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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 16, No. 43): April 30, 1863

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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Nothing is lost that has beauty to save,
Faintly gleams in the snow from the grave;
And from the blossoms that fade on the tree
Falls the seed of the blossoms to be;
Life unto death is mortality's growth,
Something immortal is under the loath;
Surely as cometh the Winter, I know
There are Spring violets under the snow.

See the old man in his easy chair,
Barrowed his forehead and white is his hair;
Yet, as he regally smiles to his dame,
Pointing his eyes to the lovers, whose shame
Makes them withdraw from the light of the fire,
Boyhood, light hearted reveals in the air,
Surely as cometh the Winter, I know
There are Spring violets under the snow.

See the old wife in her kerchief and cap,
Dropping her knitting work into her lap,
While, with a laugh that is silent, she shakes,
And o'er her shoulder another peep takes;
Years are full forty since she was a maid,
Yet she's a girl in that overhanging shade;
Surely as cometh the Winter, I know
There are Spring violets under the snow.

See the old people with nods of delight,
Stealing together away for the night,
Ever too fond and too cunning to own
Why they should leave the lively alone;
But their eyes, twinkling, are telling the truth,
Down in their hearts is under the loath;
Surely as cometh the Winter, I know
There are Spring violets under the snow.

The Basin of Gruel; or Knowing How.
A little girl once went to pay a visit to some rich relations. Emma was both puzzled and surprised by the new and strange things which she saw, and often wished herself back again in her dear humble home in the country. Her cousins were called very accomplished young ladies; they could play on the harp, speak in several languages, work worsted like pictures, and dance and dress like queens, Emma thought; while she was very timid and retiring, and they seemed to consider her only a stupid country child; her worsted work had been darned stockings; and her songs little lullabies to her younger brothers and sisters; and her talk, the pure language of her mother tongue; and her play helping her mother, or gathering berries in the green fields; but her cousins seemed to regard her as a good-for-nothing, and Emma began to think herself hardly worthy of paying them a visit in their grand city house.

By and by her aunt fell sick, and household perplexities thickened in the family. Jane the cook was away, and Bridget the chambermaid had left them in the lurch, and the three sisters were in great distress; for in the fine arts of housekeeping, they were not accomplished, nor did they seem to possess the useful faculty of helping themselves.

One day, some gruel had to be made, for their sick mother: "I suppose I can make it," said one of the sisters; "nothing but meal and water stirred together." And she went to the kitchen, and sifted half a bowl of meal, and set a pan of water on the fire, and she stirred the meal in; and after it had boiled a few moments, poured it out to take to the invalid.

"What wretched looking stuff," cried the second sister; "the meal is all settled at the bottom." "Stir up, then," said the first sister, angrily; but still it settled, and she grated half a nutmeg over it, in order to make it look nicer, but it only hid the uncooked meal at the bottom; and they took it to the sick lady, who, at the very first spoonful, fell back on her pillow, and beckoned her daughters to take it away.

When the doctor came, and saw it on the table, he bluntly asked, "Who made this stuff?" and whether there was not somebody in the house who could make a little gruel!

The young ladies looked both mortified and perplexed, but made no reply, and probably they would gladly have bargained any of their costly ornamental work for a nice basin of gruel.

"Where's Emma?" whispered the sick mother; "perhaps she knows."

Emma was called, and modestly presented herself.

"Can you make your poor sick aunt some gruel?" asked the doctor, who had before observed the diffident little girl.

"I make it for my mother, sir," answered Emma.

"And how do you go to work, my child? for there is a knowing how to do everything."

"We take a spoonful of oatmeal to a quart of water, with a little salt; and let it boil gently for an hour, sir," answered Emma, deeply blushing; "it thickens, and then there is no more than a pint."

"Right," exclaimed the old family doctor; "the child knows; I'm glad to find that all useful knowledge is not lost; go and make it, my dear."

Emma did as she was told, and by the time the doctor returned from a visit to a neighboring patient, the gruel was made; it was not meal and water, but as nice a basin of gruel as ever was made, the oatmeal thoroughly mixed, and thickened by the boiling. The sick lady was much refreshed by it, and she felt very grateful to the little girl for that help which her daughters could not render.

"O, she said," never did I realize so much the importance of a knowledge of those common things, which promote our comfort."

"Yes," said the doctor, "an ornamental education is well enough perhaps, but it can never stand instead of useful knowledge. Girls have something more than a parlor life to lead; they will become housekeepers and nurses, wives and mothers, and if they wish to be worth anything, they must assuredly learn how."

[Youth's Casket and Playmate.

A Ward meets Boileau.
Ward on the Poets, I forgot with you, sez 'em the proper study of mankind is man; but to understand human nature perfectly requires sum nollege of the other animals, ez fur instance snails! There's a grate eel ov snail in human natur, as there's also a grate eel of human natur in snail!

Speakin ov snail, reminds me ov an incident which happened to me the other day. I woz a travellin in the cars, wen a man cum in with a countenance which looked ez if it hed been biled and the skum not properly tuck off. He was accompanied by a very young man in a very dirty shute of close. The young man staid hard at me, whereupon I sed, in my most insinuating manner, 'Yure sarvit, sir; do yu se any thing green about me?'

"Naigh, reverent air," he replied, 'permit me to introuge to yu a patriot.'

"Whereabouts?" sez I.

"Hur, sez he, pointin to his companyon, 'this, air, is Mister Balloo.'

"Air yu anny waze related to Hully Balloo?" sez I. (This waz spoke sarcastical, for I hate travellin patriots like dog-pi.)

"Nothin to speak on," sez he, 'I am simply a nuble patriot.'

"How much kin yu make a week at it?" sez I, 'if it followed up well?'

"Sur, sed he, 'I am surprised at such levety. I make woznds by it, sir; also strip, likewise imprismenting. I hev bin incarconated in fortis Lafayette, sur.'

"Judge!" sez I.

"Yus sez, sez he, 'I was incarconated in that fortis Lafayette, becuz I wold not obey a tirrapike government.'

"Gumpthink kin Jno. W. Hampton, sed I woz bin objected to sellin his skule tax? Its rather singular to find a pease man who is also a patriot. I shuld like to hev yur wazdger in my shov."

"You flatter me," sez he.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XVI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE....THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1863.

NO. 43.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM; DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE...APR. 30, 1863.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, 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.
S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 So. Broadway, New York, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.
* Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

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

Good News from 'Our Boys.'

Messrs. Maxham & Wing.—Having been called down on the Rappahannock, to visit a sick son there, and remembering the great anxiety which I felt for his welfare, when, having heard that he was sick in the Hospital, I feared that he would not receive that care necessary for his recovery, and hastened to visit him. Finding him in good quarters, and well cared for, I deem it right to make some statements of facts in regard to Hospital treatment in the army of the Potomac, so that others, when hearing that their friends are sick, may know that they are as well cared for as they can be under the circumstances.

I found my son in the Division Hospital of the second army corps, on the Rappahannock. This Hospital is in charge of Mr. Dwinell, of New York, a gentleman who is master of his profession, and who is doing all he can for the sick under his charge. Then there is Mrs. Mary Lee, of Philadelphia, a lady who has volunteered and gives her services for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers. She is on her feet from sunrise in the morning, until 9 o'clock in the evening, ministering to the wants of the sick. She goes around as a mother among the boys, saying, 'Well, Freddy, or Charley, or Johnny, as the case may be, what do you think you can eat for your dinner today? a bit of toast, some farina, or a little beef tea, or a boiled egg, if the Dr. thinks it will not hurt you?' And after they have decided what to have, she goes to her tent, and with her own hands prepares it for them.

And now I will give you a little description of her tent, which is some 12 by 14 feet square, with nothing but the bare ground under her feet, and a thin canvass over her head. In that small tent is her cook stove, together with her camp and cooking utensils, also her sleeping apartment, dining room and her commissary stores, with which she is supplied by the Soldiers' Relief Association in Philadelphia.

We think when we have contributed a dollar or so for the relief of the sick and wounded soldier, that we have made quite a sacrifice. But such women as Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Hubbard, and many others, who have left a home of comfort, and dear friends, and endured the hardships of camp life for nearly two years, they have made a sacrifice indeed. During the week that I spent in the vicinity of Falmouth Va., every day I was in the Hospital where Mrs. Lee was; and to see her laboring for the comfort of the sick, I could only think of her as an Angel of Mercy.

Some may say this hospital is an exception to general rule; but Mrs. Hubbard boasted that she had a better one, and I saw no cause of complaint in any of the hospitals which I visited in the Army of the Potomac.

And now, one word for the Maine 19th Reg. and Col. Heath; as there were a large number of the boys from this vicinity in this Reg't I spent some time with them. I found the boys in the best of spirits, and but one sentiment uttered by them, and that was—we enlisted to fight for the putting down of this rebellion, and we do not want to go home until that is accomplished. The most bitter denunciation of northern seceders was almost universal among them, and they spoke in terms of praise of all their officers, especially Col. Heath. They would say, 'I tell you, Mr. Allen, we have the very best Col. in the whole brigade.' This certainly speaks well for both officers and men. And then I found the standard of the morals of the men much higher than I expected, standing even higher than at home; for the boys that were good at home are good there, and those that were not are under a restraint which they never knew at home. During the week which I spent near Falmouth, President Lincoln was there reviewing the troops, consequently I had the chance of seeing large bodies of the troops—and to their praise be it said, during that whole week I saw but one man the worse for liquor.

DANIEL ALLEN.

Kendall's Mills, April 20, 1863.

ONE OF GOD'S NOBLESSES.—The Washington (N. C.) correspondent of the Boston Journal relates the following touching incident:—There are several wounded negroes in hospital now with very serious wounds, and one or two dead. I must tell you of one hero who saved a company of soldiers from certain death. A full squad of soldiers, with a few negroes, attempted to land at Rodman's point, but were repulsed by a terrible fire of rebel bullets—all tumbling into the boat and lying flat to escape being shot. Meanwhile the boat

stuck fast on the shore, when this noble African said: 'Somebody's got to die to get us out of this and it may as well be me!' He then deliberately got out and pushed the boat off and fell into it, pierced by five bullets. Dr. Ware afterwards amputated a leg and resected a part of one bone in the arm, but the man of course died.

Levee at West Waterville.

Dear Mail. I join most heartily with you in inviting all lovers of a good time to attend the Levee at Wheeler's Hall; given for the benefit of the West Waterville Cornet Band, on Thursday and Friday evenings, April 30th and May 1st. It deserves the patronage of all who love good music. The object of the Levee is to raise money to buy them a uniform, which is all that is lacking to make it one of the first bands in the State.

The Band is composed of some of our best citizens. Let a crowded house show to them that their liberality in times past is fully appreciated.

All those troubled with the blues are especially invited, and a cure guaranteed if they will attend both evenings. Yours &c. A CITIZEN.

West Waterville, April 28th, 1863.

A TRUE MAN.—We know that the readers of the 'Mail' will be pleased to learn of the welfare of our old friend, Abijah Crosby—well known as the faithful and untiring champion of the fish interest on the Kennebec, and now a soldier in the Union army. Devoting a large share of his time, and the small means he possessed, to the work of restoring the fish to their ancient haunts, many thought him a man crazed with the monopoly of one idea—a monomaniac; but there was a method in his madness, and a force in his simple, straightforward honesty and devotion, that ultimately commanded the attention and respect of the community. It was plainly seen that his motives were not mercenary; and the one idea was a big one, for he contended that the promotion of the internal fisheries would greatly improve the coast fisheries, and thus largely add to the industrial resources of the State and Nation.

He was not a 'one-idea man,' however, but had an intelligent appreciation of every good work in progress; and though his station was humble, and his advantages small, his unselfish labors for the promotion of the moral well-being and material prosperity of the community in which he lived might well put to shame the unfaithful steward about him who were entrusted with more 'talents' than had been committed to his charge. When the last call of the President came for more troops, and men quailed and hung back in view of the magnitude of the contest and the dangers of camp life and the battle field, he—an invalid and exempt from draft by reason of his age—was the first man to step forward in his native town and volunteer in defence of the country. Would to heaven that such monomaniacs were plentiful.

Soon after his arrival on the Rappahannock, he was detailed to hospital service, for which he was eminently well fitted by his quiet energy and general trustworthiness. There he continues, a valuable aid to two ladies of the Sanitary Commission—Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Beck, of Philadelphia. Of these estimable ladies, in a recent letter, he says:—"My prayer is, that I may be as faithful a laborer in the work to which I am appointed as these persons are whom I am trying to aid; and if my New England friends still have that faith in me that they professed, allow me to recommend these ladies to the confidence of all who wish to aid the soldiers through their agency."

Occupied as he is with his great and holy work, he yet remembers the interest for which he so faithfully labored on the Kennebec, and this winter—when he supposed that an attempt was being made to repeal the law and undo what he had done—in his own way, quietly but effectively, he came promptly to the rescue.

We make an extract from his letter to show that his patriotism and courage are unabated:—"The circumstances under which I am here, and the scenes around me, make every day a day of solemnity, yet I am all the time pervaded by a cheerful hope, for I feel that a kind, overruling Providence will intervene for us, sooner or later. I pray it may be soon, that peace may again prevail in our nation. Oh, the horrors of war! but O, how much greater are the horrors of an evil government! Therefore let an honorable and just peace be the peace we may have."

His closing exhortation will bear repeating:—"Put your trust in God, and stand in your lot and place till peace and salvation shall come."

The editor of the Kennebec Journal is evidently in a bad way. He says that 'green grass begins to spring up modestly from its bed, and the roots and the early flowers are undermining the yearning of their spirits for a resurrection by sending forth from their graves tender blades to the bright world above.' He also states that the Kennebec river has had a full boom the past week.

PORTLAND 'DAILY EVENING COURIER'.—This smart little paper seems to have 'taken a new lease of life,' since the accession to its editorial and publishing force. Mechanically, it has been thoroughly renovated and enlarged; and editorially there is also great improvement, the whole paper being instinct with life and spirit. Success to Brothers Peck & Hall, and their handsome and wide-awake paper.

OUR TABLE.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.—The May number of this magazine has a very attractive list of articles, among which we note contributions of two stories—Kimball's 'Was He Successful?' and 'A Merchant's Story,' by Kike; the commencement of an ably written essay on 'Reason, Rhyme and Rhythm,' by Mrs. Martha Cook, a new contributor, who also gives us a spirited poem—'War Song: Earth's Last Battle'; 'A Heroine of To-Day,' the simple but affecting life history of one of earth's angels of mercy, etc.; with several able political articles, including an interesting one on 'The Destiny of the African Race in the United States,' by Rev. J. M. Sturtevant, D. D., which branches some novel theories that must command the serious attention of the country, north and south. It is an excellent number, and well sustains the growing reputation of this monthly.

Published by John F. Trow, New York, at \$3 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, for May, contains a few more chapters of 'Out in the World,' Arthur's new serial; the first part of 'Agnes Bell,' a tale of the war, by Virginia F. Townsend; and much other useful and entertaining reading—with numerous embellishments, including a steel engraving entitled 'Buttercups and Daisies.' Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

FAST-DAY AND MAY-DAY, Thursday and Friday of this week. A sermon Thursday forenoon, at 10.30, at Town Hall, by Rev. Dr. Sheldon; Union prayer meeting at Cong'l vestry, at the same hour. In the afternoon, at 2 o'clock, sermon at the Cong'l Church, by Rev. Mr. Dinsmore, of Winslow.

Among the various rides and walks set for May-day, one company returns to a social breakfast at Town Hall, at 8.30.

At 4 o'clock the members and friends of the Unitarian Sabbath School meet at Town Hall, for refreshments and other exercises.

In the evening the anniversary exercises of the members of Waterville Academy, at Town Hall, will secure general attendance.

The levee of the W. Waterville Cornet Band, at Wheeler's Hall, West Waterville, will be held on both evenings.

THE UNION.—There was a crowded meeting at Town Hall, Monday evening, to hear Hon. L. M. Morrill of Augusta. He occupied the entire evening, and his speech was one of marked interest—one of the very best, indeed, that we ever heard from him. The audience was well mixed from all parties, and exhibited the most earnest attention.

On Monday evening next there will be another meeting, at the same place, to be addressed by Capt. Brinkerhoff, of the regular army. Capt. B. is an Ohio man, located at Augusta, and is said to be an eloquent speaker.

DECLARATION.—There will be a Prize Declaration by the members of the Sophomore Class of Waterville College, at the Baptist Church, on Wednesday evening of next week.

The English government, it would seem, has been shamed into a more rigid enforcement of its neutrality laws, and is actually doing something to stop the sailing of vessels intended for rebel service.

MARINE DISASTER.—The British Steamer Anglo Saxon, from Liverpool for Portland, was wrecked off Cape Race, on the 27th inst., with a loss of nearly 300 lives.

The 10th Maine regiment has been mustered out of service and is on its way home.

A bill in aid of the Pacific Railroad has passed the Legislature of California, which, it is thought secures its construction across the Sierra Nevada mountains. The first division is already graded.

CARPETS.—Those wanting to furnish or redecorate their dwellings with Carpets, should read the advertisement in our paper, of the New England Carpet Co.

Portland, with her Bal Masque, about which so much noise was made, raised \$600 for the soldiers. The levee at Augusta netted \$800.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—The skies brighten, and though we have not even one great Union victory to record, yet success has crowned the efforts of our brave soldiers in many localities, and there is a great improvement in the outlook over the whole field.

The rebels say they have secured the guns of the Keokuk. At one time they were driven from the wreck by one of our gunboats, but she in turn retired before the fire of a battery and an approaching rebel gunboat. Fourteen blockaders, including the Ironsides, were off the port at last accounts.

Fifteen hundred colored men volunteered at Helena, Ark., immediately after a speech made to them by Gen. Thomas, and great enthusiasm prevailed among the white soldiers in consequence.

Morgan's forces have been driven from McMinnville, Tenn., and our troops have possession.

New and more effective guns are to be put on board our gunboats, at once.

We have good news from the department of the Gulf. The forces under Banks made a raid into the country west of New Orleans, and after considerable hard fighting reached Vermilionville on the 17th, driving the rebels, and taking a large amount of stores and ammunition. At Franklin, the steamer Corvica was captured, with three officers of the late gunboat Diana on board. The rebels destroyed 10 steamboats and two large gunboats, to prevent their falling into our hands, with immense stores of provisions and ammunition. Our forces captured Bethel Place and Irish Bend, and the number of prisoners taken was over 1500. The army was still marching on victoriously, with a good prospect of clearing the rebel troops out of that portion of the country. Gunboats were co-operating with

Gen. Banks. Six transports ran by the rebel batteries at Vicksburg recently, in safety.

At Cape Girardeau, Mo., the rebels have been repulsed with considerable loss.

Latest advices from Gen. Banks, report his forces at Point Coupe opposite Bayou Sara, and above Port Hudson, having swept around triumphantly through the country west of Baton Rouge.

Later.—Hooker commenced a forward movement on Monday morning, crossing the Rappahannock in force.

Bragg has advanced on Roanoke, in Tennessee.

Another attack on Charleston, immediately, is thought probable.

CASE IN DENTISTRY.—On Wednesday morning, a young horse belonging to Mr. Th. Lang, of Yassaboro, while bled in front of Boutelle Block, got the iron hook to which he was fastened so entangled among his teeth, that one of the choicest of the front rank was extracted at a single jerk. To some horses this loss would be no great calamity, but this one was valued at some six hundred dollars, which gives his front teeth a high average price.

ACCIDENT.—The accident on the S. & K. Railroad, on Saturday last, by breaking a wheel, near seven-mile brook, was much less serious than first reported. One man, a brake man, and one woman, were injured, but not dangerously; and the injury to property was not to a large amount.

CONCERT.—A Concert of Vocal Music for the benefit of the Baptist Sabbath School will be given at the Church on Tuesday evening next. Singers from all the choirs in town have kindly volunteered, and an attractive programme will be presented, including some choice music of yore old time.

LOST!—On Main street, Wednesday afternoon, a Portmanteau, containing a sum of money. The finder will be suitably rewarded on leaving it at this office.

The following from the Boston Journal, is worthy of attention:—

METAL-TIPPED SHOES.—Shoes are an important item in the expense of clothing children, as every parent will understand. They invariably wear out their shoes at the foot first, and not unfrequently before the other parts are a quarter worn. Children's shoes with Metal tips never wear out at the toe, and it is safe to say that on an average one pair with them will wear more than three pairs without them. We believe all the shoe dealers keep them.

THE U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION. Chaplain Quint, of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, says of it, in a letter from camp to the Congressionalist of April 24th: "We bid it God speed. To co-operate with Chaplains, to supply defects, and to work in neglected fields is a good system. If they will continue to send such men as Mr. Smith of Pepperell, Mr. Brown of Reading, and Mr. Johnson of Bangor, it will be a great thing for the army. Send on such—there are places for them. How glad I was to see my friend Johnson come into my tent, I need not say. I wish he was a general agent to visit Chaplains."

A PERTINENT QUESTION.—The Providence Journal talks like a self possessed and wise philosopher when it says:

"He is a foolish farmer who, even in this backward Spring, loses heart on every cloudy day, and mournfully complains that the sun will never ripen, that success never crowns his efforts. Is he any wiser who loses all hope and mournfully predicts the entire success of the rebels, every time that our military prospects are somewhat temporarily obscured?"

The editor of The Aroostook Pioneer thus tells what can be seen from his front window:

"Our chair editorial and our editor's table are in full view of Presque Isle shingle mart. A mart is a place of sale or traffic. London is the great commercial mart of the world, New York of the western continent, and Presque Isle of the Upper Aroostook. Hither come the denizens of all the country around, to buy, sell, and get gain. Here is the place where men, and women too, most do congregate, to sell what they do not want, and buy what they do want. The two great articles which they have to sell are buck-wheat and shingles. Buck-wheat is an article which can be 'made' only when the skies are propitious, in the long mellow days in June, when the nights are hot, mosquitoes plenty, frogs melodious, and we sleep with windows raised, and comforters kicked off the foot of the bed.

Shingles and buckwheat are legal tender in Aroostook, for the payment of all dues, except debts of gratitude, and but few of those are ever paid.

The 'views' close with the following benediction:—"Blessed be shingles;—were it not for you, what would the poor people of Aroostook do?"

The President has officially proclaimed the additional article of treaty between the United States and Great Britain for the suppression of the African slave trade. It extends the reciprocal right of visit and detention by providing that it may also be exercised within 30 leagues of the Island of Madagascar, within 20 leagues of the Island of Porto Rico and within the same distance of the Island of St. Domingo.

A Democratic Convention, for the nomination of a candidate for Governor, has been called at Portland on the 15th day of June next.

'Jimmie,' said one Irishman to another, the first time he saw a locomotive, 'What is that snorting beast?'

'Sure I don't know,' was the reply, 'unless it is a steamboat splavin' to get to water.'

The other evening, as I was sauntering slowly down the main street in our village, I drew near one of our groceries, and perceived a dirty-faced boy and girl, about nine years of age, standing by the store window. Just as I was passing, the boy broke out with—

'Mag, do you love Sam Galey better now?'

When I asked the young lady's reply—

'Sam Galey to blazes! I don't like you nor Sam Galey.'

Just phancy that boy's phelinks.

The reason why trout are so sharp-sighted is that they all wear spectacles.

Some of the young women may think single blessedness an excellent thing, but most of them know a game wren two of that.

The road to happiness lies over small stepping stones. Slight circumstances are the stumbling blocks of failures.

When Daphne was changed to a tree to escape the wooings of her lover, she was worn wood than ever.

The Grand Rapids Eagle says:—"We wouldn't mind the high price of wood so much, if all our neighbors hadn't taken to the disgusting habit of locking their wood-house doors at night."

The gentleman who returned his neighbor's borrowed umbrella was seen a day or two ago walking in company with a young lady who passed a looking-glass without taking the time to look at herself.

Every recreation which makes the body healthier, the mind happier, the soul purer, is a beneficial one.

