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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 42): April 21, 1865

Maxham & Wing

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WORK AWAY.

Work away!  
For the Master's eye is on us,  
Never off us, still upon us,  
Night and day!  
Work away!  
Keep the busy fingers plaving  
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying;  
See that never thread lie wrong;  
Let not clash or clatter round us;  
Sound of whirling wheels, confusion us;  
Steady hand! let loof be strong  
And firm, that has to last so long!  
Work away!

Keep upon the anvil ringing  
Stroke of hammer; on the gloom  
See 'twixt cradle and twist tomb  
Shower of fiery sparks flying;  
Keep the mighty furnace glowing;  
Keep the red ore blinding, flowing  
Swift within the ready mould;  
See that each one that the old  
Still be fitter, still be fairer  
For the servant's use and rarer  
For the master to behold!  
Work away!

For the Leader's eye is on us,  
Never off us, still upon us,  
Night and day!  
Wide the trackless prairies round us,  
Dark and unsummed woods around us;  
Steep and savage mountains bound us;  
Far away!  
Smile the soft savannas green,  
Rivers sweep and roll between;  
Work away!

Bring your axes wooden true;  
Smite the forest till the blue  
Of Heaven's sunny eye looks through  
Every wild and tangled glade;  
Jungle swamp and thicket shade  
Give to-day!  
O'er the torrents fling your bridges,  
Pioneers! Upon the ridges,  
Widen, smoothe the rocky stair—  
They that follow, far behind  
Coming after us, will find  
Surer, easier footing there;  
Heart to heart and hand with hand,  
From the dawn to dusk of day,  
Work away!

Scout upon the mountain's peak—  
Ye that see the Promised Land,  
Heaven's eye for ye can speak  
Of the country ye have scanned,  
Far away!  
For the Father's eye is on us,  
Never off us, still upon us,  
Night and day!  
Pray! and Work will be complete;  
Work! and Prayer will be the sweet;  
Love! and Prayer will be the doctor  
Will ascend upon their way!  
Fear not lest the busy finger  
Weave a net the soul to stay;  
Give her wings—she will not linger;  
Soaring to the source of day;  
Clear! glows that still divide us  
From the azure depths of rest;  
She will come again! beside us  
With the sunshine on her breast,  
Sit, and sing to us, while quickest  
On their task their vigor bring;  
While the outward din was thickest,  
Songs that she hath learned above;  
Work away!

Live in Future as it Present;  
Work for both while yet the day  
Is our own! for Lord and Pensant,  
Long and bright as summer's day,  
Cometh, yet sure sure, more pleasant,  
Cometh soon our Holiday;  
Work away!

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A RAINY DAY,  
AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

CONTINUED.

The weeks went by very rapidly, and notwithstanding her confinement to the little sewing room—for she was rarely beyond its limits—very pleasantly too. She took an unwonted interest in the pretty, bright fabrics that lay heaped about the room, and exhausted her taste and skill in fashioning them into most beautiful robes for Marian; for all her old affection for Marian was fast reviving in this daily intercourse, restricted as it was. She found her much the same as in her first girlhood, simple-hearted, loving, and generous, and all her little involuntary half-conscious allusions to the great "coming event" of her young life possessed a wonderful interest for Rose. As for Marian, she was growing into a great liking for her beautiful dress-maker, as she called her continually. Rose's quiet sympathy, which she understood as plainly as if it had been expressed in many words, was as charming as it was unexpected to the young fiancée, and her perfect ladyhood almost made Marian forget the difference in their stations when they sat together, as after a while they did frequently, sewing each upon the same garment, and talking familiarly upon a far wider range of topics than she could ever venture upon with Ella Hartley. Not that they were such very exalted topics, or that Ella was lacking in intelligence, either; but Miss Hartley was interested in very few subjects that did not preponderate with the masculine gender.

At such times as these the temptation was strong to Rose to reveal herself in her real character. The old affection had sprung up into this new, warm life, quickened by Marian's kindness and freedom, and it seemed so natural and fitting that she who had been Marian's dearest friend should be with her now, helping and sympathizing in all these important preparations, that she almost forgot sometimes that she was there merely as a hired assistant, and such familiar words as would inevitably have revealed her secret trembled upon her lips more than once.

One evening, especially, she could scarcely resist the yearning impulse of her heart. The two girls were together for a little while in the short October twilight, after it had grown too dark for Rose to sew. She had gathered up her working materials and put them in order for the next day, and was looking out now in a half-sweet, half-mournful reverie at the great oak-tree, whose leafy boughs, silvered here and there with moonlight glimpses, were tossing before the window. So many memories of the past days centred under that old tree, and as she looked out into its thick foliage, came clustering back to her, that soft tears filled her eyes and blinded them until she never saw Marian's quiet approach to her side. "The first token of it was the light touch of a hand upon her shoulder, and when she turned around hastily she met Marian's eyes looking into hers with such a tender, appealing sympathy that she longed to throw her arms around her neck, and tell her every thing then and there.

"You are crying, Margaret, Marian whispered. "I wish you would tell me what is the matter, and let me comfort you if I can. Why do you never talk to me about yourself? You would, if you liked me as I like you."

"I like you more than that, Miss Leighton," Rose answered, quickly and earnestly; "much more than you can understand."

"Do you really? then why not confide in me? I have taken a fancy—perhaps it is foolish and romantic, but we all think so—that you used to be in different circumstances—that you were never born to be a dress-maker, in spite of your beautiful fitting," Marian added, with a little laugh to cover the embarrassment which she felt in probing such a subject.

self, and only answered, quietly, "Suppose you are right, Miss Leighton, what then? That is my position now, and I must be estimated accordingly."

"Not so," said Marian, eagerly. "I estimate you for what you are in yourself, not for the accident of your position. I know that you are above this dress-making drudgery, and I want to release you from it if possible. If you will tell me about yourself—if you will let me be your friend—I am almost sure I could help you in some way."

She spoke so warmly—she was so like the generous, impulsive Marian of old times at that minute, that Rose could hardly keep back the words of confession that were on her lips. They would surely have found utterance, but that just then Ella Hartley's silvery tones rang along the hall: "Marian, Marian! where in the world are you hiding yourself?" and the next moment the flounces and ringlets rustled into the room, putting a sudden end to the conference.

Rose sat down in the darkness when she was left alone, and asked herself what would be the end of all this, and what course she was going to pursue? She had been at Oak Lawn now for three weeks, and she might be engaged for as many more, but after that what was she to do if she still kept her secret from the family? Why did she keep it now? Not in any hope that they would penetrate it themselves, and so make the confession needless; for notwithstanding Marian's affectionate regard, and the kindness which both Mrs. Leighton and Clara had shown her, there was no sign of recognition or remembrance from them, and no likelihood of any, unless she herself gave them the clue. Neither did she doubt but that they would welcome her kindly and willingly, for the sake of what she was now as well as for what she had been in time past. Why, then, did she linger, and delay the revelation which it was both her duty and her desire to make?

Why, indeed? And why did Rose hide her face when she asked herself the question, as if the darkness could show what blushes were reddening there? Around her neck was a slender silken cord visible only when she bent her head, and fastened to this, but concealed from every eye, was a little gold locket that might have revealed the secret of her silence. It was in vain that she called herself foolish and romantic, and even harder names than these; she could not put away a certain fancy that had sprung up in her mind, to tell no one until Arthur Leighton came home, and to make him the first confidant of her secret.

She knew that he was expected soon—that any day might bring warning of his arrival; and perhaps when he came there would be no need for her to tell—perhaps his eyes would be clearer to see through the disguise which had hidden her from her friends! In any case, he had been her first friend of them all, and her dearest always, and she would at least wait for his return before she made any change in the present state of things. So Rose argued the point, and made her conclusions, determining that she was glad of Miss Hartley's interruption, which had prevented any confidences to Marian and that she would be careful in future to avoid a like temptation.

Marian did not come early to the sewing room the next day, and Rose, who had been waiting some time for her to come in, and decide some question of trimming, was about to go in search of her, when the door opened, and Clara entered instead, holding her youngest child, a boy of two years, by the hand.

"I thought mamma was here," she said, looking around. "Do you know where she is, Margaret?"

"In the garden, I think," Rose answered. "I saw her near the grape-vines a few minutes ago."

"Oh! Will you take care of Charlie, then, a little while? His nurse is busy now, and I do not like to take him into the garden while there is so much dew."

Rose replied by laying aside her work and lifting the child to her lap. The little fellow laughed and patted her face contentedly, and the mother, with a pleasant smile and "Thank you," to Rose, went out and left them together. Charlie was one of those fearless, sociable children, who never "make strangers" of any one, and Rose had won his affections some time before by allowing him to upset her basket of spoons and tangle them at his pleasure whenever he came into the sewing room. She had a womanly fondness for little children, and it was a pleasant task to take care of bright little Charlie; so she gave herself up to it, riding him upon her shoulder, trotting him upon her knee, and telling him the wonderful lyrics of Mother Goose, to his entire satisfaction. By and by, in the midst of "Banger-buffet," the young gentleman ordered her peremptorily to stop: "Charlie tired now—Charlie want 'oo to sing," and laying his head upon her arm, he settled himself in a position for sleeping, as Rose began to sing softly for him.

It was not long before his eyelids drooped heavily over the laughing blue eyes, and his soft, deep breathing told that he was asleep. Rose held him closely and tenderly to her; the clasp of his baby arms, and the weight of his little head upon her breast gave her a new and delightful feeling. It was long since she had held a sleeping child in her arms, and little Charlie's innocent face, in its deep, rosy nest stirred her heart with a strange mingling of sad and sweet sensations. His mother did not come back so soon as she had promised, and Rose feared to disturb him by lying him on the sofa, so she continued to hold him and watch his slumber. It was still and profound at first, but by and by he began to toss his arms restlessly, though without opening his eyes, and Rose noticed that a redder flush was spreading over his face, and that his little hands were growing dry and hot. It made her feel anxious, though she hardly knew what she apprehended, and she wished that Mrs. Rivers would come back. But an hour went by and no one came near her, and all the while the child's feverish restlessness seemed to increase. He woke up at last with a start and cried wildly, and his flesh was so hot that Rose knew he was in a fever, and she started up at once to carry him to his mother. To her great relief Clara appeared just at that moment, beginning an apology for having imposed upon her so long. But Rose cut it short exclaiming, anxiously,

"Never mind that, Mrs. Rivers; only look at Charlie now. I am so afraid he is ill! He has been asleep in my arms, and has waked up with a fever, I am sure."

Clara snatched him from her with a look of alarm; and saw at a glance that her fears were well founded. The child was really ill, and in a moment, she was filled with terror and distress.

"He is going into convulsions—what shall I do!" she cried wildly, as the little fellow turned his burning eyes unconsciously toward her.

"Oh no," cried Rose, eagerly; "he is only feverish, and not quite awake yet. He will know you presently. Take him into your room, and I will go and find Mrs. Leighton, and send some one for the doctor directly. It may not be much after all."

But even as she tried to speak cheering words her own fears belied them. The unconscious eyes, and burning head, and drooping limbs convinced her that it was something more than an ordinary ailment; and she hurried anxiously to find Mrs. Leighton, whose more practiced experience would be better able to estimate the cause for alarm.

It was very soon found to be serious enough. The doctor, hastily summoned, pronounced a verdict of scarlet fever, and poor Clara was overwhelmed with despair. She had the greatest horror of the disease, and would not listen to a word of hope or comfort, or believe that her child would ever be well again. The whole household was in distress, and by way of crowning the trouble, Bridget, the nurse, announced her intention of leaving instantly.

"She was afraid of her life to stay, and no money could tempt her to take that awful fever," she declared. It was out of the question trying to find another nurse under the circumstances, yet now, of course, was the time when her services were most indispensable. Clara quite broke down under this accumulation of misfortunes, and Mrs. Leighton herself, prompt and energetic as she was in most emergencies, was worried and perplexed, not knowing what to do.

Rosa came to her relief, simply and quietly, without a thought of herself, but only anxious to be of use. "If you will take me, Mrs. Leighton, I will fill Bridget's place to the best of my ability," she said. "I am not afraid of the fever, and I have been used to sickness and watching at night. I can help you I am sure, if you will let me stay."

And so it was arranged, in spite of Mrs. Leighton's unwillingness to place her in such an inferior position; for there was nothing else to be done. She was too thankful for the unexpected relief to refuse it, and even Marian could make no objections. So Rose was installed at once in Bridget's office. It had all come about so naturally that it scarcely seemed strange to her, and her mind was so full of anxious care for the sick child that she had no time to think of herself at all, or to dwell upon the sudden and startling transitions of the past few weeks.

The disease developed rapidly, in a most alarming form, and, in spite of every precaution, little Helen, the older child, was soon attacked with it also.

Hitherto Rose's duty had only been to take care of this child, and keep her out of the way of the sick-room. Mrs. Leighton and Clara had given themselves up to Charlie; but now that Helen also was ill Rose's abilities as a nurse and watcher were brought into requisition. For many days she scarcely left the room, except for a few minutes at a time, never seeming to feel fatigue or pain so long as she could do anything for any one. Marian declared that she would kill herself, and pleaded to take her place, if only for a day or a night; and even Miss Hartley, who had steadily refused to help herself out of danger by leaving the house, would gladly have done anything that she had been allowed. But Rose, beyond any of all of them, seemed to possess the power to soothe the moaning children. She had a thousand little arts and devices to wile away their pain, and the most watchful, unwearied patience, the most tender skill in the exercise of them. Hour after hour she walked the room with one or the other in her arms singing low, murmuring songs which lulled them into quiet whenever they could be lulled; and no one had every thing else had failed; and no one had such power as she to coax the bitter medicines down, or persuade submission to the doctor's prescriptions. So they all gave up to her finally, allowing her to do as she pleased—only wondering at and blessing her in their hearts, and showing to her such grateful love and appreciation as made Rose's heart swell and her eyes fill with happy tears many a time.

Indeed, she was happier now than she had been for a long time before. In spite of her constant labors and watchings, and more than all, her anxiety for the children whom she was growing to love so tenderly, she felt lighter-hearted, stronger both in body and spirit, than she had felt since her mother's death. She was no longer alone in the world, useless and hopeless, but serving those she loved, and winning in return affection and trust to the full extent of her heart's desire. She almost forgot, sometimes, that she had any other name than "Margaret," or any other claim upon her regard, except when some mention of Arthur Leighton, or allusion to his expected return, brought a thrill of remembrance to her heart.

She sat alone in the nursery one afternoon. The children were both sleeping, and their regular, even breathing, and the light moisture upon their brows, confirmed the doctor's morning verdict, that the fever was abating and the danger already past. Clara was up stairs, sleeping soundly as a child, now that her greatest dread was over; Mrs. Leighton down stairs busied with some household matters, and Marian and Ella were walking arm in arm on the piazza below. Rose could hear the low murmur of their voices as they passed and repassed beneath her window. Another sound came to her ear by-and-by, as she sat in the darkness of a carriage, and the noise of wheels grating on the gravel. She drew nearer the window in a sort of idle curiosity, and looked out to see the arrival, though she only supposed it to be the doctor. But instead of the doctor's substantial person, a tall, slender figure leaped lightly out of the carriage, and a youthful face, browned by exposure, but still fresh and hand-

some, was uplifted for a moment, then disappeared under the arch of the portico.

The blood rushed to Rose's pale cheek, and her heart beat tumultuously for a minute. She had not recognized the face she saw—that was impossible in her fleeting glimpse of it—but she knew in her heart whose it was, and that Arthur Leighton had come home at last. She heard the joyful exclamations down stairs, the outcry of surprise of delight—half checked for fear of waking the sick children—and Arthur's mainly tones ringing above the feminine voices, with a strange mingling of emotions. Her own isolation was more painfully apparent—she had nothing to do with this family gladness; and yet she could not help the vivid pleasure which brightened her lips and eyes at the thought of seeing him soon again, the keen curiosity regarding all changes that had taken place in him, the shy, yet thrilling hope that he would penetrate her disguise, and know her as she knew him.

It was in vain that her reason protested against this last folly, and warned her of her disappointment; the eager wish to be beyond the power of reason to control, and never had she possessed so little self-command or dignity as in those first few moments of excitement or suspense. Every sudden sound below made her start and tremble with eager expectation, for she knew he would be coming up soon to see the children and Clara, and that he must meet her at the same time. Whether she most dreaded or longed for this meeting she could hardly tell, heart and mind were both in such a tumult.

The sound of voices and footsteps upon the stairs recalled her at last to some degree of self-possession, and pride coming to her aid, enabled her to repress the outward signs of her inward agitation before Mrs. Leighton and Arthur had fairly entered the room. She was very pale, but she did not stir from her seat, and scarcely lifted her eyes; and Arthur, thinking only of the children, did not see her at first.

"This is Margaret, Arthur, our dearest and best of Margarets," Mrs. Leighton said, as he turned away from the beds at last, and noticed with a little start of surprise, quickly followed by a courteous bow, Rose's presence at the window. He bowed again as his mother spoke, and Rose responded with a simple bow of her stately head, and a quick, uplifted glance that sought his eyes for one moment only, then dropped again to the work in her lap. The flashing look startled him, not that it awoke any recollection, but it revealed such beautiful eyes; and he would have gladly lingered to see them raised again. But Mrs. Leighton was already raising her own, and he was obliged to follow. So they parted without a word, and the meeting that Rose had anticipated so long, so eagerly, was over.

"He has forgotten me!" with a strange pang of disappointment she said it to herself, and a sense of desolation unknown before fell upon her heart. She had recognized him at once; changed as he was, grown tall and manly, with his brown cheek, and dark, heavy whiskers, still the one glance had been enough for her faithful memory; and although she knew how unreasonable the hope had been, and bitterly reproached herself for vanity and presumption, she could not deny or overcome the pain she felt in his complete unconsciousness.

She sat alone with the children all that evening, Clara, quite refreshed by her nap, and brightened by Arthur's presence, was glad to leave Rose in sole charge, and spend a merry evening down stairs. Marian and Ella were at Arthur's side, of course; and although Mrs. Leighton came up stairs once or twice to see if the children slept quietly, and to speak a kindly word to Rose in her solitude, still the hours were long and weary to her. She tried to read, and so forget the vague, sore pain at her heart. But her thoughts wandered away from the page, and the words that her eyes rested upon crept no meaning to her mind. She found herself listening instead to the cheerful sounds below—the light bursts of laughter and cheerful confusion of voices that reached her ear when a door was opened—although each mournful echo but added to the homesickness that already made head and heart ache with loneliness and longing.

She could not resist the tears that came at last, breaking up her forced composure, and making her bury her face suddenly in the pillows of the couch upon which she sat, to hide thereby her quivering lips and blinded eyes. It was not often that she gave way to such uncontrolled emotion, but to-night she felt both hopeless and reckless. She did not attempt to restrain herself, even when she heard some one entering the room; and Arthur Leighton, who had been sent up on some errand by Mrs. Rivers, stood astonished and distressed at the sight of her passionate grief. He had thought her asleep when he first approached the couch, but he soon saw how her whole frame was shaken with sobs, although not a sound came from her lips; and perplexed and troubled at the sight, he did not know whether to leave her without speaking or to stay and try to comfort her. The latter impulse prevailed, for Arthur's kindly nature could never let him "pass by on the other side" when he saw any one in trouble. So he bent over the couch, and with a simple feeling of compassion and sympathy laid his hand softly on her head. Rose was startled with the touch, and her head was lifted hastily. But Arthur spoke quickly:

"Forgive me; I did not mean to disturb you; but I saw you were crying, and I am so happy to-night myself that I cannot bear to see any one else in distress. Can I say something to comfort you? I am very sorry that anything has happened to grieve you so."

Rose made no answer. At the first glimpse of Arthur's figure she had hidden her face in her hands, and the tears rushed faster than ever as she listened to his kind words. But they did not flow now from the same bitter source. The tender, respectful sympathy had been as balm and healing to her sore, aching heart; and there was a strange delight in receiving it thus from him, all unconscious as he was that she had any more than a stranger's claim to it.

He stood by her in silence for a minute; then he spoke again, anxiously:

"I cannot bear to see you weeping so. I wish you would tell me what is the matter, or something that I might do for you. Can I do anything, really?"

some one to take my place," Rose answered at last, forcing herself to speak calmly. "I am not very well to-night. I would like to go to my own room for a little while."

"And is that all? Can I do nothing else? Nothing more than to keep to yourself that you have seen me behaving so childishly. I would be sorry to have Mrs. Leighton vexed or worried on my account." And Rose drew herself up from the sofa and made a movement toward the door.

"Stay a moment," he said, stopping her. "I will promise this if you wish it, of course; but if you would only let my mother know the occasion of your trouble, I am sure she could comfort you even if I have no power that way."

The tears came back to Rose's eyes, and her lip quivered again. "How good and kind he is!" she thought. "I am nothing but a servant girl to him, and yet how tenderly and respectfully he speaks to me!" Her voice trembled as she said,

"You are very kind, Mr. Leighton, and I thank you very much. I know your mother's goodness, but she can do nothing more to comfort me than she does every day. Indeed it is of no consequence. I am a little tired to-night, and nervous—that is all. Thank you, again. Good-night!"

"Good-night, then, Arthur returned. 'I shall at least tell my mother not to let you watch any longer with these children. I know that you must be worn out with fatigue, and I insist upon your sleeping undisturbed for the rest of this night.'"

He held out his hand as he spoke, and Rose could not refuse hers, though her cheek glowed as she offered it to him. She had moved toward the door, and was standing directly under a gas-burner; shaded from the children's eyes, the light fell softly upon her face, and for the first time Arthur Leighton saw it fully. The flushed cheek and drooping eyes—the tender, sad, grateful expression—something in the whole look and manner—startled him, and mingled with the tones of her voice, which as he listened to them had seemed echoes of something heard before, awoke a slumbering memory in his heart. She was gone before he could recall the association; and although her face haunted him all the evening, and he ransacked his memory to discover its counterpart there, he could not remember when or where he had seen one like it.

As for Rose, she went to her bed excited and agitated by a whirl of wild thoughts that would not let her sleep. It was in vain that she said to herself, "Any gentleman would have done the same. My station, whatever he knew about it, was nothing to prevent his offering me common sympathy—and it was nothing but common sympathy that he did offer. Why need I be so stirred, so fluttered, so restless with the pleasure of being pitied by him?" And here the proud lip curled with self-contempt, and she vowed that she would neither think of him again nor care what he thought of her. But the vow was broken more than once before sleep's soft unconsciousness settled down upon heart and brain.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CONSIDER THE COST. Iko Marvel gives to a city friend, who thought in going into the country he was to visit Paradise, and be surrounded by the choicest flowers, and rare fruits,—a list of which he had subjected for inspection:

"My dear fellow, the list, as I have said, is a capital one; but it supposes more careful culture, extreme attention, and a love for all the niceties of the art—which you have not got. You want to take things easy; you don't want to torment yourself with the idea that your children may be plucking unawares your specimen berries; you don't want to look them out of the garden. As sure as you undertake such a venture you'll be at odds with your Scotchman; you'll lose the names of your own trees; you'll forget the hyacinths; your half-hardy will all be scotched by the second winter; your dwarf 'Vicars' that need such careful nursing and high dressing will dwindle into lean shanks of pears that have no flavor. My advice to you is, to throw the list into the fire; to limit yourself, until you have felt your way, to some ten or a dozen of the best established varieties; don't be afraid of old things if they are good; if a giant Rhode Island Greening tree is struggling in your hedge row, trim it, scrape it, top it, dig about it, pull away the turf from its feet, and then if you can keep up a fair fight against the bugs and the worms you will have fine fruit from it; if you can't, cut it down. If a veteran mossy pear tree is in your door yard, groom it as you would a horse—just in from summering in briary pastures—put scions of Bartlett's, of Winter Nells, of Kozinger into its top and sides. In an uncultured spot of your garden, plant your dwarf Duchess, Bonne de Jersey, Beurre Diel, and your Glout Moreau. If either don't do well, pull it up and burn it; don't waste labor on a sickly young tree. Save some sheltered spot for a trill, where you may plant a Delaware, an Iona or two, a Rebecca and a Diana. Put a Concord at your south-side door—its rampant growth will cover your trellised porch in a pair of seasons; it will give you some clusters even though you allow it to tangle; the pomologists will laugh at you; but let them, and the wilderness of frolicsome tendrils, and at least a fair show of purple bunches. Scatter here and there sturdy bacchicous flowers that shall care for themselves, and which the children shall pluck with a will. Don't distress yourself if your half-acre of lawn shows hummocks, or dandelions, or buttercups. And if a wild clump of bushes intrude in a corner don't condemn it too hastily; it may be well to enliven it with an evergreen or two, to dig about it, and paint its edges with a few summer phloxes or roses. You will want neither Scotchman nor forcing houses for this.

THE MAGNANIMOUS LEE.—Says the *Leviston Journal*—

It is urged that Lee acted the magnanimous part in surrendering his army when he did and stopping the further effusion of blood. But he did not surrender until he was absolutely compelled to do so. Days before, his judgment must have assured him that his cause was hopeless and yet he persisted in useless slaughter. Magnanimous? When has he displayed a magnanimous spirit? Did he show it in the beginning of the rebellion, when he

remained with Gen. Scott until he had learned all the latter's views and plans and then absconded with them? Did he show it in permitting his subordinates to maltreat and starve the prisoners he had captured, when a word from him would have put an end to their barbarous treatment? Magnanimous? When and where?

We also add the following from an army correspondent, written the 9th inst., as applicable. Says the writer:—

Notwithstanding the correspondence between Generals Grant and Lee, yesterday, which led all to expect a surrender this morning, the latter exerted all his energies to escape the net laid for him. He marched rapidly all yesterday afternoon and evening, until he ran against Sheridan at Appomattox Court House. A sharp fight ensued, resulting in the capture of a number of prisoners, and checking their retreat.

OUR NEW PRESIDENT.

Andrew Johnson of Tennessee is now President of the United States. Like his immediate predecessor, the native of a slave State and of humble parentage, he has risen to high political station by the exhibition of those rare qualities which ordinarily command success in a free country. He has been civil governor of a powerful State, a representative and a senator in Congress, and subsequently military governor of Tennessee by appointment of President Lincoln. In all of these positions he has carried himself with ability, and no word has ever been uttered against his personal integrity. We are in a position to state with certainty that he has had the confidence of the present administration during the war, and while numerous other military governors have so conducted their business as to disappoint the appointing power and to render their removal necessary, Mr. Johnson has always stood well, and has given entire satisfaction to those in authority, although his position was in some respects more difficult than that of any man in a similar official station. There can be no doubt that he is an able man, thoroughly loyal, fearless in the performance of duty, and standing high in the confidence of those who know him best.

We are not unmindful of the fact that Mr. Johnson has recently in a measure lost the public confidence, and, in common with the whole country, we deplored the exhibition of a weakness which was so injurious to our nation in the eyes of the civilized world. But there is good reason to believe that this was an exceptional instance of a failing which was regretted by none more than the Vice-President himself, and surely the history of memorable public services is not to be forgotten in the errors of a single day, nor a life-long character for honorable and successful exertions to be fatally tarnished by the momentary fault of an hour.

Of one trait in the character of our President the country may be perfectly assured, and that is of his uncompromising loyalty and his unalterable determination to maintain the Union and to enforce the laws. Nor are his opinions of a recent date. A personal friend and a great admirer of Andrew Jackson, he is of that old school of democratic politicians who believe in the Constitution and the Union and in the use of all necessary means to protect and preserve them. In the last days of Mr. Buchanan's wretched administration he took a firm and manly stand for the right, and in the memorable debate of March 2, 1861, on the report of the peace conference, Mr. Johnson denounced with remarkable energy and marked ability the projected treason, for which he was set upon by the whole crew of disloyal men, led on by the senator from Oregon. "Mr. President," he exclaimed in the course of this debate, "I was going on to remark, in reference to a general allusion to treason, that if individuals were pointed out to me who were engaged in nightly conspiracies, in secret conclaves, and issuing orders directing the capture of our forts, and the taking of our custom houses, I would show who were the traitors; and that being done, the persons pointed out to me as coming within the purview and scope of the provision of the Constitution which I have read, were I the President of the United States, I would do as Thomas Jefferson did with Aaron Burr in 1806, I would have them arrested, and if convicted, within the meaning and scope of the Constitution, by the Eternal God, I would execute them. Sir, treason must be punished. Its enormity and the extent and depth of the offence must be made known. The time is not distant, if this government is preserved, its Constitution obeyed, and its laws executed in every department, when something of the kind must be done."

Those words were spoken at a time when the men to whom the government had been intrusted by the people were falling away; when treason was openly avowed; in the midst of the traitorous horde at Washington, and by one who was a native of a slave State, and bound by many personal considerations to go with those whom he so vehemently denounced. Such a man may be trusted in the present emergency; and it is the manifest duty of all good citizens to sustain him by their influence, and to bring to his support all those influences which may aid him in the execution of the high and important duties which he has now assumed.—[Boston Advertiser.]

The doctrine of State Rights is still in the ascendant with many residents of Richmond yet. The proprietor of the Sentinel newspaper of office, in a recent interview with "Carleton," thus expressed himself:—

"I was sorry," he said, "to see the Stars and Stripes torn down in 1861. It is the prettiest flag in the world, but I shed tears when I saw it raised over the Capitol of Virginia on Sunday morning."

"Why so?" I asked.

"Because it was done without the consent of the State of Virginia."

"The you still cling to the idea that a State is more than the nation?"

"Yes. State rights above every thing."

"Don't you think the war is almost over—that it is useless for Lee to contend further?"

"No. He will fight another battle and he will win. He can fight for twenty-five years in the mountains."

"Do you think that men can live in the mountains?"

"Yes; on roots and herbs, and fight you till you are weary of it, and whip you out."

I give you the conversation as near as I can recall it, that you may understand the insanity of the secessionists. They have no conception of the great principles which underlie this mighty struggle. They are clinging to the abstractions of the past—State rights, State sovereignty, and are impelled by State pride. The talk of the proud old Dominion, the State which has raised up Presidents—of their ancestors and all that—living in the past, without comprehending the revolution of the present, which has precipitated them from power, and which has brought liberty to a despised race.

SCENE IN RICHMOND.—The Philadelphia Press has a correspondent in the field who writes excellent letters.—Mr. J. Morris Chester,



## Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . APR. 21, 1865.



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## Assassination of the President.

Most of the details of this horrible event have so far already reached our readers. We have little more to do than to make such record as the chronicle of passing events is expected to present. After the lapse of a week, in which contradictions and corrections have been freely made, a very brief chapter may contain all the important facts that have been developed.

The President was shot through the head while sitting in his box at Ford's theatre, in Washington, on Friday evening, soon after 10 o'clock. Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Harris, with Maj. Rathbone and the President, constituted the party in the box. There was a guard at the door of the box, but the assassin deceived him by giving his name as that of a distinguished senator, and saying that the President had sent for him. As he entered the box he was reminded by Maj. Rathbone that this was the President's box, when he bowed an apology, striking Maj. R. with a dirk as he retreated, and immediately firing at the president through the next door. He then sprang back into the President's box, passed through, and leaped up on the stage. Pausing an instant, he brandished a dirk and exclaimed, "Sic semper tyrannis!" (thus always to tyrants,) and darting down a back stairway, mounted his horse at the door, and rode off. So rapid were the details of the whole transaction that Mrs. Lincoln, sitting only a few feet from her husband, did not discover that he was injured till the assassin was out of sight.

The President did not fall from his chair but dropping his head upon his breast, neither moved nor uttered a sound. The screams of Mrs. Lincoln first suggested to the audience the horrible deed, and all was immediately confusion and dismay. The President was borne from the theatre to a house near by, and surgical aid promptly called. The nature of the wound gave no hope; he lingered in an insensible state till a little past 7 o'clock on Saturday morning, when he expired.

To complete the horrors of the tragedy, those who hastened to the residence of Secretary Seward to inform him of the assault upon the President, found that there, too, the hand of the assassin had struck down its victims. The Secretary and his son, Fred Seward, were both lying insensible, and at first supposed fatally wounded. The former had been for some weeks lying disabled by injuries received by being thrown from his carriage—a broken arm and other severe wounds. Watching by his bedside were Mr. Geo. A. Robinson, a soldier, acting as nurse, and a daughter of the Secretary; in other parts of the house being Maj. Seward, Fred Seward and Mr. Hunsell. The assassin was admitted by a colored boy, whom he hastily passed, and on the way to the Secretary's chamber was opposed, at different points, by the three men named—all of whom he wounded, felling Fred Seward with a billy, breaking his skull.

Robinson opened the door to see what caused the disturbance in the stairway, and was met by the assassin, with knife and pistol in hand, rushing for the bed of Mr. Seward. The two grappled, and after a hurried struggle, during which the murderer reached and struck Mr. S. several blows with a knife in the face and neck, Maj. Seward came to Robinson's aid, and the villain fled down stairs. At the door he mounted a horse, which he had left there, and fled unpursued. All is supposed to have taken place in less than two minutes.

During the assault Mr. Seward threw himself from the back side of the bed, enveloped in the bed clothes, in which condition he was found, nearly senseless. Surgical examination found the injuries were not positively fatal; and he has since so far recovered as to be apparently out of danger. Fred Seward remained several days insensible, but there are now some prospects of his recovery.

Up to Friday morning the murderer of the President has not been arrested; though it is ascertained that the deed was done by J. Wilkes Booth, an actor, of the city of Washington, and son of the famous tragedian. Many persons, high and low, have been arrested, some as witnesses and some for suspected complicity in the crime; but only a few names have been given to the public. Among them is one who seems to be pretty well identified as the man who attacked Mr. Seward. He is reported to be fully identified by Maj. Seward and by the colored servant. He was arrested at the house of

of a secession family, at midnight, where he unluckily presented himself in the disguise of a laborer, at the moment the police were quietly arresting the family.

Up to Thursday both the Secretary and his son were reported doing well, and apparently out of danger. The son's skull was badly fractured, and he remained several days insensible. The wounds of Maj. Seward and of Mr. Robinson, the nurse, which were inflicted with the assassin's knife, were not so serious as to prevent their going out. The convalescence of Secretary Seward is said to promise speedy recovery.

**THE FUNERAL OF THE PRESIDENT.**—The services held at Washington, on Wednesday, were responded to in this village by a public meeting of citizens at the Baptist Church. Music by the choir, prayer by Rev. Dr. Wilson and Rev. Dr. Hendley, and remarks by Prest. Champlin, Rev. Mr. Pepper, Rev. Dr. Sheldon and Rev. Mr. Kelley, embraced the roll of exercises. The meeting was large, and eminently of marked solemnity.

**FAST DAY.**—Public exercises in this village were held at the Congregationalist church and at Town Hall—the Congregationalists and Baptists uniting at the former place, and the Universalists and Unitarians at the latter. Rev. Dr. Sheldon preached at the Hall, and Rev. Mr. Hendley at the church.

At West Waterville the public exercises incident to Fast day took place on Wednesday, in observance of the funeral of the President. Rev. Mr. Kelton preached the sermon—the audience being large and solemn.

**SCHOOL REPORT.**—This document is ready for delivery, in compliance with the vote of the town. Its length should deter nobody from giving it a careful reading. The committee thought proper to treat the subject at more length, for this once, than they will probably judge necessary hereafter. They have done it with marked ability, and will not fail to see their reward in the good done to the cause of education in our town. It will be distributed through the agents of the several districts.

## "Fast Driving."

Messrs. Editors.—When the coat fits put it on. I read your article (in last edition) on fast driving through the principal streets of the town. I put the coat on immediately, and find it fits me. I thank you for your kindly intended article, and for one I assure you I shall not again transgress the laws unless run away with, in which event I presume I may be pardoned.

HENRY TAYLOR.

**CORRECTIONS.**—We were misinformed in regard to the accident to the Misses Howard, last week. The young man accused of neglect, though his horse was frightened, and he had his sister with him, showed no lack of attention. A line from the father of the girls authorizes us to say that he "not only inquired if they were injured, but hastened to the bridge to stop the horse; and in everything connected with the affair, sustained the character of a gentleman."

**WAR TREMS.**—At any other time than the present the military successes of the past week would have afforded matter for great rejoicing; but they are so overshadowed by the national sorrow, that they have attracted but little attention.

The two forts defending Mobile have been captured with the guns and between five and six thousand prisoners, and our forces now occupy the city.

Sherman moved towards Raleigh on the 9th inst., and Johnston hastily evacuated the city which was sacked by the lower classes. Our forces are now in possession, and Gov. Vance is in our hands.

Gen. Stoneman, who left East Tennessee some weeks ago, has advanced, almost unopposed, to Salisbury, N. C., where he routed a rebel force, capturing 1,165 prisoners, 19 pieces of artillery, and an immense amount of stores. Stoneman was still advancing, at last accounts, and between him and Sherman the forces of Johnston must be ground to powder. The whereabouts of Davis are not certainly known.

The friends of Capt. Geo. S. Scammon will be pleased to hear that he was unharmed during the recent conflicts, though he had a narrow escape, being struck and prostrated by a spent ball. His orderly was taken prisoner. Lieut. Fred T. Mason, of the same regiment, has a slight flesh wound in the thigh. We learn of no other casualties of soldiers belonging in this vicinity.

**FIRE.**—The high wind on Wednesday was fruitful in fires. At Oldtown the Dwinall mills were burned, with two churches, fifteen dwelling houses, and much valuable property. The loss was extensive, beyond insurance.

The hotel at Burnham Station, in Clinton on the Mo. Central Railroad, took fire in the evening, supposed from a spark from the passing train, and was consumed, with the stables and outbuildings. Three horses, with carriages and harnesses, belonging to travellers, were burned. The hotel was owned by Geo. Berry, of Burnham.

In Winslow, the well known Halifax House, owned by Mr. Hiram Simpson, and occupied by several families, took fire from the chimney, on the roof, about noon, and was entirely consumed. Most of the furniture of the occupants was saved. The engines of One and Three, of this place, went to the rescue, and have credit for rendering good service in preventing the spread of the fire. The house was insured for some eight or ten hundred dollars.

Two or more fires caught from burning chimneys, in this village, but were extinguished.

**LAST SABBATH** was a solemn day here, as it doubtless was all over the country. Our national bereavement was made the special topic at the Congregational and Universalist churches, which were draped for the occasion. Dr. Sheldon's sermon, was upon another subject, but the hearts of pastor and people were full of the great grief, which found expression and relief in prayer.

At the Baptist church, arrangements had been partially made for services commemorative of our recent glorious victories, before the sad tidings of the death of President Lincoln reached our village. Our stately national emblem was displayed upon every pillar and salient point; while on the wall, behind the desk, two larger flags had been gracefully arranged, and over them an arch of evergreen letters—"Gloria in excelsis Deo." On Sabbath morning, when the stricken congregation assembled, the shrouded flags told of the great change in the feelings of the people since these preparations for a joyous celebration had been commenced; while upon the wall, below the two larger flags, in sombre characters, stood the Hebrew words, "Jehovah Jireh."—The Lord will provide—Abraham's memorable answer to Isaac; and in front of the desk, heavily draped, hung the portrait of our lamented chief magistrate, so recently deceased. In place of the usual scriptural exposition in the morning, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Pepper, after reading the account of the translation of Elijah and the transference of his mantle to Elisha, paid a feeling tribute to Abraham Lincoln, the man and the President, at the close of which he announced that having prepared a discourse commemorative of our recent signal victories, he should deliver it in the afternoon; for though the national bereavement had brought sorrow to every heart, yet the cause, thank God, was safe; and as truth and right had triumphed in our great conflict, and the nation had been redeemed, we had abundant reason for grateful though chastened rejoicing. The text chosen was from Psalms 118: 14—*This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.* We are allowed to make the following extracts from the sermon:—

One of the prime causes for rejoicing was the destruction of the military power of the Confederacy. "In this destruction God has brought our war to an end and so given us peace. We have fought to break and destroy the military power of the enemy. That has been the single, sole object. It has not been to destroy life, to plunder, to ravage, to burn. This one thing have we had to do, to bring that power to nought. This has been our war. This accomplished, there is no longer room for war. War is ended; and when war is ended then we have peace. Practically, therefore, this morning's sun rose upon our land in peace. And are we not glad and grateful for this gift? It is true that for four years the voice of the loyal American pulpit has been for war. The ministers of the Prince of Peace have not forborne to urge in the sanctuary, from sabbath to sabbath, the whole-hearted support and vigorous prosecution of our gigantic and bloody war. We have done it with clear consciences and as we believe under an inspiration from the Almighty. We have done it, too, in a spirit of broad and pure philanthropy, of regard for the best interests of our very foes, as well as of our land and the world. But why? and how? Because we loved war rather than peace? Because we thought war in for itself a good? Pardon me for asking the question. No man believes it, no man ever thought it. Whatever charges, passion, and prejudice may have prompted him to urge against the clergy, in his inmost soul he knew better, knew that the charge was a lie. War is horrible. View it as you will, make the best of it, it is simply horrible. Terrible its visage, dreadful its form, frightful its voice, appalling its work. War is horrible, simply horrible, from beginning to end, horrible, inside and outside horrible. Love war for its own sake! Devils may, the damned may; but a good man never. But good men have urged, insisted upon this war—this whirlwind, tornado, civil war—and why? Because we did not see? did not consider? did not appreciate its terrors? No, we saw all, heard all, understood all. We knew the perils, the slaughter, the anguish, the waste and woe. It was all naked and open before us; it weighed upon us; it wrung our hearts; it forced sorrow from our eyes. Yet we urged the war, even while we saw and depicted its horrors. Why? Because most evidently God had laid upon us the work. Because there was no escape. Because we loved and longed for peace, honorable, righteous, lasting peace. With the eye of faith we saw through the blackness of the tempest this bright day. Therefore, we breasted the storm, and faced the fury. Today we are in the haven. Our ship, though scoured by the tempest, rests on the smooth surface. And shall we not sing because of this rest? We will rejoice and bless our God, that now gardens shall not be made deserts, but deserts gardens; cities shall not be burned and depopulated, but built and peopled; debts shall not be incurred, but paid; sorrow shall be changed into joy, and weeping into laughter. The dead will not indeed come up from their graves to take again their places in broken home circles. The dead are dead, the gone are gone, the past is past. But for all that is irrecoverably lost is given this requital, that it is not in vain, but by heaven's blessing has gained its rich reward. So is this day of peace blessed; blessed in what it saves to us that is still left; blessed in its great returns for what has been given; blessed herein no less for the discomfited South than for the triumphant North.

The conquering of peace is cause of profound thankfulness again, because it is a splendid vindication of the majesty of just law as against causeless rebellion. The surrender of Lee, I have said, is the destruction of the military power of the Confederacy. The destruction of that power is the destruction of that confederacy itself. The two were one; the two stood together; the two sank together; the breath which blew one to nought, annihilated both. But the Southern Confederacy was but another name for organized, causeless rebellion against just and beneficent law. True, Calhoun, who laid its foundations of resistless logic upon false principles, evoked the demon in the holy name of law and justice; and its executors, his blind followers and pliant tools, wrought their mischief, juggling with the same

sacred words; but as Webster once and again proved to his great antagonist and the world by an equally resistless logic, based upon self-evident truth, and as the common sense of any honest man, logic aside, would teach, secession was simply defiance of law and mockery of government. The act of those who renounced allegiance to the United States might be shaped into legal form and dignified by a virtuous name; yet the act, if demanded, would be only rebellion, and the act uncompelled was and is in essence, as henceforth it shall be known in name, nothing other or better than that unnatural crime, treason. The Confederacy was just the gigantic embodiment of this most damnable crime of treason.

I had just written this last sentence, when as if to illustrate and enforce it, it was told me that Abraham Lincoln was assassinated on Friday evening in the theatre, and that Secretary Seward was murdered in his bed. Abraham Lincoln assassinated! and why? Abraham Lincoln assassinated! and why? Secretary Seward murdered! and why? I can tell you why and by whom. It is because Abraham Lincoln was the United States triumphant. It was because Secretary Seward was the government vindicated. It was not the man Lincoln, it was not the man Seward. It was the country Lincoln, it was the government Seward. At our country's life the blow was aimed. And by whom? Was it by one Booth? No, it was by some nameless emissary of hell? No, it was by the disembodied spirit of treason, which must somehow vent its impotent rage. That spirit, cast out of its governmental body by the power of our armies and of Almighty God, but not yet cast out of the land and earth into its own hell; that spirit which was never so mad as to-day, stripped of its legal decorations and bereft of its military power, most fitly and naturally betrays itself in lawless assassinations and execrable murders. I repeat; the spirit of the confederacy, which consumed secession and which has waged a four year's war of death and destruction, and the spirit which has meanly, malignantly, impotently murdered our representative head, were one and the same—the spirit of unprovoked, excusable treason. The triumph of our arms, in blowing the brains out of the Confederacy, and laying its mangled corpse, hideous and huge, along the ground for many a league, is the triumph of moderate law over reckless bloody treason. The divine ordinance of government, without which progress is impossible and barbarism inevitable, has been grandly, gloriously vindicated. The righteous see it and are glad; the wicked behold and tremble; the patriotic dead send up to us their joyful thanksgivings. Friends of good government everywhere—of all lands, of all ages, of all worlds—swell the anthem of praise to Almighty God that righteousness has been so signally exalted, and treason so effectually rebuked.

We give thanks to God, also, that in the destruction of the military power of the Confederacy, and thus of the Confederacy itself, American slavery is wiped out of existence and four millions of living slaves are made free; their posterity, also, for all time made free. A black man is just as good as a white man. A black man's soul is just as dear to God as a white man's. A black man is just as truly a man as a white man. For men to hold men as chattels; for men to barter men like cattle; for men to eat the very flesh and drink the very blood of men; for men to put their iron heels on the hearts and necks of men; for men to doom and deliberately plot and confederate and legislate to doom unborn millions and generations of men to hopeless, helpless slavery,—making them the tools of avarice, lust, and every hellish passion that can stir in a human soul—this is a barbarism; this is a despotism; this is a crime and infamy too enormous to lift its vile front defiantly in this freest of lands and in the clearer gospel light of this 19th century. Dear friends gather around the remains of their beloved whom the hand of war has smitten with death, or read the dark tidings of their fall where even the slight comfort of the recovery of the remains is denied, and a most bitter and piercing sorrow, a most crushing and intolerable grief possesses them; the assassin meanly takes the life of our noble President, and as his own loving, trusting children, the nation weeps,—but the grief of the dusky mother or father, sister or brother, on the southern plantation, is as bitter and as sacred as the grief of any of us; their tears are as precious as ours. God has given to the African an exceedingly tender and sensitive soul; he is alive to the highest joy, and the keenest anguish; God, who is the God of the needy, has heard each cry, has seen each tear, has marked and recorded every wrong, has opened his ear to each prayer for deliverance. Men have not heeded, men have not pitied; but God is better than men—has a larger heart, a clearer eye, a holier spirit; and into all the woe of all that abused race, he has entered. Now, in his love, and in his anger, in his tender compassion, and in his terrible wrath, by the blows of war he has beaten in the doors, he has thrown down the walls, he has razed to the very foundation, he has destroyed utterly, and has removed forever, the prison-house of their bondage. By the very war which was inaugurated to rivet their fetters, he has broken the fetters and thrown them into the sea; he has lifted up and healed and brought out into the sunlight, erect and whole, the millions of the captives. This is the day which God has made for them, and they rejoice and are glad in it—how glad, none can know till he talks with them in their hovels; till he sees their tears and hears their shouts, and marks their repressless enthusiasm in their public assemblies. Oh! it is grand, unutterably grand and sublime, to see a whole nation of poor, abused, patient, praying men and women coming at once, under God's guidance, from the blackest night of bondage into the glorious light of liberty! sublime to see these millions, with all their unborn posterity, rising up from the dust and degradation of mere chattelism into the position of manhood—to take their place with men; to move on to the animating destiny which beckons them, and perform whatever work providence has in store for them. We will rejoice and be glad that the slave power dig its own grave, and that America buried its rotten carcass deep in that grave. We rejoice in the downfall of slavery because we have sympathy with our kind, weeping with them that weep, rejoicing with those that rejoice. It is joy enough for one life time to see a race of slaves changed by the miraculous power of God into a race of free men. But the destruction of slavery brings another joy; it takes from our government its dangerous element, and its most damning disgrace. The great cancer which was fast eating out all our moral life; which was fast consuming the very principles of our fathers; which was hastening our dissolution as a free republic, and which, to the enlightened, foretold in this triumph the end of American liberty, this has

been cut out speedily by the sword of war in the hands of our great Physician. The shame and the peril are taken away together; all the wounds of war are nothing to what it was. We never breathed so freely, so strongly, as to-day. There is more tone, vigor, strength, in us now, than before we had been smitten with war, but when slavery was upon us. That the Confederacy, whose only inspiration was African slavery, has been blown to naught by the breath of divine anger is, therefore, in this aspect, cause of thankful thanksgiving.—And there is still another aspect to this destruction of slavery. A white man is as good as a black man. A white man is a man as truly as a black man. If we care for the slave we care for the master. If we wish well for the oppressed we wish well for the oppressor. And what is well for him? Is it to succeed in holding his slaves, and in perpetuating his system? Nothing so bad for him; nothing so bad for his posterity,—slavery is worse for the master than it is for the slave. We know better to-day than ever before, about this. This war has taught what a dreadful spirit slavery engenders in those who enslave; what havoc it makes of the noblest part of man; what moral infamy it nurtures and matures. How much better for these men that every vestige of power be taken away from them; that they be sent out homeless and homeless and beggar, compelled to start as paupers, and earn every mouthful of bread that ever passes between their teeth by toil-forced sweat, than that they and their souls be exposed to the tremendous temptations of irresponsible power over men, and sole ownership in them. The whole South, negroes, poor whites, and masters, have yet more reason than the north to join in one common jubilee of rejoicing over the destruction of American Slavery.

After the sermon the following ode, written for the occasion, was sung.

## GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.

April 3d.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!  
Sung the People in their might,  
Gloria in excelsis Deo!  
God hath triumphed for the Right!  
Jubilate! Jubilate!  
Sung the bells.

From the South with mourning freighted,  
Came the balmy breeze;  
Tales of noble warriors fated  
Told the waiting trees.  
Jubilate! Jubilate!  
All unheeding sang the bells.

Chime, ye gently chime bells!  
Falling on the ear of sorrow  
Many hearts are gay to-day  
That may breed to-morrow  
Jubilate! Jubilate!  
Still unheeding rang the bells.

Borne along the electric nerve  
Are undertones of wailing,  
Yet the nation will not swerve  
While its Dead bow to the slain!  
Jubilate! Jubilate!  
Sung the bells.

April 10th.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!  
Dawning now the Jubilee!  
Gloria in excelsis Deo!  
God hath crowned our victory!  
Jubilate! Jubilate!  
King the bells.

Wrongs that long on vengeance calling,  
Our beloved nation stained!  
Treason's stronghold now are falling,  
Peace, fair Peace may be attained!  
Jubilate! Jubilate!  
Chime the bells.

Gloria! Gloria in excelsis!  
For a nation justified!  
Gloria! Gloria in excelsis!  
Cruel war is sanctified!  
Jubilate! Jubilate!  
King the bells.

April 15th.

Gloria in excelsis Deo,  
Father, help us still to say,  
Gloria in excelsis Deo!  
Though the clouds obscure the way!  
Miserere! Miserere!  
Toll the bells.

Help us in our hour of blindness  
Thou who turned joy to pain!  
Visit, with thy loving kindness,  
This thy People, once again,  
Miserere! Miserere!  
Toll the bells.

**SCHOOL MEETING.**—At the adjourned meeting of the voters in this district, on Monday evening, the committee reported that they had not been able to perfect an arrangement for the permanent occupancy of the Academy building for a High School; but that, the one of the last two years might be continued for the present. The committee were directed to make such an arrangement with the Principal of the Academy, if the terms should be satisfactory, or, failing in that, to make such other arrangements for the accommodation of our advanced scholars as they thought best. The articles for providing additional school rooms, and raising more money for educational purposes, were dismissed. Some rather antiquated notions on the subject of education were put forth during the evening, by a few of the patriarchs, who were evidently for restricting the course of study in our common schools to the three R's—Reading, 'Rit-ing, and 'Rithmetic.

We refer to advertisement of "Real Estate Agency." Mr. Taylor is an active business man, of large experience, and familiar with the value of property in which he proposes to deal.

The following released prisoners, belonging to the 2d Maine Cavalry, recently arrived at Vicksburg:—

James A. Dunton, Lincolnville; Alvin D. Lane, North Anson; William W. Parris, Pittston; William A. Austin, South Vassalboro.

**FESTIVAL.**—The festivities arranged for the children and young folks, by Mr. Nye and his Cadets, to take place on Saturday last, were interrupted by the death of the President. A solemn procession, hardly congenial to childish impulses, but deeply impressive and interesting to maturer minds, was substituted for the intended merriment, and the festivities designed to mark public rejoicing for our victories were deferred one week. So to-morrow afternoon, Saturday, there will be a merry time and a good show may be looked for.

Mr. Taylor's noted horse, "Don Juan," as will be seen by advertisement, is to remain another season in this place.

**COINCIDENCES.**—The papers have noticed as an interesting coincidence the fact that the

surrender of Lee and the cessation of hostilities in Virginia occurred on the sacred Palm Sunday, the day which commemorates the triumphant entry of Christ into Jerusalem. It is surely a coincidence equally striking that, Good Friday, the day set apart in commemoration of the crucifixion of the Saviour of the world, should have been chosen to consummate the martyrdom of one whose unflinching devotion to the cause of freedom, justice and humanity, whose patience, compassion, forgiveness, and loving kindness even to his bitterest enemies, so assimilate him to the spirit of his Divine Master.—[Port. Press.]

Henry Ward Beecher is not always happy when he reinforces his argument by a simile. He said, in impressing on his parishioners their christian duty to their emirs, that if Jeff. Davis "was my lawful prey to-night, I would do by him as I did by another wasp yesterday. I saw the fellow on my door in the country, and was about to smash him, when I said what's the use. It's only a wasp, and it's not at all probable that he and I will meet again, and I'll let him go. That's what I'd do with Jeff. Davis." We wonder that some one in his auditory did not cry out, "O Mr. Beecher, how selfish you are! You let the wasp go because there was no probability of his stinging you, and you don't seem to care a jot about the certainty of his stinging somebody else!"

**J. WILKES BOOTH, THE ASSASSIN.** John Wilkes Booth, the cowardly assassin of President Lincoln, is the third son of Junius Brutus Booth, the eminent tragedian, who died several years ago, while journeying from New Orleans to St. Louis. John Wilkes was born in Baltimore. He is about twenty-five years of age, and is unmarried. He is an actor, and has frequently appeared on the stage in this city, his last appearance being at the Howard Athenaeum two or three months since. He has been an out-spoken Southern sympathizer, and very violent in his denunciations of President Lincoln.—[Boston Journal.]

A letter found in Booth's trunk, which showed that the assassination was to take place about the 4th of March, and urging a postponement, said that the government officers were suspicious, and it would be imprudent to do anything then. It also advised Booth to go to Richmond and ascertain how such action would be regarded by the rebel government. Further disclosures are withheld for the present. Evidence sufficient has been accumulated to implicate some six different persons in the diabolical plot, all of them from this section and from Maryland. Two pairs of handcuffs and a gag were found in Booth's trunk.

It appears that Booth had leased a stable in the rear of the theatre. He hired a horse from a lively stable in the afternoon, took it to the alley and hired a servant from the lady of whom he hired the stable to watch the horse while he perpetrated the deed. Booth's mistress has attempted to commit suicide. An actress at Grover's Theatre received an anonymous note yesterday not to sing the song, "Sherman's march to the Sea." Day before yesterday Booth called on Mr. Hess, the treasurer of Grover's Theatre, and urged him to announce some new and exciting play for Friday evening, and invite the President and other officials, and get up a sensation.

**FOREIGN ITEMS.**—The Portuguese government has acceded to the demand of the American Minister, and the governor of the fort which fired upon the Niagara, which steamer it seems signaled to the fort that its summons was understood, has been removed. The pirate Shenandoah was still at Melbourne, Feb. 23, and the captain had attempted to strike terror into the hearts of the authorities there by threatening "to report them at Richmond."—This sounds rather facetious here. It seems that those refractory persons had refused to allow the pirate to obtain supplies at that port.

Mr. Richard Cobden, one of the best friends our nation had in England or in Europe, died on the second day of April. The London Times has arrived at the conclusion that Gen. Lee would be unable to withstand the united forces of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. In France, judicial inquiry had been instituted into the conduct of persons charged with aiding and abetting in fitting out the Stone-wall. The plague still rages in St. Petersburg. In Spain, the bill providing for the abandonment of San Domingo has been adopted by a large majority.

**COL. GAMBEL,** commanding the Union forces at Fairfax Station, has received a message from Mosby, in which the latter says he does not care for Lee's surrender, and that he is determined to fight so long as he has a man left.

**THE INAUGURATION** of Andrew Johnson, as President of the United States, took place on Saturday. The following were his remarks upon the occasion:—

Gentlemen, I must be permitted to say that I have been almost overwhelmed by the announcement of the sad event which has so recently occurred. I feel incompetent to perform duties so responsible as those which have been unexpectedly thrown upon me. As to an indication of any policy which may be pursued by me in the administration of the government, I have to say that it must be left for development. As the administration progresses, the message or declaration must be made by the acts as they transpire. The only assurance that I can now give of the future, is reference to the past. The course which I have taken in the past in connection with this rebellion, must be regarded as a guarantee of the future. My past public life has been long and laborious, as I in good conscience believe, upon a great principle of right which lies at the basis of all things.

The best energies of my life have been spent in endeavoring to establish and perpetuate the principles of free government, and I believe that the government in passing through its present perils will settle down upon the principles consistent with popular rights, more permanent and enduring than heretofore. I must be permitted to say, if I understand the feelings of my own heart, I have long labored to ameliorate and elevate the condition of the great mass of the American people.

Toll and an honest advocacy of the great principles of free government have been my lot. The duties have been mine, the consequences are God's. This has been the foundation of my political creed. I feel that in the end the government will triumph, and these great principles will be permanently established.

In conclusion, Gentlemen, let me say that I want your encouragement and countenance. I shall ask and rely upon you and others in carrying the government through its present perils. I feel in making this request, that it will be heartily responded to by you, and all other patriots and lovers of the rights and interests of free people.







