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Maxham & Wing

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## THE HOUR OF NORTHERN VICTORY.

BY FANNY KEMBLE.

Bell not a drum, sound not a clarion-note  
Of haughty triumph to the silent sky;  
Rushed be the shout of joy in every throat,  
And veiled the flash of pride in every eye.

Not with *Ty Dennis* loud and high Hosannas,  
Greet we the awful victory we have won,  
But with our arms reversed and lowered banners  
We stand—our work is done!

The work is done, God, terrible and just,  
Who lay'st upon our hearts and hands this task,  
And kneeling, with our foreheads in the dust,  
We venture Peace to ask.

Bleeding and writhing underneath our sword,  
Prostrate our brethren lie, Thy fallen foe,  
Struck down by Thee, through us, avenging Lord—  
By Thy dread hand laid low.

For our own guilt we have been doomed to smite  
These our own kindred, Thy great law defying,  
These, our own flesh and blood, who now unite  
In one thing only with us—bravely dying.

Dying how bravely, yet how bitterly!  
Not for the better side, but for the worse,  
Blindly and madly striving against Thee  
For the bad cause where Thou hast set Thy curse.

At whose defeat we may not raise our voice,  
Save in the deep thanksgiving of our prayers,  
Lord! we have fought the fight! But to rejoice  
Is ours no more than theirs.

Call back Thy dreadful ministers of wrath  
Who have led on our hosts to this great day!  
Let our feet halt now in the avenger's path,  
And bid our weapons stay.

Upon our land, Freedom's inheritance,  
Turn Thou once more the splendour of Thy face,  
Where nations serving thee to fight advance,  
Give us again our place.

Not our bow drawing past prosperity,  
Not all thy former gifts and graces cease,  
But this one boon—Oh! grant us still to be  
The home of Hope to the whole human race.

## SHELL AND PEARL.

CONCLUDED.

In Mrs. Lyell's companionship Anne entered New York society, and also entered upon a singular phase of her own development. The pure air of Lagrange had been a potent tonic, and, with a little physical strength, a little helpful excitement, her mind slowly reasserted its supremacy; the fever that consumed her gave way to gracious dew of sleep and peace, and before she reached Mrs. Lyell's her attenuated figure began to soften in its fine but too angular outlines; her thin lips gathered scarlet in faint waves; her worn and hollow cheek filled and reddened slowly; the light of a new life glittered deeply in her eyes, now more serene than tender, and unfathomably dark; her air and manner assumed an ease and quietness of another character than their previous simple and unconscious grace; her animal spirits so long repressed, rose in sparkling wit, tempered by the most exquisite and feminine kindness; and her mind, redeemed from its tedious slavery to sorrow and feebleness, now shone in full glory through a fit habitation.

Anne Craig blossomed at this late hour, alike, into a belle. With a face more expressive than beautiful, now that the first lines of youth were fled, a figure instinct in every part with the soul that inhabited it, a manner too high-bred not to be unusual, and a power of conversation rarely found in an American woman, Anne made an impression in society of a peculiar and characteristic kind.

Not upon the fashionists whose boy and girl reign was yet undisputed in the parlors of their over-gilded mammas, but among the real "best society" that the keen and kindly satirist of "Mrs. Potiphar" believes in and fervently acknowledges, while he makes its puerile contemporaries writhe under the rod they do not outgrow.

Talent—social, political, and literary—acknowledged the charm of an intelligent, appreciative, and well-bred woman; one whose mind, alive to every shade of beauty and truth, was yet practical enough to trace the application of both truth and beauty to the development of world-wide problems, as well as minute details.

The excitement of this mental encounter, the "delight of battle with her peers," the luxurious surroundings that chimed so well with her artistic sense, the opportunity that dress and decoration gave for the exercise of her faultless and delicate taste, the ministry of all the thousand appliances that frame social life in its fitting gold, called, out the dramatic part of Anne's nature, excited to a genial overflow all her recovering soul, and filled her in mind and body with new health. She was a belle of the highest grade among those staff-officers of women; innumerable bouquets waited at her toilet for acceptance; every book that rose above the literary horizon was hers before the public had arrived at its possession. Her hours of reception, or rather Mrs. Lyell's, were always crowded; her lovers counted themselves by scores, only they did not count themselves as lovers long, for she achieved that most difficult part of a woman's career—the art of converting a lover into a friend, with no intervening refusal and no manoeuvres. The child-heart was not all dead, it was reviving.

Once only did Mrs. Lyell disturb Anne's sweetness of demeanor. They had met George Bennett the night before at a party, with his bride the heiress. Gossip, hundred-tongued, whispered an old story in the ear of Anne's chaperon; and in the morning, when the two ladies, at their late breakfast, were talking over the past evening's enjoyment, Mrs. Lyell turned upon Anne with—

"Who's that Mr. Bennett, Anne?"

No start betrayed that the question was hard to answer, but that clear, chilling tone came in the reply—

"An old acquaintance of mine, cousin."

"Oh!" replied the indelicate old lady. "I was told by somebody or other that you were engaged to the man once."

"So I was," said the same old voice.

"What ailed you to break it, eh? That's a bad plan, child; very impolitic," shrieked out the unsparing diuana.

Anne rose like a palm-tree suddenly springing in the desert, and bending a look full of silencing pride and power on the little, withered, peering face of her superintending genius, said as a queen might have spoken a death-warrant: "He deceived me!"

Mrs. Lyell asked no more questions then or thereafter.

In the course of time there was an addition to Anne Craig's circle of attendants, who seemed somewhat out of place. Mr. Vandevere was immensely rich; farther no one said any thing of him, for he was a silent man. The only son of an old Manhattan family, he had been educated abroad, and on his majority, returning to his native country, had married a beautiful and silly girl, intended since her own childhood for his wife, at least by her parents, who were his distant relations. After marriage he had removed to his country-house on the Hudson, and lived there through all seasons, seeing no company but his own connections, who were a small tribe of themselves, doing nothing for the exterior world, but spending his time and his money on the old estate, and the additions he had made to it, varying these occupations by teaching his lovely little bride how to manage the tamest of ponies, and how

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## Waterville Mail.

to have patience with the stupidest of lives,

the dull routine of Vandevere's Clove.

However the fair Anne Adele had no long time to learn her lesson, for death, who delays not for any inhuman rights nor the gentler tenures of beauty and affection, in a few short years cropped Ignatius Vandevere's bride from the lawn where she grew like an inexpressive daisy, and laid her in the family tomb with past generations of Dutchmen. Her husband made no excessive show of grief, nor wept for the baby that slept on its mother's arm; as the lookers-on reported, with an injured air, as if it were a social duty to mourn visibly.

For two years he kept the decent honors of his widowhood, and then, emerging from the shades of the Clove, took a house in New York, and the next winter entered at once into society and the charmed circle of Anne Craig. Here he became the most devoted of listeners; if he spoke, it was chiefly to Anne, and that in a sort of aside impossible for others to hear, yet not unusual enough to be remarked. To others he spoke in the same voice; whether he said the same things was scarce questioned, and what Miss Craig thought of her silent attendant no one took the trouble to inquire; or whether that head, so well developed—those dark blue eyes, so covertly, humorous and keen, yet at times so utterly expressionless—that mouth, which might be with or without character under the heavy moustache—whether all these were mere external signs of nothing within.

However that might be, the world of Mrs. Lyell's friends lifted all their hands and rolled pitiously all their eyes at the mercenary Miss Craig, when her engagement to Ignatius Vandevere was duly announced, after Easter Week had renewed the sleeping gayeties of the city for a spasm of life before summer should transfer them to springs or to seashores.

Mrs. Lyell was charmed, Anne very quiet. Mr. Vandevere was considered as a million of dollars in her circle; no one had so much as attempted to explore his capacities in any other direction; his silence passed for dullness, his reserve for stupidity, and Miss Craig's engagement for "the greatest catch" among the juveniles, and "the greatest pity" among her friends.

She went daily through the usual routine of a fiancée; received bouquets from one hand only—bouquets that might have let a little light into the subject had any of her artist friends been permitted to see them, so exquisitely were the flowers arranged, so poetically selected. Sometimes a white rose set in a cloud of deep purple violets, odorous as concentrated spring; sometimes a stainless camellia in a circle of its own buds, all surrounded with gorgeous pansies; roses of two colors, in graceful alliance with the honey-suckle of May; or groups of wild flowers so arranged as to seem scarce parted from their native fields and woods. Could a million of dollars do this? Mr. Vandevere did it. There were also stately drives into the country, with Mrs. Lyell, lost in India shawls, in one corner of the carriage for propriety; rides in which Mr. Vandevere had no need to teach his companion, already a fearless and graceful horsewoman; and the usual lavishing of jewelry and books on the idol of the hour.

But Anne's jewels were selected as curiously as her flowers. No cameos, mosaics, or enamel adorned her toilet; pearls strung like beads, clear rubies linked with gold, sapphires set in frosted circles of silver, opals, mystical and Oriental, set in squares of black and gold, mixed like talismanic characters—all these, in turn, were offered to her gracious acceptance.

Marcia, in her home, now beginning to develop its hard reality, hearing of Anne's engagement, sickened to the soul, with a foreknowledge of what she thought awaited her sister, and wrote her a bitterly pathetic letter. Anne replied by an invitation to her wedding, which, at Mrs. Lyell's express request, was to take place from her house. Marcia did not come—her husband's illness prevented, and the wedding was very private. Anne's one bridemaid spoke of it in no measured terms as very stupid.

The bride was cold and calm, not even magnificent; her dress, a profusion of simple and delicate lace, clothed her like clothed her like clouds of mist, and a veil of like material fell in countless folds from the braids of her dark hair, over the statueque cheek and graceful outline; one spray of the conventional orange-flower confined the drapery above her brow, and gave the nun-like vesture its bridal type.

Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Vandevere left town for the usual routine of life at watering-places. Report was open-mouthed with every detail that it could collect of both bride and groom. Marcia heard of Anne as the most attractive and distinguished arrival at every new place which the surge of fashion rolled; but she could gather nothing of her demeanor or apparent feeling from such publicities, and poor Mrs. Devereux, already beginning to be restless in the hastily riveted yoke of her bondage, feared, out of her own experience, for Anne Vandevere, knowing well how great were that bride's capacities of suffering.

Autumn came, and the no longer bridal party, still including Mrs. Lyell, went to pass the golden months of that most tranquilly happy season at Vandevere's Clove. Here Marcia was asked to join them, but her husband had not yet recovered from the tedious and fretful illness that had kept them both from the wedding, and it was not till Anne had established herself for the winter in the city that the sisters met. Marcia, with her fair little baby, left her husband at home, and went to spend the holidays with Anne.

Some delay of letters prevented Mrs. Vandevere from meeting Marcia till she was safely set down in the luxurious drawing-room of her sister's Fifth Avenue palace, and had sent up her name by the servant who admitted her. Marcia was still herself, in spite of hard lessons, and as she looked about on the luxury that surrounded her, the pity so strenuously nursed for her sister's fate grew weaker fast. Surely one could marry the Beast of fairy tale to attain such appliances, and Anne was by no means "the Beauty."

Perhaps she changed her mind concerning the latter judgment when the door opened quickly, and Anne advanced to meet her, joy gleaming from every line of her picturesque

face, and her dress—just arranged for a dinner-party—adding the inexpressible charm of fitness to a grace it did not hide or outshine. Ah! could this be Anne whom she had last seen languid and thin? This princess, whose deep velvet draperies hid her light feet, and fell from her round waist in such folds of light and shadow, while the white and rounded arms, polished and moulded like Indian ivory, the bare throat and shoulders veiled with filmy lace and clasped with jewels, were as exquisitely shaped as those of a statue. Was this the tender-eyed Anne, whose soft hair, gathered in a shining coil, and decked with a rose-red camellia, fell about a noble and health-tinted face, whose proud eyes shone calm and regnant beneath the broad forehead unlined by care?

Marcia sighed for surprise and joy, while Anne, clasping the baby in her arms, led her sister up the wide staircase to her rooms, and after a renewed and heart-warm welcome, left her to rest and dress till they should meet at dinner.

At dinner Marcia met Mr. Vandevere, and her quick feminine insight was at once charmed with his quiet, yet warm reception, and his thoroughly gentlemanly manner in that place where a gentleman is best tested—his own house.

As the days of her visit wore on, Marcia's feeling of half-envious admiration at Anne's position gave way to a more painful, a more womanly emotion. She at least had thought she loved her husband; had gone through the honeyed attentions of her early matrimony with no distaste; she had been faithful to her own delusion, though at last she began to acknowledge it was a delusion. But Anne and Mr. Vandevere! what statues were those to call themselves man and wife! They treated each other with the most thorough good-breeding. Not one observance of society was neglected; they conversed like courteous acquaintances—no more. Marcia's keen eye detected no shadow of a caress passing between them, no tender look, no blush, no shy smile. Her ear perceived no affectionate tone, no inflection of softness in either voice. They were married. Ah! was that all? Better a self-deception like her own—better a dream of love than its utter absence. Yet this imperceptibly restored her somewhat shaken confidence in Anne. If she had married for money, at least she had been honest; she had been bought, and wore her chains royally, and lavished the price of her freedom, but owned the slavery. It was like Anne; upright to the last. Yet how could she have married for money?

However, Marcia knew that this state of things had emanated from her sister only; for one night when Anne came down dressed for a party, to challenge the criticisms of her husband and sister, after Mr. Vandevere, dropping the paper from before his face, had pronounced the thing "very pretty," and sunk back into stocks and markets, while Marcia turned her beautiful sister from side to side, uttering little exclamations of delight over the black lace dress and mystical set of opals that so well suited both dress and wearer, all at once Mrs. Devereux caught a glimpse of her brother-in-law in the treacherous mirror beyond him. The paper was not before his eyes now; they were raised to Anne's beautiful and expressive face with a look of love, intense even to adoration—a look that spoke all the worship of an utterly absorbed soul. "Poor Ignatius!" was therefore the chime of Marcia's thoughts; yet vainly did she try, in the pain and fullness of her heart, to open her lips to Anne. Something—she knew not what—kept them shut when she longed to speak. But the shell was too rough, too firmly closed; a heavier hand than the tiny grasp of affection must force it apart—and the hand came.

Marcia left her sister's house for a time to visit Mrs. Lyell, who lived in another part of the city, and her husband joined her there after a few weeks. Still she continually saw Anne, and saw no more than ever. One day, toward the middle of Lent, when now the time of Mr. and Mrs. Devereux's return had almost come, they went to dine at Mr. Vandevere's to meet a party of gentlemen. As Marcia entered the house, leaving Mr. Devereux to give his orders to the coachman, Cecile, Anne's maid, came quickly toward her from the upper hall, with a face like death, and a thoroughly terrified air. "Ah! le bon Dieu!" shrieked she, "c'est Madame Devereux, ah, good Madame! if you have love my mistress, you shall go right off, very quick, up l'escalier. Ah! she have been kill with Monsieur!"

Cold with terror, Marcia flew up stairs, and found herself, she knew not how, in Anne's dressing-room. The door of her chamber was ajar, and Marcia, pausing on the threshold, saw Ignatius Vandevere stretched apparently lifeless on the floor, and Anne on her knees beside him, holding his head in her arms, his blood from a rough wound on his temple pouring in waves over her rich dress, while she vainly endeavored to stanch it by the pressure of her fingers, and lavished the widest kisses on cheek and lip, and called her husband by the tenderest names man knows—as if death could be bribed by love to return his seizure. Beside her lay a large fragment of the plaster cornice—a heavy group of fruit and flowers—stained with blood, betraying the cause of that fearful group. Marcia paused but one instant. Her presence of mind was always great, and now it was needed. While the rest of the household were thrown into utter confusion, she assumed the lead as calmly as if it were nothing new; had the most skillful surgeon of the city at hand as soon as it was possible, arranged everything in order with perfect tact and quiet, and having graciously and gracefully dismissed her sister's guests, went once more to her room to hear the surgeon's opinion, and see what was to be done for Anne or her husband.

She found Mr. Vandevere still unconscious, and the surgeon very careful what he said; while Anne, still blood-stained and half-crazed, sat with dilated eyes by the bedside, and hung open-mouthed upon the surgeon's words.

"You must persuade Mrs. Vandevere to leave my patient, Madame," said he to Marcia. "I wish, with the aid of the gentleman I have just for, to examine his wound; and really I cannot answer for his life if any agitation superinduces fever. He will probably become unconscious under our treatment, and must not see that face of all others."

Anne rose before Marcia could speak. Her

sister led her, tottering, into another room, removed the stiffened garments, undid the jewels from her throat and hair, bathed her burning head, and made her lie down. Oh, could she have shed one tear! but her eyes were like shining stones, and her lips scarlet as in a fever.

Happily, after a most endless-seeming hour, the surgeon entered with a smile. "There is no danger now," said he; "but he has lost blood terribly, and must be quiet for weeks—as helplessly quiet as an infant—lest fever should undo all that nature would have done."

Anne's eyes grew softer and dimmer with every word. She rose from the heaped cushions where Marcia had placed her.

"May I see him?" she said, in an inexpressibly touching and infantile whisper.

"Not to-night," said Dr. Grey. "You shall see him and take care of him in the morning, if you sleep well. I shall stay with him to-night."

He spoke in a coaxing, caressing tone, as if she were a child in arms—she, the proud Mrs. Vandevere, whose head had heard of afar off as a sort of ice-queen! He forgot those stories now. Anne smiled, a happy, tired smile, sank back on the pillows and slept, while Marcia sat beside her full of wonder. What did it all mean?

In the long weeks that followed, all the woman in Anne's nature shone out. The most tender, patient, gentle, and untiring of nurses, her husband had no wish she did not anticipate, uttered no sigh she was not at hand to receive. If ever a man in the prime of health and life found weakness and pain a pleasure, Ignatius Vandevere found them so. Nor did Marcia find fault with Anne any more for being un-demonstrative. Only the remembrance that she was married, not merely engaged, to the man upon whose looks and words she seemed to hang for every breath of life, prevented a recurrence of the old lectures given in George Bennett's days; but Marcia held that a wife might afford to be more impulsive than a fiancée. Whether it was a true policy that dictated her fit, Judge you who are married.

Some months after, as Anne and Marcia sat together in a long piazza of the house at Vandevere's Clove, Anne having on her knees a little shape of tinted wax done up in lawn and lace, which she called by the stately name of Ignatius, the sisters had a conversation, which had been long deferred by the one, long expected by the other.

"Marcia," said Anne, pretending to think a fly was eagerly invading the slumbers of her man-child, and bending down so that her face was in the shadow of a trumpet-creeper's deep green branch; "Marcia, you thought I did not love my husband when you came to see us in New York, didn't you?"

"Why, Anne—I don't know—not exactly that."

"You did think so, Marcia; why can't you be honest? Moreover, I meant you should. Now let me tell you a little about it. I loved George Bennett in those old times, as you know, but when I discovered that he had deceived me in a way I have no right to explain, that love died. I suffered in its death, but no love survives that wound; it might, had I owed him any duty, have become that poor ghost, habitual affection; but there were no such bonds in this case, so I became free, and bitterly incredulous of loving again—not only incredulous, but afraid, till I knew Ignatius. I did love him, after I knew him, as I must love a man before I could marry him. I had opportunities of judging his character that were not known to any of my friends but Mrs. Lyell. She was a distant connection of his, and he came there on a standing invitation—the renewal of a boyish habit—every Sunday to dine, and generally staid the evening. In those long talks that we had while our cousin agreeably dozed in her arm-chair, I learned to respect and admire Ignatius, not only for his manly character, his strong and thoroughly disciplined mind, his complete education and unusual learning, but most of all for his rigid principles and practice of truth and honor. I found him deeply read, and well trained in all the requisites of a man's education, having a just and noble estimate of wealth and its uses—a gentleman in the best sense of the word, and possessed of a strong, pure, ardent heart, tender and true, that lay at my mercy after three months of almost daily intercourse had made us known to each other as two true people must be known."

"I loved him before I knew it; and when he asked me to marry him, in his own noble way, simply and directly, taking the whole alternative in his own hands, not tampering with my maidenly delicacy in the effort to save his pride by drawing out some expression of my feeling before he would commit himself, I was moved to the very depths of my heart; but I refused him—though, in justice to us both, I told him that I loved him as well as he could desire, but that his wealth was a final objection. Ah! shall I ever forget that face, flushed with agony to the deepest red, and then pale as death? He walked to the window one moment, and then returning, sat down beside me, and taking my hand, said, in a calm, but inexpressibly fervent tone,

"Amie, you love me."

"Had this been a question, I should have half-hated him. But he knew me; it was a most lordly assertion, and he went on: "You are the proudest woman I ever knew, though perhaps I am the only person who appreciates your character in that point. Are you not proud enough, to do me justice? If I were poor you would not hesitate; why is wealth any greater objection? It is not poverty or riches I ask you to marry, but me. My money is a circumstance not even of my moulding. I am a living soul, and I ask my fellow-soul to own the bond between us; are you just to deny it?"

"I could not answer him, for he was right. 'I will not wait for your reply to-day,' said he. 'I will come again to-morrow.'"

"So, without even saying good-bye, he left me, and the next time he came he staid longer. Yet I accepted him on this condition: that he should neither give nor receive one sign of affection to or from me in the presence of a third person. If the world chose to think I had married for money, they should at least never believe me a hypocrite. I would keep my truth even in appearance; I did not perceive that I was shutting myself up in a lie."

"I meant to have shown my true self to you,

Marcia, but your letter grieved me bitterly, for I saw that you too credited the world's version of my match, and this confirmed a resolution that I found hard to keep even then, so ardently had my whole soul gone out toward Ignatius; but if my own sister misjudged me, what should ever undeceive my mere acquaintances? That terrible day crushed my plans to atoms. Marcia, my child-heart has come back. I was wrong, but I am right now—and oh, so happy! My shell is thrown away, and lost forever!

"And the pearl is mine!" said her husband, who had been leaning against the pillar behind her for five minutes, seen only by Marcia.

"Ignatius! I am ashamed of you! Listen, you know—"

Her lips were suddenly uttered a tiny scream, whereat the strong and tender arms of Ignatius Vandevere lifted wife and baby together from the low divan, and carried them in beyond the dampness of the dew just hanging in mid-air. The sound of Mr. John Devereux's cold and arrogant voice, coming from the direction of the stables, heralded his approach, and Marcia sighed.

THE LATE PRESIDENT. REV. E. M. Hatfield, of Chicago, in a letter to the New York Independent speaking of the assassination says:—

In this city and throughout the State, where Mr. Lincoln was well known, the sorrow and indignation are indescribable. Lawyers who had associated with him at the bar, for a quarter of a century, will tell you that he was so thoroughly honest that, in stating the case of an opponent, he invariably did it in such a manner as to bring out his best points with all their force and clearness.

And what is still more remarkable, the same writer says:—

"He refused to undertake the management of a cause that he could not conduct with a good conscience, and when unwillingly drawn into such cases, his great power signally failed him."

In the words of a brother lawyer, he was good for nothing in such a case. The letter closes with the following:—

Through and through to the innermost fibre of his soul, he was an honest man. He was singularly free from ambition, or, rather, he was ambitious only in the highest and best sense of that much abused word. No man, not even Washington himself, was a purer or more unselfish patriot than Abraham Lincoln. And I venture the assertion that, take him all in all, he was the greatest man our country has yet produced. We can hardly claim for him the symmetrical proportions of Washington, but that he was equal to Marshall or Jay as jurist. He had not the sheer intellectual force of Webster, nor the power to use winged and fiery words like Patrick Henry and Henry Clay. But a fair estimate of what he was, and of what he accomplished, places him so high in the temple of fame, that any of these great men might be proud to have a niche by his side.

SOUTHERN ARROGANCE IN 1854.—It seems to be admitted that A. H. Stephens is a man generally not inferior to any man in the country, intellectually. We observe that there is a disposition in some quarters to extol this rebel Vice President, and cite his Georgia speech so often queried, to show that clemency should be shown him. We recall to mind the language of this Stephens in the United States House of Representatives, on the passage of the Nebraska bill. It sounds strange at this time, and our surprise is great that northern doughfaces could be lashed into such servile obedience as they then showed:

Well, gentlemen, you make a good deal of clamor on the Nebraska measure, but it don't alarm us at all. We have got used to that kind of talk. You have threatened before, but have never performed. You have always caved in, and you will again. You are a mouthing, white-livered set. Of course you will oppose; we expect that; but we don't care for opposition. You will rail, but we don't care for your railing. You will hiss, but so will adders. We expect it of adders, and we expect it of you. You are like the devils that were pitched over the battlements of heaven into hell. They set up a howl of discomfiture, and so will you. But their fate was sealed, and so is yours. You must submit to the yoke, but don't chafe. Gentlemen, we have got you in our power. You tried to drive us to the wall in 1850, but times are changed. You want a wooling and have come home fleeced. Don't be so impudent as to complain. You will only be slapped in the face. Don't resist. You will only be lashed into obedience.

OUR AT ELBOWS.—It is very sad to watch the gradual falling out-at-elbowism of things new and bright and lovely; the gradual decay and disintegration of what once looked as solid as granite, and as durable as the everlasting hills. For things as well as people get out at elbows; and time wears holes in feelings as well as in velvet and corduroy. Love and hope and happiness and aspiration, all go threadbare and fall into rents, as the months pass on and the winter frosts wither up and blight the last of the summer flowers. In the youth and heyday of our life our moral elbows are covered an inch thick with generous padding; and we scout as sacrilege the idea that we shall ever go ragged, whatever happens to our neighbors. Impossible that we, burning fiery hot with poetry and zeal, should ever calm down into prose and vulgar fractions—that our philanthropic designs for regenerating mankind should subside into trading on our neighbor's necessities—that our poetic flights into the regions of the beautiful and the true should end in the Icarian sea of the useful and expedient.

On the 7th of July, 1862, Gen. McClellan wrote to the president—and all the Democratic party responded "Amen":—"Neither confiscation of property, political execution of persons, territorial organization of States, or forcible abolition of slavery should be contemplated for a moment." A declaration of radical views, especially upon slavery, will rapidly disintegrate our present armies.

It is very commonly stated that the wife of Jeff. Davis is a daughter of the late President Taylor. This is not so. Miss Taylor became the first wife of Davis; but his present wife's maiden name was Virginia Howell, said to be a grand-daughter of Gen. Howell of Georgia. Davis has four children by his second wife.

## A FEW WORDS ABOUT A WORD.

We frequently read or hear some rebel and traitor spoken of as a gentleman—an accomplished gentleman, a chivalrous gentleman, a cultivated gentleman, a Southern gentleman. This is done sometimes by men who use language carelessly, and do notice its nice distinctions; sometimes, however, it is done by persons who evidently give a particular meaning to the term, of which we wish to say a few words. A gentleman is, according to some, a man pure, unselfish, faithful, sober, honest, honorable, charitable, humane; according to some others, a gentleman is a person who has received a collegiate education, and enough lessons in deportment from a dancing master to make him at ease in society. Some think of Colonel Newcome as a gentleman, others of Major Pendennis.

Now, a dispute about the definition of a word is likely to be endless. A word has the meaning which general custom assigns to it. "Clever" means in one part of this country, dexterous, or skillful, in another, foolishly good-natured. So the term gentleman seems to mean with some a man of honor, and with some simply a person of smooth and polished exterior. We do not intend to quarrel with the latter, or to charge them with missing a word; but we think it useful to point out their meaning. When they speak of the rebel leaders as gentlemen, they intend to say only that these persons have the good fortune to be decently educated and easy mannered; no more.

There is a once common phrase which will help us to point this distinction—it was a custom to speak of man as "a gentleman and a scholar." This supposed that he might be a gentleman and yet have small knowledge of books. So those who now term the chief rebels gentlemen evidently need some qualifying adjective to denote the real character of the person spoken of, and this ought to be added. Thus, General P. T. G. Beauregard should be called "a gentleman and a liar;" the Hon. Wigfall, of Texas, is "a gentleman and a swindler," or a "gentleman and a murderer;" the late John B. Floyd was "a gentleman and a thief;" Governor Letcher is "a gentleman and a drunkard;" Jeff. Davis is "a gentleman and a bank-robber;" Pickens, of South Carolina, who "was born insensible to fear," might be called "a gentleman and a fool;" Governor Wise, of Virginia, is "a gentleman and a braggart."

Then there is Benjamin, whom his Yale College friends would call a gentleman and a pick-pocket; George N. Sanders, who is a gentleman and a defaulter; General Forrest, a gentleman and a cut-throat; John Morgan, a gentleman and a horse-thief. Then there is General Lee, who is a gentleman and a deserter, or a gentleman and a perjurer; or, remembering that under his eye, and by his connivance, thousands of his countrymen were tortured to death by starvation and exposure at Belle Isle, General Lee might appropriately be called a gentleman and a torturer, or a gentleman and an executioner, just as Wilkes Booth would be called a gentleman and an assassin. General Winckler was a gentleman and a brute; General Brinkridge, who set fire to Richmond, is a gentleman and a house-burner; Captain Semmes is a gentleman and a pirate; and any one who has seen the scars on the backs of colored women in South Carolina will naturally think of a cotton planter as a gentleman and a woman-whipper.

If we go from particulars to generals, we may speak of any one of the rebel leaders as a gentleman and a traitor, a gentleman and a perjurer, or, to put it mildly, a gentleman and a fugitive from justice. Only, if we thus indiscriminately apply a term like this, it will soon cease to be complimentary; and a man of honor will presently think it an affront to be called a gentleman, as in Kentucky it used to be thought slanderous to call a man an individual. It is not to be denied, however, that the people who make this use of the word have some authority for the practice.

When Hicks, the pirate, a man who had not slain so many men as Lee or Davis, who had never massacred a garrison in cold blood like Forrest, and had never assisted to starve men to death, but who was nevertheless a hardened ruffian—when this Hicks was hanged on Bedloe's Island, in our harbor, some years ago, Marshal Rynders, who superintended that operation, was seen by the assembly of witnesses to approach the gallows and converse for a moment with the culprit, who stood there with the rope around his neck. Then Mr. Rynders walked up to the lookers-on, and said, pointing towards Hicks, "I asked the gentleman if he desired to address the audience, but he declined." Whereupon, after a momentary pause, the excellent Marshal gave the signal, and Hicks was swung off. Just so, when Wilkes Booth was surrounded in the Garrett barn, and saw escape impossible, he offered to pledge his word as a "gentleman and man of honor" to come out, if the soldiers would only give him a fair chance to murder one or more of their number.

Now, if any one is blamed for calling Davis, or Lee, or Beauregard, or Letcher, or Hunter, or Faulkner, or Brown, or Vance, or Harris, or Shidell, or Benjamin, a gentleman, we advise him to cite the practice of Marshal Rynders and the assassin Booth in justification.

[N. Y. Post.]

CHEAP GLUE.—In extracting neat's-foot oil, which by the way, is unsurpassed by any other oleaginous matter for harnesses, shoes, etc., the watery liquid remaining should never be thrown away. After the oil is taken off, strain the water to separate from any fatty particles that may remain, and then boil it again, until upon trying, it is found to have settled into a stiff jelly. Then pour into flat-bottomed dishes, and when cold, cut into suitable sized pieces. It hardens in a few days, and you will then have a very fine article of glue, free from impurities of every kind, sufficient for a family use for a twelve month. By taking a portion of this glutinous substance before it becomes too thick, and brushing it over pieces of silk, you will have as much court-plaster as you desire, immoderate, tenacious, and entirely free from those poisonous qualities which cause (as much of the article sold by the apothecaries does) inflammation, when applied to scratches, cuts, and sores.

A REPRESENTATIVE OF UNCLE SAM.—In Cairo, Illinois, a great many contrabands are working for Uncle Sam. A few days ago one of them had occasion to ride a horse, on coming to a very muddy place in the road, he naturally took to the plank sidewalk near a house. An eye-witness happening to be in the house at the time, ran out and ordered the "shade" to "get off the walk or he would have him fined." Contraband gruffly replied, "I guess dis govment rides where



## Waterville Mail.

RPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE...JUNE 2, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTENBURY & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 27 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.

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Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

[For the Mail.]

## A-Visit to Mount Vernon.

Washington, May 13, 1865.

Up by times—7 o'clock—early breakfast, 7.45, (I mean of course, early for Washington life.) And a few minutes past nine, it finds us steaming down the Potomac. Destination? Mount Vernon. Our party comprises nine, ladies and gentlemen—a happy New England company. To Alexandria—six miles—by boat, these nine miles by private conveyance. Out of this woe-be-gone looking city, near the old slave pen, over the door of which is "Price, Birch & Co., Dealers in Slaves," (now, thank Heaven, remains the name only), we pass through tented fields leaving Fairfax Seminary on the right, and the Potomac on the left. On we go, through ravines and over hills from whose summits huge flocks of swans down upon us with their dark-throated engines of war.

Having reached a level with Fort Lyon—a magnificent look-out—we "about face" to take a view of the surroundings. Away in the far distance is Washington, and almost at our feet lies the "devoted city" Alexandria. On the right hand and on the left, on the hill-side and in the valley, is the encampment, checkered with tents and myriads of active veterans. Having satisfied our curious eyes with this fine prospect, we strike off into the country. Now and then we see a wheat-field (grain just heading out), occasionally an old dilapidated dwelling, once the home of poor whites. We also drive in sight of the former residence of traitor Lee, but our route passes chiefly through a woody country.

Pitching into sloughs on this side and on that, both "in season and out of season," we were made to understand the force of "Virginia mud"—the sublimity of "sacred soil." By and by through the trees, we catch glimpses of the broad Potomac. We are now in sight of Mount Vernon. An aged negro opens the gate, and we drive into the yard where once walked the revered Washington. Filled with thoughts of days gone by, we approach the Mansion. The same bolt turns, the same hinges creak: the same door opens to us as did to him. We enter the west parlor—here stands a globe bearing the marks of time. In the dining hall is the harpsichord—"a wedding present to his adopted daughter, Eleanor Custis, Mrs. Lewis." Here the same mantle-piece on which are sculptured many beautiful pastoral scenes, a present from Italy. His holsters and camp equipage are also here. Into the east parlor we next look, then through the hall where hangs the huge "key of the Bastille," presented to Gen. Washington by Gen. Lafayette, after the destruction of that prison, in 1789.

On we go, until we find ourselves in the chamber where that great and good man breathed his last. Here stands the bedstead on which he used to sleep. On the back of the old fireplace are the letters G. W. We look from the window in the adjoining room (his dressing-room), from which he once saw the approaching visitor, a distance of three-quarters of a mile. We stand upon the veranda, where he once stood to view the approaching vessel far down the Potomac. But this description is already too lengthy, so I will not stop to speak of the hour when "Creation" (our little company) was at table, the great blue cloth spread in the sky, and the great green cloth over the earth, and the sun shining a *giorno*, nor of picking pebbles from the water's edge, nor of visiting the Tomb, and the flower garden—each in itself a volume of interest.

The original Washington estate comprised 8000 acres—now only 200—owned by the Association.

It was with reluctance that we left this sacred spot to turn our faces homeward. But we bade the old homestead adieu, feeling that by its associations we had been brought nearer to the Father of our country, for whom our hearts were cherishing profounder reverence, and deeper gratitude for the blessings bequeathed to us. And, at the same time, with the preservation of these bequests, we could but associate the death of the immortal Lincoln—"Washington the Father, the greatest of great men, and the best of good men," and like unto him, "Lincoln, the Saviour of our country."

C. M. E.

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE recently inaugurated the new mayor of Fernandina, Fla., elected

by white and colored voters—the first instance of the kind at the South, but to be followed, we hope, by "more of the same sort," as the razor-strop man used to say.

[For the Mail.]

Messrs Editors:—Little did I think of arousing the ire of so chivalric a knight errant as A. D. S., and being assailed with such a scathing tirade of rebuke. Happily for me slippancy and a certain kind of smartness do not fill the place of arguments, otherwise I should be completely stunned and overwhelmed. But now that the smoke has lifted, after such a deafening volley of vituperation, let us look at the ground on which such a desperate charge has been made. I should be most happy to reply to A. D. S. could I see any point to his talk.

My former article was briefly this, that too much was required of scholars, in some cases, in the matter of discipline, and too rigid an observance of sometimes needless and trifling rules was enforced in regard to deportment in school, particularly in reference to the primary schools—such as requiring children from six to eight years of age to sit for nearly six hours per day in an unnatural and almost immovable position and at the close of each half day report themselves perfect or be threatened with punishment; it was the enforcing of such punctilious observance of order, required of small children, that I censured. I do so yet, A. D. S.'s logic to the contrary notwithstanding. I believe that younger children should be allowed more relaxation than youths nearly grown to maturity; but mark it where you will the opposite is invariably the case. It was (as I supposed) the *system* under which our schools were taught that I referred to, but as A. D. S. will apply my meaning to teachers, all I can do is to refer him to the old adage, "if the coat fits," etc.

But let us see how he gets over my grounds of complaint. First—"there are proper and improper modes of reform." True, most sapient A. D. S. and prominent among those modes is *agitation*. I consider this as effectual as any other method to bring about a desired result.

Next, he gives directions as to the course to be pursued if one's wife is a vixen and runs away. He says if worst comes to worst—"advise her by all means." I have no occasion to follow this advice at present, but thank him for the suggestion. He don't say where to advertise, but I infer in the columns of the *Mail*.

He says if there has been or is trouble with a scholar the "parent should speak to the teacher." If that don't answer "then to the committee." This is all well, but there has been no trouble. I never intended to intimate anything of the kind. As I have said before it is the system of such strict discipline, I referred to exclusively.

He says "Parents should visit the schools." Very true; but what judgment can they form by staying an hour or so when the scholars are on their good behavior; or the committee under the same circumstances. Failing to visit the schools "the presumption is that parents feel no interest in or about their children." This does not follow, by any means. He inquires if "parents never think their children may be in the wrong?" I will give A. D. S. my views on this matter. I most truly think that at least a quarter of our older scholars should be put through such a course of discipline as they never dreamed of, in fact I have thought that the reform school would be the most fitting place for a large portion of them, but that children in the primary schools should be allowed more movement of limb and muscle than is generally allowed them, I just as firmly believe.

A. D. S.'s natural gallantry comes next to the rescue. He says "always treat lady teachers with as much consideration as possible." This argument I confess is unanswerable. "Mrs. Surratt" should be feted I suppose. Next he says "scholars are sent to school to be got rid of at home" and also that the "twig has been so long bent that it is impossible for teachers to straighten the tree, consequently curses are showered without stint on their devoted head." Without doubt both these statements in many cases are true, but it was the *twig* I referred to in my former article, not the tree; I was endeavoring to show how the twig should be bent and yet not broken. A. D. S. then winds up by saying that our "intelligent school committee will not be found to harbor a nuisance." I presume not. If I could say in a parenthesis what my views are in regard to school committees it would be this—"Our school committee is composed of eminently intelligent and high-minded men, men who are honored and esteemed, who give us annually as able and as long a report as any committee does or can, nevertheless I hold that they can by no possibility know very much about the discipline and government maintained in a school by visiting it once or twice during a term of eight or ten weeks, and stopping perhaps half an hour each time. And further, to show that notwithstanding the ability of our agents and committees they may not be infallible in matters of judgment. I allude to the fact that so frequent were the changes made in the text books used in school that the Legislature deemed it necessary to pass an act requiring books to be kept unchanged for five years: this is as it should be.

I do not mean to censure any one, have no wish to find fault with any one, but I refer to these matters to awaken the interest of parents and teachers on a subject in which they are or should be so deeply interested. One thing further and I close. A. D. S. refers to the "Academy"; I had no intention of speaking of that institution, but to illustrate the difference between the strict discipline such as is at-

tempted to be maintained at the primary schools and the latitude allowed larger scholars, such as attend the Academy, let me mention an instance. Last season, having occasion to pass the Academy very frequently, I could but notice how considerable a portion of the older pupils spent a large part of their time ranging along the walk leading to Main street, each with pipe in mouth enjoying, or thinking they were enjoying themselves hugely. Perhaps this was unavoidable, I have nothing to say about it. I merely refer to the fact as showing the difference between large and small scholars. Here is where I think the discipline should be brought to bear and not on children who are scarcely able to read, and can hardly be restrained from almost continual motion by any possibility. Hoping that A. D. S. will understand my meaning, I remain, Yours, R.

GOOD WORK.—We honestly believe, from report as well as our own observation, that in the line of doors, sash and blinds, some of the best work in N. England is made at Waterville. Messrs. Drummond & Richardson, late Furber & Drummond, had on hand a few days since, a variety of doors of various patterns and qualities, of walnut, chestnut and pine, that must equal, in style, finish and material, the work of any other establishment. They were all made to order. One door, worth between fifty and sixty dollars, was for a "plain farmer" of our acquaintance, in this vicinity, who is about treating himself to a new house. The others were mostly ordered from Portland and Boston. We mention this matter that our citizens may know that in the only one item of manufacture moved by the Kennebec river in Waterville, we bear the palm of excellence. Possibly some other experiment would be equally successful. The marked success of this establishment is at least highly encouraging to further adventures.

The last corner of rebellion has finally caved in. An official dispatch from the Secretary of War announces the surrender of all the rebel forces remaining in the Trans-Mississippi Department. A New Orleans dispatch to the Memphis Bulletin states that the rebel Generals Price, Buckner and Brent arrived at New Orleans on the 23d inst., as commissioners from Kirby Smith, to negotiate terms of surrender with General Canby. The terms are said to be the same as those on which Lee and Johnston surrendered. The large force ordered to Texas will probably not be needed, but troops enough will be sent to maintain law and order and protect Union men in their rights. Sheridan has the care of this department.

DAVIS'S FEMALE WARDROBE.—The water proof coat, hood and shawl worn by Jeff Davis were presented to the War Department on Thursday last, by Col. Pritchard. The Colonel stated that under his female apparel Davis wore a full suit of drab and a pair of cavalry boots. The Secretary of War, in the name of the people and the President, returned thanks to Col. Pritchard for the gallantry and activity exhibited by him, remarking that upon the receipt of his report the reward offered for the apprehension of Davis would be distributed to the men who are properly entitled to it, and a medal of honor awarded to each one who participated in the capture.

FAST DAY EXERCISES. In this place, on Thursday, consisted of an address at the Universalist church, by Rev. Mr. Maguire, and a prayer meeting at the Baptist church in the forenoon and at the Congregational in the evening. The subject of Mr. Maguire's discourse was "The Loss and the Gain of our Nation" by the war just closed. It was eminently instructive in moral and political suggestions and ideas, presenting many gems of expression as well as of thought; faithful and loyal to God and humanity, and hopeful for our great national future.

THE CONSPIRACY TRIAL still drags its slow length along, and the end will come we know not when. The evidence submitted makes it pretty certain that for a long time the rebel leaders in Richmond and refugees in Canada were plotting schemes of devilish mischief, and calling to their aid every desperate spirit they could reach. It is difficult as yet to decide upon the comparative guilt of the persons on trial, for so small share of the evidence has been taken in secret; but enough has seen the light to condemn several, without doubt.

AS MR. HENRY TAYLOR, of this village, was returning from his farm, Friday evening, on the Kendall's Mills road, in an express wagon, he came in collision with a loaded wagon, and he and a man riding with him, and the driver of the other team, Mr. Elisha Luce, of Kendall's Mills, were all thrown violently to the ground. Mr. Taylor fell upon his face, and suffered a fracture of the lower jaw, and the left side, with other slight bruises. Mr. Luce is reported seriously injured, with fracture of ribs and collar bone. The other man, escaped without serious injury. The wound of Mr. Taylor was dressed by Dr. Campbell, and he is doing well; and we hear that Mr. Luce is also recovering, though dangerously injured.

THE CHINA HOUSE.—This well-known hotel, for many years a favorite resort of our citizens in summer and winter, and which has been closed for a few months, has just been reopened with hopeful promise that it shall regain its old popularity. A commodious sailboat for the lake will be one of the attractions, and fishing parties may find it for their advantage to turn their attentions in this direction.

MR. CHARLES V. HANSON, a member of the Senior Class of Waterville College, was recently licensed to preach by the Federal Street Baptist Church of Portland, his home being in that city.

## OUR TABLE.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for June, has as usual many valuable articles. Among these we notice "Washoe Revisited," "From Teheran to Samarcand," "Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men," all illustrated. "Andrew Kent's Temptation" is fine story. Besides these are many other articles, but we must refer the reader to the book itself for a knowledge of them.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE for June has a continuation of "Out in the World," or Paul Clifford on a Cruise," by Oliver Optic; various other stories and sketches; a piece for declamation; a spirited dialogue, &c.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1 a year.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—The April number of this able work has the following table of contents:—

The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte; St. John's Gospel; The State of English Law: Codification; Modern Novelists: Sir Edward Butler Lytton; Parliament and Reform; The Canadian Confederacy; Contemporary Literature.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for April has the following table of contents:—Taine's History of English Literature; Heraldic Manuals; The Australian Colonies; Madam Roland; Lecky's Influence of Rationalism; The Church and Mosque of St. Sophia; Memoirs of Damont de Batastout; Tuscan Sculpture; Guizot's Meditations on Christianity; The Law of Patents.

The ability of this Quarterly is acknowledged by every one, and several of the articles in this number will have great interest for religious thinkers.

For 1865 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 two 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 but 56 cents a year.

FARMERS.—The crop of hay this year promises to be heavy, labor is high, and true economy will prompt you to purchase a mowing machine. Arnold & Meader are agents for the sale of two favorite patterns, and you will do well to look in upon them. They charge you nothing for looking.

BOYS—farmer's boys we mean—did you notice the liberal premiums offered to you as teamsters, in the list of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society, last week? For the best trained steers, by a boy under sixteen years of age, a premium of \$5 is offered; the second pair will take \$4; the third, \$3; the fourth, \$2; and the fifth \$1—fifteen dollars in all. Now see that every premium is drawn, and do it by showing such skill in the handling of your little teams as shall command the admiration of those old style teamsters who usually compete in the drawing matches. Commence the training of your animals at once, if you have not already begun, and see how much you can accomplish by kind and intelligent discipline. If you will do your best, we will venture to promise that your department will form one of the most attractive and interesting features of our October Show.

DR. CARPENTER, who will be well remembered by his former patients in this vicinity, is at present stopping at Skowhegan, where he appears to be meeting the same marked success as at other places. He authorizes us to say, that while at Skowhegan he will treat gratuitously such of his patients in this section as may desire his further services. He may be found at Turner's Hotel.

LOOK AND REJOICE, all ye who have aided in adorning our village with trees. Their beauty was never more obvious than at this time. Even those on the Common are struggling to draw from favorable weather compensation for the misfortune of a niggard proprietorship. In spite of a shallow and hungry soil they look pleased as "patience on a monument." Their perseverance is noble example to the denizens of that vicinity.

NEW ENGLAND SCREW STEAMSHIP COMPANY.—The Press speaks in high terms of praise of the accommodations of the two fine boats now used on the line of this company, and states that another one of 800 tons burthen is now building for their service at Cape Elizabeth. Now that war has ceased and business promises to resume its old channels with increased energy; the fare on this popular line has been reduced, which makes it one of the cheapest as well as one of the most delightful routes to New York. The Press concludes as follows:—

The fare for the summer season, has been fixed at \$6 for stateroom passage, and \$5 for cabin passage, meals extra. The time occupied in the passage between the two places is about thirty hours. A pleasant trip by water cannot be made outside, than between Portland and New York. The run from here to Cape Cod, and from thence by the Sound up to New York will give a sufficient taste of the pure sea breeze, besides affording him various interesting objects to note during the passage.

The passengers on this route are increasing every year. And now that the Company have fitted up such handsome accommodations upon the steamers, travellers will find it to their advantage to take this route. Leaving here Saturday afternoon, after a pleasant passage, they find themselves in New York in season to transact business at the earliest hour on Monday morning.

The commanders of the steamers, are popular, for they are courteous and obliging, leaving nothing undone to secure the comfort of passengers. The stewards are attentive, and passengers will find themselves well and attentively cared for.

We are indebted to Hon. J. G. Blaine, for a copy of his able speech in favor of amending the constitution by striking out the clause which prohibits the taxing of exports; and also for several valuable public documents.

JERRY DAVIS has been indicted for treason, and will be immediately put on trial in the city of Washington.

THE PORTLAND & KENNEBEC road are delighting their patrons with those new Monitor cars. They are so nicely ventilated for hot weather, and so well guarded against the annoyance of cinders and dust, that they are found much pleasanter than the old ones. As a sample of architecture it is good entertainment to survey their various beauties as one rides in them.

WHO IS THE MAN?—Who is meant when the ladies talk about "the handsome conductor," on the P. & K. road? Lady passengers from Waterville always choose the day when "the handsome conductor" presides. Both are very gentlemanly and courteous men, of eminently good manners; so that "we men" find them very agreeable,—but the women, the younger in particular, have elected one over the other to the throne of beauty. Which is it?

It is said that discoveries have been made in captured rebel documents implicating prominent Northern men whose loyalty heretofore had not been questioned.

THE Grand Jury of the District of Columbia, on Friday, found true bills against Jefferson Davis and John C. Breckinridge for the crime of high treason. The act charged is the raid into the District of Columbia in July last, during which citizens were killed and property destroyed. The District Attorney asked for a bench warrant in the case of Breckinridge, and that steps be taken to bring Davis before the court for trial.

THE PIRATE STONEWALL AND THE SPANISH AUTHORITIES.—A Washington despatch of the 25th instant says:—The following semi-official statement is made in connection with the authorized announcement that the insurgent ram Stonewall has conditionally surrendered to the Spanish authorities at Havana, viz: The conduct of those authorities upon the occasion was judicious, dignified, and in entire conformity with amity towards the United States. Any movement of distrust, which may have heretofore been entertained as to the decision of the Captain General of Cuba in the matter, has thus far been disposed of satisfactorily.

BRIG. GEN. SELDEN CONNER, we are pleased to learn from the Portland Press, was able to witness the grand military review in Washington last week.

The corner stone of the new Orthodox church in Augusta was laid on Thursday of last week.

SEVERAL persons have died in Gardiner, recently, from using water from a well at the Johnson House, and others are unwell. In the stomach of one of the victims arsenic was found sufficient to produce death.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—The Maine Farmer hopes, now that the war is over, the authorities of Augusta will take measures to suppress the liquor shops of that city. For four years or more, rum has been sold as openly in the capital of our State, as any other commodity; and the headquarters of legislation has furnished us with a shameful example of violation of law.

An Amendment to the constitution of Connecticut, which extends the right of suffrage to the negro, has passed the House of Representatives, and will no doubt pass the Senate. The people, it is thought, will heartily endorse the action of the Legislature.

EX-GOVERNOR LETCHER, of Virginia, has lodgings in the Old Capitol Prison at Washington.

E. R. DRUMMOND, Esq., of this place, was admitted, at the late session of the U. S. Court at Portland, to practice in all the courts of the United States.

THE NEW AMNESTY PROCLAMATION.—The President has issued a proclamation of amnesty and pardon to persons engaged in the rebellion, who have failed to take the benefit of the proclamations of amnesty issued by the late President Lincoln, with restoration to all rights of property except as to slaves and where legal proceeding in confiscation of the property of such persons have been instituted, on condition that every such person shall take an oath to support the Constitution, the Union and all laws and proclamations made during the rebellion with reference to emancipation. Among the classes of persons excepted from the benefits of amnesty, are civil or diplomatic officers, or foreign agents of the rebel government, all who left judicial stations or seats in Congress to aid the rebellion, military officers above the rank of colonel and naval officers above the rank of lieutenant, all who resigned commissions in the army and navy, officers educated at West Point or the Naval Academy, Governors of rebel States and participants in the rebellion whose property is worth more than \$20,000. A clause is inserted providing for cases in which special application for pardon may be to the President.

The President has issued another proclamation, appointing W. H. Holden Provisional Governor of North Carolina, with power to call a convention of the loyal people for the purpose of amending the Constitution of that State, and to protect the people in restoring the State to the Union. Persons voting for delegates shall take the oath prescribed in the Amnesty Proclamation, and shall be qualified to vote as prescribed by the laws of that State as in force before May 20, 1861, the date of the secession ordinance. The convention or legislature afterwards assembled will prescribe the qualifications for electors—a power the people of the State have always rightfully exercised.

There is practically perfect religious liberty in Paris. In 1830 there were only three French Protestant places of worship. Now there are thirty-five.

Gen. Howard, Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, has issued an order to prohibit the disseminating of freedmen of the land they are cultivating, abandoned by the dialygal former owners.

TERRIBLE DISASTER AT MOBILE.—New Orleans despatches of the 26th state that the ordnance depot and magazine at Mobile exploded at 2 o'clock yesterday. The shock was terrific. The city shook to its very foundations. Eight squares of buildings were destroyed. Five hundred persons were buried in the ruins. Loss \$5,000,000. Origin of the explosion not yet ascertained.

Eight thousand bales of cotton were destroyed; also the steamers Colonel Cowles and Kate Dale, and all on board killed. A great portion of the business centre is badly damaged. The total loss is estimated at \$3,000,000. Gen. Granger rendered prompt relief to the sufferers. The cause of the explosion is uncertain. The ordnance stores which were a portion of the munitions surrendered by Dick Taylor, were in course of removal when it occurred. The entire city is more or less injured.

FOR years the "peace democrats" have been clamoring for compromise and negotiation, and never failed to assert that, at some time, before peace should come, the war would have to be stopped by negotiation and treaty. How blind or how reasonable! To treat with insurgents for peace would be to acknowledge their right to independence, which would be practical treason. The clamor for negotiation has stopped, however, as fire ceases to burn when the fuel is exhausted. There is nobody left to negotiate with. The greatest war known to history was commenced without a formal declaration; it has been gloriously closed without a treaty or proclamation of peace.

[Portland Press.]

ONE of the most beautiful and poetic suggestions which we have noticed since the death of our lamented President, is that "memorial trees" commemorative of that event, should be planted in all parts of the country. Hundreds and thousands of monuments would thus be erected to him all over the land, growing stronger, taller and dearer each succeeding year, typical of the love of all good people for the memory of that great and good man.

MEN FIND THEIR OWN LEVEL.—The flattery with which our assembled working classes are apt to be served undoubtedly contributes to keep many of them content to make no higher attainments. If they are not received with open arms by the educated and refined, they attribute it to their own deficiency. But water is not the only thing that will find its own level. Genius, wit, learning, ignorance, coarseness, are each attracted to its like. Two painters were overheard talking in the room where they were at work. "Lord!" said one, "I knowed him well when he was a boy. Used to live with his gran'ther, next door to us. Poor as Job's turkey. But I aint seen him since, till I heard him in—hail, other night. Don't suppose he'd come anigh me now with a ten-foot pole. Them kind of folks has short memories, ha! ha! Can't tell who a poor working man is, now."

No, no, good friend, you are in the wrong. There is, indeed, a great gulf between you and your early friend, but it is not poverty. To say that it is, is only a way you have of flattering your self-love. For, if you watch those who frequent your friend's house, you will find many a one who lives in lodgings, with the commonest three-ply carpets, cane-seat chairs, and one warm room; while you have a comfortable house of your own, with very likely, tapestry and velvet in your parlor, and registers all about. No, sir, it is not because you are poor, nor because you work; for he is as hard a worker as you, though not, perhaps, so long about it; but because, begging your pardon, you are vulgar and ignorant; because you sit down in your sitting-room at home with your coat off, and your hat on, and smoke your pipe—because you plunge your own knife into the butter, and your own fork into the toast, having used both in your eating with equal freedom—because your voice is loud, your voice is loud, your tone swagging, and your grammar hideous—because, in short, your two paths from the old school-house diverged; his led upward, yours did not; and the fault is not his. You both chose. He chose to cultivate his powers. You chose not to do so. Call things by their right names.—[Gail Hamilton.]

TO REMOVE THE TASTE OF NEW WOOD. A new keg, churn, bucket, or other wooden vessel, will generally communicate a disagreeable taste to anything it is put into. To prevent inconvenience, first scald the vessel well with boiling water, letting the water remain in it till cold. Then dissolve some pearl-ash or soda in lukewarm water, adding a little bit of lime to it, and wash the inside of the vessel well with this solution. Afterwards scald it well with plain hot water, and rinse it with cold before you use it.

Alexander H. Stephens says a majority of the people of Georgia were never secessionists, and yet he gives as a reason why he turned rebel that he felt himself obliged to go with his State!

[Port. Press.]

New countries have wants and habits peculiar to themselves. In our widely extended and sparsely settled territory, medicines rarely prepared are more employed, and are in fact a greater necessity than in the old countries. Dr. Ayer's preparations have given the public greater confidence in this class of remedies than had ever been felt before. Physicians instead of discarding them, really favor the use of such ready at hand antidotes for disease, when they can be depended on. And we wish our readers to know that in publishing J. C. Ayer & Co.'s advertisement, or any other of like reliable character, we think we are furnishing them as useful information as any which we can fill our columns.—[Louisville Courier.]

How to Edit a Newspaper. The Bath Times has some admirable reflections on this subject, which we gladly adopt as our own:

Common sense and common decency should govern editors as to what they will or will not insert in their papers, and because an editor does not publish the gossip that may be afloat, or get up a personal controversy with some one who may differ from him in sentiment, it does not follow that he is therefore afraid to do what is right or that he fears his views will not stand the test of criticism. His paper is for the public—and his observation and experience enable him to judge as to what is right and proper to appear in its columns. It is not to be presumed that with a multitude of tastes to be consulted, and the paper to be read by saints and sinners, that everything that appears in its columns will meet everybody's views, or fully accord with their sentiments. Our aim as a public journalist is to make a home paper, advocating local interests; a paper loyal to the Government, moral in its tone, elevating in its sentiments, and yet which shall meet the social wants of community.







