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DRIFTING AWAY.

BY W. D. HOWELL.

As one whom seaward winds beat from the shore,
Sees all the land go from him out of sight,
And waits with doubtful heart the stooping night,
In some frail shallop without sail or oar,
Drifting away!

I ride forlorn upon the sea of life,
Far out and farther unto unknown depths,
Down the dark gulfs and up the dizzy steep,
Whirled in the tumult of the ocean strife,
Drifting away!

Like faint, faint lights, I see my old beliefs
Fade from me one by one, and shine no more;
Old loves, old hopes lie dead upon the shore,
Wept all about by ghosts of childhood griefs,
Drifting away!

O never more the happy land shall glow,
With the fair light of morning on mine eyes;
Upon its loveliest peak the sunset dies,
And night is in the peaceful vale below,
Drifting away!

I rise and stretch my longing arms in vain,
With the fair light of morning on mine eyes;
The nothing elaps, and with dim fears oppress,
Cry to the shores I shall not see again,
Drifting away!

FROM THE COMMONWEALTH.

"DRIFTING AWAY."

[A RESPONSE.]

"Drifting away?"—nay, whosoever thou art,
Riding all rudderless, the desolate main,
By which to steer to thy lost life again,
Belink thee!—shouldst thou sit with folded hands,
Content to float when thou shouldst strike for shore?

Heed not the call from those receding lands,
Thou sayest thou shalt gaze on never more!
Belink thee! To the straits and steadfast goal
God's angels whisper hope in direst straits;
And open ever, to the farthest goal.

Of brave endeavor, swift and golden gates,
What though old hopes, old loves and old beliefs
All fade?—the new shall far transcend the old.
Bury in God's dear bosom all thy fears oppress,
And trust Him to restore a thousand fold.

All thou hast lost, so, steadfast, strong and true,
Thou shalt regain; so, steadfast, strong and true,
Struggling through clouds to heaven's eternal blue,
See the mist vanish ere the race is won.

The Marvels of a Seed.

Have you ever considered how wonderful
a thing the seed of a plant is? It is a miracle.
God said "Let there be plants yielding seed," and it was further added, "each one after his kind."

The great naturalist, Cuvier, thought that the germs of all past, present, and future generations of seed were contained one within the other, as packed in a succession of boxes. Other learned men have explained this mystery in a different way. But what signify all their explanations? Let them explain it as they will, the wonder remains the same, and we must look upon the reproduction of seed as a continual miracle.

Is there upon earth a machine, is there a place, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is enclosed in a little seed—one grain of corn, one little brown apple seed, one small seed of a tree, picked up, perhaps, by a sparrow for her little ones, the smallest of a poppy or a bluebell, or even one of the seeds that are so small that they float about the air invisible to our eyes? Ah! there is a world of marvel and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds. Consider their immense number, the perfect separation of the different kinds, their power of life and resurrection, and their wonderful fruitfulness.

Consider first their number. About a hundred and fifty years ago, the celebrated Linnaeus, who has been called the father of botany, reckoned about 3,000 different kinds of plants; and he then thought that the whole number existing could not exceed 10,000. But one hundred years after him, M. de Candolle, of Geneva, described 40,000 kinds of plants, and supposed it possible that the number might be 100,000.

Well, let me ask you, have these 100,000 kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or a seed of a poppy grown up into a sunflower? Has a scumy tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a scumy tree in its beak to feed its nestlings, and on the way may drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell, unnoticed, and sixty years after it may become a magnificent tree, under which the flocks of the valley and their shepherds may find rest in the shade.

Consider next the wonderful power of life and resurrection bestowed on the seeds of plants, so that they may be preserved from year to year, and even from century to century.

Let a child put a few seeds in a drawer and shut them up, and sixty years afterwards, when his hair is white and his step tottering, let him take one of those seeds, and sow it in the ground, and soon after he will see it spring up into new life, and become a young, fresh and beautiful plant.

M. Jouanot relates that in the year 1835, several old Celtic tombs were discovered near Begorac. Under the head of each of the dead bodies there was found a small, square stone or brick, with a hole in each, containing a few seeds which had been planted there beside the dead by their heathen friends, who had buried them perhaps 1500 or 1700 years before. These seeds were carefully sown by those who found them. What was seen to spring from the dust of the dead? Beautiful flowers, blue corn flowers, and clover bearing blossoms as bright and sweet as those which are woven into wreaths by the merry children now playing in our fields.

Some years ago, a vase, hermetically sealed, was found in a mummy pit in Egypt, by the English traveller, Wilkinson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian there, having unfortunately broken it discovered in it a few grains of wheat and one or two peas, old, wrinkled and hard as a stone. The peas were planted carefully under glass on the 5th of June, 1844, and at the end of thirty days these seeds were seen to spring up into new life. They had been buried probably about 3,000 years ago, perhaps in the time of Moses, and had slept all that long time apparently dead, yet still living in the dust of the tomb.

[Lectures by Prof. Clausen, of Switzerland.]

THOSE "NOISY CHILDREN."—Well, how do you like your stupid, quiet little ones—that never make a noise only when some one pushes them out of the way? "I cannot bear the noise of children." Then go and shut yourself up in some quiet room, where the music of childhood is never heard. Shut yourself away from the world and thus stifle the little music stirring in your heart. If you wish to crush the life and spirit from the soul of childhood, stop their noise. Instruct them to play carefully, avoid all outbursts of joy. We like the noise of children. Not that rude, wicked, wild noise that is heard in the streets of the profane and uncivilized. But the natural outbursts of childhood's innocence and mirth.

As well may you command the spring brook, let, swelled by recent showers to run over its rocky bed without making any noise, as to expect children, full of the springs of human life to play and make no noise. Do not banish your children out of your hearing, that you may not be troubled with their noise. Let them feel that you love to see them happy

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XVI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE....THURSDAY, DEC. 18, 1862.

NO. 24.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL B. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE...DEC. 18, 1862.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

"AND IF, AND IF!"—The lad that wanted to "learn to be a prophet" can find tutors enough among those who are otherwise in regard to a war. But there is a lack in the prophetic art, that even the Lewiston Journal, with all its enterprise and spirit, seems not to have learned. It consists in ambiguity of phrase, mingled with a little skill in mystifying the back track. The Journal has a frank, bold way, very likely to spoil the lesson.

In that paper of Tuesday we have the following example:—"Unless the rebels skedaddle today Joe Hooker will probably advance with his center grand division, and if he gets into action, will not only be successful, but will follow up his advantages." So far, well enough; and who can tell but the prophetic vision of the writer has scanned the ground, and that he knows what he is talking about? But the adjoining column forgets the back track, and proclaims with no disguise that "Our side skedaddled, Joe Hooker did not advance, did not get into action, and has no advantages to follow up." Now, if this last announcement had been reserved for the next day, the profound wisdom of the press at large, in regard to what is just going to happen, would have suffered less impairment. The truth is, and may as well be known, that the combined efforts of the government and the rebels, with an occasional interference of Divine Providence, have thus far defeated many of the best arranged campaigns of the newspapers. When this fact becomes better known to the people there will be less prophecy and less disappointment.

FREE LECTURES. The first of a course of free public lectures, under the management of Ticonic Division of the Sons of Temperance, will be given at their hall on Friday evening, by Rev. Dr. Champlin. The hall will be open at 7 o'clock, and the lecture commence at 7.30.

A general invitation to the entire course is extended to the public of our village and vicinity—the lectures having been engaged from our own citizens on the condition of their being free. The course will probably extend through the winter, with a lecture once a fortnight, except when notice is otherwise given. We cannot doubt that the generous public spirit manifested by Ticonic Division in this arrangement for the entertainment of their fellow citizens, will be well appreciated.

NEW.—An arrangement has been made in the Congregational and Baptist societies of our village, by which the Sunday Schools take the place of the usual forenoon sermon, leaving to the afternoon the one sermon of the day. It commences next Sunday. The plan must be acceptable to the clergymen, at least, and has found no opposition in other quarters. The Universalists have preaching only in the afternoon—the Unitarians having the only regular forenoon services.

WRITE TO THE SOLDIERS.—Hear what one of our boys' says, of the reception of letters from home:—

"Such a buzz as the reception of a mail in camp creates, you can hardly imagine. Such anxiety depicted in the countenances of each and all of the crowd, as they gather around to hear the names read, which is displaced by a look of extreme pleasure if the wish d for epistle be forthcoming, or if there is none, of the saddest disappointment. I have seen poor fellows sit down and cry like children, when after waiting day after day for letters from friends, the distribution of the mail again gave them none. If friends at home only knew how much the soldiers value, even the shortest letters, there would not be so many disappointed ones in camp."

BANGOR AHEAD!—The Augusta correspondent of the Bangor Whig makes the following gratifying announcement:—

Gen. Samuel F. Hersey of Bangor, is at the Capital to-day, to pay up the whole of the indebtedness of the bondsmen of B. D. Peck, the defaulting State Treasurer, amounting to about twenty thousand dollars—(20,000). Only about one half of this amount is now due—the balance becomes due in about one year from this time. Gen. H. has by his promptness in this business, not only forcibly illustrated his character and reputation as one of the leading business men of the State, but he has also set an excellent example which might well be followed by those gentlemen of the Natural Seaport, who had the good fortune to be on Mr. Peck's first bond. You will notice that the Bangor bondsmen were on Mr. Peck's last bond, and have paid up first. Promptness, as well as light comes from the East!

Samuel Farrar, Esq., formerly a well known and highly respected citizen of Bangor, died recently in Wisconsin. The Whig says:—"Mr. Farrar, a few years since, was one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of this city—President of the Mercantile Bank—an active business man, and universally respected. He fell into pecuniary embarrassments, paid to the utmost of his ability, and

then started life again in the great West, as a clerk. He was slowly gaining the ground which he had lost, and at the time of his death was engaged in the manufacture of flour at Geneva Lake, Wisconsin. His loss will be severely felt.

A resolution of inquiry into the cause of the arrest of certain parties having been recently introduced and supported in the U. S. Senate by members of doubtful loyalty, it gives us pleasure to notice that our delegation promptly rebuked these men who are ever ready to find fault with the President and Northern men, but who have no word of condemnation for rebels and their sympathizers. Senator Morrill, spoke with great spirit, carrying the war into the enemy's camp and severely rebuking the rebel sympathizers in Congress. In the course of his remarks he said:—

The enemies of this Government in Europe are looking on and rejoicing, as does the Senator from Kentucky. They say, Wait a little, a peace party is springing up in the North, and by and by will come the time for intervention; and it is this class of men, whether in Congress or out of Congress, in my judgment, who will ultimately be found to be the very first men to invoke foreign intervention, as one of the modes of settling this difficulty. But it is said that this practice on the part of the Government is cruel; it takes men on more suspicion, without any evidence of their criminality. What is the evidence of that? It is bare assumption, an assumption which it is not necessary for me to answer. When we are in a war, and the whole land is full of traitors, it is not necessary for me to infer that the President is taking innocent men; the legitimate presumption is that the President has found it necessary to restrain these men, and I meet the assumption that innocent men or women have been deprived of their liberty or restrained in any respect, with a call for the proof. Whenever Senators bring forward resolutions of inquiry here, they should be expected to back them up with proof, not that the President has simply exercised the power of restraining some person, but that an innocent and loyal person has been restrained of his liberty. But, Mr. President, not only is there an entire absence of any proof upon this subject, but the complaint is entirely groundless. Some of these men have been arrested in my country, and I have never known an instance where there was a suspicion that the slightest injustice had been done to these people.

Senator Fessenden ably seconded his colleague and also charged home upon those disloyal Senators, who were more anxious to embarrass the President than to help restore the Union. His speech was calm and courteous, but none the less severe on that account; and its lofty and inspiring patriotism, so cheering to all true friends of the country, ought to have shamed the jack rebels from their dirty work. In concluding, he said:—

I would like to hear less of denunciation of the Government and the President, and more of denunciation of the rebels. Why do we eternally find men who are thanking God that they have nothing to do with this war? And who are eternally placing the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Sumner) and Jeff Davis together, and putting South Carolina and Massachusetts in the same boat? If any gentleman will show a wanton, willful violation of the rights of the citizen, I will be as ready as any one to inquire into the reason, but until then I have no desire to embarrass the Government in any way.

STABBING. There was a fracas between two boys across the river, a day or two since, in which one of them, an Irish lad, was stabbed in several places by the other, named Douse. The offender then jumped upon a passing train of cars, and was followed and brought back from Brunswick. He has been bound for trial in \$200.

THAW.—Only a week ago we were luxuriating upon some two feet of snow. Since that time several warm, misty days, with some rain, have so reduced the supply that the roads exhibit considerable bare ground. The weather is mild and easy, and access to the wood lots, and the consequent supply of the market, will be improved by sharp weather and a little fresh snow.

PROMOTIONS.—Among the persons recently commissioned into the volunteer force are the following:—

Dr. John S. Main, Unity, Assistant Surgeon 18th Regiment.

Stephen R. Gordon, Clinton, 2d Lieutenant of Co. H, 19th Regiment, vice Hunter promoted.

Dumont Bunker, Fairfield, 1st Lieut. Co. K, 19th Regiment, vice Nichols transferred to Co. C.

Benjamin B. Hanson, 2d Lieutenant of Co. K, 19th Regiment, vice Bunker promoted.

Sumner S. Richards, Saco, 2d Lieut. Co. I, 17th Regiment, vice Thompson promoted 1st Lieutenant Co. K.

Charles W. Low, Waterville, 2d Lieut. Co. G, 3d Regiment, vice Hamblen resigned.

Among the heroic volunteers who lost their lives in the attempt to cross the river at Fredericksburg, on Thursday, was Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, Chaplain of the Massachusetts 16th. He was the brother of Margaret, Countess D'Ossoli, had been twice married, and leaves a widow and young family.

The Alabama lately slipped into Martinique, closely followed by the San Jacinto, and although the latter kept close watch at the mouth of the harbor, the rebel steamer made her way out in safety during the night. For endeavoring to assist the San Jacinto, by sending up signal rockets, the American brig Hammond was seized by the French authorities. It is reported that the Alabama has since returned to Martinique, and that the San Jacinto is lying in wait for her.

OUR TABLE.

LONDON QUARTERLY.—The contents of the October number are as follows:—

"Les Miserables." The Platonic Dialogues. Modern Political Memoirs. Belgium. The Waterloo of Thiers and Victor Hugo. Aids to faith. China—The Taiping Rebellion. The Confederate Struggle and Rebellion. Edinburgh Review.—The October number has the following table of contents:—

Solar Chemistry. The Herculean Papyrus. The Mussulmans in Sicily. The Supernatural. The English in the Eastern Seas. The Legend of St. Stephen. Mrs. Oliphant's Life of Edward Irving. The Museum at Herculaneum. Hops at Home and Abroad. Prince Eugene of Savoy. The American Revolution. The contents, enumerated above, show that the October number of these two works contain much interesting reading. The elaborate review of "Les Miserables," will attract attention, now that Victor Hugo's great work has reached us and is being read. The articles on American affairs, in both of the reviews, make out a pretty strong case against us, and shut out all hope of a suppression of the rebellion and a restoration of the Union. They are not equally bitter and ugly, however, for the "Edinburgh" is no match for the aristocratic High Church "London Quarterly" in its hatred of American institutions; and they differ, too, somewhat, in their opinion of the true source of our troubles—the former ascribing it to our defective system of government, while the latter traces it to our Democratic institutions.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 64 Gold Street, 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. When sent by mail, the postage on any part of the U. S. States will be but 24 cents a year, for "Blackwood," and but 41 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—"Out in the World," Arthur's new novelle, is commenced in the January number, which contains a great variety of good reading admirably chosen for the entertainment and instruction of the family. The leading embellishment, a steel engraving, is "John Proclaiming the Messiah." There are many others, including numerous patterns and designs, for ladies' use, ingenious and pretty. This is emphatically the magazine for the times, being cheap and good. Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., 323 Walnut St., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year, with a very liberal discount to clubs.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—Again are we compelled to chronicle the sad failure of another attempt to advance on Richmond. It is Ball's Bluff, magnified and inflated; our brave troops hurled against the impregnable positions of the enemy only to be slaughtered and beaten back—their lives sacrificed in vain.

Our last left the armies confronting each other at Fredericksburg, with the prospect of a speedy advance on our part. This has been made, and a brief account of the movement and its result will be found below.

On the morning of the 11th an attempt was made to lay the pontoon bridges, preparatory to crossing the river in front of Fredericksburg. To General Howard was committed the dangerous and responsible labor, under cover of a heavy fire of artillery. After several abortive attempts, with much loss of life from the murderous fire of the rebel sharpshooters, who fired from sheltered positions from which they could not be dislodged though a portion of the city was bombarded by our guns, the work was finally accomplished by the 7th Michigan, under command of Lieut. Comstock. Braving the fire of the rebel sharpshooters, the bold men crossed the river in four boats, cleared the hoaxes in the immediate vicinity, took more prisoners than their own party numbered, and finished the bridge in fifteen minutes. At double quick, and with wild hurrahs, the advance dashed forward over the bridge, and soon Gen. Howard's whole division was on the Fredericksburg side under cover of the banks of the river. When all was ready for an onward movement, which was not until nearly dark, our forces pushed up the streets, under a destructive fire from the houses, driving out and bayoneting the rebel sharpshooters as they advanced. Three or four streets were cleared in this way, and the brigade rested for the night. During all this time the artillery thundered from the heights on both sides, and the buildings in the town were much injured. While this was going on at Fredericksburg, Gen. Franklin had effected a crossing about two miles below.

On the morning of the 12th, Couch and Wilcox crossed over into Fredericksburg, and Reynolds and Smith, of Franklin's division were put in position to make a combined movement. In the afternoon, under a terrific fire of artillery, our forces were pushed forward toward the hills, the rebels sullenly retiring before them.

Friday night and Saturday morning were occupied with arrangements for an attack upon the rebel fortifications. Gen. Burnside was in the city superintending and directing the movements and disposition of the forces. It was arranged that General Franklin's corps should cross the river two miles below the city, with the view of turning the enemy's position on Massaponax creek, while Hooker would engage the rebels nearer the centre, and Sumner would turn their right. By this arrangement Franklin was opposed to Stonewall Jackson, while Hooker and Sumner attacked the centre and left of the rebels under Longstreet and Lee. A dense fog covered the scene of operations, but everything being ready, the battle opened at an early hour.

Franklin's column—its right resting on the outskirts of the city, its centre extending a mile from the river, and its left resting on the Rappahannock, about three miles below—pushed forward just before sunrise to turn the rebels' position on the Massaponax. Opposed as he was by Stonewall Jackson and his veterans, Franklin's task was no easy one, and although our troops fought valiantly, it was not till after repeated attempts, and heavy loss that the rebels were finally driven back about a mile. In the course of the day about three hundred prisoners were taken by us. Franklin's right met with partial success, driving the rebels a short distance, but only after severe fighting and heavy loss. Our troops occupied the ground they had gained through the night.

The right, under Sumner, made a gallant charge to carry the rebel positions at the point of the bayonet, but met with a bloody repulse from the enemy who were strongly and advantageously posted. After repeated attempts, during which the enemy were forced back a short distance, night closed upon the scene, leaving the contending forces in the same positions they occupied at the beginning of the conflict. Our wounded were all removed, but the dead were left upon the ground, which at night was swept by the fire of the rebels.

The result in the centre, under Hooker, was very much like that upon our right—hard fighting, and heavy loss, but nothing gained at night. It was supposed that the battle would be renewed on Sunday; but although there was some artillery firing and at one time the rebels threatened to move on Franklin's forces, yet no movement of importance was attempted. The same was true of Monday, and on Monday night our troops evacuated Fredericksburg, retiring to this side of the river, undisturbed by the rebels, who suspected nothing of the movement until it was completed. It was raining at the time and the river was rising rapidly. The pontoon bridges were taken up and all communication with the opposite shore cut off. Thus probably ends the attempt to reach Richmond by this route. It is said that Burnside's retreat, under the circumstances, and in view of the obstacles, is approved of at headquarters.

What our losses are we have no means of knowing. Late accounts say that they have been exaggerated; but without doubt they have been fearfully great. Gen. Bayard was wounded and has since died; Gen. Vinton was slightly wounded; also Gens. Gibbons, Kimball and Caldwell. Major Pierce, of the 4th Maine, is reported killed. Several of the Maine regiments were in the fight, but the casualties are very sparingly reported. The 16th suffered severely, and among the wounded were Capt. Lovett (Leavitt, probably), Lieut. Stevens and Austin, and privates Coleman, Grindle, J. F. Robinson, E. S. Barker, N. Wheeler, and R. Grant. The 20th was also engaged, but their loss is said to be small.

Sigel's corps is now with Burnside, and Slocum has left Harper's Ferry and advanced towards the Rappahannock. Another successful raid of rebel cavalry was recently made into Maryland at Poolesville. They captured and paroled several of our men, stationed there and seized some property. There are many rumors about in regard to Banks' expedition, but so far as we can judge, nothing certain is known of his destination.

Affairs in the West look well for the Union cause. Jeff. Davis, however, is in Tennessee, and there is no knowing what mischief he may set on foot. In a recent speech there, while exhorting his followers to renewed energy in the cause of the rebellion, he expressed the utmost confidence that Lee was competent to the defence of Virginia.

Soiled postage stamps are to be redeemed by the Government, and Portland and Augusta are the places designated for their reception in this State.

COFFEE.—Yes, coffee or no coffee, is the question to be settled now, while the price is so high that many feel unable to buy real coffee. Don't be fooled with the compounds that everywhere seek to be passed for coffee. Either have the real, or prepare your own substitute and know what you are drinking. Pease, barley and other ingredients, such as every good wife can prepare, and at very little expense, make better drinks than the gross cheats sold for coffee. All these are mostly cheap articles, scented sometimes with extract of coffee, and costing originally only a few cents the pound; but sold at enormous profit to the consumer, who thinks himself buying real coffee for 25 to 30 cts. when its market value is 40 cts. Don't be fooled, we say, but if you can't afford real coffee, make your own substitute and save the profit, as some compensation for the sacrifice.

The project of French intervention, it is said, has been dropped for the present. The progress of events, however, may revive it at any moment.

The naval commission, who have had the case of Com. Preble under examination, sustain the President in ordering his dismissal.

PRESENT. Mr. Nye's Section of Cadets made him a surprise present, at their last regular meeting, of an elegant volume of Burns' Works. It had been purchased by small contributions among the children and their particular friends, but with so much privacy that the surprise was complete. One of the first lessons of the Cadet is faithfulness in keeping secrets.

CHRISTMAS.—There are to be proper observances of the day, "somebody" says, by all our religious societies. Of course we ought not to tell what is to be done, and we know a better reason still for keeping the secret.

A levee last night, at Kendall's Mills, for the benefit of their "brave volunteers," was no doubt eminently successful, as similar enterprises always are in that place. They have done nobly for the soldiers; exhibiting signs of patriotic women as well as men.

Sidney Smith defined English benevolence to be "a strong impulse on the part of A, when he sees B in distress, to compel C to help him. A writer in the Providence Journal remarks that this is just what the cotton Lords of Lancashire are now doing. They give little or nothing, comparatively, to their starving workmen, but make frantic appeals for help to London and everywhere else but at home.

