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Maxham & Wing

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(The following poem, by Rev. S. F. Smith, was written and printed in aid of a Fair held at Newton Corner for the benefit of the Christian Commission.)

It is coming, it is coming,
As comes the blessed rain,
When the burning heat and dross
Have scorched the waving grain;
We hail the early promise,
'Tis not in vain to wait;
If the help serves God's great purpose,
It never comes too late.

It is coming, it is coming,
Said the slave, whose heavy toil
Was grinding bone and muscle,
As the cart-wheel grinds the soil;
The trail of desolation
That marks the red war path,
Reveals, where Faith stands waiting,
The Almighty's onward path.

It is coming, it is coming,
As comes the gentle dew
On the weary, fainting flower;
When the noontide heat is through;
It comes in silent promise,
To comfort and to bless;
We never hear its coming,
But it blesses none the less.

It is coming, it is coming,
As the giant, rested, wakes,
As o'er the distant hills
The morning redness breaks;
While the soldier on the picket
His solemn vigil keeps,
The light already glimmers
On the highest rugged steep.

It is coming, 'tis coming,
O prophet, prophesy,
We have awaited with like water
Our treasure and our men;
We watch the cloudy pillar
That guides our doubtful way,
And, blinded in our blindness,
God bids our faith delay.

It is coming, it is coming,
Love can calm the maddened brain,
And the palm-tree and the pine-tree
Interlace their boughs again;
The corn and cotton ripen,
For the loyal and the brave,
And freemen till the acres
Of a land without a slave.

It is coming, it is coming,
Peace o'er all the land shall rest,
With a glory and a beauty
Like evening in the west;
The noontide brightness lingers,
But God can bid it glow;
The forest sleeps in silence,
But God can make it grow.

CONTENT.

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.
[Concluded.]

Half of the counting-room door was of glass; I could see through it distinctly, and presently began to watch the occupants of this more attractive apartment. There were upholstered office-chairs and a comfortable sofa. While I sat bolt upright on my deal-bench, Mr. Jones lolled back on his green morocco cushions, and idly tapped the edge of the handsomely appointed desk before him, while he conversed with his visitor. His face had none of the eagerness of barter and traffic, or even the hard preoccupied look which he assumed towards all who presumed to ask for repairs, or alterations, or a little leniency in the matter of time, when rents were due—a look which said, "You can stay or not, as you like; plenty of people will want the rooms, if you do not; my time is too precious to be taken up in this way." It was more the expression of a gentleman entertaining a friend in his own drawing-room, to whom time was no consideration; it was to me, however, as midday came and went, and the conversation, interesting as it was, seemed to read a note or sign a check, flowed pleasantly along. I began to feel the fatigue of the morning, and faint for the want of food, physical weakness that soon told upon the spirit, and every moment, though I longed to be released, I dreaded the encounter.

Presently, the visitor, whose face had been turned away from me, rose as if to go. The outlines of the figure seemed familiar; and, as the door opened, their voices were quite distinct. I started up involuntarily, whether to meet or avoid the advancing footsteps I could scarcely tell; but I could not move for the throng of boxes and barrels that hemmed me in; and in a moment more I had been recognized. Mr. Eastbrook looked puzzled for a moment, as if trying to understand why I was there; but the tones of cold indifference with which Mr. Jones addressed me, or the sudden thought that I might be the "some one" whose presence he remembered now to have been announced half an hour before, drew a flush to Mr. Eastbrook's face that gave me back my self-possession. I could not disguise my position even from myself, or seem to presume on the domestic relations that we sustained by accident, by claiming or giving more than a passing bow of recognition.

Mr. Jones waved his hand loftily. "Will you have the goodness to step into my counting-house, madam, until I am disengaged?" And he was passing on to the doorway.

"Can I be of any use?" said Mr. Eastbrook, eagerly. "It was so unexpected seeing you here. I hope I have not been the means of detaining you. Let me wait and see you safely into Broadway. This is no place for—" "you," I think he was going to say; but he checked himself as he saw the look of astonishment on the face of his acquaintance, and added more quietly, "any lady."

A sudden blandness relaxed the loftiness of my landlord's manner. "Sorry to have kept you waiting, madam; no idea who it was; am interrupted so many times in the course of the day. Mr. Eastbrook—a correspondent of ours these ten years—quite absorbed in our little chat." I thanked Mr. Eastbrook for his offered kindness, but hurried on without accepting it, though it was very grateful to me. It would have been, after all, but a momentary respite from the life I was destined to. I had my own way to make, and must put aside all external aids. I was reminded of it soon enough, when Mr. Jones returned, and, closing the door carefully, waited for me to propose my errand. His late unusual courtesy had departed. There were no witnesses to our interview; and I was his tenant, asking him to lessen the heavy tax which the high rent of my schoolroom levied on my receipts. Useless appeal! On the contrary, Mr. Jones would find it necessary to increase the present amount.

"Five dollars on the quarterly payment, the most I can give; but he found there was a plumber's bill and some painting, which would make it necessary on his part. Rents were scarce, and going up in that part of the city."

I knew it as well as he did, and that a removal from the neighborhood would injure my school, just as I had it established, besides the expense of making the change. I should have to submit to it; but twenty dollars a year would make still closer pinching in my table expenditure. He asked for my children's food. I came out, feeling very bitter, very proud, and yet utterly discouraged. I might have known Mr. Eastbrook would have waited; but I did not think of it for all, nor did Mr. Jones, as he called after me: "It's my final proposition, madam; and I will give you till Monday to make up your mind." I came out with the mid-day glare, almost blinded by it, and a mistiness and blur came over all things. I never have fainted; but I think I must have been very near it then; and the relief was in-

describable, when a kind voice said: "You had better take my arm until we get out of the throng." I did not hesitate to do so. I think I should have fallen on the pavement otherwise.

A strong effort of will soon conquered the strange dizziness. We returned the same way to the scorching pavement; the narrow pathway was obstructed as before; but I did not care for either. I could have shut my eyes, and trusted to the guidance which saved me from all rough contact and collision, until we had regained the great thoroughfare. I had no other errand in town; and there was just time to reach the early train. It did not occur to me that Mr. Eastbrook, that any gentleman would leave town in the middle of the day; but he seated himself beside me in the omnibus I had desired him to signal; and I did not lose his protection until we were once more at home.

The very air changed, as we left the straggling suburbs of the city behind us. The wind swept freshly over Harlem River, and cooled my feverishness, as I leaned out of the window, and breathed it eagerly. How blessed seemed the quiet of the country! How cool the shadows of the woodland through which we were hurried! The tints of the foliage freshened to spring-like beauty by the long rain of the past few days; and, when we left the cars, and the shrill echo of their din died away in the distance, the silence and repose sank into my very heart.

"Then you love the country?" asked Mr. Eastbrook, for my face softened and brightened in the blessed influence. "By way of contrast, I suppose."

"Oh, no! for itself. How can any one feel otherwise? I could never wish to see that toiling, noisy, stifled city again."

"But the country is so monotonous to one always accustomed to town life."

"Not when it is home, and there are home cares, and duties, and pleasures, as in Emma's case."

Certainly there was nothing of *emma* in her face and manner, as she came out to meet us, pleased that we had returned so soon. I forgot, for the moment, how short the time between me and the decision that was to increase my after slavery to make up the required sum, and sprang to the portico, assisted by Mr. Eastbrook, almost light-hearted—for one moment, only one!

"You have your letters, then?" asked Emma, as she turned from me to her brother. "Are they coming as soon as you hoped?"

"Not quite." I waited a little for a parcel to be handed me from the carriage. "Florence is not quite so well, after the fatigue of the journey. They will stay in London till the last of the month."

I saw the look of disappointment which crossed Emma's face. I was selfish enough to rejoice in it. For this time at least, her love for me was secure from rivalry. By another year—but who could tell whether I should ever see Eastbrook again? I thought not.

How often have I dwelt on the loving wisdom which makes it a duty to our heavenly Father to rest from worldly anxiety one day in seven! Nothing else would ever turn the heart from the weary round of week-day toil and care. Even though our hands were folded in the semblance of rest, the busy brain would tire the exhausted frame more, perhaps, than when only sharing the labor. But we are commanded "not to think our own thoughts," even. Here is our refuge. We follow the narrow path, however reluctantly our feet turn from the dusty highway, until we come suddenly upon the green pastures and still waters.

The household at Eastbrook were taught by the example of their master and mistress to "call the Sabbath a delight—holy of the Lord—honorable;" but Mr. and Mrs. Seaton had never had very deep experiences of life. Mr. Seaton repeated every response of psalm and litany, in a steady, sonorous voice, that led the devotions of all around him; but while my own mind went astray to week-day cares, to the novelty of my surroundings, and back to those who knelt at my side, I could but note the deep and increasing fervor of the wanderer preserved through the perils of the way and returned safely to his country and kindred. It rebuked my listlessness, and the effort to lay aside the burdens of the day brought its own blessing.

Monday morning came; and in the bustle of preparation for the long deferred *fete*, which the children commenced at sunrise, my answer to Mr. Jones was forgotten. Besides, it was impossible to send it; Mr. Seaton had been persuaded to join in our merry-making, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of a full holiday. It was delightful to watch the importance of the children, as they packed and repacked the baskets of playthings and dolls' furniture that they had selected for their morning amusements, while their mother, busy in the store-room, provided amply for the luncheon which we were expected to eat from the tiny Canton-ware that had come safely to the end of its long journey. There were sundry white packages besides, which I had seen in the hands of Mr. Eastbrook on Saturday, and which stimulated the curiosity and expectation of the juveniles.

I believe mine was the only heavy heart that went down Sweetbrier Lane that morning. I felt almost vexed at Emma for recalling the weight I had put aside, but she did it in all kindness, asking me, as I helped her spread the tempting sandwiches, if I had succeeded in arranging matters with Mr. Jones, and then calling her husband to come and advise me as to whether I had better submit to the exaction. Mr. Seaton saw, as I did, the hindrance a change would be to my prospects, and advised me against it; at the same time acknowledging the narrowness that could take advantage of a woman's need. I saw the look of intelligence that passed between the husband and wife as he offered to see Mr. Jones himself, next day, and arrange my affairs to the best of his ability. I knew very well that they proposed to make good the amount themselves; but they were kind enough in other ways, and this I resolved against receiving at their generous hands. So, when I was helped over the stile, and heard the children say: "This is Uncle Mark's land now, not father's," I remembered that I had promised myself never to set foot upon it again; and all that morning's struggle, with self revived, with an added bitterness, since I knew whom my favorite house was to receive as its mistress,

and how little she needed its repose and shelter. Emma and her brother separated from us for a moment. There was always something to be attended to at the house now, and though I asked no questions, I knew that the interior was being rearranged and completed. The children ran on joyfully before us, nurse and children carrying the loaded baskets, the little girls chatting to their dolls and each other, in overflowing enjoyment; so we came to a part of the grounds I had never seen before. It was on the very borders of the bay, a neck that seemed just formed to harbor this light sail-boat that lay rocking softly a few feet from the shore. There was a sloping beach of gravel and sand, washed to shining whiteness by the ebb and flow of the tide, and black dripping rocks rose up around it to guard the spot from all unheralded approach. A grove of birch and hemlock-trees sheltered the grass on the little knoll over which our path lay; and, following its pleasant winding, we came suddenly upon a rustic lodge, built on the very edge of the cliff, and finished with all the exactness of a dwelling, though apparently intended only as a temporary shelter for parties like the present—a miniature cottage, with wings, and portico, and casement windows—it was a nook from fairy-land.

An hour later, I sat alone on the little porch that seemed built for a lady's bower, with its green trellis and charming glimpses of sky, and foliage, and sparkling tide. I could hear the low plash and dip of the oars as the boat which held the rest of the party receded around the jutting cliff. There was not breeze enough now near the shore to fill the drooping sails, though far out on the bay there was a glimmer of white wings on the deep blue waters. A thread of silvery smoke stole up from the cavernous rocks nearly opposite, where one of the boatmen was building a drift-wood fire for our gypsy camp; and through the trees the snow-dusted of Nurse Burton's cap appeared and disappeared, as she laid the table for the luncheon I had volunteered to stay and superintend. I sat there dreaming instead, looking far out on the peaceful bay, and thinking that its tranquility was as deceptive as the outward calm of my present life.

"Do not let me disturb you; the boat was full without me, I found." And Mr. Eastbrook came quietly out of the grove near by, and sat down by the ledge of rocks at my feet. "I think you do love the country," he added, presently, dropping a handful of pebbles he had brought with him from the shore, one by one, to the dark stillness of a little pool below; "yet you could not have cared for it once."

"Oh, no, I did not; it was exceedingly irksome to me; so were many things then."

I thought of the restraint of social life I had so hated.

"Do you believe that the restless elements of our nature are ever entirely conquered?" he asked, looking up suddenly. "I remember sitting on these very rocks, when a boy, and dreaming of wild adventure; now I look forward to the peacefulness of home life as the highest happiness; I wonder if it will continue."

"Oh, yes!" I said quickly, "with home love. You have everything before you that heart can ask."

His continued simple friendliness won me, for the moment, from my selfishness. I was thankful that he was to have all that was denied me.

"Have I?" And he looked up with a strange, questioning glance that thrilled me through and through. "That is just what I longed to know." And he moved nearer still, looking up in my eyes with almost boyish eagerness.

"My heart asks so much; it is very craving in its desires. I want your children to love and care for as my own. I want to see you sitting just there, day after day, listening to me, looking at me as you do now—to see your life brighten into the youth you have forsaken—to know you are content as my friend and helper. Am I to have all this?"

"But why—why should you ask it? I know—why?"

"I do, from my soul. I know more of what you have passed through than you think for. Emma's letters have been full of you for years. Florence told me of you; though she said you did not know her. You must, some day, very soon. She is so lovely and unselfish with her hopeless invalid life. She is like my own sister. She told me of what the world knows, how it has buffeted you, how bravely you have battled on. Will you not leave it, and come here to rest? You have struggled for your children's sakes. Give them to me?"

I sit on this rustic porch in just such a soft, slumberous morning as that which made the words I then listened to seem so unreal. I am writing at a plain, unadorned school-desk, scratched and defaced by idle hands. It is the only souvenir brought from the unlively life left behind me four years ago, and retained to remind me of the "hardness of the way" at which I murmured like the Israelites of old. But God has been very good to me, and brought me to a fair land, "nourished with springs of water." The desert is forgotten, save as it serves to heighten the fullness and beauty on which I have entered; and chiefly do I wonder at the loving kindness that even in my rebellion was moving the generous heart of one whom I had never known, or hoped to meet, to prepare this shelter for me, giving me at once sympathy, love, kindred, home, and "Content."

ENDORSEMENT OF THE CHICAGO PATRIOTS.—The Atlanta Register of a recent date before Sherman settled the accounts of that rebel stronghold, said:

"This noble band of patriots, led by Ex-President Pierce, Seymour of Connecticut, Wood of New York, and Vallandigham of Ohio, are doing us indirect service. They are worthy of our respect and sympathy. We can gain nothing by denouncing them. We may lose much by presenting a hostile front to their peace movement. Live with them we never will! But in the mean time, if they will consent to use the ballot-box against Lincoln while we use the cartridge box, each side will be a helper to the other, and both co-operate in accomplishing the greatest work this continent has witnessed."

The Gloucester Telegraph says: "Last spring somebody made the foolish recommendation of mixing coal oil and sawdust and putting

it around the roots of plum and apricot trees to prevent curculio attacking the fruit. Some persons tried it, and although it did not keep off the curculio this year, it will next. It has killed the trees, just as coal tar has often done before."

FOOLISH THINGS.

The subject of folly is a wide one. Mr. Buckle's sixteen volumes would hardly exhaust its various manifestations; what, then, can be expected in a single page? But it is also attractive. Nobody is disinclined to have his belief in the universality of folly confirmed by a new instance, every one is ready to speculate on the motive or want of motive of ridiculous human action. But the foolish things we have here set ourselves to speak of are not attractive. They furnish food for anything rather than amused supercilious analysis. Are there any of our readers who never in their own persons say or do foolish things—who are never conscious of having been deserted by their good genius? If there are, we do not write for them. It is one's own foolish things which at present engage our attention, for which we assume the sympathy of fellow-feeling, and reckon on touching an answering chord in other breasts not a few. We are not speaking now of grave errors and mistakes, but of the invertebracies, weaknesses, and follies which haunt our subordinate, social, man-fearing conscience; which we may not know to have been perceived by any but ourselves, but which nevertheless affect us, not because they are wrong, but silly, and because they may be thought more silly by others even than by ourselves, which leave a sense of self-betrayal, making us ask in bitterness—

"Who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?"

They are the things which allow us to go to sleep at night with an undisturbed conscience, but wake us with a start hours before the dawn, and set us wondering—How could I make such a fool of myself? Where was the impulse to that vain show-off? What could have induced me to talk of such a one—to confide my private concerns to So-and-so? For it may be noted that sins of omission pass but a small part in this periodical tragedy. It is not lost opportunities, but heedless, ill-considered speech and action, that fret us at unreasonable hours—some thoughtless license of the tongue, perhaps, or some passing vanity leading to misplaced confidence and weak reliance on sympathy. In the young, the fear of presumption is a fruitful yet innocent source of these stings of memory. Young people are sometimes made uneasy for days from the notion of having committed some unwarrantable familiarity, which under excitement seemed, and very likely was, perfectly natural.

We are advised to sleep upon certain designs, but it means really to wake upon them. Nothing is more curious than the revulsion a short interval makes in our whole view of things,—no magic more bewildering than the transmutations which a few hours of insensibility produce—a few hours of being thrown absolutely upon ourselves. What an idea it gives us of the effect of association, of the action of man upon man! Nobody can allow himself to be real and natural in his intercourse with others, and at the same time act as he wishes himself out beforehand to act, or as he wishes (we may too often say) on looking back, that he had acted. If this is true in the solemn and weighty affairs of life, it must of necessity be true in the light or less responsible contact of society, where the little turns and accidents of the hour are constantly throwing us off our rules, and tempting us to ventures and experiments. All wit, all repartee, all spontaneous effervescence of thought and fancy, are of the nature of experiment. All new unplanned revelations of self—all the impulses, in fact, which came of collision with other minds in moments of social excitement, whether pleasurable or irritating—are apt to leave qualms and misgivings on the sensitive and reflective temperament. Thus, especially, sins against taste fret us in the heavy yet busy, excitable hour which we have fixed on for the levee of these spectres, when our thoughts, like hounds, scent out disagreeable things with a marvellous instinct, drag them to light, fly from subject to subject, however remote and disconnected, and then surround with our own peccadilloes. Society in the cold dawn looks on us as a hard taskmaster, exacting, unrelenting, seeing everything, taking account of everything, forgetting nothing, judging by externals, and holding its judgments irreversible.

On the whole, it is better as it is. We are gainers in freedom by living in a world where it is possible to commit oneself—to go beyond intentions,—to be impulsive, incautious. If everybody were as self-possessed, as much on his guard as we wish we had been in these periods of harassed meditation, society would not be a very refreshing or invigorating sphere.

This is a surer source of consolation, as far as our observation goes, than any argument from analogy that our fears delude us. If we look round on those of our friends whose prudence we can scarcely hope to equal, far less to surpass,—whom we trust for manner, discretion, and judgment,—there is scarcely one who does not now and then disappoint or surprise us by some departure from his usual right way of thinking and acting, by committing some moral or social solecism, just one of the things to haunt the first waking hour. We are not meaning merely clever people, for cleverness has a prescriptive right to do foolish things, but wise and sensible people who have a rule of action, habitually, but not always—and a foolish thing done or said by a wise man certainly stands out with a startling prominence and distinctness, pointing out the weak place there is in the best of us. When our wise friend, under some malignant influence, says or does something exceptionally silly, the thing assumes a sort of life from contrast. It is quoted against him, and perhaps, in some quarters a permanently lower estimate of mind and character is the consequence. Do the same things that in this case strike us strike the perpetrator? Can a wise man say a foolish thing and remain unconscious of it? One thing we must believe—it cannot be only a latent self-conceit in the midst of our humiliation and self-reproaches that leads us to assume them not universal. There are people so uniformly foolish, so con-

stantly impertinent, rash, talkative, unsecret, or blundering, that, if revisited by their errors, solitude would be one long penance which could not fail to tell upon their outer aspect. The fool part excellence is not, we gladly believe, haunted by his folly. It is when we have departed from our real character, when our instincts have failed us, when we have gone against ourselves, that we writhe under these tormenting memories.

Letter from Anna E. Dickinson.

The Independent publishes the following letter from Anna E. Dickinson:

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 24, 1864.

My Dear Friend—You ask me what I intend doing, and how I feel in regard to the Presidential campaign, now fairly inaugurated. From all parts of the country I receive letters containing the same inquiries—by no means put in the same spirit as that prompting yours; letters of warning, entreaty, advice, denunciation, abuse, upbraiding, for having deserted a good cause; for refusing to work with "my party" to swell its triumph next November; for using whatever influence I possess against the loyal representative of the people who alone had any chance of success; for supporting a "faction," and its candidate, that tend only to the embarrassment, if not the ultimate defeat, of the Union element of the country, by dividing its councils, stirring up strife among its friends, weakening it by dissensions, and consequently strengthening the hands and the hearts of its enemies, North and South.

These letters were first an annoyance, then a trouble, finally an absolute persecution. Therefore, without in the least supposing myself to be a person whose word and work in the world are of special worth or import, may I beg a space in your columns for a public answer and a little talk that will set at rest all these disagreeable matters? I wish to say—

"That my love for the dear cause is as great as ever (greater it could not be), my devotion to it as intense as three years or six months ago, and desertion of it impossible; though some so-called loyal men and papers have done their best to drive me from it by misrepresentations and calumny."

"That I have no 'party' save that which strives with sword and pen, with blood and treasure, and precious lives, to save this country—a home for the oppressed—and to rebuild the old waste places made desolate by slavery and a traitor's war."

"That, as it has been the honor and the privilege of my life to have done what I could with this party in the past, so it would be my everlasting dishonor and shame to refuse now to work with it, whatever work may be proffered or found."

"That I wish all people (who care to know) to understand that when I commence to desert my post I shall travel straight to Richmond, and not stop at any half-way station."

"That I have never been in favor of the Cleveland Convention and its representative; I am not now; and never expect to be."

I have never spoken a word in public that would lend any sensible person so to suppose. Last winter, believing there were men in the country who would make better Presidents than the one we now have, I strove to build up a public sentiment that would demand and support one of these "better men."

I believed further, that by postponing the convention from the 8th of June to the 1st of September we had much to gain—the nomination of the Copperhead democracy of the North, the announcement of its platform, the principles (or want of principle) on which it intended to work its plans in the future; in a word, compellin it to show its hand before the loyalists had played a card, and knowing with just what they were to meet and contend."

This was something. Beyond this, the summer campaign might not close as they began and, as on this ending, not this beginning, depended to a certain extent the popularity and consequent success of whatever loyal representative might be placed before the people, I thought to such representative should be nominated till these things should be decided, as a too early decision might end in a fatal indecision, if not open rupture in the party.

Whatever words I then spoke I believed to be in the best interests of the country. Personally, I had everything to lose and nothing to gain by the course pursued. I was laughed at, ridiculed, ostracized by the people who, up to that time, had given me naught save most generous help and over-liberal-praise.

I found

"Hard indeed the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friends falling off;"

and used sometimes to think, tugging away at my oars, how easy it would be slipping down stream; how wearily pulling against the current; yet I felt that I was in the right, and did not hesitate; I feel now that I was in the right, and do not regret.

That has all passed. Others felt as I.

What remains?

Naught save the heartiest union, the most earnest, persevering work, the most determined support of the party represented by Abraham Lincoln, from this moment until election morning.

Either this party must succeed, or the grand cause will fail.

Either this party must triumph, or the country will be led into an ignoble and deceitful peace, ending by a Union rent asunder.

Either this party must conquer, or all that has been gained for humanity to-day, for the ages yet to be, will be flung under foot, and trampled to death by a man-hating aristocracy, a God defying slave power!

Either the party must win, or the hopes of the world will be destroyed, and "governments of the people, by the people for the people, perish from the earth."

Either this party must control, or heaven will weep, and hell laugh aloud, as liberty, truth and justice are swept from the land by men who know only the will of their master, the evil one, to do his work.

"But," said an earnest abolitionist to me, "I thought these would not support Abraham Lincoln: I am surprised at their readiness to work for him."

"My friend," I answered, "this is no personal contest. I shall not work for Abraham Lincoln; I shall work for the salvation of my country's life, that stands at stake—for the de-

feat of this disloyal peace party, that will bring ruin and death if it comes into power.

"But why not work for some other man in whom thou hast perfect confidence?"

"Because all such work does but divide the friends of the Union, and so plays into the hands of its enemies; because, as Burke hath it, 'when bad men combine, the good must associate, else they will fall, one by one, an unopposed sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.'"

"Well, I feel as thou feel before the nomination. I am opposed to Abraham Lincoln. I think it would be wrong to do anything to secure his re-election; and I am not willing to do evil that good may come."

"Does thee approve of war?" I asked.

"No. Decidedly not! Not in the main, but of this war I do very heartily approve."

"Thee does?"

"Certainly I do."

"And yet," I said, "we are in it, every day, doing evil that good may come—making sacrifices of noble specimens of men, spilling precious blood, offering thousands of dear lives, desolating homes, causing mourning and wailing, broken hearts and darkened hearthstones all over the land, that liberty and free government may be saved, and that this country may remain a heritage to our children, a refuge for the wronged, the down-trodden, the oppressed of all the earth."

"That is true, very true. I had not taken that into consideration; I will think of that."

"My friends, let us all think of that."

First save the life of the nation; then we can carry our leader to a higher plane, a broader and nobler work than any he has yet accomplished.

The coming election day will strike a final blow—it will lay out cold and dead a struggling rebellion; it will pour fresh life and vigor into all his veins, and will send it on its way a giant, conquering and to conquer.

Who, then, can pause or hesitate?

"One last great battle for the right—
One short, sharp struggle to be free,
To do to succeed—our right
Is waged in Heaven's approving sight—
The smile of God is victory!"

Very truly yours,
ANNA E. DICKINSON.

A VISIT TO THE PRESIDENT.

The Grant County (Wisconsin) Herald contains a letter from John T. Mills, Judge of the Fifth Judicial Circuit, giving an account of a recent interview with Mr. Lincoln, with a report of the remarks of the latter in regard to the consequences which would follow the adoption of the war policy urged by the friends of General McClellan. Judge Mills was accompanied by ex-Governor Randall, of this State, who introduced him to the President, whom he warmly thanks for his readiness to serve his friends from Wisconsin at the capital. They found the President at the Soldier's Retreat, a "building not imposing in size, half hidden in foliage, the grounds tastefully laid out."

The following is Judge Mills' account of his interview with the President, what he said, and his impression of Mr. Lincoln:—

"The Governor asked of a man in waiting if the President had arrived. 'Yes,' was the reply. We entered a neat, plainly-furnished room. A marble table was in the centre. Directly appeared from an adjoining apartment a tall, gaunt-looking figure, shoulders inclined forward, his gait swift, rapid and shuffling, ample understandings with large slippers, and Briarian arms, with a face radiant with intelligence and humor."

"The Governor addressed him: 'Mr. President, this is my friend and your friend Mills, from Wisconsin.'"

"I am glad to see my friends from Wisconsin; they are the hearty friends of the Union."

"I could not leave the city, Mr. President, without hearing words of cheer from your own lips. Upon you, as the representative of loyal people, depend, as we believe, the existence of our government and the future of America." This introduced political topics.

"Mr. President," said Governor Randall, "why can't you seek seclusion, and play hermit for a fortnight? it would re-invigorate you."

"Aye," said the President, two or three weeks would do me no good. I cannot fly from my thoughts—my solicitude for this great country follows me wherever I go. I don't think it is personal vanity or ambition, though I am not free from these infirmities, but I cannot but feel that the weal or woe of this great nation will be decided in November. There is no programme offered by any wing of the Democratic party but that must result in the permanent destruction of the Union."

"But Mr. President, General McClellan is in favor of crushing out the rebellion by force. He will be the Chicago candidate."

"Sir," said the President, "the slightest knowledge of arithmetic will prove to any man that the rebel army cannot be destroyed with Democratic strategy. It would sacrifice all the white men of the North to do it. There are now in the service of the United States near two hundred thousand able-bodied colored men, most of them under arms, defending and acquiring Union territory. The Democratic strategy demands that these forces be disbanded, and that the masters be conciliated by restoring them to slavery. The black men who now assist Union prisoners to escape, are to be converted into our enemies in the vain hope of gaining the good will of their masters. We shall have to fight two nations instead of one."

"You cannot conciliate the South if you guaranty to them ultimate success; and the experience of the present war proves their success is inevitable if you fling the compulsory labor of millions of black men into their side of the scale. Will you give our enemies such military advantages as more success, and then depend on coaxing, flattery and concession to get them back into the Union? Abandon all the posts now garrisoned by black men; take 200,000 men from our side and put them in the battlefield or cornfield against us, and we would be compelled to abandon the war in three weeks."

"We have to hold territory in inclement and sickly places; where are the Democrats to do this? It was a free fight, and the field was open to the war Democrat to put down this rebellion by fighting against both master and slave, long before the present policy was inaugurated."

"There have been men base enough to propose to me to return to slavery the black warriors of Port Hudson and Olustee, and thus win the respect of the masters they fought. Should I do so I should deserve to be damned in time and eternity. Come what will I will keep my faith with my friend and foe. My enemies pretend I am now carrying on this war for the sole purpose of abolition. So long as I am President it shall be carried on for the sole purpose of restoring the Union. But no human power can subdue this rebellion without the use of the emancipation policy, and every other policy calculated to weaken the moral and physical forces of the rebellion."

"Freedom has given us two hundred thousand men raised on southern soil. It will give

us more yet. Just so much it has subtracted from the enemy, and instead of alienating the South there are now evidences of a fraternal feeling growing up between our men and the rank and file of the rebel soldiers. Let my enemies prove to the country that the destruction of slavery is not necessary to a restoration of the Union. I will abide the issue.

"I saw the President was not a mere joker, but a man of deep convictions, of abiding faith in justice, truth and Providence. His voice was pleasant, his manner earnest and emphatic. As he warmed with his theme his mind grew to the magnitude of his body. I felt I was in the presence of the great guiding intellect of the age, and that those huge Atlantean shoulders were fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies. His transparent honesty, republican simplicity, his glowing sympathy for those who offered their lives for their country, his utter forgetfulness of self in his concern for the welfare, could not but inspire me with confidence that he was Heaven's instrument to conduct his people through this sea of blood to a Canaan of peace and freedom. J. T. MILLS.

JEFF. DAVIS ON DEMOCRACY.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:—In the account of the interview between Col. Jaquess and Mr. Gilmore and Mr. Davis, portions of which you published in your issue of the 17th instant, Col. Jaquess is reported to have said to Mr. Davis:—

"But three-fourths of the States can amend the constitution. Let it be done in that way—in any way—so that it is done by the people. I am not a statesman or a politician, and I do not know just how such a plan should be carried out; but you get the idea—that the people shall decide the question."

Mr. Davis replied:—

"That the majority shall decide it, you mean. We seemed to rid ourselves of the rule of the majority, and this would subject us to it again."

This reply of Mr. Davis discloses the true motive of the rebellion. It was not a novel declaration of the leading conspirator. The same anti-democratic sentiment was uttered by him in his speech at Jackson, Miss., on the 5th of July, 1859. In reviewing the course of political events and the possibility of the success of an opposition candidate in the campaign of 1860, he used these words:—

"The success of such a party would indeed produce an irrepressible conflict. To you would be presented the question, will you allow the constitutional Union to be changed into the despotism of a majority?"

It has been held by some who have a reputation as statesmen and democrats, that the true theory of our popular form of free government rested upon the doctrine that the majority should rule. No man made louder professions of "democracy" than Mr. Davis and his associates, and the people, trusting their sincerity, held them in office almost continuously.

"But when they saw that the majority would no longer be ruled by the minority, they resolved to destroy the foundation of democratic government, and succeeded in order to rid themselves of the rule of the majority."

The war, then, in which the country has been so deeply involved, and which has occasioned such great calamity, is simply a war of the minority against the democratic principles of free government.

Slavery, tariffs, free trade, the right of secession, state rights, and other questions of which so much is said, are only the masked batteries of treason, behind which the conspirators hope to fight their battle of aristocracy against democratic government.

Herein lies the great issue before the American people to-day. The permanence of free institutions in this country is the vindication of liberty for all time and for humanity. It is the great question. All others are incidental, subordinate and temporary. Vindicate the national unity, perpetuate the institutions of democratic government, and the whole scheme of progressive development in the path of freedom and progress becomes assured.

Herein lies the broad battlefield of the republic. Let the friends of the Union go before the people of the country with the issue as the traitors have presented it to us, and the result will be a grand and glorious triumph. Lay this question before the masses; give them the facts, the evidences, and the declarations of the southern leaders; let them understand that the predominant avowed purpose of the rebellion is to overthrow democracy, and substitute privileged classes and the rule of the minority, and the verdict of the people will be the death-knell of treason and the victor shout of freedom.

Have the leaders of the Union party the moral courage to go before the people on this broad question of democratic liberty, and fight the battle as the conspirators have offered it to us? If they have, they can unite the people of all parties under their banner, and leave traitors and their northern allies to the doom which history shall award to the enemies of freedom, of Union, and of progress.

On behalf of labor, yours, respectfully,

WM. OLAND BOURNE,
Cor. Sec. Workingmen's Dem. Rep. Associatn.,
August 22, 1864.

LETTER FROM GENERAL GRANT.

The following is an extract from a letter from Lieutenant-General Grant to Hon. E. B. Washburne, dated Headquarters, City Point, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864:—

"I state to all citizens who visit me that all we want now to insure an early restoration of the Union is determined unity of sentiment in the North. The rebels have now in their last man. The little boys and old men are guarding the prisoners and railroad bridges, and forming a good part of their garrisons for entrenched positions. A man lost by them cannot be replaced. They have robbed the cradle and the grave equally to get their present force.

"Besides what they lose in frequent skirmishes and battles, they are now losing from desertions and other causes at least one regiment per day. With this drain upon them, the end is not far distant if we are only true to ourselves. Their only hope now is in a divided North. This might give them reinforcements from Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri, while it would weaken us.

"With the draft quietly enforced the enemy would become despondent and would make but little resistance. I have no doubt the enemy are very anxious to hold out until after the Presidential election. They have many hopes from its effects. They hope a counter revolution; they hope the election of a peace candidate; in fact like Micawber they hope for something to turn up.

"If our peace friends expect peace from separation, they are much mistaken. It would but be the beginning of war, with thousands of northern men joining the South because of our disgrace in allowing separation. With

peace on any terms the South would demand the restoration of the slaves already freed, indemnity for losses, a treaty which would make the North a slave-hunter for the South, and pay for or restoration of every slave escaping to the North.

"Yours, truly,
U. S. GRANT."

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 16, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. PETTINGILL & 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.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Referring to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

ANDREW JOHNSON.

ELECTORS—J. B. BROWN, Portland.

ANNE STETSON, Damariscotta.

3d Dist.—GOING HATHORN, Pittsfield.

THE ELECTION.—Returns from something more than three-quarters of the State give a Union majority of not quite 16,000. Each of the candidates falls some three to four thousand short of the vote of last year,—accounted for in part by the storm, and still more by enlistments in the army and parols to Canada. The vote of the soldiers can hardly fail to bring the Union majority above 20,000.

The legislature, as far as heard, stands 100 Union to 22 democrats, in the House. The Senate stands utterly clean for the Union,—unless it shall turn out that Aroostook has returned one democrat. The Union candidates are all elected to Congress, being a gain of one, in the 1st district, in place of Mr. Sweet, a radical and coppery democrat, who is defeated by some 2,000 votes. He was elected two years ago as a war democrat, but has since herded with the clan of Vallandigham.

In short, the State is swept and garnished, and her example may be taken up by State after State, till every free voice shall have been uttered, and the knell of rebellion sounded.

VOTE OF WATERVILLE.—Of the 695 votes cast in Waterville for Governor,

Samuel Cony (Union) had 513

Joseph Howard (Dem.) 181

Scattering 1

Rep. to Leg.—W. A. P. Dillingham 356

Reuben Foster 258

Franklin Smith 69

Scattering, 2

Rep. to Congress—J. G. Blaine 512

A. P. Gould 181

Senators—J. A. Sanborn 509, Josiah True 512, Crosby Hinds 511, P. C. Bradford 180.

E. L. Gatchell 182, Stephen Young 181.

Sheriff—John Hatch 510, Vassel D. Pinkham 180.

Co. Attorney—Lorenzo Clay 510, Jas. W. Bradbury, jr. 181.

Treasurer—Daniel Pike 512, John H. Mosher 181.

Co. Commissioner—Nath'l Graves 511, Jas. H. Mosher 181.

Judge of Probate—Henry K. Baker 512, J. M. Meserve 181.

Register of Probate—Joseph Burton 512, John P. Craig 181.

Vote on amendment of Constitution, allowing soldiers to vote—Yes 527, No 3.

A GOOD "POINT" IN BREEDING. The N. Y. Tribune, in its report of the great fair at Springfield, says that Thomas S. Lang urged upon the consideration of breeders the propriety of taking the position "that we have established a 'thorough bred' stock of horses here, which should be known as American thoroughbred; and perpetuated, because it is the best breed in the world, and that we should discard all others, and particularly the English thoroughbred, because there is a racing stock and ours a trotting one. He said he had had twenty years experience in breeding, and tho' the first five were lost by mistakes, he thought the other fifteen had been sufficient to settle all the laws of breed to his satisfaction, and he knew no better breed than this one of New England." Mr. Lang spoke several times on this point—one which we believe will grow in importance as investigation throws light upon it.

AN ATTRACTION.—We are authorized to say that Mr. Lang's horse "Gen. Knox" will trot at the Park in this place on Wednesday next, on the occasion of the "Benefit Trot," given by the Horse Association to the Agricultural Society. It is worth a quarter to any one, and a dollar to many, to see this beautiful horse trot—especially now that he stands at the head of his class in the United States.

We predict a large gathering on this occasion; and all who wish to see the Society completely relieved of its debt—especially those of our own citizens—should be present. There will be some good trotting.

Patriotism.

Messrs. Editors:—

I noticed at the polls, on Monday last, Capt. Elisha Barrows, a life-long democrat, aged 88 years, who rode five miles in the storm to vote the Union ticket; and he hopes to do the same thing, bating the storm, in November.

W. Waterville, Sept. 15, 1864.

THE DRAFT is ordered to commence on Monday next in all States and districts where the quota is not then filled; and though a State may have furnished its full share of men, yet if any district in that State is delinquent, it will be brought to the wheel and compelled to do its duty. The following dispatches to the Secretary of War show the necessity for energetic measures in this department.

CITY POINT, 10:30 A.M., Sept. 15th, 1864.

"To the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Sec. of War:—

"We ought to have the whole number of men called for by the President in the shortest possible time. Prompt action in filling up our armies will have more effect on the enemy than a victory over them. They profess to believe, and make their men believe, there is such a party north in favor of recognizing southern independence, that the draft cannot be enforced. Deserters come into our lines daily who tell us that the men are nearly universally tired of the war, and that desertions would be much more frequent, but that they believe peace will be negotiated after the fall election. The enforcement of the draft and prompt filling up of our armies will save the shedding of blood to an immense degree.

"U. S. GRANT, Lieut. Gen."

"ATLANTA, Georgia, 6:30 P.M., Sept. 13, 1864.

"To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Sec. of War:—

I am very glad to hear the draft will be enforced. First, we need the men; second, they come as privates to fill up our old and tried regiments with their experienced officers already on hand; and third, because the enforcement of the law will manifest a power resident in our government equal to the occasion. Our government, though a democracy, should in times of trouble and danger, be able to wield the power of a great nation.

"All well. W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General."

GEN. KNOX'S VICTORY.—Those who feel an interest in this horse—now the most noted horse in America—will be pleased to read the following account of his late performance at Springfield. Nobody who ever saw Knox in a trotting competition, and especially in his match with "Hiram," can forget the indescribable air of easy and elegant confidence with which he leads his opponent over the track. A gentleman who witnessed the race assures us that he never saw him appear to better advantage, or his driver, Mr. Palmer, manage the reins with a quieter hand. We find this account in the Boston Traveller.

The judges for the trot were Lambert Maynard and A. Wentworth, of Boston, and Alfred Tilton, of N. York. At 4 o'clock there was a vast number of people on the Park, and the seats opposite the judges' stand were crowded, mostly with ladies. The horses entered were the Gen. Knox, belonging to T. S. Lang, of North Vassalboro', Me.; Draco, belonging to John R. Poor, of Somerville, Mass.; Volcano, a yellow horse, belonging to T. R. Barden, of Pittsfield, Mass.; and Duke of Wellington, a white horse, belonging to W. B. Smith, of Hartford, Ct. The horses had the order in which their names are stated—Knox having the pole and Duke outside.

Over half an hour was consumed in making arrangements, and three quarters of an hour in making twelve false starts, so that the horses did not get off till after 5½ o'clock. Then Knox and Draco were a length ahead of Duke and Volcano. Knox gained on the first quarter, and kept several lengths ahead of Draco, slowly increasing, so as to make the mile and half in 2:31. Draco was six seconds later. The other two horses were distanced on the first half mile, and had a little race of their own. They were distanced and ruled out.

Knox and Draco started on the second heat at 6 o'clock precisely, hub to hub. Knox gained several lengths at once, and kept it on the first half, passing the half-mile two lengths ahead. On the second half Draco broke four times, was forty feet behind, then broke and caught up to a length on the last turn, and trotted in the last hundred yards, so that the horses came in exactly neck and neck in 2:37. Knox did not break in the mile but once, and that but for a second, and the judges gave him the heat.

The third heat, which commenced a quarter before 7, was a pretty one. After two false starts, caused by Draco breaking at the outset, the horses got off. Draco a neck ahead. Knox got the lead on the first quarter, and kept from thirty to fifty feet ahead all the way, trotting the mile without a break in 2:34;—thus gaining three straight heats and the race. Draco broke several times.

KEEP UP VOLUNTEERING.—The following is a copy of an order received in New Hampshire from the Provost Marshal General:—

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30, 1864.

CAPT. W. SILVER.—Keep up volunteering as much as possible after the 5th of September, and let it be known that volunteers will be counted on the quotas of the present call up to the last practicable moment before the drafted men are accepted and sent to rendezvous.

J. B. FRY.

RESUMED.—Religious exercises at Town Hall, (Unitarian), which have been suspended for a few weeks past, will be resumed on Sunday next,—sermon in the morning and Sunday school at 2 o'clock P. M.

GOOD TIME!—A fine poem, by Mr. Frank Bakeman, of the College,—music by the choir, with Mrs. Farr at the melodeon,—a bountiful supply of apples,—with promenade and pleasant ad libitum,—such was the programme of a good time at Ticonic Division on Friday evening.

Col. McGilvery, of the 1st Maine Light Artillery, died recently while undergoing a surgical operation. He was a valuable officer, and his death is a severe loss to the service.

A GREENBACK WELL INVESTED.—A year ago several journals united in recommending their readers to invest a Dollar "Greenback" in securing that very excellent Journal for the HOUSEHOLD (including the Little Ones), for the GARDEN, and for the FARM, called the *American Agriculturist*. Many persons were thus led to subscribe, and we believe all who did so have been much more than satisfied. They have received the 23d Annual Volume of the *Agriculturist* which is full of good things, useful, practical, and entertaining, and just now the Publisher is sending out to each of his subscribers applying, a present of a plant of one of the most remarkable Strawberries that have ever been brought out. These plants, when sold by the only other person having them, go readily at 75 cents each. So the Greenback invested last year has certainly paid well. All we have now to say is, let all others go and do likewise.—Notwithstanding the present advance in cost, the Publisher still offers to take subscribers this month (September) at \$1 a year, or from now to the end of 1865 (fifteen months) for \$1.15. And still further, he offers one of the remarkable Strawberry Plants, sent free and post-paid, to every new subscriber who encloses 5 cents extra for oil cloth, packing, and postage on the plant.—Our advice to all is, send the Dollar (or the 1.15), and the extra 5 cents at once to ORANGE JUDG, Publisher of the *Agriculturist*, at 41 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY, and get the paper, etc. You will get a most beautiful, well illustrated, practical paper, and the cheapest one in the country, to say nothing of the extra Strawberry Plant, etc. TRY IT.

O-O-O-O-OH!—What a blunder we have all made in crowing over a republican victory!—and now here comes that honest and brilliant little Anson Advocate with the following stunning intelligence from the State of Maine:—

"The result in the towns heard from show a steady gain for the democrats from last year!"

There now!—but we only wish the Advocate had told us how much the democrats have gained in their congressional delegation—and how long they can stand it to gain at the rate they have this year!

It is mentioned to the credit of Waterville that no other town in the district has put into the army a single representative soldier. Waterville has three, as we mentioned last week—by Chs. M. Morse, Joshua Nye and Edward C. Lowe.

THE TWO PARTIES.—The Boston Advertiser thus clearly sets forth the position of the two parties:—

The divergence between the two parties is plainly marked, and will increase every day as the election draws near. It is a question of war—a certain, substantial and final settlement of our difficulties by the strong arm of a powerful government, and the effectual destruction of the rebel power,—or a dilatory policy, uncertain, wavering, ineffectual and weak, commencing in negotiations with traitors, propositions of peace to those who will spurn them in contempt, and all resulting in a renewal of the war, after the government is weakened by dissensions, and the enemy is strengthened by repose and the confidence of final success. The government is now pursuing the war with a vigor and success never before exhibited. The enemy are routed in Georgia, astonished and dismayed in Alabama, discouraged in Virginia. Our soldiers are everywhere in the highest spirits. Our commanders only desire a few more men. The authorities are straining every nerve to furnish them, and soldiers are hurrying to the front by thousands every day. Shall this policy be pursued, or shall the wretched doctrines of the Chicago politicians be substituted, and the present despair of the rebel authorities be changed to notes of gladness and songs of joy?

VOTE EARLY!—and as often as you like. Have you deposited your ballot (a one-dollar bill) with the Treasurer of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society, and thus practically and effectually manifested your sympathy with the movement for the extinguishment of the debt this year? If you have not, do so at once, and save him the trouble of soliciting your vote.

VALLANDIGHAM affects to disapprove of McClellan's letter of acceptance, and there is some talk among the ultra peace men of calling another convention; but it is probably done for effect, in the hope to inveigle doubting men to support the Chicago nominee.

Henry A. Sheldon, eldest son of Rev. Dr. Sheldon of our village, who graduated with the highest honors at the late Commencement of Harvard College, came home recently with a commission from Gov. Andrew in his pocket, appointing him a Lieutenant in one of the colored regiments of Massachusetts. After a brief stay at his home he left to join his regiment in South Carolina.

The Somerset Farmer says a Mr. Samuel Farnham, of Canaan, a single man, about 40 years of age, committed suicide by hanging, on Tuesday last.

DIED—in this village, Sept. 12th, Capt. Timothy McIntire, one of our oldest residents, aged 77 years. For many years he was engaged in the boating business, and was well known through the whole length of the Kennebec valley. Subsequently he was Toll-keeper on the Ticonic Bridge for several years. In whatever capacity he acted he was known as an honest, faithful, trustworthy man—that "noblest work of God"—and respected accordingly.

Morbid men seem to have full faith in the government. Thirty-nine and a half millions of the loan of 1861 were recently put into the market, and the amount bid for was about seventy-three millions. Enough was secured at four per cent. and upwards. Over thirty millions of the new seven-thirty loan have been taken.

OUR TABLE.

THE NORTHERN MONTHLY for September is an excellent number, and contains many good things. Among these is a sharp review of "Hannah Thurston," Bayard Taylor's new book; a historical sketch of "Augusta, at Small Point Harbor," one of the early Maine settlements; the first of a series of articles on the South, by Neal Dow, etc., etc., with an interesting Editorial Department, and a full chapter on Military Matters. This work is creditable to the literary enterprise of our State, and should be well sustained.

Published by Bailey and Noyes, Portland, at \$2.50 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The August number of this magazine has the following table of contents:—

Tony Butler—Part XI.; Lewis's Aristotles; Victor Hugo on Shakespeare; Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and other Things in General—Part VII.; Chronicle of Carlingford: The Perpetual Curate—Part XIV.; The Public Schools Report—II.—Harrow and Rugby; Art; Guiltless; The Vote of Censure.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 88 Walker st., New York. Terms of Subscription: For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; 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.

(For the Mail.)

THE BIRTH OF AN IDEA.

BY J. J. KNIGHT.

Behold the student's bended form,
His careworn cheek, and features worn,
As he is taking all his powers,
For many long and weary hours,
And yet 'tis precious, what is sought,
His wealth of his skill, a thought.

He reaches for it, but in vain,
But still he tries, and tries again;
A ray of light comes o'er his brow,
He thinks he's gained his object now;
A restless motion—and 'tis past—
What seemed almost obtained, is lost.

But hope inspires his efforts still,
'Tis hard to crush that iron will;
He tries again—there's no retreat—
Success, alone, can give him peace;
It is to him 'bove all things dear,
To know he's fashioned one idea.

What feelings crowd his troubled breast,
He tries again, now comes the test;
Resolved he once more to make
One effort, for his conscience' sake;
And, driven almost to despair,
He tries with still redoubled care.

And when he tries and struggles most,
He thinks his efforts all are lost;
When, lo! upon his mind is shed
A ray of light—the thought is read;
He rises, and without a fear,
He's given birth to one idea.

KENDALL'S MILLS, Sept. 3d, 1864.

GRANT'S PERSISTENCY. The astonishing tenacity with which General Grant holds to his great object excites as much wonder abroad as at home. The London Times of the 29th says:—

The news from America, though indecisive, continues to be most interesting. The vigor with which this year's campaign has been conducted appears to spread like a conflagration over the vast theatre of operations, and the struggle is sustained beyond precedent at each point of interest. Astonishing as it is, it seems that General Grant's efforts are not yet exhausted. No number of reverses seem sufficient to check this pertinacious General. It was but a few days ago that we heard of a repulse so disastrous that a court of inquiry was immediately appointed to investigate its causes, yet the present mail informs us that a new and difficult operation has already been commenced.

SUDDEN DEATH. Mr. Cyrus Williams, a well known citizen of Waterville, died suddenly Friday night, at the age of 68 years. He had been suffering from dropsy for some time, and died quietly in his chair. He was for many years proprietor of the Williams House.

FARMERS!—We (the Secretary) will take it as a personal favor, if those designing to bring anything for exhibition at our coming Show and Fair will make their entries in advance.

We are informed that Waterville is the only town in this district that has furnished any representative recruits. Four have been sent from here—Rev. Mr. Hawes having put in one in addition to those mentioned last week. We must say, that while we are proud of our town we blush for the district.

Let no one fail to read the excellent political articles in this week's paper—the letter of Miss Dickinson, Jeff. Davis and Democracy, etc., etc.

The Freshman class of Waterville College now numbers twenty-six.

WHY HE TURNED DEMOCRAT.—A correspondent of the Evening Post tells the following of A. Oakley Hall, who said at the McClellan ratification meeting in New York that the "nominations at Chicago would be hailed with universal acclamations throughout the South:—

"In conversation with a Union Lawyer on the steps of the Court House, in Chambers street, to-day, Mr. Hall remarked, *apropos* of his summation from Republicanism to Copperheadism, that when Mr. Lincoln went over to the abolitionists he could not support him any longer. 'Why?' He replied: 'When Gen. Butler was in New Orleans he took a negro that belonged to my mother and made a soldier of him!'

"Ah, said the other, 'I see it. You lost by that operation the possible reversion of an undivided interest in the contingent remainder of one nigger, subject to the dower right of your mother! I understand it all now.'

The historian has failed to preserve Mr. Hall's reply."

In the case of W. H. Simpson, Esq., editor of the Belfast Journal, charged with giving aid and comfort to the rebellion, a motion to quash the indictment was argued before the U. S. District Court, at Bath, last week, but the decision was reserved to the December term of the court.

The Springfield Republican of Friday says:—

"Does Mr. T. S. Lang know how many horse men he is causing to break the tenth commandment? It was bad enough that Mr. Denry should offer him \$20,000 for his magnificent trotting stallion 'General Knox'; but yesterday Mr. H. C. Beckwith of Hartford offered him \$25,000; yet he was importunate."

JEFF. DAVIS ON RE-UNION. In a speech before the Legislature of Mississippi on the 26th of December 1862, Jeff. Davis expressed himself upon re-union in the following manner:—

Our enemies are a traditionless and homeless race. From the time of Cromwell to the present, they have been the disturbers of the peace of the world. Gathered together by Cromwell from the fens and bogs of the north of Ireland, and of England, they commenced by disturbing the peace of their own country, they disturbed Holland, to which they fled, and disturbed England on their return. After what has happened the last two years, my only wonder is that we have consented to live for so long a time in association with such miscreants. Were it ever proposed to enter again into a Union with such a people, I would no more do than to thrust myself into a den of thieves."

To such a man, cherishing such sentiments, the northern Democracy are bowing and cringing and demanding that the United States government should cease hostilities and treat for peace with him. The people of the loyal States would deserve all the epithets he applies to them if they would consent to an armistice or any other terms than those to be dictated at the point of the bayonet to a conquered rebel.

[Courier.]

The London Times has an editorial on the doings of the pirate Tallahassee, in which it says:—"Though we must acknowledge the energy and skill of these confederate commanders, we can have no sympathy with the particular kind of warfare which they carry on. Looking on it as retaliation for the many excesses and cruelties of the federals on land we may excuse it, but the whole system is barbarous, and it would be well if the war could be waged without such hateful doings. Nothing is more likely to weaken the peace party of the North than the story of these captives, which must irritate Northern people everywhere it is told and make enemies of a large number who have no sympathy with Lincoln and his party."

An armistice, says the Richmond Examiner, in any intelligible sense whatever, could mean nothing less than a cessation of every act of war for the time agreed upon, both naval and military; nothing less than a withdrawal of the invading troops from every part of the Confederate States, and a suspension of the blockade of the coast. The occupation of Grant's camp at Petersburg, and of Sherman's at Atlanta, the occupation of Chattanooga, Knoxville, and Harper's Ferry, are all acts of war. The presence of a blockading squadron off Wilmington, to stop and destroy our merchant vessels, is an act of war. An armistice intended to be real, and not illusory, would be

