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Maxham & Wing

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BY REV. W. ALEXANDER.

Down below the wild November whistling,  
Through the beech's dome of burning red,  
And the autumn sprinkling pentameter  
Dust and ashes on the chestnut's head.

Down below a pall of icy purple,  
Darkly hanging from the mountain side,  
And the sunset from his eyebrow staring  
O'er the long roll of the leaden tide.

Up above the tree with leaf unflinching,  
By the everlasting river's brink;  
And the sea of glass, beyond whose margin  
Never yet the sun was known to sink.

Down below the white wings of the new bird,  
Dashed across the furrowed track with mould,  
Fitting like the memories of our childhood  
Through the trees now wester pale and old.

Down below imaginations quivering,  
Through our human spirits like the wind,  
Thoughts that leave like leaves about the woodland,  
Hopes like sea-birds flitting across the mind.

Up above the host no man can number,  
In what a robe, a realm in every hand,  
Each some work as little forever working,  
In the spacious tracts of great grand land.

Up above the thoughts that know no anguish,  
Tender care, sweet for us below,  
Noble pity free from anxious terror,  
Larger love without a touch of woe.

Down below a sad, mysterious music,  
Waiting through the woods and on the shore,  
Buried with a grand, majestic secret,  
That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above a music that entwineth,  
With gentle thrills of golden sound,  
The great peace of this strange existence,  
All whose wondrous meaning hath been found.

Down below, the church to whose poor window  
Glow by the autumnal trees is lent,  
And a knot of worshippers in morning,  
Missing some one at the sacrament.

Up above the burst of Hallelujah,  
And without the sacramental mist  
Wrapt around the sunlit altar,  
The great vision of the face of Christ.

Down below the Church to whose poor window  
And the green, wet turf with faded flowers,  
Winter roses, once like young hopes burning,  
Now beneath the ivy dripped with showers;

And the new-made grave within the churchyard,  
And the white cap on that young face pale,  
And the watcher over its dusky rest,  
Rocking to and fro with that long wail.

Up above a crowned and happy spirit,  
Like an infant in the eternal years,  
Who shall grow in love and light forever,  
Ordered in his place among his peers.

Oh, the sobbing of the winds of autumn,  
Oh, the sunset glow of strange gold,  
Oh, the poor heart thinking in the churchyard,  
"Night is coming, and the grave is cold."

Oh, the pale and splashed and sodden roses,  
Oh, the desolate heart that grave above,  
Oh, the white cap shaking as it darkens  
Round that shrine of memory and love.

Oh, the rest forever, and the rupture!  
Oh, the hand that wipes the tears away,  
Oh, the golden home beyond the sunset,  
And the hope that watches o'er the clay!

(From Harper's Magazine for July.)

# PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

It is natural that friends should tenderly and frequently talk of the loved and lost, descending upon their virtues, narrating the little incidents of a life ended, and dwelling with minute particularity upon traits of character which, under other circumstances, might have remained unnoted and be forgotten, but are invested now with a mournful interest which fixes them in the memory. This, and the general desire to know more of the man Abraham Lincoln, is the only excuse offered for the following simple sketch of some parts of the character of our beloved Chief Magistrate, now passed from earth.

All persons agree that the most marked characteristic of Mr. Lincoln's manners was his simplicity and artlessness; this, in a man of his position and office, was a rare quality. He always spoke of his position and office vaguely, as "this place," "here," or "other modest phrase." Once, speaking of the room in the Capitol used by the President of the United States during the close of a session of Congress, he said, "That room, you know, that they call—dropping his voice and hesitating—"the President's room." To an intimate friend who addressed him all ways by his own proper title he said, "Now call me Lincoln, and I'll promise not to tell of the breach of etiquette—if you want—and I shall have a resting-spell from 'Mister President!'"

With all his simplicity and unacquaintance with courtly manners, his native dignity never forsook him in the presence of critical or polished strangers; but mixed with his angularities and *bonhomie* was something which spoke the fine fibre of the man; and, while his sovereign disregard of courtly conventionalities was somewhat ludicrous, his native sweetness and straightforwardness of manner served to disarm criticism and impress the visitor that he was before a man pure, self-poised, collected, and strong in unconscious strength. Of him an accomplished foreigner, whose knowledge of the courts was more perfect than that of the English language, said, "He seems to me one grand gentleman in disguise."

In his eagerness to acquire knowledge of common things he sometimes surprised his distinguished visitors by inquiries about matters that they were supposed to be acquainted with; and those who came to scrutinize went away with a vague sense of having been unconsciously panned by the man whom they expected to pump. One Sunday evening last winter, while sitting alone with the President, the cards of Professor Agassiz and a friend were sent in. The President had never met Agassiz at that time, I believe; and said, "I would like to talk with that man; he is a good man, I do believe; don't you think so?" But one answer could be returned to the query, and soon after the visitors were shown in, the President first whispering, "Now sit still and see what we can pick up that's new." To my surprise, however, no questions were asked about the Old Silurian, the Glacial Theory, or the Great Snow-storm, but, in introductions being over, the President said, "I never knew how to properly pronounce your name; would you give me a little lesson at that, please?" Then he asked if it were of French or Swiss derivation, to which the Professor replied that it was part of each. That led to a discussion of different languages, the President speaking of several words in different languages which had the same root as similar words in our own tongue; then he illustrated that by one or two anecdotes, one of which he borrowed from Hood's "Up the Rhine." But he soon returned to his gentle cross-examination of Agassiz, and

found out how the Professor studied, how he composed, and how he delivered his lectures; how he found different tastes in his audiences in different portions of the country. When afterward asked why he put such questions to his learned visitor, he said, "Why, what we got from him isn't printed in the books; the other things."

At this interview, it may be remarked in passing, the President said that many years ago, when the custom of lecture-going was more common than since, he was induced to try his hand at composing a literary lecture—something which he thought entirely out of his line. The subject, he said, was not defined, but his purpose was to analyze inventions and discoveries—"to get at the bottom of things"—and to show when, where, how, and why such things were invented or discovered; and, so far as possible, to find where the first mention is made of some of our common things. The Bible, he said, he found to be the richest storehouse for such knowledge; and he then gave one or two illustrations, which were new to his hearers. The lecture was never finished, and was left among his loose papers at Springfield when he came to Washington.

The simplicity of manner which shone out in all such interviews as that here noticed was marked in his total lack of consideration of what was due to his exalted station. He had an almost morbid dread of what he called "a scene"—that is, a demonstration of applause such as always greeted his appearance in public. The first sign of a cheer sobered him; he appeared sad and oppressed, suspended conversation, and looked out into vacancy; and when it was over resumed the conversation just where it was interrupted, with an obvious feeling of relief. Of the relations of a senator to him he said, "I think that Senator's manner is more cordial to me than before." The truth was that the senator had been looking for a sign of cordiality from his superior, but the President had reversed their relative positions. At another time, speaking of an early acquaintance, who was an applicant for an office which he thought him hardly qualified to fill, the President said, "Well, now, I never thought Mr.—had any more than average ability when we were young men together; really I did not"—a pause—"But, then, I suppose he thought just the same about me; he had reason to, and—here I am."

The simple habits of Mr. Lincoln were so well known that it is a subject for surprise that watchful and malignant treason did not sooner take that precious life which he seemed to hold so lightly. He had an almost morbid dislike for an escort, or guard, and daily exposed himself to the deadly aim of an assassin. One summer morning, passing by the White House at an early hour, I saw the President standing at the gate-way, looking anxiously down the street; and, in reply to a salutation, he said, "Good-morning, good-morning! I am looking for a news-boy; when you get to that corner I wish you would start one up this way." There are American citizens who consider such things beneath the dignity of an official in high place.

In reply to the remonstrances of friends, who were afraid of his constant exposure to danger, he had but one answer: "If they kill me, the next man will be just as bad for them; and in a country like this, where our habits are simple, and must be, assassination is always possible, and will come if they are determined upon it." A cavalry guard was once placed at the gates of the White House for a while, and he said, privately, that he "worried until he got rid of it." While the President's family were at their summer-house, near Washington, he rode into town of a morning, or out at night, attended by a mounted escort; but if he returned to town for a while after dark, he rode in unguarded, and often alone, in his open carriage. On more than one occasion the writer has gone through the streets of Washington at a late hour of the night with the President, without escort, or even the company of a servant, walking all of the way, going and returning.

Considering the many open and secret threats to take his life, it is not surprising that Mr. Lincoln had many thoughts about his "coming to a sudden and violent end." He once said that he felt the force of the expression, "To take one's life in his hand;" but that he would not like to face death suddenly. He said that he thought himself a great coward physically, and was sure that he should make a poor soldier, for, unless there was something in the excitement of a battle, he was sure that he would drop his gun and run at the first symptom of danger. That was said, sportively, and he added, "Moral cowardice is something which I think I never had." Shortly after the presidential election, in 1864, he related an incident which I will try to put upon paper here, as nearly as possible in his own words—

"It was just after my election in 1860, when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day, and there had been a great 'Hurrah, boys!' so that I was well tired out and went home to rest, throwing myself down on a lounge in my chamber. Opposite where I lay was a bureau, with a swinging-glass upon it"—(and here he got up and placed furniture to illustrate the position)—"and, looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected, nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again I saw it a second time—plainly, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler, say five shades, than the other. I got up and the thing melted away, and went off and, in the excitement of the hour, forgot all about it—nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in awhile come up, and give me a little pang, as though something uncomfortable had happened. When I went home I told my wife about it, and a few days after I tried the experiment again, when [with a laugh], sure enough, the thing came again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was a sign that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term."

The President, with his usual good sense,

saw nothing in all this, but an optical illusion; though the flavor of superstition which hangs about every man's composition made him wish that he had never seen it. But there are oodles who will now believe that this odd coincidence was "a warning."

If Mr. Lincoln's critics may be trusted, he had too much goodness of heart to make a good magistrate. Certain it is that his continually-widening charity for all, and softness of heart, pardoned offenders and mitigated punishments when the strict requirements of justice would have dealt more severely with the criminal. It was a standing order of his office that persons on matters involving the issue of life and death should have immediate precedence. Nor was his kindness confined to affairs of state; his servants, and all persons in his personal service, were the objects of his peculiar care and solicitude. They bore no burdens or hardships which he could relieve them of; and if he carried this virtue to an extreme, and carried labors which others should have borne, it was because he thought he could not help it.

He was often waylaid by soldiers important to get their back pay, or a furlough, or a discharge; and if the case was not too complicated, would attend to it then and there. Going out of the main-door of the White House one morning, he met an old lady who was pulling vigorously at the door-bell, and asked her what she wanted. She said that she wanted to see "Abraham the Second." The President, amused, asked who Abraham the First might be, if there was a second? The old lady replied, "Why, Lor' bless you! we read about the first Abraham in the Bible, and Abraham the Second is our President." She was told that the President was not in his office then, and when she asked where he was, she was told, "Here he is!" Nearly petrified with surprise, the old lady managed to tell her errand, and was told to come next morning at nine o'clock, when she was received and kindly cared for by the President. At another time, hearing of a young man who had determined to enter the navy as a landsman, after three years of service in the army, he said to the writer, "Now do you go over to the Navy Department and mouse out what he is fit for, and he shall have it, if it's to be had, for that's the kind of men I like to hear of." The place was duly "moused out," with the assistance of the kind-hearted Assistant-Secretary of the Navy; and the young officer, who may read these lines on his solitary post off the mouth of the Yazoo River, was appointed upon the recommendation of the President of the United States. Of an application for office by an old friend, not fit for the place he sought, he said, "I had rather resign my place and go away from here than refuse him, if I consulted only my personal feelings; but refuse him I must." And he did.

This same gentleness, mixed with firmness, characterized all of Mr. Lincoln's dealings with public men. Often bitterly assailed and abused, he never appeared to recognize the fact that he had political enemies; and if his attention was called to unkind speeches or remarks, he would turn the conversation of his indignant friends by a judicious story, or the remark, "I guess we won't talk about that now." He has himself put it on record that he never read attacks upon himself, and if they were brought persistently before him, he had some ready excuse for their authors. Of a virulent personal attack upon his official conduct he mildly said that it was ill-timed; and of one of his most bitter political enemies he said, "I've been told that insanity is hereditary in his family, and I think we will admit the plea in his case." It was noticeable that Mr. Lincoln's keenest critics and bitter opponents studiously avoided his presence; it seemed as though no man could be familiar with his homely heart-lighted features, his single-hearted directness and manly kindness, and remain long an enemy, or be anything but his friend. It was this warm frankness of Mr. Lincoln's manner that made a hard-headed old "hunker" once leave the hustings where Lincoln was speaking, in 1856, saying, "I won't hear him, for I don't like a man that makes me believe in him in spite of myself."

"Honest old Abe" has passed into the language of our time and country as a synonym for all that is just and honest in man. Yet thousands of instances, unknown to the world, might be added to those already told of Mr. Lincoln's great and crowning virtue. He disliked innuendoes, concealments, and subtleties; and no sort of approach at official "jobbing" ever had any encouragement from him. With him the question was not, "Is it convenient? Is it expedient?" but, "Is it right?" He steadily discountenanced all practices of government officers using any part of the public funds for temporary purposes; and he loved to tell of his own experience when he was saved from embarrassment by his rigid adherence to a good rule. He had been postmaster at Salem, Illinois, during Jackson's administration, William T. Barry being then Postmaster-General, and resigning his office, removed to Springfield, having sent a statement of account to the Department at Washington. No notice was taken of his account, which showed a balance due the Government of over one hundred and fifty dollars, until three or four years after, when, Amos Kendall being Postmaster-General, he was presented with a draft for the amount due. Some of Mr. Lincoln's friends, who knew that he was in straitened circumstances then, as he had always been, heard of the draft, and offered to help him out with a loan; but he told them not to worry, and producing from his trunk an old pocket, tied up and marked, counted out, in six-pences, shillings, and quarters, the exact sum required of him, in the identical coin received by him while in office years before.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## HENRY WINTER DAVIS ON NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

Henry Winter Davis, in his oration at Chicago, took the following ground; "We need the votes of all the colored people; it is numbers, not intelligence, that counts at the ballot-box—it is the right intention, not philosophic judgment, that casts the vote. More glorious still would it be for Congress to follow the great example we have just had of abolishing slavery by an amendment of the Constitution. Let them pass by their two-thirds majority, in both houses of Congress, an amendment of the Constitution securing forever the mass of the people as the basis of the republic-

can government of the United States. And when it shall have received the assent of three-fourths of those recognized as States and represented in Congress, let Congress instantly proclaim it as the fundamental law of the land, valid and binding as the Constitution itself, of which they will thus have made it a part, under which they sit, of which no State caprice, no question of political parties, nothing in the future, except the triumph of slavery over free institutions, can ever shake or call in question.

Then all the proclamations of the Declaration of Independence will be executed; this government will rest on the rights of individual liberty and the right of every man to bear a share in the government of the country whose laws he obeys and whose bayonet in the hour of danger he bears. And the personal freedom which the dark children of the republic have won by our blood and theirs will not be a vain mockery, exposed to violation at the caprice of their masters, enthroned in the legislature, on the bench and in the executive chamber, but, secured by the bayonet they hold and the ballot they cast, will be belted by power.

OLD AGE.—There is no delusion more common, even with those who keep old age most steadily in view, than that, having made pecuniary provision to its support, all the happiness within the power of mortal effort to secure that condition has been secured. The palpable lesson, to that constantly under view that, in the unstrung hand of age, wealth loses more than half its potency to minister to enjoyment, should dispel this fallacy at a glance. The happiness of age is not enjoyment, but consolation; and this is the grand item omitted in the provision. To discover what the consolations of age are, it is only required to consider what life is when it reaches that epoch. No longer anticipation, no longer action. These two valuable portions of the inheritance it was born to, it has run through; but it may have been—it should have been—laying up a treasure store which could not be inherited—reminiscence. Therein lies the little reserve of bankrupt life, the modest competency which may carry it in comfort to its end. That is the treasure which alone can compensate for what time has robbed it of; the fund it must be able to draw upon when pains, infirmities, and weariness demand liquidation—or acknowledge itself beggared. It will be seen that this view involves investment in other funds than three per cent. as a complete or even adequate provision for age. Without venturing to touch here on the prime consolation needful in all stages of life, and in dispensable in the last, but treating merely on human means to human happiness, it may be insisted on that in culture of heart and intellect, of faculties and affections, is the main provision to be made for the complacency and gratification of life's declining years.

WATERING TREES IN HOT WEATHER.—There is no practice on which we have given repeated instruction, that is so little understood as that of watering newly set trees and shrubs during the hot and dry weather of summer. Many persons dash water on the surface, and never examine whether it goes down half an inch or an inch, while the roots may be six inches or a foot below, and as little affected by it as a thirsty horse would be by a pouring of water on his tail. It would be well worthy of the experiment for any reader, of these remarks to give the surface of a hard piece of dry soil a drenching with a watering-pot, and then, a few hours afterwards, dig down and examine the depth to which the moisture has penetrated, and compare it with an adjoining spot that has not been watered. The result would be a valuable lesson. Let the experiment be extended. Allow one portion of ground to be coarse hard and crusted, and keep another loose and mellow. Examine the moisture in the soil six inches down, during drought—the crusted portion will be dry, the mellow part moist and favorable for the growth of plants. Again examine a portion of the soil which has been allowed to grow with weeds and grass, as compared with the clear mellow part, and the difference will be surprising to those who have not before witnessed anything of the kind. Grass and other plants pump water up from the soil and scatter it to the air in the form of insensible vapor through the leaves, many times faster than it can evaporate from bare soil; and beneath the grass the earth will sometimes appear as dry as ashes, while that which has been kept pulverized will be found as moist as a wet sponge. Actual observation of these differences, requiring a few minutes occasional examination, will be more convincing than any amount of reasoning. It will show in a most satisfactory manner the importance of keeping the soil clear and constantly pulverized, both for retaining moisture and for favoring the ready extension of roots.

Some years ago an acquaintance set out thirty young cherry trees. Fifteen of them were occasionally and moderately watered, and the remaining fifteen were left untouched. The owner was much surprised to find that seven out of the fifteen watered ones died by midsummer, and only two out of the unwatered ones. The truth was, the water which had been applied never reached half way down to the roots, while it hardened the surface into a stiff crust which is especially unfavorable to young and newly set cherry trees. If he had kept the surface constantly mellowed by repeated stirring, and had mulched the ground with grass or old straw for a few weeks at the hottest time of summer, the whole thirty trees would probably have lived and grown well.

As a general rule, mulching with pulverized earth would be the most convenient and best way to perform this operation, if well performed. If the top soil is kept completely pulverized, it has about the same mechanical effect as saw-dust and chaff. But soil becomes more quickly packed solid, than either saw-dust, chaff or short straw, and a very few cultivators can be induced to break it up and frequently enough. Hence in ordinary practice, the common mode of mulching with hay, straw, &c., succeeds best. A neighbor once made a banner with his hired man as to which should raise the most corn from a quarter of an acre. The neighbor tied his piece once a week all summer, yet in spite of this frequent hoeing, the hired man's corn was much the best. He was puzzled for a time to account for it, until early

one morning he found him at work at it—and then found out that he had hoed it every morning before his employer had arisen. It has been common to ascribe the increased growth of constant stirring to the absorption of ammonia from the air, &c., but the true explanation is undoubtedly the preservation of moisture of the soil by the more perfect mulching thus afforded. [Country Gentleman.]

## GOV. CONY ON NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

In a letter to Lorenzo Clay, Esq., of Gardiner, in response to an invitation to be present at the fourth of July celebration in that city, or, if not able to be present, to communicate his views upon the topics of the day, Governor Cony discusses the question of negro suffrage at some length, and in terms that will commend themselves to the people.

Referring to the practical abolition of slavery throughout the United States, and to the fact that four million bondmen have been born into new relation to society and Government, the Governor proceeds to discuss the question of their future status in the body politic. Referring in brief terms to some of the instant needs of the freedmen, which must be met at once, embracing the proper recognition among them of marital and parental relation, the removal of the ignorance inseparable from their condition as slaves, by proper instruction and their free access to the courts of justice in which their rights shall be recognized equally with those of the white man, he proceeds to consider the right of suffrage. Gov. Cony writes:—

"The regulation of the right of suffrage, inhering by the Constitution in the States, the preliminary question demanding settlement is the condition of those ancient States of the Union which have revolted against the National Government and essayed its overthrow. If those States are entitled to an instant resumption of all their legislative rights, and if their powers have not been impaired or suspended by their crimes, then any discussion of the question of allowing the freedman the right of suffrage is a more impertinent interference on the part of all outside the States in which they dwell.

But the common sense of mankind and the plainest dictates of justice revolt against a conclusion which would at once accord to South Carolina and Alabama the same rights and powers in the Union which are to-day enjoyed by Maine and New York. Such a conclusion would confound all moral and logical distinction and would afford a guaranty against all punishment for evil deeds. No! the criminal treason of these States led to war and war led to anarchy, and the General Government having utterly crushed their military power, has the right to administer their civil affairs so long as it adjudges such administration to be for the common weal of the nation. President Johnson is eminently wise, therefore, in appointing civil Governors for these revolted States instead of allowing their lately rebellious inhabitants to elect them; and, wise, also, in assuring these States as he has in response to their delegation, that the abolition of slavery is an absolute prerequisite to their resuming their places and functions in the Union.

The Southern rebels rising against the power of the nation, defying its government, seizing its property, ejecting its officials, obtaining recognition of foreign governments as possessors of belligerent rights, extorting the same from our own, continued the contest until their armies were destroyed or captured, their country overrun, their resources exhausted, and they were utterly powerless to offer further resistance. It certainly was not by force of any moral influence, nor by any treaty, they were induced to cease the contest, but by sheer force of arms. If they could have reinforced and subsisted their armies, who doubts that instead of celebrating this anniversary of the nation's birth in peace, we should still have been engaged in flagrant war, the thunder of cannon rolling over the land, and death on the battle-field reaping his desolating harvest.

Assuming, then, that the nation is the proprietor of this question of suffrage in the revolted States, one test naturally suggests itself to every mind, whether applied to white or colored. That should be furnished by answer to the questions: is the person seeking to exercise the right, loyal? and has he been loyal to the nation during the war?"

He then alludes to the rarity of the virtue of loyalty among the whites of the South, and speaks of the uniform loyalty and fidelity of the black race. He asks if the rebels who have been pardoned by the President for their disloyalty can make any better citizens than those who have always been loyal, and if these pardoned rebels are to be allowed to demand exclusion from citizenship of men who have never revolted against the authority of the Government. He continues:—

"To allow their masters, whose hands are red with blood of our murdered countrymen, and their hearts filled with ill suppressed rage and hate towards the Government they failed to destroy, to resume at once their political rights and relations, and to remit to the guardianship of these men the liberties and franchises of the colored loyalists, depriving them of all potential voice in framing the laws by which they are to be governed, and by which they should be protected, would be an act, the fatuity of which would be equalled only by its infamy, and an infamy which has itself no parallel in the annals of mankind. If to the slave we have given liberty without the power of protecting it, a situation more abject and remediless than that of this race cannot be conceived. While the revolted States are held, as they now are by the President, in abeyance, their powers suspended, it will be within the scope of the national authority to provide for the wants of the freedman, which have been alluded to. In a comparatively brief period the objection of ignorance as disqualifying him (which would be equally good against all complexions) would be removed, and he becoming trained to an intelligent exercise of the functions of citizenship."

Saying so much with reference to the personal condition and interests of the freedman, he proceeds to speak of other considerations which are no less weighty in sustaining the demand for the bestowal of the right of suffrage upon him:—

"There are numberless other considerations affecting the welfare of the nation, which demand the policy of allowing the negro to vote.

His emancipation increases the political power of the South. The exercise of this power, if limited to those who have held it exclusively heretofore, will but strengthen the hands of those who sought to destroy the Government. The rebellion has thrust upon the nation an enormous load of debt, requiring heavy taxation to preserve the national faith. Reconstructed rebels would feel but little repugnance to repudiate a debt they would allege to have been created in the prosecution of an unconstitutional war for their subjugation. Failing to repudiate the debt of the nation they would endeavor to foist upon it a portion of the Confederate debt which has so largely swallowed the property of the south. Preposterous as such a proposition would be, it contains too large an element of, and too fertile a resource for corruption to be contemplating without alarm. The safety of this country demands a large infusion of loyal voters in that section where the disloyal so largely preponderate. The people of the United States, with a magnanimity unequalled in any age or country will not invoke, even upon leading criminals, the punishment justly due to transcendent crime; but it is to be hoped while they may fall short of justice in the direction of mercy to offenders, that they will not likewise fail to meet its demands in such a manner as to bring upon the nation the stigma of inhuman cruelty to those entitled to the amplest protection."

Gov. Cony closes his letter by a strong expression of confidence in the unwavering fidelity of President Johnson to the principles of republican liberty in discharging the duties of the high station to which he has been providentially called.

## THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.—The following, characteristic commentary upon this popular expression is from the pen of the American correspondent of the London Telegraph. In speaking of the "Yankees," he says:

"There was never such a mistake as to call them an industrious people. Shrewd, ingenious, active, energetic, enterprising they are, if you will; but they won't do a stroke of work if they can help it. They like 'bossing.' They prefer to 'run the machine'—to stand on the bridge, speaking trumpet in hand, instead of slaving in the stock-hole. For them, the counting-house, where they can count up the profits at leisure; to others the handwork. If there is any hard work to be done, they hire an Irishman or a negro to do it. 'Excellent!' often has, in the States, a queer signification. I shall never forget a conversation I once had, on this head, with a remarkably shrewd, clear-sighted New-England. We were speaking of the dignity of labor. 'The dignity of labor be hanged!' coolly remarked my interlocutor; 'there ain't no dignity at all about it. It's much more dignified to make \$100,000 a year out of royalty on a patent. If there ain't no other way than to earn your bread by the sweat of your brow, why, you've got to do it; but I never knew a man yet that wasn't glad to get rid of his labor and hire other folks to do it, or that didn't look back upon the days when he had to work as a cursed bad time. I've often heard a rich man say that he was proud of having been a journeyman bricklayer, but I never heard one say that he'd like to be a journeyman bricklayer again. If labor is such a dreadful dignified thing, why should we all be in such an almighty hurry to become foremen and masters?'"

And, indeed, I think a great deal of cant has been talked, on both sides of the Atlantic, about the dignity of labor. We know that labor is the lot of many of us, and we are told, on the highest authority, that it is meant, not as blessing, but a punishment; and to assert that about the grandest and noblest thing in the world is to work sixteen hours a day for 15 shillings a week, is often a convenient delusion, fostered, by people who are not compelled to labor, for the benefit and consolation of those who are."

WIVES AND HUSBANDS.—With a wife comes a certain loss of freedom, which is irksome to wilful natures. This a man (who is a very short-sighted creature) never thinks of until after the object of his love is his. Waking thoroughly to the consciousness that he is a married man, he finds in his house a person who has an absolute claim on his attention, his time, his affection and his service. He is surrounded by new conditions. All his movements must start from a new center. Mr. Jones before marriage, could harness his pony and drive wherever impulse might direct; but Mr. Jones after marriage, is obliged to remember that Mrs. Jones is in the house and would like to accompany him—a fact, considering the way towards which the pony's head is turned, and the old companions who live on the way, that is not wholly agreeable to Mr. Jones. A new item comes into all his calculations. Mr. Jones is double instead of single. Mr. Jones' life which once was a skein of silk has become a stick of twist, and the strand which he contributed can not be separated from its fellow without a snarl. Mr. Jones finds himself tied to Mrs. Jones for life, and also finds that a certain freedom of movement which he enjoyed before marriage cannot, with propriety, be enjoyed after marriage. This troubles Mr. Jones a little. He has half a mind to rebel. What business has a woman to interfere with him? Perhaps he rebels with a whole mind. Thousands do, and by the failure to adapt themselves rationally to their new conditions inaugurate a life of discord or indifference.

Absorption in business and professional pursuits is, perhaps, the grand cause of estrangement between married lives. In France there is a saying that "tobacco is the tomb of love."—French love, probably. In America, business is the tomb of love. It is hard, if not impossible, for two great passions to live in the heart at the same time. It is as difficult to love woman and mammon, as it is to serve God and mammon. The love of a man for his wife must be the grand, enduring, all-subordinating passion of his life, or woman is defrauded of her right. The man, who when his wife is won, turns the whole interest and energy of his life into business, making that an end which should only be a means, is married only in name. There is no narcotism of affection like the strong love and ceaseless pursuit of money. Turning gradually away from the quiet society of their wives, and the enjoyment of their homes, most men yield themselves, to the pursuit of wealth, and in the fierce excitement of their enterprise, lose a taste for the calm delights of domestic life. At the close of a day's labor, they bring home weary bodies and worn minds. Nothing is saved for their homes or wives. Their evenings are stupid and fretful, and the pillow and forgetfulness are welcomed as a release from ennui.—[Hours at Home.]

AS GOOD AS WE WENT.—"When my brother and I went away to the war," said a young Western soldier who had fought at Stone river and Chickamauga under Rosecrans at Chattanooga under Sherman, and had made the great march under Sherman, "we promised mother to come home as good as we went, and we'd do so, too—we have not learned to smoke, or chew, or drink, or play at cards. I guess she'll be glad to see us back again, safe and sound."



## Waterville Mail.

S. M. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JULY 21, 1865.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 31 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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## ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING, or "WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

**NEW SUMMER RESORT.**—The opening of a new resort for the weary and the merry, as well as the public generally, who sometimes go abroad for enjoyment and health, was the occasion of a very pleasant party to Winthrop last week. The object being to bring into public notice the Winthrop House with its appurtenant attractions and comforts, the guests were mainly editors, landlords and a few other men of the "live" class, who were "put through" by landlord Stanley and his assistant, Capt. Hodgdon, in a very liberal and gentlemanly way. We could fill columns with details of the good things said, done, enjoyed and eaten; but our mission for the occasion was rather to give promise for the future than to give thanks for the past.

The various classes of persons who go abroad for recreation, recuperation, or rejuvenation, seem to us to run into all sorts of extremes. One goes to Moosehead, to eat cold lunch and be eaten by flies, and sleep on pine boughs; another to Newport, to dress four times a day and dance through the night; while a third rushes from Saratoga to Niagara, to drink, sweat, stare and speculate; and a fourth goes to Boothbay to skewer worms and eat his own chowders. Now, we can see that Winthrop offers advantages over all these. It is a pretty country village, with a refined and industrious population; in the heart of a healthy interior town, whose surface is suitably divided between finely cultivated farms and beautiful ponds. One of the latter, which admits of a sail of several miles, presents a neat little harbor but a few rods from the door of the hotel; where, if not employed, is a miniature fleet of clean, white sail boats, ready to take parties to the most attractive points. Three miles of most delightful sailing brings us to the Island House, a neat little structure on Wood's Island, large enough for a kitchen and dining hall—or dancing hall—offering, in its picturesque surroundings and the promises it makes to the hungry, one of the most pressing invitations that could be given to a party of men (and women) seeking recreation, comfort, or chowder.

For pic-nic parties, social parties, or family parties—whether for a day, a week, or for the season—we commend the arrangements and comforts, the hospitality and politeness, the retirement, the economy, the social attractions, and the unqualified good things generally, that pertain to the Winthrop House.

**POISONING.**—Extravagant reports are in circulation of a terrible poisoning case at North Vassalboro'; but on inquiry we find the foundation very small. It is not true that twenty-one persons were poisoned at a boarding house, seven of whom are dead and the rest in great danger, by the careless cooking of a lizard in the tea-kettle; but it seems to be a fact that at one of the boarding houses some persons were immediately unwell after eating meat, and that some attributed it to boiling in a copper kettle. This is as much as we learn of the matter.

**MR. P. DEBOER.** who recently disposed of his business here with the intention of locating in the West, has returned after a short absence, apparently well contented with his old home. He has purchased a lot of eight acres of H. Percival, Esq., on the east side of Summer Street, and on Wednesday broke ground for the construction of a house. An active, wide awake man like Mr. D. is of more value to us than a dozen rich men, whose only employment is to loan money at exorbitant rates, throw cold water upon every enterprise, and plan how to avoid taxation.

**CHARLEY PENNEY,** the "little," we were about to say, but he is not so little as he was—drummer boy, has returned with his regiment, the 81st, safe and sound. Of four boys which his father, Mr. Wm. G. Penney, put into the service of his country Master Charley is the only one spared. Surely he has done his part.

**ANOTHER.**—A letter from Samuel K. Leavitt, Esq., of Evansville, Indiana, informs us that he has just closed three years service in the army, and will visit New England, including Waterville, about Commencement time. Mr. Leavitt (probably Col. or Gen. L. now) is a graduate of our College, and a lawyer from the office of J. H. Drummond. The war took him from his profession in Evansville, and he is one of the immortal few noble soldiers of that State who survived to return to their homes.

## PURE BLOOD STOCK.

**Messrs. Editors.**—The statement which I communicated to your journal in regard to the Dutch Cow "Texelair," I find in conversation with several stock raisers of this vicinity, can hardly be credited by them, as the amount of milk given is so extraordinary. The present is to say, that if any person is interested enough to call at my office I can prove to them the truth of the statement.

Great attention is paid to the breeding of pure blood stock in Massachusetts at the present time, and the breeders are reaping a rich harvest from their efforts. Mr. H. G. White, of South Framingham, sold his three year old bull "Monster" of Durham stock to go to Canada for \$2,000, and has just declined an offer of the same amount for a ten months old bull calf. Mr. C. W. Harvey, of Liverpool, Eng., has just purchased the two year old bull "Lord Oxford" of Mr. Thorne, of New Jersey, paying \$3,000. In fine, I see no reason why Maine farmers should not participate in these large prices, as it costs no more to raise a pure blood animal that will bring a large price, than one of common stock. The same remark will apply to horses. I learn that a five year old colt was sold this week by Mr. Savage, of this place, to a gentleman of New York, for something over \$1,200, and it cost the breeder of this animal but a trifle more to raise her than it would have cost to raise one not worth more than \$150, at that age.

I am advised of a sale of eight breeding swine of Essex blood for the sum of \$350; showing that it pays to breed pure blood stock of all kinds.

HENRY TAYLOR.

**FISHING PARTIES** who go out to Wade's, at North Pond, express the highest satisfaction with the accommodations obtained there. Charges are also very moderate. The Baptist choir, with a few friends, under the leadership of the brave and gallant Tozier, made a party there on Wednesday. They are enthusiastic and authorize us to say so—in their praise of Mr. Wade's arrangements for a good time, noting particularly the boats, the chowder, and a dozen other important items. They say, in a loud and on a high key, "Wade's is the place!"

**THE RETIREMENT OF CHS. M. MORSE,** Esq., from the superintendence of the Maine Central Railroad, elicits from our citizens a very general expression of hope that no other business engagement may induce him to leave Waterville. For 15 years past his connection with an enterprise closely associated with the prosperity of the town, 4 years of which he filled its most prominent, and in some respects its most responsible, post, has developed to a large circle of acquaintance qualities too highly esteemed to be spared without reluctance. In the political and business relations of the town, during a period of unprecedented trial, as well as in the local enterprises and interests that have claimed his attention, he has uniformly been found, close up to the line of duty; while the varied phases and circles of social life have always proved him the agreeable gentleman, the good neighbor, and the kind, genial and true friend. With integrity never questioned or doubted, he retires from a position for which he lacked no desirable quality, and in the discharge of the duties of which he forfeited no man's faith. Few have warmer friends, or better deserve them; and with a tender of the highest expressions of confidence and regard from the chief officials of the road, and the marked esteem of the employees, his retirement is a prouder one than often falls to the lot of office holders of any class. In the wish that he may continue a citizen, neighbor, friend—that his eminent business qualifications may find a field of profit and usefulness among us, instead of urging him abroad, we know we have the earnest sympathy of this community.

**HYALUTIN!**—The New-York editors and reporters were very generally thrown in to a violent "epurge" by the burning of Barnum's museum. They describe it as though they had been part and parcel of the great menagerie of animals that so stimulated their eloquence. Unfortunately they do up their task so extravagantly, so like Barnum, and so like Barnum's "critters," that we in the country are in no danger of being gulled. The *Tribune* leads, as usual. Its description of the frantic fight, in the midst of the flames, between the lion and the tiger, and the polar bear and boar—constrictor, with thrilling details of the death struggle, one by one, of the "Happy Family," is still going the rounds of the press;—but, unluckily, it is preceded or closely followed by the statement of the manager of the museum that there was neither lion or tiger or polar bear in the concern, and that the Happy Family were rescued, at the last moment, safe and sound. One paper is eloquent over their rescue, rats, cats, birds and all; while the *Tribune* is sublime over their ashes, all in one mingled pile. How many such fires Barnum can stand, the good lord only knows; but the integrity of the New York press is henceforth fire proof.

**PROMPT.**—The Home Insurance Company, of New York, under the agency of Mr. J. B. Bradbury, very promptly cancelled the claim of Dr. Waters for damage to his buildings by fixing the amount at six hundred and fifty dollars. Their promptness and generosity go hand in hand. The amount insured on buildings, furniture, &c. was two thousand dollars.

**SUCCESS** seems to be crowning the efforts of the Unitarian Society to secure subscriptions for erecting a church, and their committee have purchased the Home lot, next north of Mr. L. B. Thayer's.

The laying of the Atlantic cable was probably commenced about the 15th inst.

## OUR TABLE.

**ATLANTIC MONTHLY** for August, a very attractive number, has the following table of contents:—Among the Honey Makers, by Harriet E. Prescott; Countess Laura, by George H. Baker; Strategy at the Fireside, by Epes Sargent; Around Mull, part II, by Maria S. Cummins; John Bright and the English Radicals, by G. W. Towle; Needle and Garden, VIII.; The Willow, by Elizabeth A. C. Akers; My Second Captivity; Doctor John, VII., by Donald G. Mitchell; Letter to a Silent Friend; The Chimney Corner, VIII., by Mrs. H. B. Stowe; Peace, by Mrs. A. D. Whitney; Reconstruction and Negro Suffrage; Literary Notices.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year, with liberal discount to clubs. It is sold by all periodical dealers.

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS.**—The August number of this delightful juvenile contains the following articles:—Farming for Boys, VII.; Dick and I, by Marian Douglas; The Story of Dolly, by Mrs. M. A. Diaz; Master Horsey's Excursion, by Gaston Fay; Little Hugh and the Fairies, J. H. A. Bone; Transactions, by Gail Hamilton; Winning his Way, by "Carleton"; Dogs and Cats, by Mrs. H. B. Stowe; Half-Hours with Father Brightshoes, I, by J. T. Trowbridge; Afloat in the Forest, by Capt. Mayne Reid; Round the Evening Lamp.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year.

**DEATH OF THE CELEBRATED DREW HORSE.**—It is with feelings of real regret that I hear of the death of this justly celebrated horse. He was found, Saturday morning, in his stall, with one of his fore legs broken in two places. The manner in which it was done is still a mystery to the person who had him in charge.—Mr. Gifford, of Fairfield Corner, where he had been sent by his owner, Hiram Drew, of Levant, to stand this season.

Probably no horse in this country has produced so many fine horses as this one, and it will be a long time before his equal can or will be found. He was 26 years old, and I believe has been always in the possession of his present owner, who also owned the famous horse "Hiram Drew," now in the possession of Mr. McKay, of East Boston, and who proved himself the fastest horse on the road last winter.

We had been led to expect that the old horse would be exhibited at our Agricultural Fair, along with his numerous progeny, as he would have made the show of "Drew stock" complete.

The loss will fall heavily on Mr. Drew, who I think deserves a contribution from the friends of the horse, who are in themselves a legion. The subscription has been started, and "a friend" has headed the list with the sum of fifty dollars. Any person disposed to contribute to the fund will please send the amount to my address and it shall be acknowledged and forwarded to Mr. Drew. H. TAYLOR.

Waterville, Me., July 19, 1865.

**PARK.**—They are debating the subject of a public park in Portland, and the great expense involved renders it a "bone of contention." In Waterville we have a rare opportunity to settle a similar question without trouble. An old neglected and dilapidated burying ground, most admirably located for a park, has become an eyesore to everybody, and a large portion of the bodies buried there have been removed to the new Cemetery. Lately it has been proposed to make it a public park and consecrate it to the Soldier's monument and the "Lincoln Tree," and the town have voted to permit the execution of the plan. The work is in good hands, and in due time will move forward to success. It is an enterprise worthy of the labor and expense it will cost, and one that cannot fail to suit all classes of our citizens. So eligible a locality, devoted to so sacred an object, and adorned as its peculiar advantages suggest, would be a central attraction for all who have pride in the beauty of our village.

**JUST PRAISE.**—The Jeffersonian, in mentioning the proposed new depot at Augusta, says of the late Superintendent:—Mr. Noyes the Superintendent of the P. & K. road, is a tower of strength for that Corporation. No road in the country ever rose so rapidly from weakness and dilapidation to strength and efficiency as that road under his management.

**RAILROAD ACCIDENT.**—By the misplacement of a switch, five cars on the freight train east, on the Me. Central Railroad, were thrown from the track at Damascus Mills, on Tuesday, and the engine and tender landed bottom up in the stream. The passenger car attached remained upon the track, and no one was injured the engineer, and fireman jumping from the train in season to save themselves.

**J. NYE,** Esq., Treasurer of the Maine Central Railroad, summarily *quelled* an ale dealer at Newport Station, recently, by emptying his pitcher and splitting his sign into kindlings, threatening at the same time to arrest him if he resumed his occupation.

**MR. NYE** has secured a third person concerned in stealing his wool. He has also recovered all the wool. The three culprits are now in jail awaiting trial.

**OUR enterprising neighbor, Mr. E. N. Fletcher,** is laying the foundations of a substantial building on the J. M. West lot, the third south of Phenix Block, Main Street, from which he removed the old buildings last summer.

**DOCTRINAL.**—Rev. Dr. Sheldon, of the Unitarian Society, commenced last Sunday, a series of doctrinal sermons, founded mainly on the Sermon on the Mount. His first discourse was introductory rather than argumentative or expository—proposing in those which follow to set forth his views of the Christian religion and of Christian life.

**REV. MR. KELTON,** of West Waterville, was lying seriously sick of typhoid fever a few days since. For the past two sabbaths he has not preached.

The trial of Miss Mary Harris in Washington for the murder of Mr. Burroughs has resulted in her acquittal.

It is understood that the revenue cutters along the coast of this State, are to aid in enforcing the law against the destruction of menhaden and porgies, enacted last winter, forbidding under severe penalties the using of seines for taking them. All parties violating the law within a marine league from the shore, will be liable.—*Portland Argus.*

Another law, having the same ultimate end in view, to wit, the promotion of the coast fisheries of our State, has been openly violated by the neglect of the Augusta Dam Company to build a fishway, but our sleepy Fish Committee have never dared to prosecute them.

**BATES COLLEGE.**—The anniversary exercises of Bates College, Lewiston, will commence Sunday evening, July 23d. The exercises will be on Wednesday following. The examinations will be Friday, Saturday, and Monday, the 21st, 22d, and 24th.

**A WARNING.**—A boy lost his arm at Burnham one day last week, by that common practice of getting on a railroad train at starting, riding a little way and then jumping off. The case was peculiarly sad for the reason that the lad's other arm was already partially disabled.

**RISEING STAR LODGE OF GOOD TEMPLARS** now has its headquarters in a new and neat hall in Marston's Block. The order is understood to be in a flourishing condition.

**THE METHODISTS** of Waterville meet every Sabbath evening at the new Hall of the Good Templars, and hold class meetings at the same place on Wednesday evenings. Rev. Mr. Hathaway, of Kendall's Mills, presides at these meetings.

**THE GRAND DIVISION S. OF T.** will commence its session at Newport next Tuesday, the 25th inst., and not the 27th as we had it in a part of our edition last week. We think we can safely promise a large delegation from Ticonic Division, if the weather should be favorable.

**A TOUGH OLD FELLOW.**—Moses Libby, of Scarborough, has lived to be 93 years old, notwithstanding he has taken the *Eastern Argus* for the last sixty years. Oh, the magnitude of human endurance!

**CHANGE.**—The well and favorably known grocery store of W. L. Leslie, under the Mail office, has been purchased by Mr. James P. Hill, who is getting in a choice addition to the old stock, at modern prices, and promising new attractions to old and new patrons. We commend him to the test.

**TESTIMONY.**—The Boston Advertiser, in noting the change in the superintendence of the Maine Central Railroad, adds the following:

Ex-Governor Morrill, in notifying Mr. C. M. Morse, the present superintendent, of the action of the directors said it was not in consequence of any lack of confidence in him, nor from any dissatisfaction with the manner in which he had fulfilled the duties of his office. Gov. Morrill also said that any position on the road other than superintendent was open to him at a satisfactory salary. Mr. Morse said that he could accept no other position, and that the entire earnings of the road would not furnish a sufficient amount to subsidize him in any inferior position on the road. The Governor desired to know what were his intentions as to the future, and offered any expression or resolve from the board or committee either in their official or private capacity as to his ability and faithfulness.

**REV. MR. HAWES,** of Philadelphia, former pastor of the Congregational Church in this village, is here on a visit, and will occupy his old pulpit next Sunday.

**MISS A. M. BATES,** the popular treble singer, at the First Parish Church in this city, has received an invitation to go to San Francisco and sing in one of the churches of that city. We love to be generous, but we cannot spare so good a singer.—[*Port. Advertiser.*]

**DR. CHAPIN ON NEGRO SUFFRAGE.**—Rev. Dr. Chapin of New York, spoke as follows in his 4th of July oration at Albany:

It has been ours to reassert our fathers' declaration that Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. We have the premises, shall we accept the conclusions that government shall have no power except by the consent of the governed; that there shall be no taxation without representation? In the assertion of this principle our fathers throw the tea into Boston harbor. How far shall we go in asserting it? Shall there be no taxation of property and yet a taxation of labor and bones and sinews and thought and speech and the dearest human rights? Shall there be a taxation of any class of men while the men themselves are unrepresented? Shall they give their blood in the hot battle and their sweat in the field, and yet feel that they have no vital function in the organization of the nation? Shall we allow them the ballot and not the ballot? Fellow citizens, the principle that gives its distinctive character to the Declaration is the principle of universal suffrage. It asserts the radical principle of democracy. The condition of universal suffrage should be universal education. [Applause.] The criterion of a man's vote should be, that he knows why he votes, and this will be enforced exactly in proportion as he knows what it is that votes. It is not corn that votes, nor cotton, nor greenbacks, nor a white skin, nor a black skin. It is the intelligent will that votes or should vote. Let the qualification be set forth and known as a condition and it will become universal. You can lift men into intelligence the safeguard of democracy, but you cannot educate them to be red white or black.

**SAYS AN EXCHANGER.**—The city fathers of Bangor are model parents. They have ordered to be placed at several convenient points on the public streets, large tanks, to be filled daily with pure water, and supplied with ice, for the relief of the thirsty people. They are of sufficient capacity, it is supposed for a day's consumption. A portion of the expense of this beneficent arrangement is borne however, by one of the citizens.

The Mexican correspondent of the New York Times says it is officially announced that the Imperial government never negotiated with Dr. Gwin, and never contemplated making him duke, governor or viceroy.

**AWFUL MARINE DISASTER.**—The *Alpha* at Halifax, N. S. brings the statement of Captain Hart of the barque Meteor, relating to the burning of the ship Nelson off the banks of Newfoundland. Captain Hart states that he searched a day and a half for the unfortunate passengers of the ship Nelson, the wreck of which was scattered over miles of water. The picked up passengers informed him that on Sunday the 25th ult., the captain of the Nelson determined to fumigate the ship. A pot of pitch was taken into the lower hold and red hot irons thrown into it. The pitch ignited and boiled over setting the ship on fire. When it was found impossible to save the ship, the officers with the cabin passengers left in the ship's boats. The ship soon burned to the waters edge and sunk, carrying down over 400 passengers. The scene is described as truly heart-rending. Capt. Hart says another ship, five or six miles off, was apparently searching for the wrecked passengers, and has undoubtedly saved some. All had been three days and three nights in the water. The male passengers saved are recovering, but the female passengers are badly burned about the arms and legs.

**C. O. Leach,** Esq., the United States Consul at St. John's, N. F., on his way to the United States, furnishes the following as the statement of the most intelligent passengers of the ship William Nelson:

On Monday the 26th ult., the passengers were all ordered above, and the ship was thoroughly washed and fumigated. The fire broke out about 1 P. M. The captain, with his family and the ship's crew in two boats, left the ship about 8 o'clock. The other two boats were injured and swamped. Of the saved passengers many were badly burned. The ship seen by Captain Hart probably saved some.

The above statements do not differ materially except in the date on which the disaster is said to have taken place. The last date given is probably correct.

Another arrival gives the intelligence that 44 of the passengers were picked up by the steamship Lafayette and carried to Brest. This was probably the second vessel referred to as searching for those who had escaped the flames.

Funeral Services were held yesterday afternoon at the Friends' Meeting House Oak street, over the remains of Mr. James Van Blarcom, an approved Minister of the Society of Friends. He was Superintendent for some years of Oak Grove Seminary at Vassalboro' and more recently has had the superintendence of some ten schools of freed people in Virginia. He was on a return visit to his relatives in Nova Scotia, when taken ill in New York; he came as far as this city and stopped with Rufus Horton, Esq., on State street, hoping to be able to take the boat for St. John, but he continued to sink fast, and he died somewhat unexpectedly. The funeral was attended by leading members of the Society of Friends from different parts of the State, and the services were of an impressive character. The remains were interred in the Friends' portion of the old Eastern Cemetery.—[*Portland Press.*]

A bill has been presented to the United States of rent for the Libby Prison since April 3, 1865. It is suggested that the next thing will be the presentation of an account by the owner of the land near Andersonville, where 17,000 murdered Union soldiers lie buried.

The Springfield *Republican* says that, as a party, the republicans will make equal suffrage a cardinal principle, and will contend for it until it is adopted in every State, and that the democrats, according to present appearances, are doomed to the folly of committing themselves against what is in fact the fundamental idea of democracy.

**MISS CLARA BARTON,** daughter of Judge Barton of Worcester, Mass., whose labors for the soldiers have made her the Florence Nightingale of the war, has gone to Andersonville, Ga., to enclose the area where the Union prisoners lie, and has taken with her seventeen thousand headboards.

A Tennessee farmer in Butterford county, Virginia, recently said to some soldiers who objected to his scale of prices for poultry, "I've allus been opposed to this rebellion; but if you 'uns won't pay but twenty-five cents apiece for chickens, when the Confederates used to give me a dollar, why I'm done with your government."

**A GOOD SELL.**—The Copperheads of Thompson attempted to get up a celebration in opposition to a loyal celebration at Rockland and sent to Portland for a cannon. The Free Press says, that the Portlanders, "On learning it was for the use of those who had very little use for them during the war, the Portland folks forwarded to them a veritable wooden gun, as the most appropriate. It was handsomely mounted on a carriage, and bore the inscription:—'Captured by Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, at Manassas!'"

The Fourth of July was celebrated in Augusta, Ga., by a colored procession with banners, on which "death to disunion and slavery," and "freedom and equality" were inscribed. In the afternoon the troops paraded, and in the evening there was a display of fireworks.

The graphic and highly colored account of the dying struggles of the wild beasts in the Museum, written by the reporter who professed to have witnessed the scene from his room in Ann street opposite and very extensively copied, loses some of its interest from the statement of the manager of the Museum that there were no lions and tigers there, and that the polar bear had been shipped to another city the week before.

Reports received at the Freedmen's Bureau represent the labor system adopted by the bureau to be working well in Alabama and Louisiana, where the planters contract with the negroes for their labor in good faith.

**EX-GOV. BROWN OF GEORGIA ON SLAVERY.**—The Savannah Herald contains an address by Ex-Governor Brown to the people of Georgia, in which he urges them to support not only the government of the United States, but the administration of the present Chief Magistrate. He appeals to them to take the solemn oath, and observe it in good faith. He argues that slavery is now dead forever. As to his own slaves, he will immediately emancipate and treat them as free, giving them a part of the crop or wages for labor. To those who cannot support the Constitution of the government he suggests emigration from the country.

An intelligent colored man of Memphis reports to Gen. Howard of the Freedmen's bureau, that his wife recently received from her former owner three hundred lashes for some trifling offence, and that at his own solicitation he was given the other one hundred awarded to her.

**THE ASSASSINS HANGED.**—The "Universe" an organ of the Catholic Church, published in Philadelphia, has the following remarks on the recent trial and punishment of the assassins:

If we have read the trial with correct judgment, the hanging and imprisoning were deserved; and if we do not mistake the public feeling, there is a universal approval of the way in which things have been brought to a close. The evidence of the President's murder is not clearer than that the condemned were real conspirators and abettors in it; and the nation is too just not to ratify the sentence pronounced upon them. So much for unjustifiable treason and for a foul deed of blood done in its interest! We regret that there was a woman in the tragedy, and that that woman was a Catholic. But when women conspire and abet treason and murder, and silence the teachings of the Church in their own hearts, nothing can be said in their defence.

The New York Times despatch says evidence is daily received of the repentance of rebels, who resided abroad during the war. They apply to our ministers and consuls for permission to take the oath, which is freely given.

Reports at the Agricultural Bureau show that the hay crop of the country for this year will be one third larger than either last year or the year before. Oats are also reported very superior in quality and large in quantity, while corn and potatoes are very promising.

Orders have been issued for the distribution of the regiments of the First Corps in various parts of the country. There will be a regiment stationed at each of the following cities: Philadelphia, Columbus, Ohio, Indianapolis, Ind., Elmira, N. Y., and New York city. Companies from two regiments will be distributed throughout New England, in about eight or ten different places.

The Charleston Courier complains of riots and breaches of the peace, saying that the people cannot walk the streets by night without fear of being robbed or killed. This condition of affairs is said to have arisen from the distinction of color maintained there. Negroes attack white citizens, and the white and black soldiers attack each other.

A Galveston correspondent says the rebel Gen. Shelby, with 3000 followers, accompanied by ex-Governors Moore and Allen of Louisiana, and other rebel leaders, were on the way to Mexico. They had transportation and supplies for six months and were well armed. They professed going to Mexico only as emigrants, and would not fight on either side.

**CROSSING NIAGARA FALLS ON A TIGHT ROPE.**—A Rochester paper says that Harry Leslie crossed the rapids at Niagara Falls on the Fourth at Blondin's old crossing. On this occasion Leslie had an opportunity of exhibiting his agility and daring feats to an audience variously estimated at from fifteen to eighteen thousand persons. The first crossing was made in five minutes and nineteen seconds. The second, after receiving the congratulations of his Canadian friends, and partaking of some refreshments, was made on the full run, in four minutes. After a short respite, Leslie again made his appearance in woman's garb, night cap, petticoat, &c., and for about fifteen minutes astonished his audience by enacting, on the main rope, a drunken scene, staggering, reeling, &c., with a perfect recklessness of life or limb. He wound up his foolhardy exploits by running out on one of the guy ropes without pole or balance, and throwing himself at full length on his back. This, it was admitted, surpassed any venturesome feat ever performed by Blondin.

**SECRETARY STANTON.**—The New York Times pays Secretary Stanton the following pleasant compliment which has the merit of not being overstated. "To Edwin M. Stanton the country owes a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid: 'He has evinced a resolute and sagacious energy in his administration of the War Department, unsurpassed in this or any other age or country; and while the nation awards to him the highest praise for what he has done hitherto, it extends to him a just and generous confidence in what he may do hereafter.'"

A new English astronomer, Mr. R. Proctor, of St. John's College, Cambridge, who has just published an elaborate book on the planet Saturn, believes Saturn's ring to be not continuous bodies, either solid or fluid, but a multitude of loose planets, grouped like a bead necklace round his equatorial regions, just as if we were furnished not with one moon, but as many moons as would span the whole earth.

**REMEDY FOR BLOAT IN CATTLE.** The term bloat signifies a gaseous distention of the stomach and bowels; it is occasioned by the evolution of gas from food in a state of fermentation, which results from an impaired state of the digestive functions. The best remedy for the same is as follows: Dissolve, in a quart of warm water, about two ounces of hypo-sulphate of soda; then add two ounces of fluid extract of ginger, and drench the animal with the same give enemas of soap-suds about every twenty minutes, or until the animal passes flatus from the rectum, when immediate relief is the result. Every farmer should keep a supply of the hypo-sulphate of soda on hand; it is a valuable medicine for flatulency or windy distention in all its forms, and combined with a small quantity of ginger and golden seal, it makes an efficient remedy for colic, occurring in horses.—[*Boston Cultivator.*]

**BANDOLINE.** Many persons have a passion for smearing their hair with various substances, so as to make it smooth and shiny. We give below a list of some compounds for this purpose which was published in the *Druggists' Circular*:

1. Irish or Iceland moss, boiled in water, and the strained liquid perfumed.  
2. Quince seed 1-2 teaspoonfuls; linseed, 1 tablespoonful, and a pinch of white mustard seed. Boil in a pint of soft water to half, and add with oil of almonds.  
3. Boil a table spoonful of linseed for five minutes in half a pint of water.

The coquette Mrs. — has just returned from a pleasure trip to Washington. She only took with her forty-two dresses, twenty shawls, nineteen bonnets, and two hundred pairs of gloves. "Surely," said a friend who happened to be present when she was unpacking, "you did not take all that with you?" "I merely took what was indispensable, my dear," "I left behind me all that was cumbersome." "Ah, yes, I understand—your husband."

The difficulty of acquiring the English language which a foreigner must experience, is well illustrated by the following question: "Did you ever see a person pare an apple or pear with a pair of scissors?"







