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Maxham & Wing

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LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

Love in a cottage! Ah, vastly romantic!
Give heed now my friends to this warning, I pray;
For although you may think me absurd and pedantic,
I've really a word on the subject to say.
They say filthy love's the "root of all evil!"
A root that's much envied, as all of us know—
But though it may sound wistfully well in a poem,
It's not quite so easy to "hoe your own row."

They say, yet again, 'tis the friend of the devil,
And doubtless it may be, for this I allow,
Yet before Satan's friend with civility charming,
Plebeians and nobles in humbleness bow.
Since Adam and Eve left the garden of Eden,
Where victuals and drink were provided quite free,
The vile sordid dross has been deemed quite essential
To purchase potatoes, bread, coffee and tea.

And now "Uncle Abe" is again re-elected,
And sits quite secure in the President's chair,
It's decreed, I believe, without cavil or question,
That man can't exist on the subject to say.
The poor man walks now through the market-place
Safely.

Has butter to look at, and meat to admire,
But plain is the food, and the allowance
He finds to take home to his darling spouse.

Now, Charley and I—people said we were lovers—
Had talked of uniting our fortunes in bliss
That is, you perceive, at the altar of Hymen.
It ended, as all such things end—in a kiss.
Now Charley is a good natured fellow,
His heart it is large, but his pockets reverse,
And so, as a matter of course he's romantic,
Calls poverty sweetness, and riches a curse.

Of course we decided on "love in a cottage,"
Where roses and woodbine twined over the door,
And butchers and bakers and candlestick makers
Were not a very great nuisance nor too far
Well we dreamed a few hours in the lap of Elysium,
Discarding all care, love, moonshine and stuff,
The music we heard, well, it wasn't celestial—
But as for the moonshine, 'twas moonshine enough.

There are bills for the mutton and bills for the pudding,
And bills for the wicker chair and the washstand,
And just in the midst of the old landlord,
His little account, as 'twas right on the way.
Of course Charley raved, but I took it coolly;
Just what I expected, and that's all I say.
And then, I suppose, as a matter of habit,
He searched every pocket and found—"no nary red."

Ah, love in a cottage! it's vastly romantic,
But then, my young ladies, it's not quite "the thing";
As present we sit with closed shutters and curtains,
And are not at home to the creditors' ring;
I sigh over the woes of "Melissa Bellinda,"
And Charley puffs on at his only cigar;
We have grown quite disgusted with love in a cottage,
And to-morrow we both will go home to papa.

[From Peterson's Magazine.]

THAT AUGUST.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[CONCLUDED.]

One day we were going to ride over to a water-fall there was about a mile and a half beyond our house on the river road. How distinctly I can remember everything that happened that day. It was after dinner. Dauphin had taken his with him to the mill, because he was very busy—so Fenton and I had ours alone.

It was in the little sitting-room—something I'd been saying about his emerald ring—and then he told me a pretty German story, and finally drew the ring off his finger and I bade me hold out my hand.

"You shall wear it," he said; "it will be a spell like the one the water spirit gave the knight."

But I laughed and put my hands behind me, not because I had any superstitious feeling about the ring, but from a foolish feeling that they would look tanned and brown by the side of his slender white ones.

"I insist on your wearing it," he said, playfully.

He leaned toward me, and catching hold of a knot of ribbon I wore to fasten my collar, he slipped the ring through the ends, and tied it there. While he was doing it, I felt his warm breath on my forehead, and his eyes looked straight into mine; but I could neither stir nor look up, and as the emerald touched my neck, it seemed to me to stir and sting like some live thing.

I heard my mother tell once about being charmed by a rattlesnake, when she was a little girl, and her father came and killed it just as it was ready to spring—for he heard her make a queer sort of noise as he was mowing near the bushes where she sat.

Just so I felt—charmed! I couldn't break away; and if my soul gave any cry of warning, I was too dizzy and deaf to understand it.

He never knew what an influence he had over me at that moment. He broke the spell himself with one of his gray laughs.

"You were born to wear jewels," said he; "my poor emerald will have a new lustre now."

Then I said it was time to start, if we were going to the water-fall; and I went out to tell a man that was working round to get the horse up. I remember, as I went through the kitchen where black Lucy was, I put my hand over the emerald, so that she should not notice it; and as I did so, it came across my mind, just as if some one had whispered it, that it was the first time in my life I had ever had a thing to hide from anybody.

Only I didn't understand my own feeling about it. Maybe, you'll think I'm superstitious, but sometimes I've thought it was a supernatural warning from some soul that loved me, and was dead. They say there can be such things, but I don't know.

We went out riding, and I wore the emerald—the great, green, wicked-looking stone on my neck. I never heard Fenton talk as he did that afternoon, and his words never took such hold of my mind as they did then.

He talked about Italy, and made a spot just as plain to me as a picture where two people might live and be happy. He said no human law had any right to chain down an immortal soul; that it dictates were the highest rule we could have; and that if in following them we violated the world's laws, we need only look down in pity and scorn for the ignorance that made the world blame us.

I just sat and listened as if I was in a dream. I didn't half understand it all, at least not as he meant me to; but I tell you I felt exactly as if I have heard my mother describe, she did when the snake kept coiling closer and closer, and she had looked at it until she saw beautiful colors, as if it was turning into a dozen rainbows.

By-and-by we came to the fall and got out and Fenton hitched the horse to a tree.

We had to walk up a path a few rods, and then we came just at the foot of it, and there it was dashing down over the mossy rocks, with the great pines and evergreens meeting overhead, falling a little way in a beautiful white sheet, then breaking on a great, flat stone that was all covered with ferns and little green plants, and then giving another dash and scattering in clouds of foam into the basin at the bottom.

There we sat a good while, and Fenton repeated poetry, and showed me a thousand beauties, maybe, I should have missed; but he began to talk about water-falls in Switzerland, and the Falls of Ferni, till somehow there was a great longing in me to fly off to some of those lovely spots, and I called out—

"If I could only go—only go!"

He had been plaiting a little wreath of ferns and he pushed my hat off and put them on my forehead as I spoke.

"Would you be glad to go and leave this dull, cold life behind forever?" he said, in his half whisper.

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"Oh! so glad!" I answered; but I wasn't thinking what I said. I don't mean that—I can't well explain to you—but I mean I wasn't thinking of him nor of leaving Dauphin—only just thinking of getting away where I could educate myself and make my life worth living.

"So glad," he repeated; "and yet you wouldn't dare."

"I never can," I said; "a woman isn't like a man. She must stay where her life happens to be ordered; and I don't suppose however rich Dauphin might get, I could ever persuade him to take a voyage across the ocean."

He muttered something, and looked so vexed that I couldn't think what was wrong.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing, nothing; it was only a foolish thought I had."

"I didn't know you ever had any such," I said.

He drew closer to me and whispered,

"If I dared tell you all my thoughts—every one—but you would not listen—you would be angry. Oh! Annis, Annis!"

He had called me by my given name sometimes lately, but never in a voice like that. "I tell you, that instant there came a thought in my head that had never troubled me before, and it made me turn sick with fright and horror."

"Annis, Annis!" I heard him whisper, and I felt his arm drawing about me, and he just lifted my hands and held them to his lips, and they burned as if it had been fire that touched them.

I gave a start back and pulled my hands loose. As I did so, they touched the ribbon on my neck—the emerald ring was gone.

Between the shame at the new thought in my mind, and fright at the loss of the ring, I thought I should have fainted dead away.

"Go and get the horse," I called out; "I want to go home."

I suppose there was something strange in my voice—it made him go without a word. I hunted on the grass, but there was no trace of the ring. I looked all the way to the wood, but I couldn't see it.

I got into the wagon and we drove toward home. I didn't speak—I couldn't—I really believed I was dying.

After a little, he began to talk just as if nothing had happened, smooth, and composed, and pleasant, and I sat still, though it seemed to me as if I must jump out into the road and scream!

I was thinking more of the ring than anything else. How could I tell him it was lost. Suppose I made him angry, and he should declare I was keeping it, and bring trouble on me for it, and maybe on Dauphin, too; and when Dauphin found it out. Oh! if only I had died that very hour when I looked out and saw him standing, for the first time, on our porch!

We got home, and by that time I had such a nervous headache come on that I had to go and lie down; but I couldn't sleep any more than if I had been on a rack.

Dauphin came into the bedroom and spoke so kindly to me that it seemed as if my heart would break; but I couldn't have him pity me. I just dressed myself again and went out into the sitting-room, and somebody came in from the village, and there I sat, and laughed and talked till I saw Dauphin look at me as if he was afraid I was getting light-headed; and once I caught Fenton's eyes—something in them made me start as if I'd found myself on the edge of a precipice.

Long after I was in bed I couldn't get to sleep; and when I did I had a dreadful nightmare that I never could remember clearly, only I saw Fenton strangling Dauphin with a great emerald ring, and then Dauphin woke me up and wanted to know what was the matter.

I made as light of it as I could, and pretty soon I pretended to be asleep again so that he wouldn't make me talk. When he thought I was asleep he sat up, and I could see his face quite plain in the moonlight—it was all worn and changed, but I hadn't noticed it before.

"If I knew what to do," he muttered several times; "I feel so wicked to think. Oh! I don't know, I don't know."

It just flashed across me, Dauphin was troubled about what had been going on, and yet he had been so patient and kind, and never reproved me in any way.

I covered my head up in the sheet, and just wished that when morning came he might find me there dead and cold, but I could neither die nor sleep; and when after a while, Dauphin got into a restless drowse, I just lay there with my eyes wide open, feeling a sense of wickedness and shame that was like an eternal load lying on my heart.

Through it all came the thought of the ring, that put matters in the blackest way. I couldn't tell Dauphin about losing it, for now it seemed so right that thing that I should have had it on, and I remembered his fastening it. Oh! I couldn't even think of that! Then if I went to Fenton and confessed that it was gone—what would be the answer? How could I help listening? What—

I was nearly beside myself, and that is all I can say—for I might talk forever and not make you understand how many dreadful ideas came in my head.

All the morning I kept busy about the house. In the afternoon, some man who rented a farm of Fenton, rode over to see him on some business, and Fenton had to go with him, so I had all that time to myself.

You may think how I hunted, in hopes I'd dropped the ring before leaving the house; but it was all no use—I knew it wouldn't be—I was to be punished, and that emerald was to be the means of it.

Black Lucy got tea ready, then she wanted to go down to the village to spend the evening, and I let her. Fenton and Dauphin came in about the same time, and we sat down to the table, and I did my best to act as usual, but I expect it was a poor attempt.

After tea I was on the porch, and in the garden, and Fenton sat smoking on the steps. I thought Dauphin was busy about it. I'd no idea of letting him go away, when I happened to look up and saw him away down the road toward the village.

I felt as if I must scream, or run after him, or do something; but it was no use.

It was quite dusk; the moon was just coming up bright and splendid, and Fenton came sauntering along in his easy way into the garden.

"You will get cold," he said; "pray come into the house."

I let him lead me in. We went into the sitting-room and sat down. He acted the same as usual. If I had only been in a bad dream, and it should be ended now!

He talked very pleasantly for awhile, but in a sort of melancholy way that made me feel sadder than before. At last, he began to sing. He had a beautiful voice, and often in the evenings, when he first came, Dauphin had begged him to sing to us, for he loved music.

I can't remember the words Fenton sang that night; it wasn't them, I think, but the sad, soft air just overpowered me after all I had been undergoing during the long dreary afternoon; and before I knew it I was sobbing and crying in a wild way and not able to stop.

Fenton stopped singing—got up out of his chair and came toward me. I don't know whether it was some motion I made, or whether what had happened the day before made him careful, but he stood near me quite still, and said in such a tender, pitying voice, that it seemed as if it could have only belonged to a gentle, good man.

"Will you not tell me what distresses you so? I cannot bear to see you weep so bitterly; do trust me. Surely you may consider me your friend—tell me what your trouble is."

But I could not speak—I couldn't have explained to anybody what I felt, my mind was in such confusion.

"Oh! don't cry so, don't cry so, Annis! he pleaded.

"I'll be better in a minute," I said; "just let me cry a little—it does me good."

He came and stood close by my chair, leaning his hand on it, and talking kindly as a brother could have done. There was no spell over my senses—with all his sense and power there was no magnetism of his that could affect me. I was terribly humbled, oppressed with a vague sense of wickedness and some coming trouble. I just sobbed and sobbed till a kind of quiet came over me.

"You are better now," he said; "now you will tell me what pains you, will you not? If I can help you, there is nothing I will not do for you—only speak; do let me aid you—let me feel that you trust me, and that the sweet days of our little past are not to be broken up."

I took no thought—until the words were on my lips I didn't dream of speaking them, but I cried out,

"I've lost your ring—your emerald ring!"

"And is that your trouble?" he said. "Oh, you foolish child! Dear Annis, don't you know if I had all the gems of a king's treasury, I would give the whole for one smile from you. Never mind the ring—only keep your own secret."

I had not moved. Oh! I didn't know what was coming—but he was down on his knees before me—he was holding my hands fast and hard, and telling me how he loved me—loved me.

I started up with a sort of scream, or it seemed to me. As I did so, I looked toward the open window, and there, oh, my God! I saw Dauphin, my husband, running past with the face of a dead man in the moonlight. I think I was quite crazy then!

"Let me go!" I cried. "I hate you—I hate you! You are a bad, wicked man; don't ever come near me, nor look in my face again."

He sprang up as if I had struck him—perhaps I did. I can't tell.

"Take care," he whispered; "don't make a mistake! Remember how you've helped this one! Ask your husband whether he'd rather believe that ring a love token, or—"

I broke loose from him, and ran out into the yard, calling,

"Dauphin, Dauphin!"

There was no answer—no sound. I listened, and in the stillness I seemed to hear the noise of feet on a bridge away up the road.

A great fright came over me—I don't know what I dreamed—I was mad. I ran toward the barn—the white horse in the pasture came running to meet me—I called him. I sprang on his back, and without saddle or bridle I was dashing away through the moonlight up the road from whence I heard those sounds.

"Dauphin! Dauphin!" I called many times, but there was no reply.

The road I had travelled the day before with that man. I understood what the suffering of a lost soul was during that ride!

The water-fall was in sight—on rushed the horse—I was near the bridge that crossed the swift stream—it had been broken and tottering for days. As I looked I noticed the boards were gone now, and down below in the back water I saw something lying.

I was off the horse, across the bridge, and down by the pool, and as I gained it the moonbeams struck through the trees, and showed me my husband lying motionless on my feet, half in the water, half as if he had dragged himself out in a last struggle.

I can't tell you how I managed, but I got him up; I knew just what to do, and did it. I saw his head was hurt, and looked for my handkerchief to wet and put on it. I had dropped it on the other side of the bridge, just where we had got out of the carriage the day before.

I ran back for it—stooped to pick it up—something glittered on the grass close by it—there lay the emerald.

And Dauphin came and sat up; and when he saw me and groaned, I just got my two arms round him and held him fast, crying,

"It isn't what you think. I love you—I love you! Maybe I never did before as I ought, but I do now, and I will till my death!"

Oh! the blessed great heart of him! He did not want proofs—he was satisfied, and he just laid my face on his neck, and there we stood together.

I told him the whole—everything. I showed him the ring, and he told me how he had feared not that I should be wicked and bad, but that I should learn to hate and despise him for his rough ways, and then he was coming some, and through the window he saw that man at my feet. He didn't know what he meant then—he must be alone to think. He ran up the road till he got to the bridge, and fell, and had only just strength enough to drag himself partially on shore.

Then a sudden fear came over me of trouble between the two men, and I wouldn't be quiet till he heard me, that it was only a little folly.

on Fenton's part, and—oh! I had my own way.

When Dauphin was better, he got on to the old white horse and lifted me up before him, and we rode home through the moonlight, and I was the happiest woman that ever came to her senses before it was too late for her to set her life quite straight.

When we went up the yard Noel Fenton stood in the door, and Dauphin just put the emerald into his hand, saying,

"My wife has found your jewel."

And Fenton looked a little pale and defiant-like; but Dauphin went on into the kitchen for a lamp, and I said,

"You'd better take your emerald back to the city, it's safer for it there."

Noel Fenton laughed a little, and then he went up stairs; and the next morning, before breakfast, one of Mosely's boys came to our house, and Fenton was standing on the porch and spoke to him; and then came in and said how sorry he was a letter called him away at once. He could not even wait for breakfast for fear he should lose the train, which he had to ride five miles to catch.

So he went away, and presently Dauphin came in, and he and I sat down alone in our home once more, and a blessed solitude it was; and a home that was better than any palace I ever dreamed of in the days of my old foolishness.

"If you love me, lean hard." The Boston Recorder relates the following: "Miss Fiske, while in the Nestorian Mission, was at one time in feeble health, and much depressed in spirits. One hot Sabbath afternoon, she sat on her mat on the chapel floor, longing for support and rest, feeling unable to maintain her trying position until the close of worship. Presently she felt a woman's form seated at her back, and heard the whisper 'Lean on me.' Scarcely yielding to the request, she heard it repeated, 'Lean on me.' Then she divided her weight with the gentle pleader, but that did not suffice. In earnest, almost reproachful tones the voice again urged 'If you love me, lean hard.' This incident is worth a whole volume of commentary on the nature of true love, which is happiest when it can do most for the loved one.

Soups. Soups, when properly made, are very wholesome, and an almost indispensable appendage to a dinner. But how few cooks know how to make it wholesome and palatable? To prepare good soup requires more skill and labor than almost any other principal dish, and few ever learn, and those who know how, seldom go to the trouble of making it right. In a majority of families we are safe in saying nine out of ten—really good soup is never eaten, or soup that is digestible. They think that to be good, it must look very yellow, and made so by half an inch of grease on the top. Now, the truth is, there should be little or no grease about soup. It should be made of lean meat boiled, or rather simmered, for a long time—say half a dozen hours—then strained and boiled again. A little browned flour, prepared as the Germans do for a "burnt meal soup," gives it a dark color. Above all things, keep grease away from soup, commonly known as "fat," if you want the soup to digest in the next six or eight hours. A knuckle of veal, boiled in a gallon of water down to a jelly, when cold, be cut into pieces, and be used as "stock" for soup for several days, each time adding as much of the stock as will make sufficient soup for the meal. To this, vegetables of all kinds cut up fine, can be used to advantage—say turnips, carrots, onions, tomatoes, etc., with barley, rice, etc. The older the stock gets, the better the soup is, always providing that it is well boiled, and the vegetables thoroughly done.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS. "City Journals," says the Boston Traveller, "have their allotted sphere, and they fill it; but they cannot be to the country, and to small towns, what local presses should be, and what they are when their merits are recognized properly. How are the conductors of city journals to know much about, or to have much room for matters that peculiarly interest those highly cultivated and intelligent people who reside thirty, fifty, or an hundred miles from the places where those journals are published? As well might Americans confine their reading to English journals as country people to city journals."

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE REBELLION. A writer in the Monthly Religious Magazine for February makes the size of the rebellion very plain by comparisons, which we give below.

"As to the numbers engaged, the little State of Massachusetts has furnished more men in our present struggle than fought on both sides in the great English rebellion. It has sent more men into the field than Julius Caesar commanded to gain the empire of the world; more than all the troops of Hellen put together in the long struggle that rent her in pieces, when her sun went down in blood. The State of New York has equipped more soldiers than all the troops of Caesar and Pompey put together, though drawn from every province from the Euphrates to the pillars of Hercules. The whole army of Cromwell would only serve as skirmishers, or as detail for a raid from the army of Grant or Sherman. His great military fame was gained by managing twenty-five thousand men; and its marches and evolutions were within an area less extensive than the State of Virginia."

CONVERSATION. Sincere and happy conversation doubles our power. In the effort to unfold our thought to a friend we make it clearer to ourselves. Conversation fills all gaps, supplies all deficiencies; but the defects of men hinder this paradise. Very rare are the high and fine gifts which make its perfection. The scholar, the philosopher, is probably an unmagmatic man, and cannot conform his conversation with his genius; he sits and suffers. The French say, "He is a blockhead; he is nothing but a genius."—[Emerson.]

Crusty prefers a music box in the house to a piano. He says it obviates the necessity of having a young music master around; that it only plays when you set it going; and that when you want to stop it, you can throw your boot at it, which you couldn't do to your wife. The utter of this slander should be chained to a lamp post and subjected for twenty-four hours to the grinding of twenty-four hand organs.

ARTEMUS WARD IN BOSTON.

A letter from Artemus Ward to his "dear Betsey" furnishes that pious woman with information from the "modern Atkins" which may interest some of our readers. Artemus writes:

The window of my room commands an exhilarating view of Copp's Hill where Cotton Mathew, the father of the Reformers and such, lies buried. There is men even now who worship Cotton, and there is wimmin who were him next their hearts. But, I do not weep for him. He's been dead too long. I aint going to be absurd like old Mr. Skillings in our neighborhood who is ninety-six years of age, and gets drunk every election day and weeps bitterly because he haint got no parents. He's a nice orphan, he is.

Bunker Hill is over yonder in Charleston. In 1775 a thrillin' drama was acted out over there, in which the "Warren Combination" played star parts.

Old Mr. Emanuel is dead, but his Hall is still in full blast. This is the Cradle in which the Goddess of Liberty was rocked, my dear.

The Goddess hasn't bin very well 'durin' the past few years, and the num'ris quack doctors she called in didn't seem to help her any; but the old gal's physicians now are men who understand their business, Major generally speaking, and I think the day is near when she'll be able to take her three meals a day, and sleep com'tably as in the old time.

The Common is here as usual; and the low cuss who called it a Wacant Lot and wanted to know why they didn't ornament it with some Bildin's is an unhappy Outcast in Neponset.

The State House is here and filled with statesmen, but some of them wear queer hats. They buy 'em, I take it, of hatters who carry on hat stores down stairs in Dock Square, and whose hats is either ten years ahead of the prevailing style, or ten years behind it—just as an intellectual person sees fit to think about it. I had the pleasure of talking with several members of the legislature. I told them the Eye of 1000 ages was onto we American people of to-day. They seemed deeply impressed by the remark, and wanted to know if I had seen the Grate Organ.

Harvard College. This celebrated institution of learnin' is pleasantly situated in the barroom of Parker's in School street, and has pupils from all over the country.

I went over to Lexington y'd'y. My boom hove with solum emotions. "A this," I said to a man who was drivin' a yoke of oxen "this is where our revolutionary fathers asserted their independence and spik their Blud, Classic ground."

"Wal," the man said, "it's good for white beans and potatoes, but as regards raisin' wheat 'cain't with a dam. But have you seen the Grate Organ?"

I returned in the boss kars, part wa. A poity girl in spectacles sat near me, and was tellin' a young man how much he reminded her of a young man she used to know in Waltham. Poity soon the young man got out, and, smilin' in a seductiv' manner, I sed to the girl in spectacles, "Don't I remind you of somebody you used to know?"

"Yes," she said, "you do remind me of I man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealin' a Bar'l of mackril—he died there, so I concloded you ain't him." I didn't pursue the conversation. I only heard her silvery voice once more durin' the remainder of the journey. Turnin' to a respectable lookin' female of advanced summers, she asked if she had seen the Grate Organ.

We old chaps, my dear, air apt to forget that it is sum time since we was infants, and et life food. Nothin' of further int'rist took place on the cars, except I'd lend him my diamond Brestpin to wear to a funeral in South Boston. I told I wouldn't—not a purpose.

Altho' fur from the prelahyres, there is abundants of wild game in Boston, such as quills, snipes, plovers and Props.

I ment to have alluded to the Grate Organ in this letter, but I haven't seen it. Mr. Raveer, whose tavern I stop at, informs me that it can be distinctly heard through a smoked glass in his nativ town in New Hampshire, any clear day. But settin' the Grate Organ aside (and indeed, I don't think I heard it mentioned all the time I was there), Boston is one of the grandest, sure-footedest, clear-headedest, comfortablest cities on the globe. Oulke ev'ry other large city I was ever in, the most of the backen don't seem to hav bin speshully intended by natur for the Burglary profession, and its about the only large city I know of where you don't enjoy a brilliant opportunity of bein' swindled in some way, from the Risin of the sun to the goin down thereof. There I say, load and continnared applaus for Boston.

NOVELS. There are works of fiction which embody the purest morality, the profoundest philosophy, the tenderest humanity of the age in which we live. Such can never be injurious in their effects; on the contrary, their elevating and refining influence is of great and lasting value. But the most careful and constant discrimination should be exercised in selecting, and everything which approaches the blood-and-thunder school cannot be too sedulously avoided. And after all, the only efficient safeguard against danger is to cultivate a taste for more solid and substantial food. A fair proportion of good works of fiction may be harmless, but the exclusive reading of them will not "cultivate the mind" any more than a diet of sugar candy will feed and strengthen the body. If we would be educated in any sense of the word, we must read books which task and stimulate, as well as amuse the mind. The taste for such reading, once acquired, will grow with what it feeds on, and afford an unfailing source of pleasure and of profit. [Port. Press.]

Lindley Murray, the great grammarian, was an

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE, ... FEB. 17, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTENSON & 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 at this office.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

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

FOOTE, THE REBEL.—This man has at last been permitted by the rebels to come within our lines, and he has appeared at Washington, asking permission to join his wife at Nashville. He declines taking the oath of allegiance. We hope the government will see to it that this double traitor has the care he deserves. He has long been a marked political villain, and one of the rankest promoters of treason; and whether he is now a spy within our lines, or is acting treason to the gang of traitors among whom he has long been prominent, remains to be seen. If the government permits him to pass without taking the oath of allegiance to the country whose protection he has doubly forfeited, we can see no risk that any man runs in being a traitor. If any man was ever steeped in treason to the very core, Foote is that man; and his whole character shows him a man not to be trusted or tolerated. If he will not take the oath, and show works meet for repentance, let him take some of the severity he has so long been desirous of according to the free men of the north. We hope he will not be trusted with the oath, even if he consents to take it; but that he will be sent to some place where he will be safe from the vengeance of the brothers traitor he has left behind.

DEATH OF DR. HOLMES.—Dr. Ezekiel Holmes, widely known for over thirty years as the senior editor of the Maine Farmer, died at his residence in Winthrop, on Thursday of last week, at the age of 64 years. His disease, pneumonia, originated in a cold, and was fatal in four or five days. Dr. Holmes was born in Massachusetts, graduated at Brown University in 1821, and commenced editing the Maine Farmer 1833. This position he continued to occupy to the period of his death; and his marked success and usefulness, and the consequent high esteem in which he was held throughout the wide circle of his acquaintances, are known to the public.

PLEASANT!—A company of singers, consisting mostly of the choirs of the Congregational and Unitarian societies, rode out to N. Vassalboro' on Friday evening last, and gave a concert at the Union church there. They were accompanied by a few friends, who appreciated the promise of a fine musical feast; and who also had a hint of a turkey supper that was to follow, at Hopkins' Hall.

The little church was well filled with a genial and appreciative audience—such as that village always gives to a good entertainment—and the ride of four miles in a pleasant evening had put the singers in fine voice and spirits. It is high praise to say they never sang better; and the audience indicated the best satisfaction. And better yet, as some thought, was the good time that followed at the supper. The company were the guests of the singers, who made this appropriation of the avails of their concert. The Waterville company were joined by about an equal number of the citizens of N. Vassalboro'; and after due compliments to the tables, and an exchange of sentiments of courtesy between the two villages, pleasant songs and a social good time more than filled out the first half of the night. Homeward, all the way, plans were devised for another evening sleigh-ride to N. Vassalboro'; where Mr. Hopkins and his agreeable neighbors had given us one of the pleasantest suppers in all our memory.

In Toronto, a meeting was recently called by rebel sympathizers to protest against the Alien act and to condemn the Canadian government for desiring to pay \$50,000 to make good the money stolen from the St. Alban's banks by the raiders. Seemingly found itself in the minority, however, and resolutions were passed fully endorsing the government in its measures for the maintenance of peace between the two countries. "Thus ended," says the Toronto Globe, "what we hope will be the last attempt of Southern refugees to misrepresent public opinion in Canada. They may learn from last night's proceedings that the people of Toronto are resolved at all hazards, to maintain the treaties of the Empire with the United States and that all further efforts to embroil us with our neighbors are hopeless."

TEICNIC DIVISION has arranged for a cheerful social festival this evening, Friday; when, on Silver street, is now carried on in the name of "Savage, Atherion & Cousins." See advertisement.

Baltimore, Feb. 6, 1865.

Messrs. Maxham & Wing.

Since I last wrote you there have been such changes in this State I thought it might be interesting to you to hear directly from an old friend. Since the rebellion I have been confined to the State of Maryland nearly all the time. I have been sent to eight different counties for the purpose of inspecting ship timber.

I have become acquainted with many gentlemen of high standing, who have conversed freely with me about our national difficulty. They readily acknowledge it had not been for the early protection of our government, Maryland must have fallen a victim to the rebellion. Many of the inhabitants here who were owners of slaves feel very sore on account of having them set free without receiving a fair compensation for them. But as that was an act of their own statesmen they could not charge the Northern people with that (supposed) cruel act.

Many of the large planters entertained fears that help would be so scarce that the growing crops of the last season could not be harvested, but strange to say, help has been plenty enough, for a fair compensation. So the harvest has been gathered in, and a large amount of wheat sown which looks very prosperous.

One of the visible changes here that I wish to mention is this; a gentleman, who is owner of several plantations, said to me he had become acquainted with some Northern men from Maine, who were here getting ship timber, and from the appearance and conduct of these men he was well pleased, and said he would be pleased to have the Northern men come into Maryland and make permanent settlements.

Another change is, the hostile feeling that existed against the Northern people has greatly diminished. The city of Baltimore has redeemed its character that was so greatly stained by its acts the 19th of April, 1861.

I have visited all the hospitals in this city, where I find a Maine friend occasionally. I am happy to say the poor, sick and wounded here are made as comfortable as they could be at their homes. The Sanitary Commission and Ladies' Aid Societies cannot be too highly spoken of. At the present time there is much speculation about the rebel commissioners meeting President Lincoln and Secretary Seward at Fortress Monroe. There have been many here who are sanguine in their belief, ever since Mr. Blair went on his first mission to Richmond, that something favorable to a settlement of our national difficulty would grow out of it. The result of the President's conference with the rebel commissioners is not yet made public, but many hope that the war will soon be ended, by the southern people submitting to our government.

I should be very happy to visit my numerous friends on the Kennebec. I hope and most earnestly pray if we are not permitted to meet on earth, we may be prepared to meet in that happy land where there is no war, sighing or sorrow.

Yours affectionately, J. HARRIMAN.

"Straws show which way the wind blows," says the old proverb; and the high price paid for straw at the paper mill in Waterville shows that there is a strong current in a new direction, of which our farmers will be glad to avail themselves and get twice as much for straw as they used to obtain for good hay. See advertisement.

A. L. NORTON, Messenger of the House, has our thanks for a copy of the Legislative Register of the State of Maine for the year 1865. It gives the name, residence, P. O. address, place of birth, occupation, politics, age, weight, height and former legislative service of each member of the Executive Department and of the Legislature.

From the office of "Littell's Living Age," we have received a copy of the "Narrative of Privations and Sufferings of United States Officers and Soldiers while Prisoners of War in the hands of the Rebel Authorities, being the Report of a Commission of Inquiry, appointed by the U. S. Sanitary Commission. It is a pamphlet of nearly a hundred pages and contains several photographs of Union soldiers, taken immediately upon their arrival within our lines—the sight of which is enough to convince any one of the "barbarism of slavery."

PAINFUL.—We regret to see it announced in the Clarion, that the editor of that paper has been detected in cheating a shoemaker out of a pair of boots, and has been driven to confess his guilt. He pleads that he was nearly barefooted, and had no other resort. We beg the plaintiff to enter a *not pros.*

APPLETON HALL.—Once a fortnight, on Wednesday evening, an exhibition takes place, under the direction of the young folks, for the benefit of the soldiers. A small fee—10 cents—is taken at the door, and as the use of the hall is generously given to the cause, a small fee is gradually increasing. Tableaux and plays constitute the entertainments.

THE DRAFT.—Many reports are afloat in relation to the draft, some to the effect that it has been postponed. There is no official authority for this, however; on the contrary, it is well understood that in those localities where nothing is doing towards making up quotas the draft will be enforced immediately.

The members of the "Old South Parish," at Augusta, have concluded to rebuild their church of stone, on a plan furnished by Mr. Fassett of Bath. The expense will be nearly or quite \$50,000.

A CHANGE.—The well known old stand where so many thousands horses have been shod, on Silver street, is now carried on in the name of "Savage, Atherion & Cousins." See advertisement.

We will not undervalue the intelligence of our readers by attempting to point out the beauties of the following poem, but present it without note or comment, confident that it will be properly appreciated.

(For the Mail.)

VALEDICTORY.

TO L—M—R—

When first we met the ground was bare,
But now 'tis covered with snow;
And the ice-clad hills in the west are glared,
Which tells us we must go;
That now we must leave this ancient retreat,
And part, alas! ne'er again to meet.

Very swiftly the hours have flown,
Since first you and I met;
In knowledge you have stronger grown,
Caring me cease to fret;
The gems have shown in with a purer light,
As hard you have studied from morn till night.

I cannot part without regret
From you I loved so well;
And to little Annie whom we've met,
'Tis sad to say farewell;
But the saddest thing is to bid adieu
For the last, last time, Lizzie May, to you.

But part we must, from you I must go,
And others I've loved so well,
No more to see you run to and fro,
Or hear you read and spell;
If we never meet on the shores of time,
I pray we may in a happier clime.

Farewell, Lizzie! where'er you stray,
May the smile of heaven attend;
For we may meet some future day,
If the prayer of your friend,
Gladly leave the old schoolhouse
To be inhabited by a mouse.

May he gnaw the posts and sills into,
And let the shell cave in,
Then to be decayed by the morning dew,
And to little Annie whom we've met,
May dust and rocks cover it o'er,
No more to be seen on this mortal shore.

Then a new one'll be erected by Withee men,
A schoolhouse of modern style,
Where scholars can be warmer than they have been,
After facing the storm a mile.
Voters in district number eight plus four,
Become united, be selfish no more.

"JUNIOR" the spy correspondent of the Home Journal, in one of his letters from the lumber regions of our State, gives the following explicit directions for curing that common nuisance, a smoky camp:—

Now, as among your readers there may possibly be some, who would like to know how to cure a smoky camp, I will mention a few of the most approved recipes. First, cut down all the trees near the camp, so that the wind may have a horizontal instead of a perpendicular direction; and if this don't effect a cure,—and it will,—top out the smoke-hole higher, and if this fails,—as it will,—add stick to stick till the wind blows it over; then if this don't help it,—as it won't,—make two holes to the smoke-hole, so that the smoke may have a chance to go up, and the wind a chance to come down, without quarrelling; and if this don't have the desired effect,—and it won't,—go and find a hollow log, and cut a hole through the end of the camp opposite the door, then run one end of the log out doors, and leave the other next the fire to furnish a draft of air; and if this should fail to cure the afore-mentioned habit,—as it surely will,—(though it has a formidable appearance, and looks like a fifteen-inch cumbard, and may repel invasion by the door not by the smoke-hole), get a barrel and knock out both heads, and hang it on a pole near the top of the smoke-hole; and if this last resort fails,—as it will,—there is no remedy but to "grin and bear it."

A romantic story is going the rounds, of two Colonels, found side by side on the bloody field of Mission Ridge, after the battle was over, who had been chums in their earlier studies, as well as at Waterville College and the law school, and who had met there after a separation of many years, leaders of opposing forces engaged in deadly combat. The story may be true, but as the papers sometimes say, it lacks confirmation. The roll of honor of this institution sh-w only one recent son in the rebel ranks, and we believe he is reserving himself for that "last ditch," of which so much is said.

The Bangor Times of a recent date speaks of three tons of deer meat, just brought into that city by a single party from the Mattawamkeag settlement. Deer are said to be unusually plenty in that region, this year.

Among the eleven hundred released prisoners from Richmond, that arrived at Annapolis on the 7th, were the following from Me:—

Robert Baldwin, 19th Me.; John B. Sloan, 20th Me.; F. Pelcher, 1st Maine Artillery; J. W. Sidell, 6th Battery; L. M. Richardson, 19th Maine; W. Bennett, 5th Me.; W. Rowe, 8th Maine.

MORE SNOW.—About half a foot of new snow was added to the old stock on Wednesday night. The quantity now in store, waiting either for rain or dog-days, is much greater than common at this season.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. Joseph Brann, of Vassalboro', brakeman on the Ken. and Portland Railroad, while shuffling the cars on Friday last, at Vassalboro' Station, was caught between two cars and so severely crushed, that he died on Sunday night. He leaves a wife and one or two children. He formerly worked at blacksmithing in this place.

A new expedition for Newburn, N. C., the supposed destination of which is Goldsborough in that state, is spoken of.

A COURT MARTIAL, for the trial of deserters will commence operations at Augusta next week.

BANGOR COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.—See advertisement of this institution, one of Worthington and Warner's American chain of Commercial Colleges, in another column. For qualifying young men for any department of business, it no doubt offers superior facilities.

THE SPRING TERM of Waterville College commenced on Wednesday, and as usual with a light attendance, many of the students not having yet completed their engagements as teachers of district schools.

The alleged sale of a steamer by the Danish government to the rebels excites much attention. The Danish minister at Washington denies that it was sold by his government.

Senator Morgan of New York, was nominated as Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, but as he declined his nomination was withdrawn.

War of Redemption.

Since the return of the rebel peace commissioners to Richmond great efforts have been made by the leaders to "fire the Southern heart," with what success, remains to be seen. Large meetings have been held in the rebel capital, at which the speeches and resolutions were full of war and defiance, desperation and the "last ditch." The rebel Congress had apparently settled the question of employing blacks in the army in the negative, but it went stay settled, and a bill authorizing their enlistment has been reported which will be considered. Let them arm the slave if they dare to; we are willing.

All is quiet with the army at Petersburg, since the late successful movement. Grant has made his new line as strong as the old, and is evidently intending to cut off the South Shore railroad, and thus sever another of the arteries of Richmond.

A new and formidable naval expedition will sail from Fortress Monroe, the destination of which is yet a secret.

From the rebel papers it would appear that Sherman has crossed the Edisto river and flanked Branchville, of which we have possession as well as Orangeburg. Sherman's columns are still marching on, and rebel reports are, that a considerable body of troops has appeared at a point forty miles northwest of Branchville, and are evidently making for Columbia, the State capital, which is at the junction of the Charlotte and South Carolina and Columbia Railroads. The seizure of this junction will break the main line of communication between Richmond and Charleston. A considerable body of General Sherman's army was on the 6th inst., reported by the rebels at a point where the Savannah and Charleston Railroad crosses the Combahee River, about thirty miles due south of Branchville. This force they supposed would make a demonstration on Charleston, but nothing has been heard of it within the last week.

Reports of the evacuation of Mobile and Charleston are rife, and also of the intended evacuation of Richmond, with a view to a concentration of the rebel armies in the interior and a movement for the annihilation of Sherman, but they lack confirmation. It is very probable, however, that Mobile will soon be under the stars and stripes.

BRITISH PERIODICALS.—In one more inviting attention to the advertisement of Messrs. L. Scott & Co.'s reprints of the four representative British Quarterlies and Blackwood, we avail ourselves of the following appreciative notice from the New York Journal. The small advance in price on their works, which the publishers are compelled to make, will not be objected to by any one in these times, especially when the imported copies of these works would cost \$100, while the American reprint can be obtained for \$15.

BRITISH PERIODICAL LITERATURE.—The Reprints of the four Quarterlies, (the London Quarterly, Westminster, Edinburgh and North British,) and Blackwood's Magazine, have been so long published in this country, and have had so wide a circulation, that there are few who are not more or less acquainted with them. Their popularity is such that even compilations of extracts from their pages have met with an extensive sale. If fragments are so desirable, how much more so must be the perfect work without mutilation or abridgement. Though the great variety of subjects treated in every number gives at first the semblance of miscellany, yet it is soon apparent that articles in one cannot with advantage be severed from their original connection; for each Review, has an individual character quite as marked as that of any living person, and the tone and manner of a paper in no one more harmonizes with the writing in another than do the views of the Richmond Examiner with those of the New York Tribune. Fish, flesh and fowl, separately and in due order are palatable enough, but they should not be cooked in the same kettle, or served in the same dish.

For details concerning the peculiar character of each of the periodicals we refer to the Publishers' advertisement, in which they are clearly set forth. The terms of subscription for the whole five are only \$15 dollars a year, which is a singularly low rate, when we consider the present prices of labor and of paper, and when we learn that LEONARD SCOTT & CO. pay a copyright to the foreign publishers—an expense seldom incurred by any other publishing house in this country. Upwards of four thousand pages, equal to seven large octavo volumes, and containing papers by the best writers of the day, are here furnished at a much lower rate than is usually asked for mere quantity alone.

At this time, when the cost of American books is doubled, and the prices of foreign works are so high, as almost to amount to a prohibition, it is natural to suppose that these periodicals, whose special province is to review new books and keep their readers informed of the progress of science, literature and art, will be consulted with more avidity than ever before, and many of those who in former times may have bought books without hesitation, if the title presented any attractions, will be thankful to have the means at hand of testing the value of the proposed purchase before going to the expense of becoming the owner.

Messrs. SCOTT & CO.'s editions of these periodicals are neatly printed, and although they cannot entirely escape the delays inseparable from the present condition of labor, they are issued with commendable regularity. For the graduated scale of subscription for one or more, the reader is referred to the Publishers' advertisement.—[New York Journal.]

A POINT SETTLED.—E. R. Drummond, Esq., Town clerk of Waterville, in reply to inquiry, has received instructions from E. A. Rollins, deputy commissioner of internal revenue in the treasury department, that a certificate of the intention of marriage, in the common legal form, is exempt from stamp duty.

The Rockland Gazette says of Rev. Wm. Ross, State Lecturer of the Grand Division of Maine; "He is certainly the ablest temperance speaker that has been employed in this State for years, and the impression he has made in our community is a guaranty that his further labors here will be productive of essential good to the cause."

"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."—The first number of Brother Thorndike's new paper with the above title, published in Portland, "devoted to temperance and literature," is on our table. It is a sheet of good size, and its mechanical appearance is very creditable to those who have got it up, while the name of the editor and publisher is a sufficient guaranty for the filling. The price of the paper, however, is not a living one; and unless some one with a long purse is ready to pay the bills, the chance that it will enter upon a second volume is pretty small. However, we admire Thorndike's courage and hope that he will succeed.

HOULTON ACADEMY.—By a neatly printed catalogue of this institution, printed at the office of the Aroostook Pioneer, we learn that it is under the charge of Ransom Norton, A. M., and as the name of Mrs. Emilie Norton appears as Preceptress, we judge that our friend N. has gotten to himself a help-meet since he went out from the classic halls of Waterville College and the brotherly care of Teonic Division. The number of scholars for the year—305—would seem to indicate a flourishing condition of things under the administration of Mr. N.

THE PAINE TESTIMONIAL.—Hon. N. A. Farwell, as we learn from the Rockland papers, has subscribed twenty-five dollars to the Paine Testimonial fund, and Gen. Tillson does the same. The last named gentleman, in a note enclosing his gift, says:—

"I see by our local papers that it is proposed to make up a purse for Mr. Paine, our old teacher. This is eminently just and right. Please say to the parties interested in this praiseworthy undertaking to put me down for twenty-five dollars. I wish my means would allow me to give a much larger sum for so good and worthy a purpose. If Mr. Paine could receive pay in money for all the good he has done by his long and laborious life as a teacher, I suspect he would be much richer than most of men in our community. But richer and happier rewards await him."

J. PERLEY, Esq., the veteran teacher of Penmanship, is laboring in his profession at Newport, with his usual success.

The City of Brotherly Love is getting into bad repute for story-telling, and no more damaging endorsement of a report can be made than the significant one—"It will be observed that this comes to us by the way of Philadelphia."

MOVEMENT OF GEN. THOMAS' ARMY.—A correspondent of the New York Times, in speaking of the late movement of General Thomas, says:—

"The number of cavalry engaged in this great expedition is stated in the Western papers as 40,000, including mounted infantry, but the force may not be as large as this. The distinguished cavalry leader, Gen. Wilson, is in command. The distance from Eastport to Mobile is about three hundred miles, through a country easily traversed; and Gen. Sherman has stated under his own signature, for the information of the army, that sufficient forage can be had on the line of the march. The cavalry can probably make 20 to 25 miles a day, and the campaign if continuous, would thus occupy from 15 to 20 days.

It is by far the largest expedition of this character of the war, and its conditions and prospects have been so thoroughly canvassed in advance, that no doubt whatever is entertained of its complete success.

The demoralized condition of Dick Taylor's (late Hood's) army at Tupelo, not over 16,000 strong, takes it away as an element of danger.

The intense animosity of the people of Alabama and Mississippi against the rebel government and authorities, known to amount almost to revolution, makes the prospect of the campaign good in that respect. It will probably be even freer from harassment than Sherman's campaign through Georgia.

In February, 1861, Congress passed by a two-thirds vote and Mr. Buchanan approved, a resolution to be submitted to the states, to change the constitution so that Congress could never touch the subject of slavery in all time to come. So strong was this infernal institution in the hearts of the American people, and so low were they disposed to go in order to gratify the slaveholders. In February, 1865, Congress has passed by a two-thirds vote and Mr. Lincoln has approved, the needful resolutions proposing to abolish slavery in all the states, now and forever. Has not the world moved in four years?—[Portland Press.]

LOOK OUT FOR THE SCOUNDREL! An extra from the Biddeford Union cautions the public against a man calling his name Fletcher, who hired a horse in Saco on the 9th inst., to go to Alfred, representing that he was purchasing hay for the Horse Railroad in Boston. He is an impostor, and has been engaged in obtaining signatures to blank contracts for the delivery of hay. After obtaining the signatures he would write a promissory note over the name and cut off all below, and would then sell the forged notes. He is about twenty-eight years old, five feet eleven inches high, and weighs 175 pounds. The team hired in Saco was a small brown mare and dark sleigh, with only three bells on the arm. Any information of the man or team will be paid for by detective officer Tarbox, of Biddeford. The fellow has been tracked to Wells.—[Port. Press.]

GRANT'S PEACE PROPOSITION. A staff officer of the 9th corps writes that as the recent peace commissioners were being escorted out of our lines, one of them turned to Gen. Grant and said:—

"General, I am anxious to have peace, and I would be willing to leave the settlement to you and Gen. Lee."

"Well," replied Grant, "I propose to settle it with Lee this summer."

THE PEACE CONFAB. Among the *bon mots* of the peace conference, says a Washington letter in the New York Commercial, was Mr. Hunter's remark when he was told that negro property was now of little value. "I have learned," said the Virginian, "to appreciate the value of my negro men, for they have all run away and enlisted in the Union army, and it puzzles me how to keep the women and children from starving and freezing." The rebel Plenipotentiaries looked very seedy, even after they had made their toilets. Their hats were rusty and out of shape, their coats were glossy and threadbare on the seams, and their pantaloons were frayed out.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF MR. LINCOLN'S CHARACTER.—There is something in that bovine persistence, that resolve so iron that it cannot even bend to make phrases, which is infinitely impressive to spectators, which in the South must create, more even than defeat in the field, a sense of the hopelessness of the contest. You may face any man, however superior in strength, but the bravest will not stand up to the locomotive. The President does not boast, shows no hate, indulges in no cries of triumph over the steady advance of our armies; threatens no foreign power, makes no prophecies of speedy success, comforts the people with no assurances of a Utopian future; but, as if impelled by a force other than his own will, slides quietly, but irresistibly along the rails. He is in his groove, and moving; and those who are in his path must ride with him, or retreat—must, at all events, recognize that it is they, and not he, who are to move out of the appointed course. Mr. Hawthorne, who detested Mr. Lincoln for his want of refinement, once doubted audibly whether his detestation was right; for, said he, "I have noticed that the people always in such crises hit on the right man." When the smoke of this struggle ceases to make English eyes smart, they also, we believe, will recognize that the intuition of the man of genius was truer than his taste. [London Spectator.]

HOW GEN. BUTLER GOT HIS PROPERTY.—Because Gen. Butler is found out to be a man of wealth, a class of politicians who have never had any higher object in seeking office than to "feather their own nests"—who judge him by their own hearts—insist that he must have misused the trusts reposed in him by the Government, and hoarded money not rightfully his own. The following is the report of Mr. Boutwell's reply to the lie:—

For present refutation of this and similar calumnies, I will say, from my positive knowledge, that for five years preceding the war, Gen. Butler's income from his law practice in Boston and Lowell, amounted to \$20,000 a year—that he has been one of the most successful lawyers in Massachusetts for twenty-three years; that when he started with his command for Baltimore he left the trial of a case half finished, and was on that day worth \$120,000 of invested property, the accumulation of a life of labor—that he planned the purchase of the bankrupt Lawrence mill property, organized a company to stock and run the mills, put \$30,000 into the enterprise, and directed its operation with such success that the 100 per value of the subscribed stock had risen to 350 and the dividends to the share holders for three years have been fifty per cent a year—that he is to-day, liberal and handsome liver as he has ever been, worth \$250,000—and that every dollar of this property has been honorably and justly earned—and that his account books, models of business exactitude and method, will give the history of every dollar of it, from the time he was twenty-one years old. They are open to the inspection of the world, now let this lie halt.

It seems that the importance of our late success below Petersburg has not been sufficiently magnified. Our advance has wrested from the enemy some miles southwest of Petersburg resulting in the permanent extension of our left to and beyond Hatcher's Run, at Armstrong Mills, making our extreme left ten miles southwest of Petersburg.

The immense extent of our lines before Petersburg and Richmond would forbid another five miles extension were it not that the army has of late been heavily reinforced and can hold this attenuated line more safely than three months ago it could hold its own line. Our whole line from Hatcher's Run to the extreme right of the army north of the James must now be nearly forty miles long. It is not difficult to perceive that it will prove absolutely impossible for Lee to guard so long a line, and we may expect that it will be tapped by Grant as soon as the weather will permit. His movements are now directed to the capture of the South Side Railroad, toward which his late advance was quite a stride. Our new position is within about three miles of this road.

PAINFUL.—Last Friday, Harriet, daughter of Z. T. Rich, of Tremont, aged about twelve years, placed a kerosene lamp upon a hot stove, let it remain until it was heated, and when she took it off, the bottom burst or fell off, and the oil flew over her and burned until her clothes were consumed and parts of her flesh were a crisp. Only two women were in the house, and in their efforts to extinguish the flames two quilts were burned. The accident occurred in the morning, and the girl died in the evening without pain.—[Rockland Democrat.]

A GOOD ONE is told of Gen. Grant. As he was in the cars on his way to the front, a news-boy came in, crying out—"Life of Gen. Grant!" One of the General's aids, pointing to the General, told the boy he guessed that man would buy a copy. The boy approached the General, who asked him, carelessly—

"Who is Gen. Grant?"

The boy, giving him a look of indignation and disgust, replied—

"You must be a darned greeny not to know General Grant!"

The General, after that, of course, bought his life!

HOW A SOLDIER GOT A FURLOUGH.—An army letter, dated at Huntsville, Alabama, gives the following pleasing incident:—

I herewith send you a copy of a letter, written by a little girl, thirteen years of age, to Major General Thomas, asking him to grant her brother "Bobby" a furlough to come home on New Year's, to eat turkey with them. The letter has just been forwarded to these headquarters by the General with the recommendation that a blank furlough be filled out and sent up for approval. Here is the letter: it speaks for itself. I will give it just as it is:—

"Paris, Edgar Co., Ill., Dec. 25, 1864.

Major General Thomas:—Dear Sir—I am a little girl thirteen years old, and I have two brothers in the army, and my other one was in: so was my pa. My brother Bobby I have not seen for over two years, and oh, I want to see him so bad. Now I want to ask a favor of you. It is to please let Robert S. Holding come home on a furlough to spend New Year's. We have a big turkey, and we want him to have some of it, and I would like to give you a piece, but you are so far away. Robert S. Holding is now on detached duty in 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 4th A. C., Commissary Department.

"O, General, please grant him a furlough."

"RACHEE HOLDING."

The letter arrived too late to give "Bobby" the privilege of having some of the turkey. But the furlough is a settled fact. This he will get. The magnanimous heart of the general yields to the simple pleadings of the little girl.

The rebel Senator Foote has sailed for Europe.

