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Maxham & Wing

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RUTH.

When the sunlight kissed the hill-top,
In the dew of early morn,
Ruth went out behind the reapers,
Through the golden shocks of corn.

Patience gleaned with her the pasture,
Hope sobbed softly in her sighs,
Love lit up her trembling features
With a glow of Paradise.

Then said Boaz to the reapers,
"How be all that seek man leaves,
Trouble not the Jewish maiden,
Let her glean among the sheaves."

Long the master loved to linger
Looking backward o'er the plain,
Seeing there a sweeter treasure
Than the Summer-scented grain.

Ruth no longer haunts the pasture,
Sobs no more are heard in vain,
Followers not the other reapers,
Through the dewy fields of morn.

But the harvest songs from meadow,
Slumberous hill-side, billowy plain,
Bear the tidings—"she is mistress
Over all the rustling grain."

Thus when Love and Hope and Patience,
Glean the pastures God has sown,
Sobly angels shall welcome
To the reapers, as his own.

THE OLD PASTOR.

He was an old man—a very old man. Not that he had added up so many years. Not that so many winters and summers had passed over him—not that he had seen so many changing suns, and winter constellations. For it had been often said, until it has become a trite saying, that time in the life of man is not to be measured by the dial, or by events out of his own immediate experience. From very childhood he counts on days as the dates of joys and sorrows, and eagerly hastens forward to or shrinks back from a coming hour.

Doctor Winslow had been an old man ever since I had known him, and that is more years than I will here acknowledge. Older men than I have said the same thing; and I have sometimes puzzled myself with the effort to add up the years of his life and give the sum of them. That he was over eighty, there can be no doubt; any yet his voice was clear, his eyes were not in any manner dimmed—his whole aspect, except at particular times, was that of a stout, strong man.

He was of medium height for a man—not tall nor yet short, not thin nor yet very heavy, not quick in his movements, nor was he feeble or slow. He was very deliberate in all that he said and did, with one only exception, which was this:—

When in the pulpit on Sunday he was a different man from any other day. Then all was activity, eloquence, fervor. His whole soul was in the work of the day, and he looked like a different being. He read the morning chapter with a full, sonorous voice. He gave out the psalms, and he sang them too, with fervor. But when he opened his Bible and lifted his eyes for a moment for help from Heaven, and then proceeded to expound the passage he had selected, he warmed up, and his words glowed, and his hearers were carried away with his simple, fervid, and yet grand utterance.

His parsonage (it was his own; the church built one, but he used his own house) was the perfection of simple comfort. His library it was a luxury to enter. All the fathers looked out from oak shelves, and all the learning of all ages was there with them. Many a rare old volume that it would please an antiquary or a book collector to pay a small fortune for, was there, in the quiet and unpretending collection of the village pastor. He had no mania for old books, but he loved them, and he loved to take one in hand that he never saw before, and sit down for an hour and talk with the author, long since dead and forgotten.

But the social qualities of the Doctor were his most winning. Where he received his doctorate I did not for a long time know, as there was no manifest inducement to any college to confer it; for there was no money, and there were no students likely to come from our village, and we all know that on the other of these expectations is ordinarily necessary to lead a college board to confer a degree. But I learned, at length, that it was one of the oldest institutions in the country which, for once, was led to honor talent and learning, and that astonished the pastor in his quiet village home with the official letter that announced to him that they had seen fit to recommend him to the world as fitted to teach the mysteries of sacred theology.

But in the library every person in his congregation loved to pass an hour with the clergyman; old and young alike found him their companion and friend. I think he by liked the presence of the young; and he would sit for hours among them, telling quaint old stories, or personal recollections, or curious things he had picked up in his reading, and they never tired of listening to him.

He was a widower, but no one knew his wife. He had been the pastor of that church for forty years, but no one had ever heard him name her. He came there a man of middle age. They asked him if he were married, and he replied that he was a widower. That was the only time it was ever spoken of. He had ministered to them for a long time; he had baptized their children and buried their fathers; he had married their young maidens, had counseled their erring sons, had been father, brother, friend, in joy and sorrow; had been the constant, steadfast visitor in days of affliction; had watched with them many nights of agony; had pointed them often to the far-off heaven, where alone there was rest and peace for even the dwellers of that peaceful village, and yet no one had penetrated the old man's soul, or knew from what fountain in his own breast he drew those consolations which experience alone can supply.

Men laugh at love. Men sneer at human affection. Well, let them laugh, let them sneer. There are hours in the experience of every man when he longs for the infolding of a woman's lips, for the soothing of a woman's voice, with unutterable longings. Wait for that hour. Do not attempt to argue with the poor fool of the world, who, in his ignorance of bliss, denies its existence.

It is not necessary to relate the manner in which I became acquainted with the early history of Doctor Philip Winslow. The old man, I think, never knew that I had heard it; and after I had become acquainted with it, I could appreciate a great many quiet things that he said, and many more that he did.

I could understand his long evenings in the still moonlight, his lonesome walks along the bank of the river, his smiles while he sat thinking, his pauses in prayer when he spoke of the remission of the other world. Doubtless the starlight of his young love had been steadfastly shining through all the twilight years of his later life.

The first passage in his early life that I shall refer to is a letter.

He read it over a second time, but it was the same cool, deliberate, final answer. He studied it to extract, if it were possible, some other meaning out of the brief sentences. But he failed in that. He examined the writing to see if there might not be some hesitation in the penmanship, some indication of vacillating thought, uncertain decision, but he found nothing of the sort; every letter was the familiar, firm hand that he knew of old; every curve was regular, every dot and cross was in its place.

There was one word on which he paused long. It was the word "pain." What did she mean by that? Was it of herself she spoke of him? Was it painful to her to thus dismiss him, because she thought he would suffer, and she did not wish to give pain, even to a woman; or was there no such feeling whatever, but only the conviction that he would suffer, and no care on her part whether he did or not?

Whatever it was, it was vain for him to seek any evidence of a willingness on the part of Mary Pierson to be sued for any change of purpose. He knew her heart—the inheritance from a stern old father of the revolutionary times, which was as firm as a rock in its determinations—and he yielded, though it was like yielding life-blood to the knife, for she was of noble nature, and one from whom it was terrible to part.

For fifteen years he had loved her with abounding love. They were children together, had—believed it in his heart of hearts—loved each other all that time. Not all her asseverations now could convince him that she had not loved him for those years; and on calm reflection he was satisfied, even now, that she did not know herself, and that she loved him now. He smiled softly, when he read her letter again, and saw how coolly she said she did not love him. His smile became bitter when he reflected that she was just as determined, and that even a knowledge of her own heart would never serve to effect a change of resolution in that stern woman. I have used the expression "stern woman," for though exceedingly beautiful, and young almost to girlhood, yet she had all the dignity and severity of full-grown womanhood. It was the peculiarity of her nature, which distinguished her from all others, and none knew it better than he.

She was the daughter of an old soldier, and was educated to old ideas and old ways. Born of a wealthy and honored family, she was the admiration of the country; but she was not the admiration of the young men in the country. She was too cold, too far above them, too distant and unapproachable. She never mingled in their merry-makings, never danced at their balls, seldom joined their winter assemblies. She lived constantly with her father, surrounded by books and music, in the old house among the pines, taking her daily ride on horseback, accompanied by an old servant when Philip Winslow was at College, or by Philip when he was at home, and seeing only so much company as formality required. She was one who, while living in a busy, active world, was actually a denizen of another life, and was no more one of us than the inhabitant of a star might be supposed to be.

She was a strange person altogether, and yet very lovely. Her soul was full of fresh, out-gushing feelings that she did not seek to restrain. Had you seen her in company, in her own drawing-room receiving her guests at the hour of morning calls, or in the evening among the gay, most splendidly attired, sweeping through the crowd with all the majesty of a queen, you would have said she was a cold, haughty beauty, the creature of fashion and society, the automaton of the stiffest rules of social life. But had you seen her by the fire in the library of the old place, when Philip Winslow sat by her side, and her father dozed in the large chair, with his claret bottle close to his hand, you would have called her the impersonation of mirth and loveliness, of ease and gentle beauty.

But she dismissed Philip Winslow. And why? She said it was because she did not love him. He said it was because she did not know herself. It happened on this wise:—

There was a dinner party at the old place, known in the country, from the grove in which stood, as "The Pines." The Colonel's dinner invitations were by no means to be declined. He did it, and there were a large majority of bachelors, and there was danger of a serious headache the next morning to any one who did not follow Mary very early from the dining-room; but the Colonel's *scintille* was perfect, and his cellar had warm spots to ripen the Lafite, and cool spots to make the Chamberlain delicious, and withal there was always wit, intelligence, and humor at his table; and, above all, there was a beauty at his head that men might go across oceans but once to look at and be satisfied. After one of these dinner parties, when Mary had left very early, and the gentlemen were at the table still, Philip Winslow followed her up the staircase, and when she was in the drawing-room, and before she had rung for lights, he was at her side and led her to a window, in the deep seat of which he placed her and took his place at her side.

"Mary, I wished to see you to-night before that crowd of fools comes up."

"You are complimentary to our guests."

"I haven't time to talk of that. I am going away to-morrow, or the next day, to be gone one, two, or three years. I know not how long. I can not go without—without—"

"Without what, Philip?"

"We have been friends very long, Mary."

"Many years."

"Can we ever be more than friends?"

She looked into his face. It was very dark, but his eyes were fixed on hers. She knew that. He was close by her. She felt his head bent down to hers. His cheek touched her cheek. It had touched it a thousand times before just so, but she never before trembled as she now did. She was silent; his arm stole slowly around her, and yet she was silent; he drew her to his side, he kissed her forehead, her cheek, her lips, but she did not kiss him or notice it at all.

She was thinking—a flood of thought was pouring through her soul. It might have been one, two, or three minutes, or not so many seconds, while they sat thus, and then a servant's step on the stairs aroused them, and they separated.

Neither was satisfied. He knew her too well to suppose she was conscious of his caresses, and she, though she remembered them, was unable to satisfy herself that she loved him, or should longer permit them.

He did not go the next day. They rode together as usual, and he renewed the conversation. She was prepared for it.

In vain did he argue, and beseech, and implore. Her mind was fixed. She did not love him, except as the dear friend of many years. She would be kind to him, would love him just so always, but he must not ask for any thing more.

That evening he wrote her a long, mad letter, full of all his love, and ended all with saying that he could not be her friend; he must be her husband, or never see her again on this earth. There was no other future for him, and he left her to pronounce the decree of their eternal separation.

And it came in the letter from which I have given the extract.

He was the son of the village clergyman—a poor man, but one of the excellent of the earth, and the fast friend of Colonel Pierson from youth. Some said they were natives of the same village on Long Island, and they certainly had been boys together at school. Philip had no prospects but in his intellect, and no future except such as he was to carve out for himself.

The Colonel had never viewed his intimacy with Mary with any dislike, and it would have been the pleasantest day of his life, that on which he should give his daughter to the son of his friend.

But—he it said without reproaching her, and let no one form an evil opinion of her for it—there was in the heart of Mary Pierson a great ambition, which she had never confessed to herself, and no one else ever dreamed of. In her silent hours of thought she was given to building castles in the air, such as few maidens build. It was not of beauty and its power, or of the homage it could command, that she dreamed. It was of wealth and its magnitude, nor of any of the ordinary limits of female desire. But she looked to the power of a queen. She was not content with the life of a loving woman, reigning in one heart and one circle, nor yet with the realm of beauty and wealth, which were all her own. But secretly, unknown even to herself, she was filling her brain with pictures of the most unsubstantial sort, and wasting the present and its joys in fancies about what could never be realized.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that she indulged herself in any fixed plans or thoughts of such a future. I wish distinctly to explain that all these thoughts were but unbidden fancies, which had their day and vanished, and that she let them come. Her error was in not forbidding them. Many who read this will understand what I mean, and how with all these strange fancies forming the undercurrent of her thoughts and life, she was nevertheless a very gentle, lovely woman.

But she rejected Philip Winslow, and it was because she thought she did not love him. She would not have believed any one who told her that she had looked on her love for him calmly and steadily, and weighed it in her secret soul against those wild fancies and ambitious views; and yet she did just so, and she could not believe she loved him well enough to be his humble wife.

For to-day, for to-morrow, for this little while just before her, it would be delicious. She almost sprang into his arms as she thought of it. But after that, and for a long life—just the calm, steadfast life of his wife and nothing more—she could not believe that was her destiny.

But enough with motives and let us proceed with our story.

The week after that letter was written Philip Winslow was on the sea. Here are extracts from two letters, written a year later.

"Has a year produced any change? It is vain to conceal the simple truth from you, Mary, that I am miserably lonesome without the hope of your love; and I do not see before me one spot so bright as the light that shines through my grave. I have believed that you loved me. I have convinced myself that I can not be mistaken. I have hoped against all your calm assurances. And now, once more, and for the last time, I come and ask for love. Give! Give! or I perish!"

Her reply:

"I said forever, Philip, and it must be so. You are right in believing that I love you. I was wrong in saying that I did not love you. But I do not love you as I wish. We can never be more than friends. Forgive me, Philip, if I sadden you again. You would not let it rest as was. It must be even so. Seek no further to change me—look for no change in me. I have searched my heart through for you, carefully, faithfully. I have removed myself out of myself for the sake of looking at my soul, and Philip, it must be—it must be! I do not even weep on this page in writing it, so cold am I in all this. And when I know that pain is wringing your heart, my own beats steadily as before. God keep you, Philip. Good-by!"

Let us pass over a space of six years that followed the date of the last letter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TARRED CORN FOR CROWS.—It is generally understood that tarring corn prevents crows from destroying it. The Country Gentleman says: "The old remedy of applying tar was always effectual. It was applied by pouring hot water on a bushel of corn in a basket or tub, allowing it to remain only a few seconds to heat the outside of the grain, but not to kill the germ, and then pour on, say a pint of tar, and stir it quickly and rapidly. Every grain will become nicely varnished with it. In the scarcity of common tar, we have been told that gas tar has been tried, and found to injure or destroy the grain."

(An old farmer recently told us that so far as eating the corn was concerned, tar is an effectual preventive; but the crows pull up and pull down to see if they cannot find some that is not tarred, and the only remedy he knew of was to feed them by throwing corn on the

ground, so as to save them the trouble and anxiety about their dinners.—[Eds. Scientific American.]

AMERICAN REBELLIONS.

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin publishes the following interesting sketch of the different rebellions which have occurred in the United States:—

"Before the gigantic rebellion that is now in its death-throes, there have been six insurrections, or so-called insurrections, or attempted insurrections, since the formation of the Federal Government. Some of these outbreaks, or attempted outbreaks, were rather riots, or bloodless demonstrations of popular discontent; but they are generally called insurrections, and it is sufficient for our present purpose to so consider them.

What is popularly known as Shay's rebellion is the first instance of organized resistance to lawful government in the United States. In 1876, Daniel Shay, a citizen of Massachusetts, became the leader of a party of malcontents in the Old Bay State, which had organized to right such grievances as heavy State taxation, the high salary of the Governor, the aristocratic tendencies of the State Senate, and other similar local grievances. It was entirely a family quarrel, and the State troops settled the difficulty by killing three of the insurgents and wounding others. Shay and some of his fellow insurrectionists were captured and subsequently tried, convicted and sentenced to death; but all were finally pardoned, and thus ended Shay's rebellion.

The Whiskey Insurrection in Pennsylvania, toward the close of the administration of President Washington, was a more formidable outbreak. It arose from discontent caused by the heavy excise tax imposed by Congress upon distilled domestic spirits. This insurrection ended without bloodshed, and if we mistake not, a namesake and ancestor of the present rebel General Robert E. Lee held a prominent command in the troops sent to enforce obedience to the laws of the United States.

Burr's enterprise, in 1807, the precise meaning of which has never been clearly made out, but which is believed to have been the intended invasion of Mexico, and the formation of a great Southwestern empire, was the next revolutionary movement. In that case no overt act of treason was committed, and the trial of Burr, in Richmond, resulted in an abandonment of the prosecution by the government, and acquittal of the accused.

Nullification in South Carolina, in 1832, was in its effects, a more mischievous revolutionary effort than either of those that had preceded it; but in this case there was no bloodshed, no overt act of war, and no punishment inflicted upon any of the leaders.

Dorr's rebellion in Rhode Island, nearly or quite a quarter of a century ago, has frequently been referred to by Southern rebels, along with Shay's rebellion, the Whiskey Insurrection and Burr's enterprise, by way of excuse for secession, the main actors in all these movements being northern men. But there is no parallel among any of the cases spoken of. Dorr found Rhode Island governed by an old charter granted the State by Charles II., as far back as 1663. He agitated its repeal, and upon a popular vote its abrogation was ordained, and he was elected governor upon the reform ticket.

Governor King and the charter party which he led refused to recognize the act of the people, claiming that the charter was perpetual and unalterable, that it could not be amended or repealed, and armed resistance was made to the Dorrites. John Tyler, then accidental President, sent United States troops to aid the State forces of Rhode Island in their anti-republican stand, and after a bloodless struggle (except that an innocent cow was shot by mistake by a picket), Governor Dorr was arrested, tried and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He was afterward pardoned, the record of his sentence ordered to be expunged, and he lived to see the old monarchical charter legally abolished, and a republican constitution adopted.

John Brown's famous raid into Virginia, in 1859, comes next in the chronological order among recognized American outbreaks. John Brown, a crack-brained enthusiast, with a score of followers, made war upon Virginia, and in pursuit of a wild project of freeing the slaves in the Old Dominion, he took possession of United States property at Harper's Ferry, and he broke the laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia. That State dealt out harsh justice to the offenders, and but a single soul of them escaped. Those who were not killed in the unequal fight, or murdered after they were made prisoners, were hanged, and Virginia made herself almost ridiculous in her wholesale sanguinary settling of accounts with the raiders, as she had before made herself by her childish fears and trepidation.

The great rebellion which began in 1861, and which now seems to be in its last gasp, is the next outbreak in order. Strangely enough, the nearest parallel to it among all former American insurrections is the John Brown raid. There was blood shed in the case of the latter, every soul of the raiding party, except one who made his escape, either biting the dust in the field or ending his career upon the gallows. But John Brown made war upon what he honestly and enthusiastically believed to be a wrong, and not in support of a crime. John Brown was not educated at the expense of Virginia; he had never sworn specially to support its constitution and its laws, and he never enjoyed high honors and emoluments at the hands of the Commonwealth which he made war upon. Where John Brown was innocent R. E. Lee is guilty. He was educated at the cost of the United States; he enjoyed rank and emolument of his bestowal; he was bound by his oath and his honor to stand by its government, and he failed in both. Where John Brown shed rills of human blood, Robert E. Lee has shed rivers; where John Brown was merciful and kind toward the prisoners who fell into his hands, R. E. Lee allowed Belle Isle, Libby Prison and Andersonville to disgrace humanity; and where John Brown refused to tell a lie to save his life, R. E. Lee has lent his name to statements that he must have known were false.

In everything wicked and criminal, Robert E. Lee is far ahead of John Brown; in generous impulses and manly truthfulness, and true heroism, John Brown, with all his great mis-

take, stood head and shoulders above Robert E. Lee. Gen. Lee was a Lieutenant Colonel in the United States army in 1859, and he took command of the storming party that captured what was left of Brown's force of twenty men. We have never heard that he made any effort to save the brave old enthusiast from the gallows. He must know that his own crime is as much greater than that of John Brown, as the slaveholders' rebellion is greater in its dimensions than the John Brown raid. John Brown sleeps in the grave whither he was sent by Virginia justice, or Virginia terror; Robert E. Lee is at large on the parole of a soldier. Does he appreciate the generosity of northern foes? or does he feel about his throat, in his dreams, the encircling hemp which he must know his crime entitled him to? Yet there is a party of defeated sympathizers with treason, and mawkish sentimentalists in our loyal northern communities, who talk about the 'magnanimity' of Lee, of his soldierly honor, his 'unstained sword,' and all that sort of unqualified bosh. Lee's treason dwarfs that of Arnold; he has been a leader in the most stupendous political crime upon record, and what adds to the enormity of his offense, is the fact that he knew perfectly well that he was doing wrong when he enlisted in the cause of rebellion, for he hesitated long about taking the step when his native State was whirling rapidly into the vortex of insurrection. Admission of such a criminal is only worthy of the source that styled Jeff. Davis a 'stern statesman,' and cast obloquy and reproach upon the President of the United States, in the darkest hour of the greatest peril of the republic."

GRIT.—A peculiar kind of grit, not falling under any of the special expressions I have noted, yet partaking in some degree of all, is illustrated in the character of Lieut. General Grant. Without an atom of pretension or rhetoric, with none of the external signs of energy and intrepidity, making no parade of the immovable purpose, iron nerve, and silent, penetrating intelligence God has put into him, his tranquil greatness is hidden from superficial scrutiny behind a cigar, as President Lincoln's is behind a joke. When anybody tries to coax, cajole, overawe, browbeat, or deceive Lincoln, the President nurses his leg, and is reminded of a story; when anybody tries the same game with Grant, the General listens and smokes. If you try to wheedle out of him his plans for a campaign, he stolidly smokes; if you call him an imbecile and a blunderer, he blandly lights another cigar; if you praise him as the greatest general living, he placidly returns the puff from his cigar; and if you tell him he should run for the Presidency, it does not disturb the equanimity with which he inhales the unsubstantial vapor which typifies the politician's promises. While you are wondering what kind of a man this creature without a tongue is, you are suddenly electrified with the news of some splendid victory, proving that behind the cigar, and behind the face discharged of all tell tale expression, is the best brain to plan and the strongest heart to dare among the Generals of the republic.

[Atlantic for April.]

A DOG-MOURNER.—Describing the funeral procession up Broadway, the New York Times says:—

Under the car there is walking a dog, though invisible from the outside. It is "Bruno," the great St. Bernard dog belonging to Edward H. Merion, Esq. He was standing with his master at the corner of Broadway and Chambers streets, as the car passed by, when suddenly, without warning, and in spite of his master's call to him to return, he sprang into the street, passed beneath the car, followed its motions and is still there. By what instinct was this? For "Bruno" was a friend and acquaintance of Mr. Lincoln's, and had passed some time with him only a few days before his death.

A LONG STRETCH.—The new Atlantic cable, which now is in process of manufacture in England, to be laid next summer, is to be 2,300 miles long, allowing four or five hundred miles for all contingencies; and its core, through which the electricity passes, to be composed of seven strands of the best copper wire, making together over 16,000 miles of copper wire; this is to be enclosed in eight coats or layers of insulating material; amounting to 18,400 miles; then follow ten coatings of jute, making 23,000 miles and ten iron wires making 23,000 more; and as each wire is covered separately with five twists or strands of yarn, making all together a length of material which amounts to 215,500 miles; or sufficient, if placed end to end, to go around the earth nearly nine times, and reaching only 21,500 miles of being enough to rack from the earth to the moon—the latter distance being, as measured by astronomers, 237,000 miles.

JOSH BILLICS ON POULTRY-RAISING.—HENNERY.—The best time to set a hen is when the hen is red. I can tell you what the best brood is, but the Shagbush is the meanest. It costs as much to breed one as it does a stage horse, and you mite as well undertake to raise a fat fanning-mill by running oats thru it. There ain't no profit in keeping a hen for hizz eggs if it a lazy less than 1 a day. Hens are very long-lived, if they don't contract the thrut disease; and there is a grate menny goes to put every year bi this melanckoly disease. I can tell exactly how to pick out a good hen, a general thing, the long eard ones are counted the best.—The long legged ones, i kno, ar the least apt tew skach up the garden. Eggs packed in equal parts of salt and lime water, with the end down, will keep from 30 to 40 years if they are not disturbed.

The Southern General Assembly (Presbyterian) held its meeting in May, 1864, at Charlotte, North Carolina. Of the various funds held in charge for educational and other purposes, \$182,020.46 had been invested in Confederate bonds. The following is from the minutes of the meeting:—"The long-continued agitations of our adversaries have wrought within us a deeper conviction of the divine appointment of domestic servitude, and have led to a clearer comprehension of the duties we owe to the African race. We hesitate not to affirm that it is the peculiar mission of the Southern church to conserve the institution of slavery, and make it a blessing both to master and slave."

GEN. BUTLER'S VIEWS.—General Butler recently addressed his friends at the rooms of the Union League Club in New York City, on which occasion he gave his views upon reconstruction. Having before expressed the opinion—since confirmed by the Supreme Court—that the rebels are alien enemies, he now proceeds to consider how they shall again be brought into political relations with us. He argues that public order must be maintained, life and liberty be made secure, until this question is settled. For such purpose a military governor is recommended until the people shall be found willing and able to take the matter into their own hands, under certain definite conditions as follows:—

"First, That hereafter there should, forever be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except for crime judicially declared. Second, That there cannot exist in the political system of the United States, any such thing as a right of secession by a State. Third, That no person, corporation, municipal or other, or State, could or might ever assume or pay any part of the debt or claim by any person or corporation, State or confederation of States incurred, or in any way arising from or in aid of the late rebellion. Fourth, That any person who had held military, civil or diplomatic offices under the so-called Confederate States, or either of them, or been any agent thereof during the rebellion, should have no political rights in the State, but should be and remain alien thereunto, forever."

Should the people of any State now in rebellion be unable to accept the terms, General Butler would regard it as evidence that they had not yet given up the spirit of rebellion, and proposes to keep them under military rule until emigration or other causes had effected a change of opinion, whether it should be "one year or a century." He finds serious objections to any election of members of Congress, while a State continues under military rule, holding that the exercise of such authority not only infringes on the freedom of the ballot, but disregards the rights of States to a dangerous extent. After an allusion to the effect of bad company on the doctrine of State rights, he defined what he understood by that idea thus:—

"All sovereignty resides in the people. For the management of their domestic concerns the people have chosen the agency of a State. For the management of their national and foreign affairs they have chosen the Federal government. In all that relates to the State the former is the supreme agent. In all that relates to the latter, and the connections of the States to each other, and to the national government, that is supreme."

BOSTON CORBETT.—The New York Correspondent of the Journal gives some interesting incidents in the life of Corbett. He says:—

Sergeant Corbett, who shot Booth, is well known in this city. He was a constant attendant as the Fulton Street meeting, and greatly annoyed it by what was considered his fanaticism. When anything pleased him he would shout, "Amor." "Glory to God," in a sharp, shrill voice. All remembrance was in vain, and he shouted to the very last. He enlisted in the 12th regiment, and made conscience his guide there. He was perpetually in hot water because he would follow the order of his conscience rather than the military order. He prayed in the corner of his tent, regularly night and morning, nor could the taunts or jeers of his associates turn him aside. I have seen him often in the guard-house with his knapsack full of bricks as a punishment, with his testament in his hands, lifting up his voice against swearing, preaching temperance, and calling upon his wild companions to "seek the Lord." One day at a dress parade in Franklin Square, Butterfield cursed and damned the regiment for something he did not like. Corbett stepped out of the ranks and reproved the Colonel for breaking God's law. He was of course put under arrest. He was in a detachment of the New York Sixteenth who were hemmed in by Mosby, near Culpepper. All surrendered except Corbett. He stood out manfully with his revolver and breech-loading rifle. He killed seven men before he surrendered. He brought his man down every time he fired, and as each rebel fell he shouted: "Amor! Glory to God!" just as he used to at the Fulton street meeting. Mosby liked him, and ordered his men not to shoot him. He was a prisoner at Andersonville. He now passes down to history, immortalized as the avenger of the President.

LAW OUR SECURITY.—In every well governed Christian nation the laws are not only reasonable but supreme. They are made with reference to the welfare and happiness of the whole. They contemplate crime in its varied form and manifestation, and provide for its detection and punishment. There are also prescribed methods of enforcing and executing the laws. Sometimes these methods appear to be slow and formal, but still their operation is generally sure and equitable, and justice is secured by an appointed authority in the process of time. Occasions arise when the community is intensely excited, and the impulses of the people are quickened into amazing activity. The disposition then is to arrest the progress of law, and make short the way of its penalty, flustrations of this have been abundant within the last three weeks. Irresponsible persons have been too impatient to wait for proper authorities and fair trials. Acts which had a reasonable look, or the utterance of words on which were placed a treasonable construction, have been met by disgraceful scenes of violence and abuse. In these things there are fearful omens, and dangerous precedents.

We are in favor of punishing treason, and treasonable utterances with due severity. There is no greater crime than this, the law recognizes none greater, and has provided a corresponding penalty. We are not now advocating the abatement of that penalty, or any other by a mob. When we admit the right or propriety even of persons taking the law into their own hands, without regard to the appointed authorities, there is no security left to our families or ourselves, and the example only needs to become general to plunge us into anarchy, and introduce an order of things as fearful as the "reign of terror" in the bloodiest days of revolutionary France. If we would feel secure in person or property, we must frown upon everything tending to the disregard of law and proper authority. For in these is our only security. Though sometime the processes of law seem slow in their operations, and tardy in their results, we must be patient. It is hazardous to allow impulse to control us. Mobs have no reason, feel no responsibility, and should not have the least encouragement. We must be a law-abiding people, or our boasted liberties will be but a mockery.—Zion's Advocate.

Mr Holden, editor of the Standard who is suggested for Governor, takes decided ground against the restoration to power of Governor Vance and the existing Legislature. He favors the adoption of the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, and of recognizing the Constitution of the United States as paramount to any State constitution.

Waterville Mail.

KPH. MAXHUM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, MAY 12, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seelye Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertises 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 "MAXHUM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

NATIONAL DEBTS AND U. S. STOCKS.

The creation of national debt is not a modern improvement, but the ability of a great nation to provide for a great debt, and to make it the most convenient and best form of personal property, is a modern wonder. The debt of Great Britain was begun by raising a million sterling by loan in 1692, and when her great contest with Louis XIV., was terminated, the debt had reached fifty millions. Many statesmen and economists were then alarmed at the great burden which had been imposed upon the industry of the country, but when the war of the Austrian succession had swelled this amount to eighty millions, Macaulay says that historians and orators pronounced the case to be desperate. But when war again broke out, and the national debt was rapidly carried up to one hundred and forty millions, men of theory and business both pronounced that the fatal day had certainly arrived. David Hume said that, although, by taxing its energies to the utmost, the country might possibly live through it, the experiment must never be repeated, even a small increase might be fatal. Granville said the nation must sink under it unless some portion of the load was borne by the American Colonies, and the attempt to impose this load produced the war of the revolution, and, instead of diminishing, added another hundred millions to the burden. Again, says Macaulay, was England given over, but again she was more prosperous than ever before. But when at the close of her Napoleonic wars in 1816, this debt had been swelled up to the enormous sum of over eight hundred millions sterling, or four thousand three hundred million dollars, or nearly one-half the entire property of the United Kingdom, the stoutest heart, the firmest believer in national progress and national development, might well have been appalled. But in the very face of this mountain of obligation,—to say nothing of her vast colonial possessions,—the property of the British nation has been more than trebled, and her debt is now a charge of but twelve and a half per cent. against it. All that Great Britain has done in paying her debt, we shall do, and more, with ours. We have vast territories untouched by the plow, mines of all precious metals of which we have hardly opened the doors, a population full of life, energy, enterprise and industry, and the accumulated wealth of money and labor, of the old countries pouring into the lap of our giant and ever-to-be-united republic. During the fiercest and most exhausting of all possible wars, we have demonstrated our national strength—and all the world over, national strength is but another name for national credit. "As good as United States Stocks" will soon be synonymous the world over with "as good as British Consols."

For our part, we think a U. S. Treasury note, bearing seven and three-tenths annual interest, is just as much better than British Consols as the rate of interest is higher. Some of our timid brethren, who shipped their gold to London and invested in consols, are now glad to sell out and invest at home at a round loss,—and serves them right.

APPOINTMENTS.—The following appointments were made at the recent session of the Methodist Episcopal Conference at Hallowell:—Joseph Colby, Presiding Elder of the Gardiner District, and Aaron Sanderson, of the Redfield District.

Gardiner, Charles C. Mason; Lewiston, Howard B. Abbott; Auburn, R. J. Ayer; Augusta, David B. Randall; Hallowell, John M. Caldwell; Sidney and North Augusta, John M. Andrews; Kendall's Mills, James W. Hathaway; Fairfield, Alva Hatch; West Waterville, Joseph P. Weeks; Skowhegan, Charles Munger; Solon, Daniel Waterhouse; Madison and Anson, Jonathan Fairbanks; Mercer and Norridgewock, Sam'l Paine; East Wilton, Temple and Weld, Roscoe Sanderson; Fayette, Heman Nickerson; Winthrop, Pascal E. Brown; Kent's Hill and Readfield Corner, Stephen Allen.

Henry P. Torsey, President, and Francis A. Robinson, Joseph L. Morse and John T. Brownell, Professors in the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College—members of Kent's Hill and Readfield Quarterly Conference. Stephen Allen, Financial Agent of Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College.

WATERVILLE ACADEMY.—This institution which is under the care of Mr. A. D. Small, has just closed a very successful term, during which the whole number of pupils in attendance was 98, the average being 87. See advertisement of summer term in another column.

The following communication has been handed in by one of our citizens, whose duty it is to see that law and order are regarded, in the hope that if attention is called to the evil complained of a resort to harsher measures may be obviated.

ROWDYISM.—We regret to learn that the principal teacher of the Waterville Academy has been compelled to apply to the judicial authorities of this town, for security and protection of his school and the Lyceum connected with it, against interruption and annoyance by certain fast and rowdyish young gentlemen and ladies, who have no higher sense of propriety than to enter the school or Lyceum, not as scholars or students, but as spectators, without invitation from the teacher, and for the purpose of disturbing and annoying those engaged in the exercises of the school and Lyceum and of treating the teacher with contempt and abuse.

It is apparent that some of the persons alluded to, went there for the purpose of malicious mischief, by injuring the books, etc., or, by their disorderly conduct, to make their removal from the premises by force necessary and thereby give them an opportunity to get up a fight and riot.

The exhibition of themselves, made by some of those young gentlemen, gave too much reason to believe that the sale and improper use of intoxicating liquors has not been altogether suppressed in our village. Nor did the deportment of those young ladies show that politeness and decency had been made a special study by them or an important part of their training and home education. We hope the parents and guardians of these young people will take this matter in hand and apply the remedy before it is too late, and before their gray hairs are brought in sorrow to the grave. We forbear further disclosures on this subject for the present, only adding that, from what we learn, it is high time that rowdies infesting the grounds of the Academy and of our public schools, should receive some decided rebuke and unmistakable mark of public disapprobation.

TICONIC VILLAGE CORPORATION.—At the adjourned meeting on Monday last, the following officers were elected:—

Jos. Percival, *Supervisor*.
C. R. McFadden, *Treasurer*.
J. Nye, *Auditor*.
W. A. Caffrey, *Chief Engineer*.
J. Nye, 1st Asst " "
C. M. Morse, 2d " "
J. Nye, J. B. Bradbury, C. M. Morse, E. L. Getchell, H. W. Getchell, Jos. Percival, Wm. Dyer, Noah Boothby, Wm. Getchell, *Fire Wards*.

The Chief Engineer was not present to report; but the Supervisor, Auditor and Treasurer presented reports, showing the Corporation to be in debt to the amount of \$350, which included the pay of the two engine companies for their services the past year. A vote was passed providing for the ringing of one of the bells during the coming year and taking care of the town clock; and, after some remarks upon the importance of the office of Firewards, the clerk was directed to notify the persons chosen to that office of their appointments, and the Supervisor was directed to provide them with staves of office that they may be recognized and obeyed.

It was voted to raise \$150 for each of our engine companies for their services during the present year provided they keep up a full force, and the Supervisor was authorized to raise a sum of money by loan, not exceeding \$800, to pay the outstanding debts of the corporation and the current expenses.

Beverly Tucker and Geo. N. Sanders have issued a manifesto, denying all knowledge of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, whom they hypocritically term "our Christian President," and impudently charging the plot upon President Johnson! They also offered to stand trial, if their safety from lawless violence was guaranteed and their expenses paid; but they have since disappeared from Montreal.

Gen. Meredith, commanding District of Western Kentucky, has summoned all the bands of armed men acting in open hostility against the government of the United States, operating within his district, to surrender before the 20th of May, on the terms granted to Lee, otherwise they shall be regarded and treated as outlaws.

JEFF. DAVIS was reported at Charlotte, S. C. on the 26th of April, which place he left at the approach of Sherman. He had an escort of about three thousand men, and a train of twenty wagons. In a recent speech at Charlotte he promised to have another army in the field, larger than ever before; and as he is bound for Texas, it is supposed that he will try to make another stand in that State, where the rebel leaders still maintain a defiant attitude. An overwhelming force will of course be sent to that section immediately, if the government finds that it is needed. It is to be hoped that Davis will be caught before he reaches Texas.

To mark their disapprobation of Mr. George S. Hillard, one of the bitterest writers in that worst of copperhead papers, the Boston Courier, the School Committee of the city of Cambridge recommend that his series of readers be thrown out of the schools and that Sargent's be used instead.

The trial of the conspirators has been commenced before a military commission at Washington, but the proceedings will not be made public until the conclusion.

DICK TAYLOR's forces, in Alabama and Mississippi have surrendered, as well as Jeff. Thompson's in Arkansas.

OUR TABLE.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for April, contains nine articles, as follows:—
Miss Marjoribanks, Part 3; Cornelius O'Dowd on Men and Women, Part 14; Dress; The Hind; The Laws of Short Wrist; John Leech; Etienne; Piccadilly, Part 2; Earl Russell. This last is a political article, Blackwood being Tory in its opinions.

For 1863 the American publishers printed an extra edition of the four British Reviews, and they will supply a few full sets at half price; \$4 for the entire sets.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 38 Walker st., New York. Terms of Subscription: For any one of the four Reviews \$4 per annum; any two Reviews \$7; any three Reviews \$10; all four Reviews \$12; Blackwood's Magazine \$4; Blackwood and three Reviews \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$16—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be 50 cents a year.

A correspondent at Columbus, Ohio, gives us a detailed and highly graphic account of the reception of the body of President Lincoln at that place; showing that Ohio was in no respect behind other State in her patriotic regard for our murdered chief magistrate. The display resembled that in all the large cities through which the melancholy but magnificent cortege passed, so that its publication would be but a repetition to our readers of what they have already read. Our friend has our thanks—more especially as his letter informs us of the locality of one of the many promising graduates of our college. We hope to receive further favors.

HON. J. B. HALL has retired from the Portland Evening Courier, relinquishing his interest to Mr. I. N. Felch. A. G. Tenney, Esq., of the Brunswick Telegraph, has taken the editorial charge of the Courier. With his ability and experience he can easily make a spicy, readable paper; and we hope that his new location will work a change in his political opinions that will make his labors more acceptable to a loyal community.

IN THE SPRING, nature comes forth in fresh beauty to cheer and gladden the heart of man; and the ladies, wisely imitating nature, add to their charms by renovating and renewing their apparel. To enable them to do this with good taste and at the same time economically, the Misses Fisher—public benefactors to a certain extent—have obtained from the headquarters of fashion all those unique and beautiful devices in vogue, which they will no doubt be pleased to bestow upon those who take a fancy to them. See the advertisements in this week's paper.

PROF. YOUNG, the mystic, will give a series of unique performances at Town Hall, Friday, Saturday, and Monday evenings. The Prof. comes highly recommended by the press and public, in cities and towns where he has held his entertainments. His tricks are splendid, his gifts valuable and bona-fide. At Lewiston, he gave for principal gifts a \$50 silver tea set, a \$50 chamber suite, also a \$50 trumpet to the Fire Department, besides 149 other presents each evening. Full particulars in programmes of the day.

EMIGRANTS FOR MEXICO are entering their names briskly in our large cities, the English of which is that men are enlisting for the liberal army in that country. Trouble is brewing for Maximilian.

THREE persons were baptized at the Bay, on Sunday last, by Rev. Mr. Pepper, and admitted to the Baptist church. Two persons were also admitted to the Congregational church on the same day.

We learn from the Washington Star that Mount Vernon is in a good state of preservation, since the scouting parties of both armies have always regarded it as neutral ground, have never molested it. The agent of the Mount Vernon Association remains at the mansion, and is a bitter secessionist, not having visited Alexandria since the war, in consequence of the necessity of taking the oath.

The New York Post publishes a letter from R. M. Blatchford to C. A. Seward, in which the writer says, after referring to the condition of Secretary Seward and his son, Payne, the assassin, has fully confessed his crime and all the details respecting it, and the difficulties he encountered. He says that all the plans of that Friday night not being carried out was the greatest failure that ever was.

GEN. BURNSIDE.—The Providence Journal pays just tribute to the worth of Major Gen. Burnside, whose resignation repeatedly pressed upon the government, was accepted on the 15th ult. To the following we respond with a hearty amen.

Everywhere and at all times he has done his whole duty. In the darkest hours of the war, when many hearts desponded, he never wavered or doubted. Full of confidence in our superior power, and full of the most implicit faith in the principle that God must give us the victory because our cause was just, he had the happy faculty of inspiring all those around him, his friends, the audience he addressed, and his own army with the same hope which lighted up his heart. One of the first regular army officers to approve heartily of Mr. Lincoln's emancipation policy, he was also one of the first to favor the arming of black troops, and one of the most successful in training them for action.

GOV. CONY has appointed Rev. Edward Ballard of Brunswick, Superintendent of Common Schools, in place of A. P. Stone, Esq., declined. Mr. Ballard is Rector of the Episcopal church at Brunswick, is well known as Secretary of the Maine Historical Society, and is a gentleman of ability and thorough culture.

It is known in Raleigh that the President will not recognize Gov. Vance nor his government.

"**PERLEY**" of the Boston Journal says there is no shadow of truth in the statement that Booth's head and heart were removed and deposited in the Medical Museum at Washington. He also says the bullet which caused his death divided the spinal marrow, and must have caused almost immediate paralysis.

The wounded men of the First Maine Cavalry are being sent home at the instance and on the order of Gen. Sheridan for "meritorious conduct in action," as Phil. says. He reports to the Secretary of War that the First Maine Cavalry is the best fighting regiment he ever saw, and that they deserve all the care they will ever get.

A gentleman from North Carolina represents the troops of Joe Johnston's late army to be in a state of demoralization and uncontrollable by their officers, several of whom they had killed for the specie believed to be in their possession.

A number of citizens of New York, among whom are Moses Taylor, August Belmont, Thurlow Weed, Marshall O. Roberts, and others, have made up the handsome purse of \$1600 for the brave soldier, Robinson, who, while acting as nurse, saved Secretary Seward's life. The money has been received by Mr. Seward, and will be at once presented to Mr. Robinson, who is recovering from his injuries slowly, at Douglas Hospital.

The President has issued an executive order re-establishing the authority of the United States in Virginia, and directing the Attorney-General to enforce the laws and to proceed to the confiscation and sale of property subject to confiscation. He also recognizes Francis H. Pierpont as Governor of the State of Virginia. Governor Pierpont, it is said, will proclaim all civil officers in Virginia vacant, and order a new election.

CHINESE-JAPAN MANIFESTO.—Our readers will find matter for thought and argument in an advertisement with this heading in our columns. Let both sides of this matter be discussed, and then justice will be done.

The President is said to have prepared a proclamation declaring all vessels sailing under the Confederate flag, pirates. They are to be pursued, and if captured to be treated as such.

HON. W. A. P. DILLINGHAM, late Speaker of the House of Representatives in this State, gave a eulogy, in Natchez, on President Lincoln, which the Courier of that city speaks of as an eloquent production.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A MONUMENT.—The colored people of Washington have organized an Association for the erection of a building to the memory of President Lincoln, to be devoted to "God, Literature, Science and Art," and the education of colored people as teachers and missionaries.

FONDLY CLINGING TO THE DELUSION.—The London Morning Herald, even after the surrender of Lee, clings to the delusion that the South is still able to protract the struggle. The Herald advises the North to compromise and not drive the South to desperation, or—

"If the worst comes to the worst, the defenders of the lost Confederacy may cross the Rio Grande and offer their swords to the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico. Armed bands of guerrillas, rallying forth from the mountains, finding a refuge in the swamps, befriended by cottagers and planters in every State of the South, may prey upon the Federal commerce, cut off in detail the Federal garrison, and keep up the war in a desultory and predatory fashion. The opportunities of Southern resistance are not yet over, and by continuing the war in some fashion or another the South may yet succeed in tring out its foes."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—Bishop Simpson, in his funeral oration at the grave of President Lincoln, at Springfield, Ill., thus alluded to what will always be regarded as the great act of the deceased President, and which will make his name immortal:

But the great act of the mighty chief, on which his fame shall rest long after his frame shall moulder away, is that of giving freedom to a race. We have all been taught to revere the sacred character of Moses, of his power, and the prominence he gave to the moral law, how it lasts, and how his name towers among the names in heaven, and how he delivered three millions of his kindred out of bondage, and yet we may assert that Abraham Lincoln, by his proclamation, liberated more enslaved people than ever Moses set free, and these not of his kindred or his race.

Such a power or such an opportunity God has seldom given to man. When other events shall have been forgotten; when this world shall have become a network of Republics; when literature shall enlighten all minds; when the claims of humanity shall be recognized everywhere, this act shall still be conspicuous on the pages of history; and we are thankful that God gave Abraham Lincoln the decision, wisdom, and grace to issue that proclamation which stands high above all other papers which have been penned by uninspired men."

TWO MORE VICTIMS.—Died in the rebel prison at Salisbury, N. C., on the 27th of December last, Mr. Phineas Bates aged 47 years and 10 months; December 25th, Isaac W. Bates, son of Phineas Bates, aged 16 years, 9 months. They were formerly residents of Waterville, but a few years ago moved to the town of Washburn, Aroostook Co., where they enlisted in Co. F. 31st Maine Regiment.

SUDDEN DEATH.—We regret to record the sudden demise of one of our active and highly respected citizens—James S. Ellis—who was in his usual health on Monday last, when he went to Boston on business engagements. He returned on Tuesday noon, and died at 1 o'clock, P. M. He had been troubled with heart complaint for some time previous to his death, and his sudden demise was probably due to that cause.—[Middlesex Journal.]

The deceased was the second son of Mr. Russell Ellis, and formerly resided in Waterville.

HIPALUTIN.—The Bowling Green Democrat is suffering from an attack of "dictionary on the brain." Witness the following effusion:—

Eel river, Jordan creek and Six Mile run are all spanned by congealed liquid. The variegated conglomerations of oriental and meridian summer, as well as the multitudinous mass of classic beauties that bedecked (their circumfluous meandering a few weeks since, are encompassed in the envolving chilliness of the Ice King's stoical embrace. Another visitation of superlative intensity from the uninhabitable regions of frigidity and miniature, specimens of the sublimity of the handiwork of the Grand Architect, as well as untrammelled mutability whose more colossal stature approximates a greater degree of proximity thereto, may confine effectually to their pedal extremities the engorged production to the artistic workman, and glide with the impetuosity of the wind's crowning velocity, along the umbrageous shores and o'er their voluminous and lubricious surface, to the unparalleled consternation of minks, musk-rats and water-moccasins, who will feel it to their holes quicker than a sow would bite a pumpkin!

Were the rivers frozen and was the skating good? That's what we want to know.

JOHNSTON'S CAPITULATION.—Included in Johnston's surrender were Admiral Raphael Semmes, Commodores Lynch and Forrest, and the entire confederate navy, consisting of a brigade of 246 seamen. The most noted of the generals paroled were Johnston, Beauregard, Hardee, S. J. Lee, A. P. Stewart, Hoke, A. P. Hill and B. F. Cheatham.

One-fifth of the men, the most trustworthy, being selected, retain arms for the purpose of keeping the rest in order, and a sufficient number of wagons were allowed for the transportation of supplies. The number of officers and men thus made prisoners and paroled is 28,000, and with them were turned over 108 pieces of artillery, with caissons and equipments. Thousands of men had already irregularly left for home, taking with them many hundreds of the best mules and horses.

General Johnston issued an order of farewell to his army, exhorting the soldiers to observe the terms of capitulation, and discharge the obligations of good and patriotic citizens, assuring them of the popular admiration of the courage and noble devotion shown by them in a long war, and expressing his own warm friendship for them, and earnest wishes for their future prosperity and happiness.

In conversation General Johnston expressed a regret that Booth had not been taken alive, so that the conspirators might be discovered. He deeply deplored the murder of the President as an infernal and horrible crime, and declared he did not believe it in any way the work of Southerners, who by it lost their best friend. He thought it now the duty of the South to gracefully submit to the force of circumstances, and said the sooner the breach between the belligerent sections should be healed, the better for the country and mankind.

Johnston said Jeff. Davis did not leave his lines till the conclusion of Sherman's truce, and a member of the General's staff said Davis was at Monroe, N. C., April 26th, with escort of two thousand cavalry. His destination was understood to be some point on the coast of Florida.—[Cor. Bost. Adv.]

AFFAIRS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Charleston correspondence of the New York Herald of the 1st instant, says Gen. Potter's expedition to the interior had returned after destroying an immense amount of rebel property. Guerrillas are troublesome again in the southern part of the State. Another strong force of national troops is to be sent out soon through the State. The rebel ram Columbia has been raised and found to be in good condition. The secessionists of Charleston were wild with joy at the assassination of President Lincoln and the women are said to have fallen on their knees and thanked God for the enormous crime.

PROGRESS OF THE SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.—The new currency loan is meeting with a most gratifying degree of success, the subscriptions during the past week being remarkably large, even by comparison with previous announcements. The daily subscriptions during last week were as follows:—Monday, \$5,173,900; Tuesday, \$5,231,100; Wednesday, \$7,261,300; Thursday, \$6,103,350; Friday, \$7,437,150; and Saturday, \$9,158,400. The total for the week is \$40,887,150, giving a daily average of \$5,731,191 2-3.

The daily subscription to this loan is now about \$15,000,000.

GOLD has been as low as \$1.28, but now stands at \$1.32.

THE ATTEMPT TO INFECT NORTHERN CITIES.—A despatch from Halifax states that the Bermuda papers contain long accounts of the judicial investigation at St. Georges, on the attempt of Dr. Blackburn to introduce yellow fever into New York, Philadelphia and other cities. Blackburn visited Bermuda, ostensibly on a philanthropic mission in connection with the yellow fever. Evidence proves he collected while there bedding and clothing taken from fever patients, purchased and infected new clothing and packed it in trunks, which were left in charge of parties with orders to forward them to New York in the spring. One witness testified that Blackburn represented himself as a confederate agent, whose mission was the destruction of the Northern masses. It was also shown that several persons connected with the agency of the Confederate States were cognizant of the facts. It was stated that there were ten trunks, three of which were found and the contents burned by the Board of Health. Blackburn is well known in the provinces as a leading and ultra rebel.

Dr. Blackburn, who is also charged with complicity in the assassination of the President, was arrested at St. Louis on Saturday, by order of the War Department.

Jeff. Davis married the daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor. The marriage was a clandestine one, and took place at a hotel in Illinois. Gen. Taylor disliked Davis, and in his rough way denounced him as "an unprincipled scoundrel and hypocritical adventurer." He refused to recognize any relationship, till at the battle of Buena Vista, when Davis, then a Mississippi Colonel, displayed great bravery and skill. Then Gen. Taylor advanced, gave him his hand and forgave him the larceny of his daughter.

Roger A. Pryor, in 1860, declared in a public speech that "the first anti-slavery President who was elected would be assassinated, and if there was no other person to do the deed, he would be the Brutus to plant the dagger in his breast."

VENERABLE CLERGYMAN DECEASED.—Rev. David Thurston, familiarly known as "Father Thurston," died, as we learn from the Lewiston Journal, at his residence in Litchfield on Sunday afternoon, in the 87th year of his age, after a brief illness. Mr. Thurston entered the ministry in 1806, and was settled over the Congregationalist Church in Winthrop. He continued in this pastorate for over forty-five years. He then removed to Prospect where he preached about six years, at the end of which time he was settled over the Congregationalist Church in Litchfield where he continued till the time of his decease. Mr. Thurston was one of the earliest and most prominent abolitionists of Maine, and attended the first abolition convention held in Philadelphia. To the day of his death he took a particular interest in all the movements calculated to call attention to the wickedness of American slavery. His life was spared long enough for him to look upon the Republic preserved and redeemed.—[Port. Press.]

"SHALL THE NEGRO HOLD OFFICE?"—Our usually correct neighbor of the San Jose Courier publishes an article on "The Negro," in which the writer, endeavoring to prove the disqualification of the colored man for citizenship, propounds the above-mentioned question. To put the question in its proper shape.—Shall the people be permitted to decide who shall hold office? for this is the real issue involved. The theory of our Government is that the people select their best men for the various offices in their gift, although they do not always do it. If a negro is the best man in the community for any certain office, and a majority of the electors prefer him for the position, why should there be any constitutional bar to his election? In such contingency the question assumes the shape we have given it. "Shall the negro hold office?" Certainly not—unless a majority of the people say so. And when they do so determine they are slaves themselves if prohibited.—Shall an ignorant and incompetent white man hold office? The question is alike inconsistent. It is equally before the law that we demand for the negro—nothing less and nothing more. Social equality, amalgamation, and all such mythical absurdities are conditions which will regulate themselves.

GEORGE A. SALA ON AMERICAN LANDSCAPE SCENERY.—Sala who has vividly traced the American people and comforted their enemies in the South, has written a book in which he is compelled to do homage to Nature's work on this Western Continent. Speaking of the scenery in autumn he says:—

An untravelled European, looking for the first time on a representation of autumnal scenery, say by such an artist as Bierstadt, or Hart or Kensett, or those two great masters of aerial perspective, Church and Gignoux, whom I have already named might be apt to think the brilliancy of colors exaggerated, the suddenness of contrast forced and unnatural.

I have seen at Niagara—on the thickly wooded hills of Vermont, in the valley of the George and Champlain, but especially on the shores of the Hudson river, trees and shrubs that were in color scarlet as the soldier's coat, as yellow as an orange, as crimson as blood, purple as a king's mantle, as blue, aye, as blue as a turquoise. The hues are literally as bright as those of the plumage of tropical birds; but the contrast of color, bold as it is, very seldom becomes inharmonious. The exquisitely pure atmosphere seems to tone down and refine everything. It is a new revelation in local color; but a revelation which all who run may read.

After gazing all one dismal day at the dingy colored waters as they thundered over the Falls at Niagara, the clouds broke away and Sala saw:—

With a burst like the sound of a trumpet, the sudden sun came out. God bless him; there he was; and there, too, in the midst of the falling waters, was set the everlasting bow. The rainbow shone out upon the cataract; the sky turned blue; the bright clarionet had served to call all nature to arms; the very birds that had been flapping dully over the spray throughout the morning began to sing; and looking around me I saw that the whole scene had become glorified. There was light and color everywhere. The dark hills glowed. The boulders of ice sparkled like gems. The snow was all bathed in iris tints—crimson, yellow, and blue, and green, and orange, and violet. The white houses and Belvedere started up against the azure like the mosques and minarets of Stamboul, and, soaring high behind the bow, was the great pillar of spray, glancing and flashing like an obelisk of diamonds. And it was then I began, as many men have begun, perchance, to wonder at and to love Niagara.

A letter from Memphis, in the Congregationalist of this week, states that in the month of March, 1849 colored children were connected with the schools in that city; that in the course of a few months a thousand negroes have learned to read, so that scores of them now take and read a daily newspaper, and that during the last six months the negroes of the place have paid \$3720 for school purposes.

The Nation, a new paper in the interest of the freedmen, is soon to appear in New York, under the auspices of the National Freedmen's Aid Union. It will be edited by Wendell Phillips Garrison, aided by Edmund Quincy, John G. Whittier, Mrs. Child, and other eminent anti-slavery writers.

REMOVAL OF PREJUDICES.—The Boston Advertiser, speaking of the miserable subservience to the slaveholding interest, which, as long marked our political history, says "it is refreshing at this day to see from what an age of prejudice and almost fanaticism on the question of negro troops, we have advanced. The measure, it was said, would embitter the contest, would disgust our own white soldiers and disorganize the army. Time and experience have proved the absurdity of these arguments; and, in the providence of God, this nation has at length reached a frame of mind in which it will do what it thinks wise and right, no matter who may choose to be irritated or exasperated or disgusted."

A correspondent of the New York Independent, in the issue of last week, gives a fuller account than we have before seen of the origin of that beautiful hymn,

"Nearer my God to Thee."

It was written by Mrs. Sarah Hosmer Adams, an English lady, who died in London in 1849. The writer says, "If any thing more than the praise of her friends could have gladdened Mrs. Adams, it would, I am sure, have been to know how universally that hymn has been received and approved, particularly in this country. I have noticed its quotation by Theodore Parker, the Roman Catholic, the Congregationalist, and Presbyterian—in fact it has been adopted by the church-universal as the outpouring and longing, not of a broken spirit, oh no! but of a loving child to a Father."

MISCELLANY.

THE GEOLOGIST TO HIS LOVE.

Some busy gnomes have been at work
To rob my mine of its precious store;
And changed my heart to pumice stone;
That was my heart to geology;
It seems to be as tender now
As crumbling mica slates,
And its component parts are in
A strange transition state.
Your charms are printed on my brain
In carboniferous words,
As plainly as on Hadley rocks
The tracks of ancient birds.
And strata of new feelings, love,
Crop out as strong and bold
As sandstone from the hillside crops
Above the rocks of old.
And through my daily life there run
The most delightful thoughts,
As run a thread of precious ore;
Through cloud auriferous quartz;
And as the secondary rocks
The primal overlap;
So this alluvial sentiment
Is quite distinct from trap!

Beneath your gaze I do believe
Basaltic boulders thrill,
And that Mount Tom itself would throw
Obsequious to his will.
So might your glances turn a brick
To purple amethyst,
And change to passion's willing slave
A cold theologian.

The humid rays your eyes emit
Would warm a stagnate mine;
And their electric influence
Prismatic love.
Then look with favor as I fling
Impulsive, break and crush
As I would break a block of flint,
Medieval life to find.

I have no doubt that love can claim
Volcanic origin,
And that the arterial flow is where
Its subtle fires begin.
Its cable permeates my life,
As lustre does the spar,
And courses through my tingling veins
Like fumes of cinabar.

Then prythee fix the happy theme—
The incandescent hour,
When comes the love that makes me true
To deck our bed with bow;
And if some tender ardor
Should answer Hyacin's knock,
Will classify the specimens
My love, as cradle rock!

TRUE & MANLEY,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

Corner of Bridge and Water Streets,
AUGUSTA, ME.

H. W. TRUE, J. H. MANLEY.
Particular attention paid to the collection of Debts.

DR. WISTARS

BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY,
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR
CONSUMPTION.

and acknowledged by many prominent physicians to be
the most reliable preparation ever introduced
for the relief and cure of all

LUNG COMPLAINTS.

This well known remedy is offered to the public, sanctioned
by the experience of over forty years, and when resorted to
in season, is found to be the most reliable
remedy for CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA,
WHOPPING-COUGH, HOARSENESS, FAISNS or
SORENESS IN THE CHEST AND SIDE,
BLEEDING AT THE LUNGS,
LIVER COMPLAINTS, &c.

Its complete success in many cases of CONSUMED CONSUMPTION
has reversed the opinion so long entertained, that
this much dreaded disease is incurable.

To those who have already made use of this Remedy, an
appeal is necessary. To those who have not, we have only
to refer them to the written testimonials of many of our most
distinguished citizens, who have been restored to health when
the expectation of being cured was indeed a "far from hope."

We have space only for the following

Reliable Testimony.

PAIDFORD, Me., April 28, 1861.

Dr. SETH W. FOWLE & Co.,
Gentlemen:—Seeing numerous certificates in the Maine
Farmer endorsing the merits of that great Lung Remedy,
WISTARS' BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, I have been induced
to take great pleasure in giving publicity to the great cure
it accomplished in my family. My son, Henry A. Archer, now
Postmaster at Fairfield, Somerset County, Me., was afflicted
with spitting of blood, cough, weakness of lungs, and general
debility, so much so that our family physician declared him
to have a "Starvation Consumption." He was under medical
treatment for a number of months, and received no benefit
from it. At length I was induced to purchase one bottle of
WISTARS' BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, and after using it for
another, which in a short time restored him to his usual state
of health. I think I can safely recommend this remedy to
all in like condition, for it is, in my judgment, the
best—THE GREAT LUNG REMEDY FOR THE TIMES!

The above statement is my voluntary offering
to you in favor of your Balsam, and is at your disposal.

As ever, yours,
ANDREW ARCHER.

Cerygmen, Lawyers, Singers,
and all those whose occupation requires an unusual exercise
of the vocal organs, will find this the ONLY REMEDY which
will effectively and instantaneously relieve their difficulties.
This remedy, unlike most others, is not only not narcotic,
but is extremely

PLEASANT TO TASTE.

A small quantity allowed to pass over the irritated part at
once removes the difficulty.

Wistars' Balsam of Wild Cherry
is prepared by

SETH W. FOWLE & CO.,
15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON,
and is for sale by all druggists.

RED DING'S RUSSIA SALVE
HEALS OLD SORES.

RED DING'S RUSSIA SALVE
CURES BURNS, SCALDS, CUTS.

RED DING'S RUSSIA SALVE
CURES WOUNDS, BRUISES, SPRAINS.

RED DING'S RUSSIA SALVE
CURES BOILS, ULCERS, CANCERS.

RED DING'S RUSSIA SALVE
CURES SALT RHEUM, PILES, EYES, ELAS.

RED DING'S RUSSIA SALVE
CURES RINGWORMS, CORNS, ETC.

NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT!
ONLY 25 CENTS A BOX.

For sale by
SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, Mass.,
and by all druggists and country storekeepers.

FURBISH & PITMAN,
(Successors to Dill & Co.)

Dealers in the following celebrated Cook Stoves:
Matches, Superior, Household, and
Also, for the Chamber Stoves of various patterns. As
we have a very large stock of the above Stoves we will sell at
very low prices, in order to reduce our stock.

ALSO DEALERS IN
Hardware, Iron and Steel, Pipes, Oils, Nails, Glass, Tin
J. FURBISH, 208 N. WATER ST., BOSTON.

One door north of Post Office, Main Street, Waterville.

A New Programme.

S. T. MAXWELL

is prepared to manufacture GOLF BOOTS at prices to suit
customers, from \$12 Dollars upwards; also Sewed Golf
Boots at fair prices, and the best of material.

Repairing Done at Short Notice.

From 75 to 80 cents per pair. Tapping done from
75 to 80 cents per pair. Good stock and in good style.
Please call and see for yourself.

PICKLES!
A CHOICE article, just opened at
W. CLIPMAN'S,
Cor. Main and Temple Sts.

Dress Buttons
All kinds. Just received by the
MISSISSIPPI.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

No. 2, Boutelle Block,

J. F. ELDEN'S,
Carpet and Crockery Store

J. F. ELDEN would respectfully inform the citizens of Wa-

terville and vicinity, that he has taken the store formerly

known as

E. T. Elden & Co.'s Carpet and Crockery Store,

No. 2, BOUTELLE BLOCK,

where he will keep constantly on hand a large assortment of

New and choice Styles Carpets, Crockery

and Glass Ware, Britannia Ware,

Cutlery and Feathers.

A full assortment of Kerosene Lamps and Fixtures; also a

well selected stock of Fancy Articles, including,

Ladies' Work and Travelling Baskets,

Vases, Cologne Stands, &c., &c.

He would respectfully invite the public to call and examine

his stock of Goods, and he will endeavor to suit all

patrons.

Immediately relieve Coughs,

Cold, Sore Throat, Loss of Voice,

Bronchitis, and every Symptom of the

first stage of Pulmonary Consumption.

For Whooping Cough, Croup, and

all other affections of the Throat, Lungs, and Chest,

equally by any medicine. Dr. Skinner's

is prescribed by eminent Physicians, and is rapidly be-

coming the best companion in every household. C. and

Robin, in all well-to-do families on the Atlantic Coast,

for want of space, refers to only a few names of prominent

New England men, who have used Dr. Skinner's

PULMONAL.

with marked good results. Rev. Dr. Walker, of the

Bowdoin, Maine, writes, Boston, Mass., Rev. Dr. Walker,

Editor of the Maine Farmer, &c., &c., I have used

Dr. Skinner's PULMONAL, and find it to be a

valuable remedy. I have used it in my family, and

in my office, and find it to be a

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DR. MATTHEWS' SURE REMEDIES

SPECIAL DISEASES.

INDIAN EMENAGOGUE.

Prepared expressly for Ladies, and is

superior to anything else for regulating the

system in cases of obstruction from the

uterus, and is therefore of the greatest value

to those who wish to avoid an evil to

which they are liable. If taken as directed,

it will cure any case, entailing by medicine, and

is also perfectly safe. Full directions are

given in the wrapper. Price, 25 CENTS.

MEMBER:—This medicine is designed ex-

pressly for OBSTINATE CASES, and is

also a valuable remedy for the kind here

mentioned. It is warranted as represented

in every respect. NEW ORLEANS, LA.,

and especially those having a counterfeiter

of the name, who are selling a cheap

and worthless article, and who are

guaranteeing it as Dr. Matthews' Indian

Emmenagogue. Beware of cheap imitations.

One large bottle generally sufficient to

genuine unless obtained at Dr. Matthews' Office. Ladies

who wish, can have the bottle in the city during

the season.

DIURETIC COMPOUND.

For Diseases of the Urinary Organs, resulting from

impure blood, causing urinary discharges, heat, irritation,

and all other affections of the urinary system.

It contains no opium, and is a safe and

pleasant remedy that will cure in one half the time of

any other. It is also a valuable remedy for the kind

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