



5-20-1864

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 17, No. 46): May 20, 1864

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail)



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 17, No. 46): May 20, 1864" (1864). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 38.

[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail/38](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/38)

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.



## TAKE NO STEP BACKWARD.

Earnestly inscribed to the Thirty-Eighth Congress of the United States.

Take no step backward! The eternal ages  
Look down upon you from their high sublime,  
And witness the event which history's pages  
Shall class among the noblest of all time.  
Right onward now the path of duty leads,  
Though it may lead to dangers that appal,  
"Right onward! onward!" Justice sternly cries,  
And Mercy joins with Justice in the call.

Take no step backward! Centuries of oppression  
Are culminating in this Nation's throes;  
And wrong that might have stood, with fair concession,  
Yields to the force of self-inflicted blows.  
The hand grown hard in the life-long labor  
That chained and pampered those who held it bound,  
Now grasps the gun, or wields the fleshing sabre,  
And wins and wears its honor on the ground.

Take no step backward! Contraband or chattel  
(Or slave) or "person"—what you will—  
And if we stand or fall in this dread battle,  
God leads the lowly and the high shall follow;  
The pillar of a cloud by day is blazing,  
The atmosphere where'er the battle lies;  
The pillar of fire by night is blazing,  
Where configurations paint your Southern skies.

Take no step backward! Ye have sorely smitten,  
At hip and thigh, the Evil and the Wrong;  
What ye have said, now verify! What written,  
Seal with the seal of action, broad and strong.  
Be not as meddlesome droids,  
Of flaming words that hurtle into view;  
The element that purifies is fire;  
Pass firmly in, and resolutely through.

Take no step backward! Ye, whom God now uses  
To solve the problems of Man's destiny,  
To rectify the wrong, right his abuses,  
The grand responsibility ye may not see;  
But in the future—in the years of glory  
That peace restored shall bring our land again—  
Your names shall glitter in the noblest story,  
That celebrates the deeds of noblest men.

## FROTH.

"Ah! did you see that?"

"That what?"

"Only a woman—but such a woman! A  
brunette, with one of those sweet oval faces,  
and a mass of dark hair, half ringlets, half  
tangles—the face of a poetess."

"Poetesses generally have a reputation for  
supreme ugliness."

"This one isn't ugly, at all events. There  
is something very lovely in those dark, stately  
women, I think, infinitely above any kind  
of blonde beauty."

"Here's here! What are you thinking about?  
Nice kind of talk for a man who is engaged to  
a blonde! How about Miss Gaynes, there,  
with her fair hair and pretty Saxon face?"

"Oh, Edith is pretty enough in her way,  
and a very nice girl indeed. She will make  
me an excellent wife, of course, and I should  
be sorry to think of marrying any body else;  
we have been engaged so long, you know, and  
are so well matched. But still, I do like to  
see pretty women, and this brunette's face  
haunts me with a curious demand for admiration.  
I believe my father was right, when he  
said I had a vein of romance running through  
my character."

"Yes, Heaven be praised, you have. Your  
'invasion,' as Swedenborg calls it, is not com-  
plete as yet."

"Please don't enlarge on the dead languages  
and lost theologies. You would be an excel-  
lent fellow, Phil, if you weren't so terribly me-  
taphysical."

"Metaphysics are only the poetry of science.  
You yourself like abstractions, or you wouldn't  
like that woman's face. As near as I can  
judge, what you say is the beauty incarnate.  
A poetical face cannot be symmetrical and  
regular in all its features."

"I don't know anything about that, but I do  
know that this face is poetical and charming.  
It seems to satisfy, not satiate, my fancy, more  
than any other I ever saw."

"And therefore, I will marry a fair, mild-  
eyed little blonde, though like you to your  
sister—just the opposite of the type you so  
terribly admire!"

"Certainly! I admire her too. We are  
equal in every way—marked by wealth, posi-  
tion, the wishes of all our friends, and every  
thing else. Am I not a grand party for her,  
and vice versa? Now don't talk any nonsense  
about poetry and romance—they are all very  
fine, and no man likes them better than I do,  
in their place; but they are, unfortunately,  
impracticable."

"Well, follow your leaders, and work out  
the old problem, wealth to wealth; luxury to  
luxury; ease to ease; till the blood gets fat,  
the body feebles, the mind atrophied, and the  
whole race sinks into decay and effiteness. Go  
on; you are a fair specimen of 'select society';  
and I wish you joy of your grand party. But,  
God save your progeny!"

"But what can a fellow do?"

"Do? Renounce them all. Declare your  
independence, and throw all the vanity and  
nonsense of society overboard. Fall in love  
with a woman who can love you in return—  
who knows that this brunette might?—and live  
out the life of a man! Marry, and be not only  
happy but miserable also, for there is nothing  
like experience to make one grow and broaden.  
Sensation! sensation! sensation! The soul  
thrills for it—the body thrives on it. Get it,  
then, and let it be genuine. That's what you  
can do!"

"Yes—how pretty it sounds, doesn't it? I  
wish I were a poet, a writer of charming  
sentiments and enthusiastic rhodomontades. I  
would talk just as you do, and then—do just as  
you do!"

"Phil hit his nether lip."

"Never mind what I do," said he; "if you  
know all that I know you would comprehend  
me. But let every man work out his own des-  
tiny. You may not be a poet, but you have,  
as your father says, a romantic vein, and it  
should have more scope than you can find in  
merely walking Broadway and admiring the  
women."

"Hush! there she comes again, turning  
back. Take a fair look at her."

"A right sweet, noble face full of soul and  
vitality, with a nameless loveliness in every  
feature. Being dark myself, I like blondes  
best, but I would really be glad to know the  
weaver of that face."

"Ten to one she isn't worth knowing."

"I can't think so. Beauty like that always  
means something. It is your pretty, doll-like  
beauty that glides common class. This is of a  
different sort, and is the index to womanly  
purity, and what is as fine—womanly loveliness."

"I'm glad you like the face, anyhow, for I  
have a certain respect for your judgment, and  
it has a peculiar charm for me."

"Of course it has. Your heart is all right  
enough. It is only your mask—your social  
crust—that is false and stupid. 'Inversion' is  
your only great trouble—set your right side up,  
and you would be a capital fellow."

"But it is so much trouble to get right side  
up!"

"Yes, that's just it. Froth is simpler than  
wine—it is a cheap, gaseous portion of the  
liquid. You were made a man, and brought  
up a society man. It is hard to change, go  
ahead, in the old way—eat, drink, and be merry—if you can!"

"At least, I can try. There come Edith

and her mamma—I must join them, I suppose.  
Ah! well."

"Happy man! Now aren't you happy?  
Never mind telling the truth—you'd better say  
you are!"

"Good-by, my cynic; I'll be even with you  
yet!"

"I hope so; good by!"

The friends separated. Phil, bowing gra-  
ciously to the two ladies, went to his favorite  
restaurant, to elaborate the plot of a new com-  
edy, over a light dinner. The other joined his  
father and mother, and tendered his services  
as escort.

This latter young gentleman was a pleasant,  
easy-going sort of character. Gifted with much  
talent and intellect, he seemed to lack the cour-  
age or energy necessary to break over the  
bounds of social conventionality. He was  
wealthy and educated, a bit of a philosopher,  
a lover of art and nature, but perfectly aimless,  
and fonder of simple comfort than of anything  
else in the world.

In fact Thorpe Fanshawe might be consid-  
ered a fair type of a large class of young men  
in New York city, who, with every capability  
and facility for a brilliant career, are spoiled by  
the curse of too much hereditary wealth, at too  
early an age, and, worse yet, an early inculca-  
tion of the conventional idea of gentility.

Young Fanshawe had studied law at college,  
and might have been a great luminary at the  
bar, but he simply had no object upon which to  
exert his powers, and felt no necessity for their  
exercise. His existence was all planned and  
mapped out for him before he was of age, and  
all he could do was to live according to the  
chart. His future wife had been chosen for him  
on account of her wealth, her social position,  
and the respectability of her family. They were  
betrothed as children, and taught to consider  
the matter settled, although they entertained no  
more affection for one another than any good  
friends might. Of course, as both were intelli-  
gent, they sometimes had vague ideas of the  
injustice of this kind of marriage, but a rebellion  
against it would be an immense deal of trouble,  
and they thought it would be better, perhaps,  
to tolerate each other than to attempt a revolt  
against the sacred injunction of society, which  
bade them "be genteel, or die!"

Philip Rawstone, on the contrary, was decid-  
edly unconventional. He was extraordinarily  
energetic, performing gigantic feats of literary  
prodigality—throwing off play after play, story  
after story, poem after poem, besides contrib-  
uting editorially to several papers, and all with-  
out any great apparent effort. Necessarily, so  
hard a worker must have made a good deal of  
money, but Phil had many odd ideas of luxury,  
that, together with his "bachelor economy,"  
cost him a good deal also, so that, when he bal-  
anced accounts at the end of the year, he gen-  
erally found himself not only out of debt, but  
out of money too.

Between him and Thorpe Fanshawe society  
and its conventionalities were in constant and  
humorous quarrel. Phil believed most devoutly  
in doing just as his fancy and inclination  
prompted, and despised a "sense of duty" as a  
motive for any action. I think he would rather  
have done right from attraction than to have  
done right from a fear of the world. Fortu-  
nately his attractions did not lie in evil di-  
rections, and he was one of those very few  
young men whose worst fault might have been  
written on his forehead, without causing him to  
go wrong in public.

If Rawstone could have had a fair chance  
to talk daily with Fanshawe, and if all extrane-  
ous influences could have been averted, the  
marriage between him and Edith Gaynes would  
have been soon abandoned, no doubt. After  
each of their arguments Thorpe felt less and  
less faith in the code of society, and saw more  
and more of the monotony of a hymeneal tie  
without love. But all of his other acquain-  
tances, and his family were rigid conventional-  
ists, and he heard far more every day about  
his "duties to the world" than of his duties to  
himself and to God.

Among those who were continually bolstering  
up the divine institutions of fashionable life  
was the young man's uncle, John Rooke, a gay  
bachelor, who, at the ripe age of five-and-thirty,  
was about to make a brilliant marriage with a  
Washington widow of about his own time of  
life. The bride elect was fat and fair, im-  
mense in the social circles of the capital, im-  
mense in the lobby, and indeed, immense every-  
where, except at home. Rich, smart, hand-  
some, and powerful. What more could a man  
desire in a wife.

Some foolish boys reading this may say that  
they would want affection and womanly purity;  
but gentle people have voted these attributes  
down as superfluous and sentimental. No, no,  
let us be gay while we are young; let us live  
on the surface, amidst the froth; and when we  
are used up, at middle age, let us forswear the  
fleshpots and wine-skins, and, settling down  
peaceably under our fig-tree and vine, take to  
ourselves a dashing wife to fill the gay place  
we have occupied. Let the man have his fling  
while he is single, the woman when she is mar-  
ried. Let us be froth, and—never mind the  
lees!

It was a very pleasant sight to see John  
Rooke standing before the altar, with his open  
frank, English-looking face—his kindly smile  
and his Paris neck-tie—his earnest expression  
and dress-coat lined with white satin—his evi-  
dent happiness and faultless kids—his en-  
nobling inward consciousness of having a firm  
belief in the Holy Ritual of Marriage and two  
hundred thousand dollars in the Midas Manu-  
facturing Company's shares, paying an annual  
dividend of thirty per cent. A charming  
sight!

The Washington widow had been through  
with it all before, and was less impressed than  
the bridegroom; but she was very lovely in  
white more antique and pearls—most women  
would be. As for Thorpe Fanshawe and  
Edith Gaynes, who were first groomsman and  
bridesmaid, they were the very picture of well-  
deserved resignation. Thorpe looked just as he  
did when his sisters made him take out some  
hapless wall-flower for a turn at the Lancers,  
at a party. Edith looked—Well, did you ever  
see a few lamb-staken from a flock, and driven  
from the pen to the slaughter-house? Do you  
recall how simple and unsophisticated the re-  
maining ones looked, all in blissful ignorance  
of their fate, to come in turn? That is just the  
way Edith looked.

So the wedding-breakfast was eaten, and the  
"happy pair" toasted, and fly jokes cracked  
upon Thorpe and Edith by Fanshawe senior,  
and after much Champagne, very frothy, and  
much congratulation ditto, the bride parted her  
dry eyes with her lace handkerchief, the groom

said "good-bye, and God bless you all!" cheer-  
ily, and off they went on the wedding tour.

This gave young Fanshawe a new impetus  
on the beaten track. For six weeks he dress-  
ed every evening after dinner, took his sisters  
to balls and parties, and paid the most devout  
attentions to Edith. John Rooke seemed so  
well satisfied, and wrote him such nice letters,  
all full of underscored words and exclamation  
points with complacent little addenda in the P.  
S. way by the bride, that the young man almost  
persuaded himself that fashionable life was a  
great thing after all; that lotus-eating was a  
good aim to exist for; that Edith and he could  
be superlatively happy as man and wife, and  
that froth was a good deal more substantial than  
it looked.

During this period of exemplary superficial-  
ity he naturally saw but little of Phil Rawstone,  
who tasted the life of all circles, in an omnivo-  
rous way, without belonging to any. Not fan-  
cying the flavor of the fashionable lotus, he  
rarely ventured into the "set" in which the  
Fanshawes moved, although when he did his  
literary ability and—better yet—reputation  
secured him a warm reception and respectful  
treatment, particularly from the ladies, who  
liked his poetry. Edith Gaynes read every-  
thing he wrote, and thought he had "such fine  
eyes," while the eldest Miss Fanshawe was ac-  
cused of setting her cap for him, and soundly  
scolded therefor by her father, who, though he  
admired talent, could not think of having a  
professional literature for a son-in-law.

It was only occasionally that Phil and Thorpe  
met, as I have said, and the latter was sur-  
prised one day by running against his friend in  
Broadway, and seeing him dressed in the most  
elaborately gorgeous style. This is not—I re-  
gret to say—the usual custom of literary gen-  
tlemen, and Phil Rawstone was rather especi-  
ally given to morning coats at all hours, figured  
shirts, and felt hats.

"Hallo, Phil!" cried Fanshawe, with much  
effusion; "I haven't seen you for an age! How  
do you do, old boy? Prospering, eh? Your  
outward encasements indicate it. I don't  
think I ever saw you quite such a heavy  
swell!"

"Oh, I like dress as well as anybody, at  
times, though I'm not exactly what Carlyle  
calls a 'dandified body.' I'm going to take a  
lady to the opera to-night, and want to produce  
a sensation on the audience. Even the sons  
of the Muses are not totally exempt from the  
vanities of mortals."

"I didn't know that you ever took ladies to  
the opera."

"I don't often. It is not much in my line,  
but if you only knew who this lady is!"

"A wealthy maiden aunt, perhaps, or some  
fair siren of a scientific and abstract turn, who  
has enchanted your metaphysical heart with a  
burly song in high Dutch, with a burden of—  
'Geheminess! Metaphysik! Metaphysik! Geheminess!'"

"Neither the one nor the other, but a lady  
whom you know very slightly, and whom I  
know very well, though our acquaintance is  
but of brief duration." Indeed you have known  
her longer than I have."

"Who is she, then?"

"I shall not tell you, for I want you to be  
surprised. Come to the Academy of Music to-  
night, and look at the left hand progenium  
boxes. In one of them I shall sit to display  
my beauties and graces. Think the toggeries  
—there's Latin for your German!"

"Let me see—yes—I'll be there. My sister  
Carrie wants to hear Piccolomini sing  
'Batti, batti,' once more—I'll take her and  
Edith, and see who this mysterious captivator  
of yours may be."

"No captivator, but a dear good girl, who  
has sense, refinement, intellect—everything ex-  
cept money—that she hasn't got any very  
large amount of, I confess."

"I have a great curiosity to see her—I don't  
think I know any such person."

"Not intimately, but perhaps you may yet.  
I shall be disappointed if you don't knock at  
our box door before the last act—I am sure  
of getting permission to introduce you, for she is  
good-natured, and has faith in my estimation  
of people. Will you come?"

"Yes, I'll go home now, and get Carrie  
and Edith ready."

In the neighborhood of nine o'clock that  
evening Fanshawe, in accordance with his  
promise, entered his father's box—the old gen-  
tleman was one of the original stock-holders of  
the Academy—accompanied by his sister and  
Edith, two fair blondes, with golden hair and  
rosy cheeks, set off by their tasteful opera-  
cloaks of soft white cashmere daintily trimmed  
with blue ribbon.

As soon as Fanshawe could adjust his long-  
gilette he gazed anxiously across the house,  
glittering with beauty, wealth, and—fitting ac-  
companiment—gas, toward the left hand pro-  
genium boxes. In one of them sat Phil Raw-  
stone, elegant and easy, and by his side, close-  
ly engaged in conversation with him, was the  
lovely brunette who had so often attracted  
Thorpe Fanshawe's admiration on Broad-  
way!

The recognition produced an odd effect upon  
the young man. He remembered those deep  
eyes, with purity and truth lying in their  
depths, like clear fresh water lying in the bot-  
tom of a spring. He remembered those tan-  
gled masses of dark hair—gracefully pendu-  
lous as the airy vines that swing from the cy-  
presses of Southern swamps. He remembered  
the lithic, elastic form and regal air—the step  
full of character—the sweet smile and tender  
self-abnegation expressed therein, and thinking  
of all these, wondered, far down in the ady-  
a of his heart, whether he could not mate with  
such a woman, and know the happiness that  
he had always been taught to think was weak  
and sentimental. Those teachings seemed like  
infidelity now, for he began to feel that he who  
denied love, went right to denying Him who  
said "Love ye one another!"

He turned toward Edith. She too was  
beautiful—very beautiful—an innocent, pleas-  
ant girl, with great taste and delicacy in her  
soul. Refinement, tenderness, and kindly love  
for the neighbor, were stamped upon every  
curve and contour of her face—every dimple  
of her rose-bloom cheeks—every sparkle of her  
sunny eyes; but it was not what he craved—  
he was just such another himself, saying that  
he had "seen the world"—a process that  
leaves little room for innocence. He too was  
fair of complexion, gentle and easy of manner,  
luxurious and refined in habit. They were  
too much alike to marry. He felt, in looking  
from her to his sister, that he bore exactly the  
same affection for both—the same pride and  
respect—a purely fraternal sentiment, far dif-

ferent from the love that should sanctify the  
conjugal relation.

In the midst of these thick coming medita-  
tions he saw Phil beckoning to him, and as two  
or three friends of Carrie's had entered the box  
to make their compliments to the young ladies,  
he excused himself, and passed around to his  
friend's place.

Phil introduced the lady as a Miss Dudley,  
and spoke of Fanshawe as an old friend. Miss  
Dudley gave Thorpe her hand cordially, and  
bestowed a glance of scrutiny upon him, taking  
in his whole figure from neck-tie to boots, like  
one accustomed to receiving impressions from  
trifle as well as from general appearances.

She was evidently not displeased by her ex-  
amination, and in a few minutes conversation  
was progressing as briskly as if they had been  
three intimate friends, though at first Fan-  
shawe's heart was so thrilled, through and  
through, by the tone of her voice, that he could  
hardly collect his ideas enough to express them.

"I don't know, my dear reader, whether you  
have given the subject much attention, but  
there is an immense deal of significance in a  
voice. There are some voices that are hard,  
dry, and rasping—nutmeg-grater voices. Then  
there are brawny voices, belonging to men of  
mighty thews and sinews. There are sibilating,  
snaky voices, fraught with deceit and duplicity  
—throaty, English voices, indicating either a  
lack of emotional capability, or a tendency to  
conceal the emotions—soft, singing voices, like  
the last vibration of a chime of bells—and many  
more, all distinct, expressive, and full of mean-  
ing."

And there is a voice of voices—a fresh, clear,  
good voice—oh, how weak is this poor language  
that gives me no adjective to describe it!—and  
this is worth all other voices together. I can-  
not tell its marvelous properties—I can think of  
no musical word that expresses its quality of  
tone, but we have heard it more than once.  
Who has not heard his own name pronounced  
in such a manner, with such an infection, such  
a modulation, such a divine harmony of tone  
with syllable, that it rang sweeter in his ears  
than the sweetest strains of the great masters  
of song?

Well such a voice had Miss Dudley, and its  
sound seemed to entrance poor Fanshawe when  
she first spoke to him. The remains of his late  
conventional life, too, seemed to stifle him in  
her presence, and he could only speak in mono-  
syllables.

But a man could not be stupid long in Miss  
Dudley's society. If he were so by nature he  
could not stay. If so by circumstance, she re-  
moved his embarrassment with wondrous tact—  
which is genuine in a woman—and brought  
out all the good, the wise, the witty, and the  
agreeable within him.

So with Fanshawe. In two minutes he  
was delightfully at ease, and talked better  
than he ever had to any woman before, or to  
any man who was not a Phil Rawstone.

As Fanshawe and Miss Dudley seemed in-  
clined to monopolize the conversation, Phil  
found himself de trop.

"Here," said he in his off-hand way, "I see  
forty friends, more or less, beckoning to me  
from various boxes, and I think you can enter-  
tain each other for a few moments without me."

"I'm sure I can dispense with you so long as  
Mr. Fanshawe is here," laughed Miss Dud-  
ley.

"Yes, I suppose so. It is always the last  
new face with you women!"

"But Mr. Fanshawe's face is not new to me.  
We have just discovered that we are old prome-  
nade acquaintances—eye-friends, you know,  
such as one gets in walking much."

"Then make yourselves mutually agreeable  
while I'm gone."

"I say, Phil," said Fanshawe, "wont you  
look in on Carrie and Edith while you are out?  
They'll be charmed to see you, and they may  
need some consolation for my absence."

Phil promised, and the next minute his  
friends saw him appear in the Fanshawe box.  
His "forty friends, more or less," must have  
been somewhat mythical, for he did not leave  
the young ladies until he returned to Miss  
Dudley toward the close of the opera.

Meanwhile Thorpe was in the seventh  
heaven of happiness. The most delicious of  
all delicious sensations, the crowning glory of  
youth and life, the intensest emotional experi-  
ence of humanity, is that wonderfully simple,  
yet curiously intricate act—falling in love!

The gradual steps from interest to admi-  
ration, thence to charm, fascination and love, be-  
ginning with the plain, pretty bud, and ending  
with the full-blown, perfect, glorified blossom,  
are among the familiar miracles of earth, seen  
constantly, experienced often, yet just as in-  
scrutable, as blindly incomprehensible, to the  
wisest *valet*, as any turning of water into wine,  
or feeding of five thousand men and women  
with five loaves and two fishes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN INCIDENT OF FRIDAY'S BATTLE.—A  
Tribune correspondent in his account of Fri-  
day's battle, writes:—"Far down the plank  
road where Hancock fought, beyond the thickest  
rebel dead, lay a boy severely wounded, per-  
haps not less a soldier, that he was but a boy.  
He had fallen the day before when we were  
farthest advanced, and had remained unmolested  
within the rebel lines. They had not re-  
moved him, and he was alone with the dead,  
when I rode up. The poor fellow was crawling  
about gathering violets. Paint with the loss  
of blood, unable to stand, he could not resist  
the tempting flowers, and had already made a  
beautiful bouquet. Having caused a stretcher  
to be sent for, I saw him taken up tenderly  
and borne away, wearing a brave, sweet, touch-  
ing smile."

FEMALE EMPLOYMENT AS AFFECTED BY  
THE WAR.—The New York Sun which speaks  
with intelligence and almost semi-officially  
for the laboring classes, remarks in an article  
on "Female Employment":—"The social condi-  
tion of women is being influenced by our civil  
war, to a larger extent than is generally sup-  
posed. Silently and imperceptibly, and also  
rapidly and surely, a revolution is being effected  
which seems destined to accomplish the work  
of years in a few months, and produce an im-  
portant and lasting change in all the relations  
of society. The withdrawal during the last  
three years of a million and a half of men  
from industrial pursuits, has produced a defi-  
ciency in the labor market which for some time  
past has been gradually supplied by females.  
By this means new channels of business and  
industry have been opened to them, which have

been hitherto closed. The change is also  
hastened by the various trades combinations  
and the increase of wages, which make it the  
interest of employers to seek other sources to  
supply the demand for laborers."

EXTRACTS FROM  
PARTON'S LIFE OF BUTLER.

A VIRGINIAN IN TROUBLE.

ENTER, an elderly, grave, church-warden look-  
ing gentleman, apparently oppressed with care  
and grief. He was recognized as a respectable  
farmer of the neighborhood, the owner, so  
called, of thirty or forty negroes, and a farm-  
house in the dilapidated style of architecture,  
which might be named the Virginian Order.  
Advancing to the table he announced his name  
and business. He said he had come to ask the  
officer commanding the post for the return of  
one of his negroes—only one—and he proceeded  
to relate the circumstances upon which he based  
his modest request. But he told his tale in a  
manner so measured and woful, revealing such  
a curious ignorance of any other world than the  
little circle of ideas and persons in which he  
had moved all his life, with such naïveté and  
comic simplicity, that the hearers found it im-  
possible to take a serious view of his really la-  
mentable situation. He proceeded in something  
like these words:—

"I have always treated my negroes kindly  
I supposed they loved me. Last Sunday, I  
went to church. When I returned from  
church, and entered into my house, I called  
Mary to take off my coat and hang it up. But  
Mary did not come. And again I called  
Mary in a louder voice, but I received no an-  
swer. Then I went into the room to find Mary,  
but I found her not. There was no one in the  
room. I went into the kitchen. There was  
no one in the kitchen. I went into the garden.  
There was no one in the garden. I went to  
the negro quarters. There was no one at the  
negro quarters. All my negroes had departed,  
sir, while I was at the house of God. Then I  
went back again to my house. And soon there  
came to me James, who has been my body-ser-  
vant for many years. And I said to James:—  
'James, what has happened?'

"And James said, 'All the people have gone  
to the fort.'"

"While I was gone to the house of God, James?"

"And James said, 'Yes, master, they're all  
gone.'"

"And I said to James, 'why didn't you go,  
too, James?'

"And James said, 'Master, I'll never leave  
you.'"

"Well, James," said I, as there's nobody to  
cook, see if you can get me some cold victuals  
and some whiskey."

"So James got me some cold victuals, and I  
ate them with a heavy heart. And when I had  
eaten, I said to James:—  
'James, it is of no use for us to stay here.  
Let us go to your mistress.'"

"His mistress, sir, had gone away from her  
home, eleven miles, fleeing from the dangers of  
the war."

"And so, James, said I, 'harness the best  
horse to the cart, and put into the cart our best  
bed, and some bacon, and some corn meal, and  
James, some whiskey, and we will go unto your  
mistress.'"

"And James did even as I told him, and some  
few necessities besides. And we started. It  
was a heavy load for the horse. I trudged along  
on foot, and James led the horse. It was late at  
night, sir, when we arrived, and I said to  
James:—  
'James, it is of no use to unload the cart to-  
night. Put the horse into the barn, and unload  
the cart in the morning.'"

"And James said, 'Yes, master.'"

"I met my wife, sir; I embraced her, and  
went to bed; and, notwithstanding my troubles,  
I slept soundly. The next morning, James was  
gone. Then I came here, and the first thing I  
saw, when I got here, was James peddling cab-  
bages to your men out of that very cart."

Up to this point, the listeners had managed  
to keep their countenances under tolerable con-  
trol. But the climax to the story was drawn out  
in a manner so lugubriously comic, that neither  
the general nor the staff could longer conceal  
their laughter. The poor old gentleman, un-  
conscious of any but the serious aspects of his  
case, gave them one sad, reproachful look, and  
left the fort without uttering another



# Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING.  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... MAY 20, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. N. PETTENHILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office. S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS. Relating to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING,' or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.'

## FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

**FAIR.**—After some ten days of almost constant clouds and fog, sunshine assumed its prerogative on Tuesday, and has held it with tolerable steadiness since. Grass and rheumatism had been growing well enough, but field work and good nature had suffered a pull-back. Now everybody and everything smile. Plows and hoes are in motion, as though struggling to make up lost time. Industry will do what it can to compensate for lack of laborers, while high and increasing prices admonish the idle to work or starve. **Query**—whether this is not a favorable time for those who have fallen into the sneaking habit of doing nothing, or next to nothing,—men and boys, women and girls,—to try a little self examination, and see whether idleness is a virtue or a vice, an honor or a shame. Men work now for their country, and the means of living without work has become the worst of all excuses. High prices suggest increased industry; and the same patriotism that prompts our young men to fight, ought to prompt our young women to work. When the country suffers for a foreign debt our women propose to economize in dress; and when the country needs labor why should they not go to work? A mutual need, if one exists, is between women and work—between men and work—between boys and girls and work. And yet the great mass of our laboring men and women and children work too much. It is because there are too many drones, and the workers have to feed them. If each did a fair share of the labor of the world would be done in four hours a day. Now many classes labor from ten to fifteen. Who thinks it right to be a laggard, a slacker, in this working world?—losing even the blessing of the sabbath, because they have no labor to rest from.

**GROSS FRAUD.**—As if the abuses of public confidence by the reporters of the daily papers were not enough, the climax of this kind of fraud appeared in most of the papers on Wednesday, in a forged proclamation of the President for a national fast, and calling for 400,000 more troops. On Thursday we were told by the same papers that the thing was a forgery, and that several printing and telegraph offices, suspected of participation in the matter, had been taken possession of by the government officials. If discovered, we hope the fate of traitors awaits the perpetrators. The villainous act comes at a time when public patience is outraged, to the last extremity, by the flood of misrepresentations that have come from the theater of war since the late movement commenced. It weakens the feeble confidence the public yet have in the daily press of the country in its present "associated" condition, when even forgery is added to falsehood to help the sale of papers.

We learn from the Portland Press, that Hobart W. Richardson, Esq., one of "our boys," formerly Tutor in Waterville College, afterwards connected with the editorial staff of the Press, and who has recently been filling a clerkship at Washington, has been transferred to the Coast Survey service, and will soon be stationed in Portland, and have charge of a magnetic and meteorological observatory.

The work of Waterville mechanics, we are pleased to notice, is appreciated abroad as well as at home. Mr. M. Wescott, of our village, has just sent to California about eighteen hundred dollars' worth of high priced harnesses, to be followed by as many more as soon as they can be finished. These harnesses excited the admiration of all who saw them, and good judges say that in style and finish, as well as in quality of stock and excellence of workmanship, they have never been excelled on the Konebec.

**A LETTER** from Capt. William A. Stevens, of the Maine 16th, dated the morning after the last battle, assures his father [Dca. W. A. F. Stevens] of the safety of himself and brother, and gives the gratifying information that Major Leavitt was not killed, as reported, but was severely wounded in the shoulder.

**ADJUTANT GENERAL'S REPORT.**—We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of this valuable document. The Boston Journal says of it:—

"It is a monument of official industry and faithfulness. It makes over one thousand pages of very fine type, and besides a clear and comprehensive general account of what Maine has done in the way of furnishing men and means to suppress the rebellion, gives an accurate list of the membership of all the Maine regiments,

with the place of residence of each officer and private, and the changes that have happened to each individual, whether in consequence of death, discharge, promotion or desertion. It is thus of great value as an official record, and worthy of initiation in all the loyal States. Deserter should take note of it that they will be consigned to eternal infamy if they happen to belong to a Maine regiment."

## MUSIC.

The man who has no ear for music, as it is warbled forth from a thousand feathery throats; as it is babbled by the laughing, leaping rill; as it is mutely chanted to our vision by all harmonious nature; or as it issues from organ and tuncful choir on the calm, still sabbath morning to the worship of the righteous and glorious God—the man whose spirit is unmoved by the influence of such holy melodies can be but half a man.

True to the impulses of their natures were the ancients when they claimed that brutes, trees, and stones were all moved by the magic music of Orpheus; rightly do we judge that sacred song is acceptable to God in the worship of his sanctuary; and into our picture of heaven's happiness is wrought the image of a holy host, forever pouring forth hymns of praise to their Creator and Redeemer. Yes, music was born in heaven, is man's delight on earth, and finally shall be the glory of all angels.

Bad music is not alone the spontaneous outburst of love; it is also, the acquired product of art. And he sings best who joins to a grateful soul, a sweet, melodious voice and an ear nicely trained to the proper appreciation of tones. Let not the bigot declaim against the singing school and the choir-meeting. Let him not assert that God delights as much in the harsh notes of him whose soul is full of gratitude and praise. For, though the worship of the heart is required, the voice and the ear are talents at whose disuse he doth not wink. If we have a choir, they must warm us with their song.

No less foolish is the rant against hiring the choir. To sing successfully, to make the congregation feel that the song is indeed a part of the worship of God, is the result of study and practice. Your pastor receives his wages, because he must be prepared for his appearance before you, and because this preparation is effected at the expense of time and money. Those, whom you place at the other extreme of the church to aid him in the devotions, should fare no worse. A small and carefully selected choir, even though it come to you at some worldly cost, is to be preferred to the large, discordant one, which gratuitously offers its services. The former attracts many to the house of worship, whom the latter would drive away to seek the music of groves and brooks. The former inspires a cultivated and appreciative audience, and glorifies the God of all gods.

Let such be our choirs; so that the temple of Zion may be welcome to more of the ungodly; so that the worshippers shall be fired with zealous praise; so that, as we shall go forth from the house of the Lord, we may render thanks to him, that he has planted the ear for our delight and gratification, that he has given us hearts to appreciate and adore.

## A CHURCH GOER.

People may differ as to the propriety of paying a choir, though we see no objection to it; but harmony is not necessarily secured when the number of singers is small and the pay great. A large choir may sing better gratuitously, than a small one laboring for a salary.—[Eds. Mail.]

## FOR THE WATERVILLE MAIL.

**Messrs. Maxham and Wing.**—As you are advocates for the improvement of our water privileges, can you give us any information concerning the Waterville Acqueduct Company who should supply water to several families on Front Street? We have had no water for nearly five months and have failed to move the company.

Will you please to stir them up, and oblige  
ONE OF THE SUFFERERS.

**OUR LOSSES.**—The names of the killed and wounded make a list of appalling length, which must be still further enlarged when full returns shall be made. We can mention but a few, even of the Maine regiments:—In the 3d Maine Lt. Col. Edwin Burt, Capt. Geo. W. Harvey, of Co. A, killed; Capt. Geo. O. Getchell, Co. E, leg shot off—probably dead. Maj. Wm. E. Morgan was wounded in the arm; Capt. H. P. Worcester, severely; Henry Pollard, Co. K.

In the fourth regiment Maj. Robert H. Gray of Stockton was killed.

In the 7th regt. Col. Edwin C. Mason and Maj. James P. Jones were wounded.

In the 16th, Maj. Leavitt was severely wounded in the shoulder.

In the 19th, Col. Selden Conner was wounded in the leg, badly; Oscar F. Mayo, and Lt. W. H. Emery, Co. C; Sergt. Alfred Dunbar of Winslow, Co. H.

In the 17th, Col. G. W. West was wounded in right thigh.

In the 31st, Co. I, Capt. A. H. Packard, wounded severely; Privates, J. Ross, slightly; G. W. Jackson; John Henderson; J. West, in arm; F. Dusty, do.; L. Vigue, in hip; L. Murry, do.; Charles Johnson, in head; H. Davis, in thigh; F. Curtis, leg, slight. Missing—Blackstone, Cousins, Gates, Sergt. S. E. Peacock, Alonzo Goff, but all supposed to be within our lines.

**ACCIDENT.**—A little son of Mr. L. E. Thayer of this village, had two fingers of his right hand cut off by a hay-cutting, on Wednesday, while playing with some other boys. The hay-cutting is a dangerous plaything for children, and has probably cut more value of fingers than of hay. The newspapers keep repeating the caution, at the end of each account of the cutting off of fingers.

**DROWNED.**—A little son of Mr. Leav, who lives on the plain, was drowned on Tuesday last, by falling into the river.

## OUR TABLE.

**THE FERRY-BOY AND THE FINANCIER.** By a contributor to the Atlantic, author of the "First Visit to Washington," in the April number. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company. This is an authentic narrative of the early life of the present Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. Salmon P. Chase, told in a way to interest and benefit the young. An appendix details the more important events of his later life. The work contains several embellishments. For sale at Mathews's.

**PETERSON'S MAGAZINE** for June has a fine steel engraving, "Caught in a Shower," a pretty colored fashion plate, travelling satchel in colors, "The Morning Center," a score or two of patterns and designs, a piece of music, with an abundance of interesting stories, etc. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

**THE LADY'S FRIEND.**—The June number of this handsome monthly opens with a fine steel engraving of "The Young Brood." This is followed by a handsome colored Fashion Plate, double the size of those usually given by two-dollar magazines. Then come a number of well-executed wood engravings of the fashions, needle-work, &c., such as ladies alone know how to properly value. A number of engravings illustrating "Archery for Ladies" is an interesting feature of this number. Among the literary articles we note the "Marriage of Convenience," "The Heiress of Northlehope" (illustrated), "Mabel's Mission," "Shadow and Sunshine," "Margaret's Cross," "Richard Graham's Love," "The Transformed Village" (illustrated), &c., &c. Altogether this is a very interesting number.

Published by Deacon and Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

## Cattle Markets.

In cattle, last week, there was a slight increase in number over the week previous, but in sheep there was a great falling off. Prices, however, were about the same all round.

We quote from the *New England Farmer* as follows:—

First quality heaves, \$12.50 to \$13.00; second do., \$11.00 to \$12.00; third quality, \$10.00 to \$11.00; extra, \$13.00 to \$13.50.

Working oxen—\$100 to \$250, or according to their value as beef.

Sheep and Lambs—8 1-2 to 9 1-2 cts. per lb. on live weight; extra fat and heavy, 9 3-4 to 10.

This week the supply was short again and prices advanced.

## War of Redemption.

We continue our record of the movements from Tuesday of last week, quoting from the army correspondent of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*:—

There was desultory fighting along our front all day, but it was not of serious character. An opening in the line between our left under Burnside and our centre under Hancock was an object of apprehension throughout the day. To fill it General Hancock was ordered to move to the left under cover of the night. He was in the proper position before daylight and at half-past four o'clock advanced to attack the enemy in his front, consisting of part of Ewell's corps. He took them by surprise and gave them no time to form but charged upon and beyond their first and second lines of breastworks, enveloping and capturing a whole rebel division with its commander. Major-General George Johnson, Brigadier-General George C. Stewart, and a brigadier-General Johnson. About two hours later the 6th corps moved to the attack carrying also the enemy's lines in gallant style and captured fifteen hundred men. At about half past ten the 5th corps made a similar attempt on the enemy's right but failed to carry the rebel breastworks and was compelled to fall back after meeting with very heavy losses.

**Wednesday.**—The battle was continued until dark, and our left and centre at night held the ground gained in the forenoon, being a mile and a half in advance of that occupied the night before. Our right had not advanced. The enemy kept up demonstrations all night, under cover of which they fell back to a new position. This day's fighting gave us eighteen guns and a large number of prisoners.

There is nothing in the records of this war equal to the desperation of the struggle between Hancock's and Ewell's corps. In the course of Thursday's battle, over the possession of the rebel entrenchments. The enemy made five furious but unsuccessful attempts to regain possession, charging up to the very parapet, and planting their colors on and exchanging shots and bayonet thrusts over it. More persistent gallantry and recklessness of life was never exhibited on either side.

The rebel army did not fall back a very great distance, but took up a new position in the immediate vicinity of Spotsylvania Court House, of which our forces have possession, a little to the right of their former position. On Friday Gen. Meade issued the following address to his army.

**Soldiers.**—The moment has arrived when your Commanding General feels authorized to address you in terms of congratulation. For eight days and nights, almost without intermission, in rain and sunshine, you have been gallantly fighting a desperate foe in positions naturally strong, and rendered doubly so by entrenchments.

You have compelled him to abandon his fortifications on the Rapidan, to give up the attempt to stop your onward progress, and now he has abandoned the last entrenched position so tenaciously held, suffering in all a loss of 18 guns, 22 colors, and 8000 prisoners, including two general officers.

Your heroic deeds, and noble endurance of fatigue and privation, will ever be memorable. Let us return thanks to God for the memory thus shown, and ask earnestly for its continuance.

So diars—Your work is not over. The enemy must be pursued, and, if possible, overcome.

The courage and fortitude you have displayed renders your Commanding General confident that your future efforts will result in success.

While we mourn the loss of many gallant commanders, let us remember that the enemy must have suffered equal if not greater losses.

We shall soon receive reinforcements, which he cannot expect. Let us determine then to continue vigorously the work so well begun, and under God's blessing, in a short time, the object of your labors will be accomplished.

(Signed) GEORGE G. MEADE,

Major-General Commanding.

On Friday, Gen. Sheridan, after his successful raid around the rebel army—during which he cut several rail-roads, destroyed rolling stock and supplies of incalculable value, defeated the rebel cavalry in an engagement in which the noted Gen. Stuart was killed, passed within the outer line of fortifications at Richmond and created consternation in the rebel cavalry—penetrated to the Peninsula and formed a junction with the forces of Gen. Butler.

Some smart fighting has occurred in Gen.

Butler's department, in holding the railroad between Richmond and Petersburg. At last accounts the forces from North and South Carolina had succeeded in slipping by and making their way to the rebel capital, to go to Lee's assistance. Butler was closely investing Fort Darling.

Operations with Grant are necessarily suspended on account of the condition of the roads, which, in consequence of heavy rains, are awful.

Our loss in the recent battles was large, numbering in killed, wounded and prisoners, 40,000. The rebel loss is still greater. Both armies, it is understood, have been largely reinforced. The lines of both armies extend over the stretch of country lying between the Ny and Po rivers, the enemy facing north of east and our army south of west.

Advices from Little Rock to the 17th inst. report that Gen. Steele is confident of maintaining the line of the Arkansas. Kirby Smith was menacing Pine Bluff in strong force, but the place was well fortified. The Arkansas river is high, and if the rebels can cross they will make trouble on the White river, and interrupt Steele's communications on that stream.

General Sherman by a flank movement, compelled Johnston to evacuate Dalton, in northern Georgia, and following him up, drove him from Resaca, about 20 miles south of Dalton, after two days fighting, capturing in the whole movement about a thousand prisoners and a number of guns. Our forces are still following the enemy.

Gen. Sigel, we are sorry to learn, in a fight with Breckinridge, at New Market, was worsted and compelled to retreat to Strasburg, with a loss of 600 killed and wounded, 50 prisoners and 5 guns. The rebels suffered considerable loss.

Gen. Crooks has fought three battles with the rebels near Newbern. Pulaski county, in Southwestern Virginia, and gained a complete victory. The enemy lost 600 in killed and wounded and 300 prisoners, and Gen. Jenkins fell into our hands mortally wounded. Our forces destroyed several miles of the track of the Virginia and Tennessee railroad and burned a bridge 400 feet long. Gen. Crooks was at Newbern on the 13th and it was thought would either make his way to Lynchburg or go west and unite with Sherman, leaving the Ohio volunteers to protect Western Virginia.

Three hundred skedaddlers were recently marched to the front with several shirking officers in the rear, some of whom were handcuffed. Brig. Gen. J. Hobart Ward, of New York, has been placed under arrest for leaving the battle field during Friday's fight on a caisson.

The rebels, by planting batteries on the Red river, below Alexandria, have destroyed several transports and gunboats and interrupted communication with Admiral Porter. Gen. Canby, who was at hand, would attempt to remove the interruptions, and relieve the fleet.

The Union fleet in Charleston harbor, opened fire on the rebel batteries on the 14th, which was vigorously replied to.

## Latest.—Friday morning.

On Monday an overwhelming force of rebels under Beauregard attacked Butler at Ft. Darling, and he was compelled to retreat with severe loss, to his entrenchments near City Pt. We lost four guns and about 3000 men, killed, wounded and missing. The enemy's loss was thought to be about the same, but they took the most prisoners. Butler now holds a safe position. Kautz is off on another raid about Richmond.

On Wednesday one corps of Grant's army advanced upon the rebel left, but the position was found to be strong, and the force retired in good order, with the loss of about 800.

Gen. Sherman was reported at Kingston, midway between Dalton and Atlanta, the enemy having again fallen back. Our cavalry had taken possession of Rome.

A call for 300,000 more troops will immediately be issued.

Considerable excitement has been occasioned by the seizure of the Chincha Islands by a Spanish squadron, which also captured a Peruvian war vessel. An attempt was also made to cut out the Peruvian Navy at Callao, but it failed. Spain, in imitation of the French Emperor, offers as an explanation of these arbitrary measures, her determination to secure payment of a debt. Peru is indignant at the outrage, and is moving to punish the aggressors.

Gov. CONY left on Monday to look after our wounded, who it is said will be sent to hospitals in Maine and to their homes, at least all that can be moved with safety.

With pleasure we comply with the request to exchange with the *Armory Square Hospital Gazette*, of Washington. It is edited by the chaplain, Rev. E. W. Jackson.

**CRUSHED BY THE CARS.**—Mr. Peter Bush, of this place, had one of his feet shockingly crushed by the cars, on Wednesday at the upper depot. He was in the employ of the railroad company.

David Barker, Esq., of Stetson will deliver the poem before the literary societies of Waterville College at the next Commencement.

**EVESKE.**—Tonic Division of the sons of Temperance, of Waterville, have arranged to hold a levee for the benefit of the Christian Commission, on Thursday and Friday evenings of next week, May 26 and 27. The good things usual in such cases will be presented after the best style of the young folks to whom its management has been committed. The object is a good one and the time favorable, and we see not why they may not expect the liberal patronage of our town and vicinity.

**LOCALITIES IN VIRGINIA.**—An exchange has the following statement of distances of localities from Richmond:—

City Point is distant from Richmond east of

south about fifteen miles; Fort Darling due south ten miles; Petersburg in the same direction, twenty miles; Bermuda Hundreds southeast, fifteen miles; Spotsylvania is west of north from the rebel capital about forty miles. These are the air line distances, which would be increased by roads about fifteen per cent.

## The Battles.

The following clear summary of the movements and battles of the army of the Potomac, up to Thursday of last week, is made by the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, based upon a lengthy account by Mr. Swinton of the *New York Times*:—

On Wednesday night General Grant opened the campaign by flanking the enemy's position on the Rapidan and crossing the river successfully with the whole army. The crossing was effected below Lee rather than above, because it would thus give Grant command of the communications by water, although it had the disadvantage of forcing him to fight a battle in "the Wilderness." The movement was met promptly by Lee, who at once moved eastward towards Chancellorsville, and thus compelled Grant to halt and form his line at right angles with the river, to protect his trains which were crossing.

This, then, was how it came, strategically, that we were compelled to fight the battle of the Wilderness—an encounter which I am very sure both Gen. Grant and Gen. Meade would gladly have avoided, had it been possible to do so. This much credit at least is due to Gen. Lee, whose manoeuvre was one of great boldness and rapidity.

Warren's corps had crossed at the upper ford with Sedgwick in his rear, and Hancock some miles lower down. In forming to resist the enemy then on Thursday, Sedgwick marched into line on the right of Warren, and Hancock was ordered up to form the left, the line swinging forward so as to face westward. The distance which Hancock had to march exposed the left of Warren for a good part of the day, but the attack of the enemy was resisted and Hancock came into position in the afternoon.

The engagements of Thursday were so far successful that they defeated the purpose of the enemy to advance up the Orange road and penetrate between Hancock and Warren. It was, however, only by the utmost skill and vigor that this was effected, for had the rebels been able to penetrate a mile further they would have achieved their end.

On Friday, the third day, the great battle took place, of which we have already given an accurate and full account, and in which the desperate attacks of the enemy, now strengthened by Longstreet, were repelled. Burnside, hitherto in the rear, had been ordered up, and the action was general. On this day Washington was lost, and the rebel General Longstreet was wounded.

"The heroism and skill of Hancock, and the valor of his command had saved our army. Failing on the left, the rebels repeated their usual tactics by a night assault on our right, and they succeeded in rolling up the brigade of Gen. T. Seymour, who was himself captured, but the break did not extend to the other portions of the line, and though some confusion was inseparable from a night assault, the rebels had gained nothing after all.

"The rebels expended their utmost strength in the battle of Friday, and failed to accomplish any decisive results. It was obvious that they were in very great strength, for they showed a full line along our whole front, extending beyond our right and overlapping our left."

In anticipation of an attack by the enemy on Saturday, a stronger and more concentrated position was taken up, but it was found that Lee was retreating. General Grant therefore resolved to make a night march towards Spotsylvania Court House, and on Sunday morning had his army massed near Todd's store, fifteen miles south of Friday's battle field:—

"Although we have no reliable returns of our losses in the three days' fight, it is probable they will reach 15,000. The loss of the enemy cannot vary much from that figure, and we have taken 2000 prisoners."

"Of the peculiar character of the battles thus far, the writer whom we quote says:—

"It is, beyond a doubt, the first time in the history of war, that two great armies have met, each with at least two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, and yet placed in such circumstances as to make this vast artillery totally useless. Not a score of pieces were called into play in the whole affair, and I may mention it as a fact strikingly illustrative of this battle, that out of the three thousand wounded in the hospitals of Hancock's command alone, not one of the wounds is a shell wound. In like manner our cavalry has been totally useless, as cavalry. In all their engagements the men have been compelled to dismount and fight on foot."

On Sunday it was found that the enemy, moving by parallel roads and with a little advantage in hand, had occupied the position at Spotsylvania Court House with Longstreet's corps, with whom there were some severe encounters during the day, but no general action:

"This [Monday] morning found our line established two and a half miles this side of Spotsylvania Court House, and securely entrenched. Longstreet had also been strengthened by the arrival of Ewell's corps. The rebel line lies on a ridge a mile in front of the Court House, and it will be a position some what difficult to carry, should it be decided to make a direct attack."

"It will be observed on the map that our present position carries us many miles south and in the rear of Fredericksburg, whose famous fortified heights are in our possession without the need of firing a shot. It will be used as a depot and for hospitals, and several thousand of our wounded were, yesterday, sent there."

Monday passed without any general engagement, but with much desultory fighting. It was on this day that Sedgwick fell.

Tuesday found our army drawn around the enemy's position in a concave line, Warren holding the centre, Hancock and Burnside the left, and Wright's corps (lately Sedgwick's) the right. After a good deal of skirmishing and reconnoitering through the day, and one or two serious charges by the enemy, a general attack was ordered late in the afternoon, in which several hundred prisoners and some artillery were captured from the enemy. Burnside pushing forward on the left to within a short distance of Spotsylvania Court House.

On Wednesday little seems to have occurred, but it was learned on this day that Sheridan's cavalry had destroyed the Virginia Central road for some miles near Beaver Dam and thus cut off Lee from an important source of supplies.

On Thursday morning Hancock on the left effected one of the most brilliant operations of the war, capturing an entire division of the enemy and eighteen to twenty pieces of artillery. Burnside was also thrown forward, driving in the enemy's right completely.

At this point, eight o'clock on Thursday

morning, the accounts received up to the time of writing this leave the enemy plainly in a position of great peril, having suffered heavy losses of men and artillery, with important communications cut, in apparent danger of losing his line of retreat across the Po, and with another attack from a powerful and confident enemy threatening hourly.

**THE WILDERNESS.**—As this spot has become twice famous in the history of the rebellion, the following description of it from the *Philadelphia Inquirer* will be of interest:—

"The word wilderness conveys generally the impression of a deserted waste; and the term, applied to the region in which the great battle was fought, was no misnomer. It is an exceedingly broken table land, irregular in its conformation, and so densely covered with dwarf timber and undergrowth, as to render progress through it very difficult and laborious off of the few roads and paths that penetrate it. This timber was so effectively an ally of the rebels, for they had taken care to take position near its edge, leaving us an open country on our back, that a whole division drawn up in battle might be invisible a few hundred feet off."

**A WORD FOR NEGRO TROOPS.**—An extract from a letter from R. L. Wilder of the 2d Maine Cavalry, now in New Orleans, to his father in Machias, says, "You know I have not been much inclined to favor negroes, but I will say this much for them, they are just as well drilled. Of their fighting qualities there is no question. The reason they are so near, is because they take pride in it. They think it a great elevation from a state of slavery, and most surely it is, to be a soldier of the United States."—[Machias Rep.]

The Irish papers continue to report an extensive emigration from Ireland to the United States. No less than three hundred and fifty persons, for instance have left Sligo, that number including forty from Lord Palmerston's estates. His lordship, it is said, provided for the passage and outfit of these forty persons.

"James Redeye," in the Washington Republican, asks women to forego their grumbling about the high price of butter, and says they never hear their husbands growling about the high price of drinks, although whiskey has gone up from five to fifteen cents per glass, and cigars and tobacco in proportion.

**IGNOMINIOUS NOMENCLATURES.**—Just below the Spotsylvania county the Mattaponi river divides into four branches, each of which takes for its name a proportion of that of the main stream; the most southerly is called the *Ma*, the next the *Ta*, the third the *Pa*, and the most northerly the *Ya*, and when united they constitute the *Mat-ta-po-ny*—pronounced with the accent on the last syllable, and the *y* sounded like *i*. All of these names are to be hereafter historical, for on their banks have been fought the greatest battle of modern times, and gained the most triumphant victory that has yet been achieved by our gallant army.

**NOVEL MODE OF GROWING SQUASHES.**—An excellent method of growing squashes, melons and other such vegetables, where a person has but little room, and wishes to make the most of it,—as a small city plot—is to plant them so that they will run on a trellis. Set four upright stakes or small posts, about two feet apart each way, in the centre of which plant the melons, squash or whatever else is wished. As the vines begin to run, support them upon the trellis by nailing across small slats of board, and when the melons set and begin to form 'fruit, erect a shelf for it by placing short pieces of boards across the slats previously made up. Pinch off the running shoots of the vines so as not to have too heavy a growth, and as they run higher, place additional slats for the purpose of supporting them. There are two advantages to this plan, and so far as we are acquainted, no disadvantage; it economizes space in the garden, and the fruit ripens earlier than when upon the ground half covered with leaves. Those of our readers who have small gardens would do well to "make a note" of this plan and give it a trial another season.—[California Farmer.]

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**, for Coughs, Colds, Pulmonary and Asthmatic Disorders, have proved their efficacy by a test of many years, and have received testimonials from eminent men who have used them.

**TO BE HANGED.**—It is said that Spencer, the prisoner who murdered Mr. Tinker, the Warden of the State Prison, last spring, is to be hanged on the expiration of his year of solitary confinement. He was under sentence of death when he committed the crime.

Governor Seymour of New York, having been recently informed by friends of the possibility of further outbreaks in the city of New York, by persons unfriendly to the cause of the government replied: "I am aware of the dangers of disturbance, and I shall take every measure in my power to avert them."

**A MOURNFUL STORY.** The Charleston Mercury of the 24th ult., relates a sad incident of the siege. Miss Anna Pickens—the daughter of the former Governor—who had, despite all entreaties, remained in the city to take care of the wounded and sick, was to be married to Lieut. De Rochelle, a young officer, who had been under her care while wounded. The marriage was to take place in Gen.







