ground covered by the several campaigns gives the volume additional value. For sale at Mathews's.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for July will be found unusually interesting and instructive, as will be seen by the list of contents:—An Army, its organization and movements; Zenon, chapters VIII and IX; American Slavery and Finances; The Cross; The English Press; Life on a Blockade; Buckle, Draper—Church and State, fourth paper; Look-out Mountain; One Night; Aphorisms; James Fenimore Cooper on Secession and State Rights; The Resurrection Flower; Recognition; The Seven-Hundredth Birthday of German Capital; The Danish Sailor; American Civilization; Church Music; Literary Notices. Published by J. F. Trow, New York, at \$3 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The June number of this talented Scotch Tory monthly has the following table of contents:—Tony Butler, part IX; Life of Sir William Napier, K. C. B.; Chronicles of Carlisle; The Public School Report; Letters from the Principality; Cornelius O'Dowd, part V; The Crisis of Parties; Index. The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 28 Walker st., New York. Terms of Subscription: For one volume of the New York Review \$3 per annum; for two Reviews \$5; for three Reviews \$7; for all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage. New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates, will be but 56 cents a year.

"THINKING OF THEM ALL."

Suggested by reading the dying words of Capt. W. A. Stevens to his brother, Edwin G. Stevens, "Tell them all I died thinking of them." "Take me in your arms, dear brother, Lay my head upon your breast, I would whisper to none other, This, my dying, last request: "Let me sleep where I may hear Footfalls of the loved at home Mingling with the falling tear, As around my grave they come. "Tell my father, tell my mother, It may grief's mild passion stem, Tell my sister, tell my brother, I was thinking last of them." Like the summer zephyr sighing, Faintly fell his last adieu, "O ye loved ones! I am dying, O ye, thinking last of you." Waterville, June 27th, 1864.

DEATH OF LIEUT. CHARLES FARRINGTON.—We are pained to record the death of this worthy young man, an officer of the 31st Maine regt. He died at Army Square Hospital, in Washington, last week, of wounds received in one of the late battles, and his remains were brought here on Tuesday for interment. The flag of Engine Co. Waterville 3, of which he was formerly a member, was at half mast during the day, and he was buried with Masonic honors. He leaves a wife (daughter of Capt. Timothy McIntire) and two children, in whose sad bereavement this community warmly sympathizes.

"The National Democratic," "Democratic National," or "Conservative Union Democratic Party," (for by those several titles it is named in the notice) is not inclined to show its hand at present, and has postponed its National Convention to the 29th of August.

Some of the democratic papers count the religious conferences recently held in this State as so many republican conventions, and they are more than half right, for these bodies all heartily support the Union and advocate a vigorous prosecution of the war for its maintenance.

The Alabama is reported at Cherbourg, where she had landed forty prisoners and was to receive extensive repairs. Capt. Semmes, in a letter to the London Times, justifies his burning of captured vessels.

A frightful accident occurred on the Grand Trunk railroad on Wednesday morning, an emigrant train, consisting of 11 cars, with 354 Germans, being thrown from the Beloit bridge. Eighty-seven dead bodies had been recovered, and 70 or 80 taken out badly injured.

THE MAINE TEMPERANCE JOURNAL is now under the management of Messrs. Rich and White, who had initiated a movement for a new temperance paper in Portland, Brother Thorndike, who has worked faithfully for the cause, retires to some other field of labor.

Washington is much excited and there are many conflicting rumors in regard to the resignation of Secretary Chase. David Todd, of Ohio, has been nominated as his successor.

COL. DAHLGREN'S ORDERS.—It is now proved beyond a doubt that the pretended photolithograph of Col. Dahlgren's orders was a forgery.

It will be remembered that the name of Col. Dahlgren was misapprehended in the pretended copy. The New York Commercial Advertiser now announces that the "orders" are neither written nor signed in his handwriting, although pretending to be signed with his name. Thus this impudent attempt to blacken the character of a gallant young officer is exposed, and the dishonor rests upon those who inflicted indignities upon his lifeless body, and then committed forgery to help out their own falsehoods as to his conduct.—[Boston Adv.]

We are indebted to Hon. Lot. M. Morrill, of the U. S. Senate, for a copy of his speech in the Senate May 31st, against the repeal of the fishing bounties.

SLAVERY ABOLISHED IN MARYLAND.—The Convention of Maryland has passed, by a vote of 64 yeas to 27 nays, the following article of the Bill of Rights: "Hereafter, in this State, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime whereof the party

shall have been duly convicted; and all persons held to service or labor as slaves, are hereby declared free."

Cattle Markets.

Not quite as many cattle were reported at market last week as the week previous, but the number of sheep exceeded the former supply by about 200. No cattle were reported from this State, and only about two hundred sheep. The market for beef was rather better for the sellers, and nothing was left over for another week; but sheep sold, in many cases, at a loss to the drover.

We quote from the New England Farmer as follows:—First quality beefs, \$12.00 to \$13.00; second do., \$11.00 to \$12.00; third quality, \$9.50 to \$10.00; extra, \$13.50 to \$14.00. Working oxen—\$100 to \$275, or according to their value as beef. Sheep and Lambs—5 to 7 1-2 cts. per lb. on live weight, sheared. Veals \$6—to \$10 each.

War of Redemption.

The situation at Petersburg, last week, is no doubt clearly and correctly represented by Swinton, of the New York Times, in an article, a portion of which will be found on our outside. The contemplated movement, there hinted at, was another extension of our line to the left. A force of cavalry was sent to cut the Petersburg and Weldon railroad, and on Wednesday the 2d and 3d corps were marched in the rear of the rest of the army in the same direction. During the execution of this movement, and while taking up a new position, a gap was opened between the two divisions, of which the rebels took advantage, and succeeded in capturing about a thousand prisoners and four guns. Our whole loss in the unfortunate affair is set at 3,000. After a hard fight the lost ground was recovered.

On Friday, a body of 400 rebels made an attack on the 18th corps, but were driven back with a loss of over half their number. A rebel attack on the 9th corps, Burnside, on the same day, was repulsed and about a hundred prisoners taken. On the same day Gen. Sheridan left White House with his cavalry, and marched rapidly across the Peninsula. On Saturday he was attacked at Wilcox Landing, but an infantry force was sent to his aid and he succeeded in crossing the James river, with his entire train, losing about 250 men.

A new movement, and one not looked for, is reported, the landing of a force under Gen. Foster, on the north side of the James river, between Bermuda Hundred and Fort Darling. The Union troops occupy a strong position, and their left flank is of course protected by the gunboats. Reconnoissances show the enemy to be in force in the front of this body.

A Petersburg paper of the 24th states that Hunter is striking for Jackson River Depot, about forty miles north of Salem, and says that if he reaches Covington, which they suppose he will do with most of his forces, but with loss of material, he will be safe. The same paper accuses Hunter of destroying a great amount of private property and stealing a large number of wagons, horses and cattle. The same paper also says that Wilson destroyed a train of cars loaded with cotton and furniture, burned the depot building, &c., at Burkesville and destroyed some of the track and was still pushing south. All the railroads leading into Richmond are now destroyed and some of them badly.

Secretary Stanton telegraphs an official despatch from General Hunter, announcing that after a successful campaign, running short at last of ammunition and supplies, he had withdrawn his command in safety and in good condition to a point the name of which is withheld.

The news from Gen. Sherman is far from being of a satisfactory character. On Monday his army made an attack upon the rebel position on Kenesaw Mountain and south of it. The enemy's works were found to be of great strength, and our forces were driven back with heavy loss, estimated at between 2,000 and 3,000, while that of the rebels was probably quite slight. It was at first reported that Gen. Hooker was mortally wounded, but it turned out to be Harker, instead.

Reports from North Carolina represent Gen. Palmer's expedition into North Carolina Railroad, as meeting with unlooked-for success. The command destroyed the road and an immense quantity of government stores, captured a large number of prisoners, and inflicted much other damage. The country is stripped of white male inhabitants.

The rebels have stubbornly resisted the extension of our left to the Weldon railroad, but our forces are now represented in possession of it. There is constant firing and skirmishing all along the line, but no heavy engagement recently. Heavy batteries are being planted on the heights overlooking Petersburg, and shells are dropped into the city at short intervals.

President Lincoln has recently visited the scene of operations on the James river, not to interfere with Grant's plans but simply to ascertain in what way and by what means he could, according to the judgment of the commanding generals, best serve the interests of the country by the exercise of executive power in this crisis, and especially promote the efficiency and increase the strength of this army. The army is represented in good condition and full of faith and confidence in their leader and his ultimate triumph.

The Charleston Mercury of June 20th chronicles the three hundred and forty-seventh day of the siege, on which a steady bombardment was kept up. "During the past forty-eight hours," it says, "sixty-five shells have been fired at the city."

MRS. GRANT AND "MR. GRANT."—It is one misfortune of great people that they must be talked about, (isn't Gen. Grant great?) and, in this free country not with the reverence due to the Grand Lama. I was glad to know something of Mrs. Grant; a plain, sensible, quiet woman who takes the world as a matter of course. We were talking of the responsibility of Gen. Grant's position, and made some remarks, tending to awaken an expression of ambition dormant in her woman's heart. No return! She said, "Mr. Grant" (so she always calls him) "had succeeded below, and when he was called to this position, he thought it his duty to try what he could do." We then expressed a hope that he would succeed, and that he would take Richmond. "Well, I don't know. I think he may—Mr. Grant always was a very obstinate man." (Nobody learns that trait of character sooner than a wife.)

It is said also (I was not there then) that this conversation took place, with regard to the election: "If Gen. Grant succeeds, he may want to be President." "But he is lieutenant-general." "Yes, but when a man can be elected president, it must be a strong temptation." "I don't know. There have never been but two lieutenant-generals of the United States, Gen. Washington and Gen. Scott. There have been a number of presidents, for instance such men as Frank Pierce and James Buchanan! No, it would hardly be ambition which would lead a lieutenant-general to wish to be president." "Mrs. Grant—you are a sensible woman, and Mr. Grant is an 'obstinate man.' Let us continue to hope."—[Cor. Springfield Republican.]

LOSSES OF OUR ARMY.—The losses of our army during the campaign of Gen. Grant have been greatly exaggerated. We hear upon the best official authorities that the number of the killed, from the time the army crossed the Rapidan until it reached the James river, did not exceed four thousand men. The wounded numbered something over forty thousand, and including casualties of every description less than fifty thousand; while the deaths of these wounded men are so far not much in excess of two thousand, or from four to five per cent. The permanent loss to our army for the time mentioned may be twelve to fifteen thousand men, but not in any case more than twenty thousand, and the loss of life is much less. [New York Post, 25th.]

LAST ENGAGEMENT OF THE 3d MAINE.—One day last week, one of our citizens, who does not in the least sympathize with the Southern Confederacy—oh, no! not a bit of it!—but who might be considered in some localities but mildly patriotic, was expressing his opinion, in language more forcible than elegant, of the abolitionists in general, and Father Abraham in particular, when one of the 3d Maine boys, who had been out peppering the rebels for the last three years, not being able to distinguish the difference between a rebel and a loyal man who talks scotch, immediately opened on him according to the tactics practised by old Phil Kearney. The result was that the enemy, after fortifying himself behind a chair, was obliged to surrender unconditionally, and promise better fashions in future. [Gardiner Journal.]

Senator Wilson said in the Senate the other day that the country is only about sixty thousand behind on all the old calls, and drafting is now going on to make up that deficiency. Massachusetts was 4000 behind previous to the late draftings. New York wants 15,000, Pennsylvania about the same, New Jersey 8000 or 10,000, and Ohio and Kentucky several thousands.

EXAMINE THEM.—A recent emission of spurious fifty cent notes (the new plate) has been put in circulation. They can be readily detected by observing the following remarks: They are an eighth of an inch shorter than the genuine; the words "fifty cents," which surround the head of Washington, are very pale and indistinct in the counterfeit, while the letters are very black and distinct in the genuine. The bronze circle around the head in the counterfeit can hardly be seen, while the genuine is a deep color. The spurious, though indistinct in all its outlines, is darker than the original.—[Philadelphia North American.]

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.—The Romans demonstrated their faith in the Republic and their unflinching patriotism by selling at auction the ground upon which the Carthaginians were encamped a few miles from the city. The grim humor of this defiant attitude finds a counterpart in a projected railroad from Washington to Fredericksburg. The subscription books for the purpose were opened on Saturday at Alexandria, and it is said that Northern capital will be largely invested as a profitable commercial enterprise. The road will pass near Mount Vernon and lessen the distance between New York and Richmond seventy miles.

Fires are raging in the woods in Penobscot and Aroostook counties, causing much damage in the destruction of buildings, wood, bark and other property. The Whig states that on Friday night last, Ephraim Bailey of Hanson lost his house, Joshua Martin of Alton lost his house and shed, Hussey Rogers of Alton lost his house, and the fires are still raging. The house and barn of Mr. McWater of Whitneyville, was also entirely destroyed by fire on Tuesday night of last week.

The Grand Jury of the city of New York have declined to find a bill of indictment against any parties connected with the seizure of The World and Journal of Commerce newspapers, for publishing Howard's bogus proclamation.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.—The first Maine Heavy Artillery started from the front about six weeks ago eight hundred strong. After the charge of the 18th they mustered only 342 muskets. Truly a frightful loss. Maine never has sent out a regiment which has gained such an enviable reputation or suffered so great a loss in so short a space of time.

Miss Mandana Tileston, of Williamsburg, Mass., was married a few weeks since at Oxford, Ohio, to Rev. Calvin Fairbank, after an engagement of thirteen years. Preparations for their wedding were being made twelve and a half years ago, when Mr. Fairbank was imprisoned in Kentucky for assisting slaves to escape, and he has just been released.

THE EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.—An army correspondent of the New York Times, in describing an examination of rebel prisoners by General Butler, says: Another was an old man from Albermarle, Virginia, a boat-builder, and a man above the ordinary intelligence. He said his time was out in a day or two, the three years for which he enlisted having expired. He did not expect, however, to be discharged. The Confederate Congress had passed a law keeping him and all others in the

ranks. Gen. Butler unadvisedly upon such want of faith, but was silenced at the prisoner's remark that "a poor man, generally speaking, would steal rather than starve to death, and on that principle the Confederate government had acted." General Butler told this old man that he nor his comrades need not expect to be exchanged until Mr. Davis chose to reply favorably to the demand for the exchange of negro soldiers. "They refuse to exchange," said the General, "on the ground that it would be elevating a negro to the level of a white man. Singular reason! If the negro is inferior to the white man, and you get a white man for every negro, don't you gain and I lose by the exchange?" At this view the man opened his eyes. "Again," said the General, "your authorities refuse to exchange for negroes because negroes are property. Well, mules are property. Suppose I train a brigade of mules to charge upon your works at the sound of a trumpet, and they advance to the assault and kick out your brains. You capture some of them. Because they are property would you refuse to exchange them for men? Who would get the best of the bargain, you or I?" This was another "sock dologer," and the Virginian went off to unfold this novel view of exchanges to his comrades.

WRITE TO THE SOLDIERS. Nothing sustains our brave boys throughout the terrible campaign now in progress so much as frequent remembrances from home in the shape of letters and papers. A friend writing from the Army says: "I am not pleading for myself, but there is much disappointment every day when the mail comes in because friends do not write. I have in mind a boy from York county, intelligent and pleasant, who looks for letters from home, but has received none since we left Brandy Station."

Write to the soldiers! Write often. Do not fail to give them a loving and encouraging word—a cheerful and hopeful God-speed in the perilous work in which they are engaged. It will nerve their hands and strengthen their hearts for the duties before them to know that they are constantly remembered at home.

THE ENGINEER OF THE "SASSACUS."—James M. Hobby is the name of the engineer of the U. S. steamer *Sassacus*. This officer stuck to his post amid the most trying circumstances. Even after he had been severely scalded by steam escaping from a shot-hole in the boiler, he stood by and worked the ship out of the reach of the enemy. The *Sassacus* was in action with an iron-clad rebel ram, and the contest was most severe. Such men as Mr. Hobby are an honor to their profession.

We have lately tried Speer's Wine, at his place at Passaic, N. J. It is a pure article from the juice of the cultivated Port grape, prepared and fermented by a new process without the addition of any spirits. It is one of the most comforting cordials we have ever tasted, and especially good for those who object or principle to stimulants, as it has all the properties of warmth and energy which occasionally render a resort to them absolutely medicinal. Each vintage must lay four years before put in market. His success is remarkable, as it is being ordered by families, merchants, and druggists, from all parts of this country, from South America, England, and even from the wine districts of France. [Frank Leslie's Illust. Newspaper. Our druggists have it for sale.]

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—A depot is opened in London for the sale of these lozenges, which have been so long in use in America for relieving Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Throat disorders, and affections of the Lungs.—[Liverpool Post.]

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

PROVERBS OF THE BILLINGS FAMILY. PRESERVED BY JOHN BILLINGS. Cultivate modesty, but mind and have a good stock of impudence on hand. Don't mortify the flesh too much; twant the sores on Lassurus that seem him up to heaven. If you itch for rain go into a graveyard and scratch yourself against a tombstone. "Young man, be more anxious about the pedigree you going to leave than you are about the one somebody left you."

Dr. O. W. Holmes having been prevented, by illness, from delivering a lecture upon an apology, in which he said—"I am satisfied that if I were offered a \$50 bill in my lecture, I should not have strength enough to refuse it."

Artemus Ward says, I have often been told that the best way to take a "Bull by the horns," but I think in many instances it had proved the "bull hole."

The Nestor of the American prize ring, Tom Hyer, died suddenly in New York on Sunday, of dropsy of the heart.

A grandson of Daniel Webster, and son of the late Col. Fletcher Webster, has enlisted as a private soldier, and is on his way to the field.

A Post office clerk sends the following to Holbrook's U. S. Mail—"A man called at our general delivery one day, when I happened for the moment to be engaged elsewhere in the office. He whistled loudly. I stepped to the window and saw a dog in the street. I was whistling for 'One of Uncle Sam's pups,' said he, quite composure. I had nothing to say."

The only refreshing thing that came to me yesterday was an incident that occurred between two acquaintances. "Can you propose something cooling?" remarked one to which the other replied, "Yes, lend me fifty dollars." [N. Y. World, 27th.]

We credit the London Times with the following admission:—"A general like Grant supported by government, must succeed in making numbers tell. On the terms he has hit upon, he can probably get to Richmond, and possibly take the city too."

