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Maxham & Wing

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SUMMER.

Lo! lazy Summer, swarthy, in the sun
Lies panting, with bare breasts, upon the hills,
Swathing her limbs in laziness warm and drowsy,
Where splendors into dusky splendors run,
And sultry glory all the heavens o'erfills.

Not a white dimple stirs amid the corn,
Not a low ripple shivers through the leaves;
Since wrapped in gold and crimson gleams the corn,
Came, flashing from the east, the regal morn,
No throated twitterings gurgle to the eaves.

Flooded in sunny silence sleep the kine;
In languid murmurs brooklets float and flow;
The quaint fern-gables in the rich light shine,
And round them jasminted honeysuckles twine,
And close beside them sun-flowers burn and blow.

Amid the glowing heat I lay me down,
And into visions swam the moted air;
Gleams up before me many a famous town,
Pillared and crested with a regal glare,
Outshining in an orient purple glare!

Lo! lowly Tadmor, burning in its sands—
Deadbeak and Babel—glare the slow streams
Gilding by mosque and minaret—the gleams
Of seas in sunset—slips of shining strands,
And drowsy Bagdad buried deep in dreams!

See swarthy monarchs flung in purple rings
Of silken curtains, through half open doors
Catch the spice-ode, and the cool of springs
Leaping forever in a maze of wings—
See light forms dancing over pearly floors—

Sleeping seraglio, and treacherous dome
Waiting in drowsy splendor all the day,
See forest haunts where thick the lions roam,
See thirsty panthers splashed in bloody foam,
Leap terrible as lightning on their prey!

Or stand with Cortes on a mountain peak
Above the Aztec city, see unrolled
Gem-throated shores of Montezuma weak—
See the white temples swarming thick and sleek,
And sunny streets stretch up by tower of gold;

See alien sails float by, unnumbered,
Laden with spices up a Persian gulf;
Or stand on Lebanon, and the cedars tall,
Or hear the soft and silver fall
Of water down a jut of Darien.

But lo! a waking shiver in the trees,
And voices 'mid the glades,
The sun is setting, and the crimson seas
Are shaken into splendor by the breeze,
And all the busy world is up again!

PATTY'S TEA-PARTIES.

CHAPTER I.

"Robert, I am disgusted with her."
"Why Patty? She is very pretty."
"I allow she is pretty."
"And elegant."

"Yes, she is elegant."
"And dresses beautifully."
"Beautifully! Is it not a sin and a shame
to spend the money she must spend on her
dress?"

"Ah, that is it, Patty. You are angry
because she is always finer than you."
"Now, Robert, as for that, I can be as fine
as she, if I choose to be wicked and run you
to debt; and, moreover, I would not be as fine
to flatter myself I have better taste."

"You have been flattering yourself a good
deal of late, Patty."
"And why not? When a person comes and
settles herself down here amongst us all,
a stranger, with few introductions, and begins to
lay down the law, and pretend to teach us
what we are to do, to say, to think—'tis high
time to flatter oneself. She had the audacity
to remark upon the Hall—upon Pet."

"I have heard you wish that the Hall was
whitewashed, and that Pet would sometimes
think of something else besides her baby."
"Robert, if you are going to defend that
woman, I have done with you. When I am
angry too—all for you."

"For me! I am not in love with the wid-
ow!"
"The widow! Pray, pray, Robert, do not
adopt the vulgar habit of calling her 'the
widow.' I am sick of hearing such a sacred
name applied to her, when you know if the
tongue had a coat on, she would make eyes at
it."

"I dare say, Patty, if you were my widow,
you would not very differently."
My goodness gracious! Robert's widow.
I know, of course, what would be the first
thing I should do if I were Robert's widow.
I should go out of my mind. Of course, if I
went out of my mind, I should not be answer-
able for anything I did—though I feel pretty
sure, if I was the maddest woman living, as
a widow, I should not act as Mrs. Arundel
does.

"Don't cry, Patty, you shall never be my
widow if I can help it."
"Of course not, Robert—but I really think
her name of Arundel is assumed. What
right has she to call herself by so grand a
name?"

"My dear Patty, she must have a name!
You will not let me call her 'the widow,' and
if you forbid me calling her Mrs. Arundel,
what am I to do?"

"Oh! Robert, don't vex me, when I am so
unhappy—and so ought you to be—she will
marry your brother, in spite of everything, and
I shall have to love as a sister-in-law a woman
I despise and dislike!"

"Fortunately the symptoms are all on her
side. I see none on his."
"That is very true, but how can you tell
what is going on in your brother's mind? Every-
day he appears to me to be getting more
and more in the clouds."

"And so further away from Mrs. Arundel;
as, according to your opinion, she is hastening
as fast the other way."
"Extremes meet, in the end, Robert."

"True, Patty. I will keep my eye on
Erasmus, whenever the little wid—whenever
Mrs. Arun—what may I call her, Patty?"

"But I ran away. I was not going to let
Robert tease me any more."
And such good reason too as I had to be
troubled about this—what shall I call her? I
hope I am above calling people names behind
their backs, so I will say person—I was trou-
bled about this "person."

Robert has a brother—being the eldest,
of course he has the estate—and lives six miles
from us. But though he has the estate, and
need do nothing but amuse himself as he likes
all day, I pity him. If he had been Robert,
he would have had to work, and go out into
the world and look about him, and see things
in a sensible light, and do as other people
did.

As he had nothing to do but enjoy himself
in a very odd fashion. Half his life he had
been buried among mummies, and a great deal
of his time was spent in his laboratory,
the very name of which might lead one to
suppose he was doing something in it, whereas
a nasty smell, smoke, and dirt, are the end
of all his experiments.

Sometimes he spent whole nights in his tel-
escopes tower, and would fly over to us, in
joyful mood, to say he had seen Jupiter's
moons, or Saturn's rings.

What good were Jupiter's moons to us?
Why could not Jupiter be content with our
moon, instead of having private ones of his
own? And why was it necessary for Saturn
to have a ring, when he could not be married
anyhow, as I understood.

For my part, I am not clever, and I never
pretended to be clever. I won't deny that
sometimes I am obliged to use a dictionary, es-
pecially when I want to write a word with "ie"
in it.

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XIX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, AUG. 4, 1865.

NO. 5.

But to be as clever as Robert's brother
Erasmus, was being too clever a great deal.
I would rather have been myself, even if my
spelling was much worse than it happened to
be. In fact, I consider Robert much more
clever than Erasmus, though the latter is an
LL.D. If Erasmus has the right to put LL.D.
after his name, I'm sure Robert might use
the words D. D. S., "dearest darling Solomon."

However, it is no use my railing in this fash-
ion. I must behave myself, though I never felt
so ill-tempered in all my life, for I am very
fond of Erasmus, poor dear, though he never
has the least idea what he is about. So un-
like Robert.

Good gracious me! here I am worse than
ever. Pet has been frightening me out of my
wits; she says, smiling, too (most heartless of
you, Pet, I said), "Mrs. Arundel will be Mrs.
Doctor Erasmus before the month is out. I
met them walking together just now as cosy as
lovers."

I have forced myself to be very uncivil to
Erasmus.

"Erasmus," I said. (By the way, what a
name is Erasmus; one cannot halve it, or
shorten it, or lengthen it, or make anything of
it, but its own mouthful. Robert is a good
deal to say when one is in a hurry, but I don't
mind confessing that, in private, I have called
Robert Bob and Bobby. Now, with Erasmus,
there is only "Rassy," which is enough to draw
one's teeth to say, or "Mussy," and really to
pronounce that word strongly, would not be
altogether civil to Erasmus, it is too sugges-
tive.) Well, to go on. "Erasmus," I said,
"do you think Jupiter has got any more moons
ready for you to look at, or don't you think
it time to invent a new light to outblaze the mag-
nesian?"

I wanted gently to give him a hint to go
home. Six miles between him and Mrs. Arun-
del would be almost as good as six hundred,
provided he was star-gazing or bottle dabbling,
and he was certain to do either one or the other
when there.

"Go home! Patty, I always think myself at
home with you."

Now, there is no denying that this was most
provokingly true. Robert himself was never
more run after by him, in regard to his whims,
than I ran after Erasmus.

Indeed there was much more need to do so
with him, poor fellow. Often and often I have
been afraid lest he should forget to put on all
his clothes, and as for what he eats, if I did
not sit by him, he would put salt in his tea, sugar
in his chop, and mix up raspberry jam
with his poached egg. Indeed, I am a regular
guardian angel to him, in small things, and he
knows it.

When he was pretty sensible, and alive to
what was going on, it was always, "Patty does
that for me; Patty knows what I like; Patty,
am I to do this?" and so on.

And Robert, too, he says he does not know
what his brother would do without me. Once
he said, but I hope nobody will think me vain,
Robert does not often say such things, but
when he does he means it—he said, "Patty,
you never look so pretty in my eyes as when
you are looking after my brother." There!
now I have told it. I hope I shall be forgiven
if I acknowledge I often repeat this to myself,
and I often wish I could hear Robert say it
again. It gave me such a thrill; and here,
notwithstanding, I am trying to get his brother
out of the house.

Of course I could not say more after that
answer of Erasmus. Twenty Mrs. Arundels
might have tormented me in vain.

"Patty," said Erasmus, suddenly "suppose
we have a tea."

"A tea! the kettle will be up at half-past
eight."

"I mean people—a party to tea. Send
home for fruit and flowers."

"Who am I to ask?" said I, solemnly and
severely, feeling what was coming.

"Mrs. Arundel," he answered, without the
least shame or blush.

"Ho!" I exclaimed, in a voice that was
made up of pettishness, hysteria, and sar-
casm. "Ho, because she is so clever, I sup-
pose."

"She is not the least clever. I hate a clever
woman; don't you, Robert?"

"Abominate them," answered Robert.

"You may ask some more, Patty. Send
home for cakes, wines, and jellies."

So there was I pinned down to invite that
wom—person to tea.

I went to confide my sorrows to Pet.

"I shall come to that tea-party, also. It will
be too late for baby, but I will bring 'my old
thing.'"

The squire dines when we have tea, Pet.
Don't for goodness' sake, ask him to do such a
thing."

"I have a wish to be of that party. Oliver
has wishes always like mine. I think Patty
has another match-make on hand."

The mischievous thing! And from her, too.
Ungrateful Pet. Matchmake, indeed! As if
ever I shall make a match again. No, indeed;
let me get Erasmus safe out of Mrs. Arundel's
clutches, and I won't have a pair of lovers ever
near me again.

"Robert," says Pet, in a whisper, that evening,
when she came down to tell me that she
and her 'old thing' could think of nothing but
the doctor's tea-party, and to ask when it was
to take place. "Robert, this once so good
Patty is covetous. She will not let your brother
marry. She wants his estate."

"To be sure," answered Robert, laughing,
"that is just it. Now I can account for the
dislike of the pretty wid—Mrs. Arun—she
will not even permit me, Pet, to mention her
name."

I took no notice of either of them, and let
them laugh on. A pretty thing, indeed, to ac-
cuse me of not helping Erasmus to marry! I
want him to marry, poor dear fellow, some one
who will take care of him. But who in the
world is there fit for him?

Mary Macoll was just the least in the world
too giddy. And Lucy Hatchard was too deli-
cate. He must have a strong, active, sensible
wife, one who will take care he does not get
his death of cold star-gazing, or blow himself
up botching, or starve himself by forgetting to
eat.

Learning is doubtless a wonderful blessing,
and one ought to be very proud if one has such
a clever relation in Erasmus. And I am sure
I am proud. But, goodness gracious me, what
a plague it is after all, and what good does it
do!

do one to know what people are going to do
hereafter? To my mind, one had better be
thinking what one is about oneself.

Which reminds me of the doctor's tea-party.
Of course, if Pet would come, and would bring
the squire, why I must set about having things
altogether in first-rate order.

I must have the drawing-room carpet put up
for one thing, and put up the clean curtains, and
the summer chintz. And I must send over to
Windfalls—Erasmus's house—for flowers, and
fruit, and game and fish; and I am sure Moles-
worthy—his cook and housekeeper—will come
and help. But first I must see whom to in-
vite.

Dear me, now, if it was not for that wom-
person, how I should enjoy Erasmus' tea-party.

I will have young Knowles, and pretty Liz-
zy Thomson, because I have lately seen sym-
ptoms. Tut, tut in the world am I thinking
of. No more lovers for me, thank you. I am
disgusted with the whole race of lovers, and
think love-making, especially the love making
now-a-days, quite disgraceful.

The eyes Mrs. Arundel makes, and her
helplessness! as if she had fewer arms and legs
than other people. She may be pretty. Well,
she is pretty. I don't deny that. And oh, dear
me, though I am not learned, and have too
much to do to study history and astronomy,
and all that, yet I know it is a fact, that all
learned clever men choose silly pretty wives.

Some say it is because they do not like rivals,
but my belief is, that all their senses being oc-
cupied by the past and the future, and their
wits bent on discovering what people did for-
merly, who does not seem half so pleasant as
what we do now, they have no judgment left
for every-day matter. Their thoughts always
occupied with dry out of the way obscurities,
they are instantly smitten with a pretty face.

They think they have made a discovery, when
all the while people with half their brains have
found out that "handsome is as handsome
does," and don't see any beauty in the face of
a goose.

A goose! She is not a goose. She is a
clever, artful, scheming, designing woman—
person I mean.

Erasmus never concocted a mixture of bot-
tles more carefully than she is planning and
plotting a mixture of devices how to ensnare
him.

I will ask, as a foil, the lovely Ellen Wyatt.
No; she is engaged. If Pet's sister was only
here, now. But she is too young. "Come,
Patty," said I to myself, "how you are
wasting time. Write your invitations, and be
done with it."

CHAPTER II.

Well, I wrote them, and I kept "that per-
son's" to the last. And while I was writing it,
somehow my pen felt as if it was angry too,
and sputtered.

Now I hope everybody is aware that I am
nervously neat and tidy, so they may think
what I thought, when I looked at my sputtered
note.

"No," said I. "Patty, I would not write
it again if I was you. It is my opinion that,
write that note as often as you like, it will be
sputtered. She does not consider your feel-
ings, and why are you to consider hers?"

It was true; she never considered my feel-
ings. She made eyes at Erasmus under my
very nose.

Now is it not odd how circumstances are
more obstinate than oneself. I was determined
not to write a second note, and yet think of my
state when Robert said—

"Patty, I suppose you did not forget to in-
vite Miss Ross when you wrote your invita-
tion to the wid—Mrs. Arun—?"

"Then you must write again," said he.

"I am naturally obstinate, but as for writing
that note again (though I might have guessed
that sputtering was to warn me I was forget-
ting something), I should like to see myself
doing it."

"Robert, I think it will look more civil if I
put on my best bonnet and cloak, and went
and asked her to come in a friendly way. I like
Miss Ross rather, and I pity her a great deal
for living with—"

There I stopped. I did not wish Robert to
think I was a mean little woman, or anything
of that sort, and so I said nothing either of the
sputtered note.

I found Miss Ross at home alone. She was
mending some lace for Mrs. Arundel. That
person was out, taking a stroll, she said.
Stroll, indeed! I knew what it was; she was
doing anything but strolling. She was run-
ning after Erasmus.

However, I forgot her for a little. I was so
surprised to find Miss Ross such an agreeable
nice girl. I was a little prejudiced against her
before, because of that person.

"Robert," said I, when I got home, "she is
such a dear, and has always lived in Scotland.
Her mother was a Scotch heiress, and married
a clergyman, and she is dead, and they all live
with her father in the most primitive way.
She has the fairest skin, and is quite pretty
when she smiles—with such yards and yards
of hair; and mind, Robert, you are to be very
civil to her."

"Of course I will, when I know of whom
I am rhapsodizing."

He knew all the time, but that is a way
Robert has; he tries often to see if I will
be out of patience with him. Dear me, as if I
could.

We had no refusals, excepting that Mrs.
Arundel was so audacious as to write and say
she hoped we would excuse her cousin, as she
felt too shy to come to so large a party.

"Good gracious, Robert," I said, "where
will that woman go to? The girl's eyes quite
sparkled with pleasure when I asked her, and
she said she had the greatest desire to mix in
English society. What are we to do?"

"Send Erasmus to request her company as a
favor."

"Oh, goodness gracious! Was I reduced to
this? But Erasmus would go, and I had the
horrid feeling all the time that he was glad of
any excuse to go to Eglantine Cottage. He
came back quite a sort of new Erasmus, a mix-
ture of Robert in his manner, and a kind of
foolish friskiness."

"She is, as you say, Patty, a well-developed
large noble type of the genus woman." (I had
said nothing of the kind.) "She partakes
more of the Teutonic order than is usually
seen in the Celtic race. She has the dreamy

reflective German eye; her organization has
all the characteristics of the ruminating or qui-
escent species. She would make an admir-
able mother."

"My dear brother!"
I sometimes called Erasmus brother, that he
might remember I was his sister. Never hav-
ing had a sister until Robert married, he might
otherwise have forgotten I stood in relation to
him.

"Yes, Patty, I agree with you; she would
make an admirable mother; but how goes on
the tea? Mrs. Arundel asked me who was to
be here, and I said everybody. Also I told
her the party was given in her honor."

"Erasmus!"
"She is a pretty woman, Robert—a very
pretty woman. She is like my poor mother's
little Dresden shepherdess, that you and I fell
in love with when we were boys. I have it
now. It is a pity she will talk of what she
does not understand."

Lucky he said that, or my goodness me,
what I should have done, I don't know. It is
really dreadful to think of feeling, in such a
temper.

I was tempted to wish a dozen times that
Jupiter would have a few more new moons
visible to the naked eye, or that some great
revulsion of nature would take place, or some-
thing astonishing—anything to attract the at-
tention of Erasmus. But there he was as
rational almost as Robert. He examined
everything that his housekeeper brought from
Windfalls; he tasted a good many of the
things; and he even meddled with the flowers,
and stuck two peonies on each side of the pier-
glass.

Also he went home, for no particular rea-
son that we could make out, and if he did not
bring back in a little basket, carefully wrap-
ped up in cotton, his mother's Dresden sleep-
herdress.

"I shall be curious to see, Patty," said he,
as he placed it on a conspicuous bracket, "if
any one will perceive the likeness—if she will
notice it herself—I wish—hum—hum."

TO BE CONCLUDED.

GEN. KILPATRICK.—At the Union State
Convention held at Trenton, N. J., last week,
General Kilpatrick, while occupying the chair
as temporary president, made a brief speech in
which he expressed his opinion of Northern
sympathizers with the rebellion in the follow-
ing emphatic language:—

You have assembled here to-day, my friends
under no ordinary circumstances, and I trust
with good promise of success in redeeming the
fame of our State. I tell you, wherever I go
—to New York, Philadelphia, Washington,
while travelling in the cars—everywhere I hear
language in reference to New Jersey which
fills my whole soul with disgust and hatred
to those who have disgraced my native State;
and how it is possible for any of its citizens
to join hands with traitors is beyond my com-
prehension. Fellow citizens, I have de-
viated from the course of military men in tak-
ing the stand I have, but I have been more ex-
cited since I have been in New Jersey over
what I have heard said than I was during any
of the scenes through which I have passed dur-
ing the war. Do you know that I have heard
men here say it would have been better to let
the South go; that they believe in State rights;
that the martyred President was a tyrant; and
that his successor, Andrew Johnson, is a
second Nero! There are men in Sussex
with much zeal but very little brains, who re-
joice that they voted for John C. Breckinridge
once, and say "by thunder they would do it
again if they had an opportunity!" Not satis-
fied with the sacrifices, expenses, and all the
calamities of the war, they now tell you that
Johnson is a murderer for approving the ex-
ecution of the assassins of the President. The
copperhead editors were equally guilty with
Southern rebels. He thought the whole batch
of such traitors should be hung on the same
tree with Jeff. Davis.

PINCHING TO PROMOTE FRUITFULNESS.—
Those who have never practiced this, or ob-
served its results, may have seen, if experi-
enced in tree growing that a shoot, of which the
point was broken, bruised or otherwise injured,
during the growing season, frequently becomes
a fruit branch either during the same or the
following season; and this, especially if situ-
ated in the interior of the tree, or on the older
and the lower parts of the branches. The
check given to the extension of the shoot
concentrates the sap in the parts remaining; and,
unless the check has been given very early in
the season, or the growth very vigorous in the
tree, so that the buds will break and form
shoots they are certain to prepare for the
production of fruit. It is on this principle of
checking the growth and concentrating the
sap in the pinched shoots, that pinching to pro-
duce fruitfulness is performed; and its effec-
tiveness may be estimated from the fact that the
trees on which it has been practiced have
borne fruit for four or five, and perhaps seven
years sooner than they would have done with-
out it.—Barry's Fruit Garden.

FROM "MRS. GRUNDY."—What to do
with the National Debt—Leave it a Loan.
—American National Aids—Spit-tons.

When is cider like pastry? When it be-
comes a little tart.

When must a mariner suffer from unrequi-
ted affection? When he is attached to a
vessel that is attached to a wharf.

Barnum's reply to the whales that wanted
to be let free.—No, I thank you.

A Rod for Railroad Butchers.—Every
newspaper that comes to hand, now, contains
a chapter of railroad "accidents." In nine cases
out of ten, said accidents are attributed to a
"misplaced switch." It is Mrs. Grundy's
opinion that the switch ought to be applied vi-
gorously to the backs of the Railroad Directors,
in which case it certainly would not be mis-
placed.

CONTENTMENT.—With all his wealth Roths-
child must be satisfied with the same sky that
is spread over all of us. He cannot order a
private sunrise, that he may enjoy it with a
select circle of friends, nor add a single glory to
the gorgeous spectacle of the sultry sun.

The millionaire cannot have more than his
share of the pure atmosphere that we all
breathe while the poorest of all men can have

as much. God only can give all these, and to
many of the poor he has thus given.

All that is most valuable can be had for
nothing. It comes as present from the hand
of an indulgent Father and neither air nor sky,
nor beauty, genius, health nor strength, can be
bought or sold.

Whatever may be one's condition in life, the
great art is to learn to be content and happy,
indulging in no feverish longings for what we
have not, but thankful for what we have.

[Ten Acres Enough.

LETTING ALONE.—A familiar cry is heard
from the unorganized States. It comes from
orators and papers which have been heard
before. "Just let us alone." That is all we
want. As for the negroes we know them
better than any body else, and we must be per-
mitted to manage them."

Except for the seriousness of the situation
there would be something exquisitely humor-
ous in this grave assertion. It is exactly what
we have heard for the last twenty years.
When it was perfectly evident that the spirit
and policy of slavery were endangering the
welfare of the country, a firm and vigorous pro-
test was raised by sagacious citizens who did
not mean to connive, under any pretense what-
ever, at the national ruin. Then came the
answering shout from the party of slavery: "Let
us alone. It is our affair. We know the
negroes and understand how to manage them.
Let us alone." And many honest
minds were deceived by the appeal.

Then came accession. Then men who had
cried so lustily "Let us alone" while they
were plotting, cried still more solemnly "Let
us alone" when they were ready to consum-
mate the crime. Their armed effort has been
abortive but bloody. It is necessary for them
to recur again to arts and intrigues, and so we
hear the same old cry, "Let us alone. Let us
alone."

And who echo this cry? Those who in
1860 said the Government had no right to
maintain itself by arms. Those who in 1861
said that the war was really occasioned by the
loyal States, and that the Government ought to
compromise with treason and conciliate rebel-
lion. Those who in 1862 said that our erring
sisters should be allowed to depart in peace.
Those who in 1863 stimulated a counter-revo-
lution. Those who in 1864 went to Chicago
and declared the war a failure. Those who at
the end of 1864 were politically annihilated by
the American people at the polls.

What is the object of the cry? The over-
throw of the Administration and the policy
which directed the war, and the return to power
of that alliance of Southern leaders and
Northern followers which brought on the war.
That alliance, we are told, secured peace to
the country. Yes, it secured peace at the
price of national honor and by delaying a strug-
gle which delay embittered a thousand-fold.

It secured peace as a man secures solvency
by paying fifty per cent. a day for the money he
borrows. It secured peace, as he does who
puts his nose into the fingers of a bully and
obsequiously succumbs to his kicks. And when
the peace was broken, who broke it? When
began, who began it?

of difficulty, requiring time, patience, a clear head to comprehend all the facts, a humane heart, controlled by a strict sense of justice, and a character unassailable by bribes or other corrupt influences. Gen. Howard, there is every reason to believe, possesses these needed characteristics in a marked degree. His survey of the whole field of operations has been rapid; the principles he has established sound, and the orders he has issued discriminating and judicious.

Waterville Mail.

SPR. MAXHAM, DANIEL H. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... AUG. 4, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 87 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERTOWN MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office. S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay Building, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required at this office. Advertisements are referred to the agents named above.

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

Commencement Week.

The following is the programme of Commencement week at Waterville College:—
Sunday Evening, Aug. 6th—Sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society by Rev. A. K. P. Small of Bangor.

Monday Evening, Aug. 7th—Prize declamation by the Sophomore and Junior classes.

Tuesday, Aug. 8th—Morning, Class-day Exercises. Afternoon, Oration before the Alumni by Rev. Wm. Lamson, D. D., of Brookline, Mass. Evening, Oration before the Literary Societies by Rev. D. C. Eddy, D. D. of Boston, and Poem by Rev. S. D. Phelps, D. D. of New Haven.

Wednesday Aug. 9th—Exercises of the graduating class, with the usual entertainments in the evening.

Hall's Band, of Boston, will be in attendance and furnish music for the occasion.

Holders of side aisle tickets, on Commencement day must go with the expectation of being crowded, as a larger number of tickets than usual have been issued.

As means have been taken to secure the attendance of an unusually large number of the graduates and friends of the college, it is hoped that the citizens of the place will open their houses to accommodate as many as possible. Let the donors to the magnificent fund of the College, now nearly complete, receive a hearty welcome.

Railroad fares from Bangor and Portland will be at half price.

CLASS DAY.—The following is the order of Class day exercises, commencing at the church, Tuesday, August 8th, at half-past ten:—

Oration, W. H. Lambert.

Poem, G. W. Clowe.

After the oration and poem, the audience will adjourn to the College grounds, where the remainder of the exercises will take place.

Class History, A. D. Small.

Prophecy, C. V. Hanson.

Parting Address, W. T. Chase.

Singing the pipe of peace.

Singing the parting ode.

It is hoped that there will be a larger attendance than usual at the exercises in the church.

CONCERT.—A Concert of instrumental and vocal music will be given on Wednesday evening at the Baptist Church, by Hall's Band, and Mrs. E. A. Hall, of Dr. Huntington's Choir, Boston. The reputation of these performers will no doubt ensure a large audience, more especially when it is remembered that the concert is in the nature of a "benefit" for the Senior class, whose graduating bills are thereby lightened to the extent of the receipts. Tickets for this entertainment will be found at the stores of C. K. Mathews and A. J. Allen.

Friday last was an excessively hot day and the excursionists from Brunswick to our village must have had a warm time of it. In the crowd, which was quite large, were several Bowdoin boys, who came up and made a pleasant call upon the sons of Waterville. Another excursion party, from Gardiner will visit us to-day, who will also rendezvous in Eaton's grove.

Dr. James Bates, formerly Superintendent of the Maine Asylum at Augusta, now residing at Yarmouth, celebrated his golden wedding on Thursday of last week. About forty children, grand-children, and other relatives were present, says the Maine Farmer, and a very pleasant social interview was had. The Dr. is 67 years of age and still hale and vigorous.

To secure the location of the Seminary branch of Bates College at Pittsfield, that town offers the sum of \$20,000.

REMONO HEDDERGREN, Esq., late U. S. Consul at Trieste, and a writer of some celebrity, died at Florence, on the 11th ult.

LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

Camp 80th Maine Vols., Savannah, Ga., July 26, 1865.

Messrs. Editors:—Long silence may be an excuse for writing this letter. The 30th Me. Infantry Vols., at the date of last letter, Dec. 1864, were in the Valley of Shenandoah at "Camp Russell" near Newtown, Va.

Soon ordered down the valley in the vicinity of Winchester, and finally went into camp about the town, Gen. Fessenden commanding Post. Through the cold winter we did much hard fatigue, and picket duty; preparing in March for an active campaign. Before orders to march, there was a beginning of the end; Grant had taken Richmond, Lee was retreating, and April 4th, under Gen. Hancock we moved up the Valley with the purpose of falling on the enemy by way of Lynchburg.

After marching one day it was known that Lee was safe, and we were ordered back to Winchester.

Thence we marched to Summit Point, Va., where we remained until 20th of April, when, no longer needed in the lovely Valley, we were ordered to Washington, and went into camp near Fort Meigs, on the east side of the eastern branch of the Potomac.

Before the Grand Review, while in temporary camp on Capitol Hill, Gen. Custer witnessed dress parade of our Reg't. As Col. Hubbard was walking from parade ground, Maj. Gen. Custer rode up and said, Col. you have the finest regiment in the U. S. army. This is what the dashing Gen. Custer thinks of the Maine boys as soldiers. At the Grand Review was assembled the muscle, will, ability, and dignity of the army; to behold was to admire; to contemplate was to be made aware of American war strength as a nation.

We were ordered to Savannah, Ga., where we arrived on the 7th of June on steamer "Metis," after four days steam, and disembarking went into camp just outside of the city. This city is one of trees; having an abundance, giving it the name of Forest City of the South. (We claim Portland for the North). It is likewise one of parks; some of which are very fine. At the head of Bull St. in a small but nicely arranged park, is a noble monument of Count Pulaski, thus inscribed.

"PULASKI.
The heroic Pole who fell mortally wounded, fighting for American liberty, at the siege of Savannah, 9th Oct. 1779.

At the foot of Bell St. is a plain shaft in memory of Maj. Gen. Greene, without inscription.

Savannah is a lovely city, much admired by all Northern people. Our object here is to preserve peace until civil law is established; this will take place in a few months. Gov. Johnson has already by proclamation announced that civil laws are to be re-established, and calls on all loyal citizens of the State to give their hearty support to the measures taken.

Business is reviving again; those of the defunct Confederacy are looking after their affairs. They find it amounts to nothing to show the mule spirit, for yankee energy is not put to flight by any such lukewarmness. All classes are taking the oath, but they ask numerous questions—the fourteen exceptions cut close. As to the late confederate soldiers, rank and file, are ready to support the old "Union as it is," for they were heart and soul sick of a war that forced them against their will, from their homes. I think we can safely ground hope in the future for our country; slavery is dead, the question of state rights forever settled, and with the people generally a willingness to "let the dead past bury its dead," and assist in re-building what for four long years they so unanimously endeavored to pull down.

I learn from the best authority that schools for colored children are progressing to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned. We have two very respectable sheets published in the city, Republican and Herald. J. E. Hayes, editor and publisher of the Republican is a New England gentleman, and late an officer in Gen. Sherman's army. Camp life is dull now, and often our hearts are "longing" to go back to the homes and faces, which we so much desire to greet.

H. N. FAIRBANKS.
GEN. GRANT is on his eastern tour, and the people all along the route flock in mighty crowds to get a sight of the little hero and to testify their gratitude and admiration. In Boston the press was so great that limbs were endangered, and after shaking hands until he was exhausted, the General withdrew, leaving many waiting thousands of disappointed ones. He was in Portland on Tuesday, at Brunswick on Wednesday, in Augusta yesterday, and to-day returns to Portland, on his way to Quebec, where he is to meet General Doyle, commander-in-chief of the British forces in North America.

Tumultuous and disorderly as the elections are in a few of our cities, on occasions of great excitement, they will compare favorably with similar occasions in England, if we are to believe the accounts in papers of all parties.

The London Star, speaking of the recent election riots, says that "the scenes which were of common exhibition over Great Britain last week would have disgraced the days of Hogarth, and are a shame and disgrace to any civilized land." So that a democracy by no means monopolizes all the rowdiness and violence.

Mr. BENJAMIN SMITH, at work in one of the mills at Kendall's Mills, had his right hand badly cut with a saw, on Tuesday, losing the thumb and several fingers.

It is stated, with how much truth we know not, that Horace Greeley no longer controls the Tribune.

OUR TABLE.

THE ECLECTIC.—The August number of this magazine of foreign literature is embellished with a fine portrait of the Grand Duchess Marie, eldest sister of the reigning monarch of Russia. Some of the prominent articles in the number are—The Canadian Confederacy; Taine's History of English Literature; The Streets of the World; Symbolism in Christian Art; Memoirs of the Authors of the Age—Thomas Hood; Between the Lights; Civilized War; A Flight in the dark. Many of them are of great ability and interest.

Published by Wm. Bidwell, No. 5 Beekman St., New York, at \$5 a year.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—No magazine in the country excels this in the beauty and excellence of its engravings, and those in August number are well up to the mark. The first is a finely executed picture of that world-renowned curiosity, the Natural Bridge in Virginia; and the other is a lifelike portrait of Alice B. Haven, "Cousin Alice." Of the literary contents it is only necessary to say that they are of the usual excellence.

Published by Poe and Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$3 50 per annum.

MERRY'S MUSEUM for August is brimful of good things for the little folks—stories, anecdotes, poems, sketches of travel, interesting incidents, etc., with numerous illustrations, the whole making a very attractive treat for young and old. "Merry's Monthly Chat" is as lively and spicy as ever.

Published by J. N. Stearns, New York, at \$1 50 a year.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—Some capital stories will be found in the August number of this popular juvenile magazine, which also contains an amusing school dialogue, "A Lunar View of the Rebellion," an eloquent extract for declamation, and much else that will please and profit the young people.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, 119 Washington St., Boston, at \$1 50 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The number for July has the following table of contents:—Miss Meliora—Part 6; Cornelius (Dowd upon Men and Women, and other things in General—Part 16; Carlyle's Frederick the Great; Sir Brook Fossbrooke—Part 3; The Rate of Interest—Conclusion; Pleadably: an Episode of Contemporaneous Autobiography—Part 5; Mr. Gladstone at Chester; The Past and Coming Parliaments.

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

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 28 Walker St., New York. Terms of Subscription: For any one of the four Reviews \$4 per annum; any two Reviews \$7; any three Reviews \$10; all four Reviews \$12; Blackwood's Magazine \$4; Blackwood and three Reviews \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$16—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

FORRESTER'S PLAYMATE for July is full of nice things for the little folks, including some very good stories, prettily illustrated, and much useful information presented in an attractive way. It costs but \$1.25 a year, to secure the monthly visits of this pleasant juvenile magazine.

Address William Guild & Co., Boston.

THE WEEK BEFORE COMMENCEMENT—is always one of busy preparation and pleasant anticipation in our quiet village. Buildings are repaired and painted, inside and out; carpets are put down and curtains and pictures go up; sidewalks are mended, and streets and yards are cleaned and renovated; and all the while the careful housewife and her assistants are busily at work filling larder and closet. Heavy runs are made upon the crockery, grocery, and provision stores; butter and eggs are in great demand, and prices advance; blueberries abound and are quick in the market; new cheese is sought for, beef tongues are ordered, and early apples, green corn, tomatoes, and other rarities are engaged. Everybody is expecting company or fortifying against accidents. The milliner, dressmaker, tailor, and shoemaker are driven to death with work, for mother and the girls all want new bonnets and dresses, and father and the boys must have coats, hats, boots, etc. The express wagon groans beneath its precious load, large and well filled boxes arrive by freight train, and the passenger cars are full of "our folks," who are welcomed at the depot by troops of friends and hosts of spectators assembled to see "who has come."

Suzzy's beau comes from the city, and she complacently parades him on the street and at church; and John is here with a dashing miss from abroad, their bold flirtations bringing heartaches to his old flames; "them odious Joneses, hateful old maids, are promenading the street all the time, dressed to death, hoping to catch a beau; while that ancient bachelor, Dick Swiveller, stares painfully after every pretty girl he meets, foolishly fancying he has met his fate; and the student who came here four years ago, a rough boy in a short jacket with his hair full of hay seed, has blossomed into a tall and elegant beau, and sports a moustache, a shiny hat, a cane, and stunning dry goods to match. The friend who went South, the family that moved to the West, and many an old College graduate with his wife and children, happen along. Old familiar faces, lost sight of for a season, greet the eye on every hand, marked by changes which time has made; and your hand is grasped and your name called by those of whose existence you have hardly been conscious these many years. But with all the pleasant greetings of old friends, comes the unpleasant thought, as you see what the lapse of time has done for others, that you yourself are growing old—a needed lesson, perhaps, but one most people are reluctant to learn.

As it has been, so it is, and will continue to be with slight changes to the end of time; but of the literary festival of '65, now at hand, we may say, that it is expected to be a greater gathering and a more joyful jubilee than has ever been known in the history of the college; and visitors may be assured that they will find our village as neat and pretty as ever, our people all "up and dressed," and quite extensively, we hope, "with the latch-string out."

MURDER IN BATH.—We learn from the Times that on Monday afternoon Mr. Arthur Donnelly, a resident of Bath, aged seventy-eight years, deliberately shot his wife, aged

seventy-six years, with a gun loaded with buck-shot, killing her almost instantly. Donnelly gave himself up voluntarily, and a coroner's jury has rendered a verdict in accordance with the facts above stated.

THE "WATERVILLE CLASSICAL INSTITUTE," which is the venerable and renowned old Waterville Academy with a new name, (as will be seen by reference to its advertisement) is about commencing a new effort to increase the public favor it has always so generously received, under the care of Mr. James H. Hanson. Years ago, with less experience than he now claims, Mr. Hanson, won both honor and pecuniary profit as principal of this school, and having since labored with eminent success at the head of other popular institutions, the friends of Waterville Academy confidently look for great advantage in his return. As a citizen, as well as a teacher, he is welcomed back with a degree of cordiality that pledges the best efforts of our town and vicinity for his prosperity.

MERCANTILE VS. NAVAL ENGINEERING.—Mr. Edward N. Dickerson, of New York, offers as a test of power and speed of his steamer Algonquin, to take on board an equal amount of coal with the U. S. Steamer Winoska, run out to sea until the coal of the W. is exhausted, when he will take the W. in tow and carry her back to the point started from.

Mr. D., for various reasons, does not explain the modus operandi by which he obtains this wonderful increase of power. The government officials, somewhere about the time of the breaking out of the war, discovered that the cut off, to work the steam expansively, was a useless appendage and no promoter of power. The common sense, outside world winked at our national folly, well knowing our naval ships would give employment to the mercantile marine of old ocean to carry coal for them while plodding around with snail like speed, vainly trying to catch blockade runners, or the pirate Tallahassee. This false step, tending to a loss of speed and power and a waste of coal, should be corrected, bringing the good old steam engine back to modern civilization and dooming to disgrace the ignoramus who tampers with well known natural laws. Mr. Dickerson will no doubt do all he promises. A better test would be to fasten the boats stern to in full view of the million witnesses in N. Y. harbor, and tow his rival either out to sea or up to Albany. In this test no questions could arise about model, build, etc., and it would settle forever this question so often mooted by ignorant inquirers. W. M.

THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY.—Rev. Dr. Sheldon—having commenced the work of building a meeting-house, have finally been gratified by the decision of their pastor to decline the offer of an appointment at Antioch College. He accepts an engagement with his society for five years, at least, with a lower salary than is offered by the college, but under an urgent appeal from the former that their prosperity depends much upon his retaining his present relation. They have raised about \$7000, and purchased a beautiful lot on the west side of Main St., nearly opposite the residence of Samuel Appleton, Esq., for which they are now engaged in making plans and specifications for their new house.

Six young men—Leavitt Bartlett, Isaac Jacobus, John F. Morgan, Henry M. Stevens, Justin P. Moore, and Charles H. Pope—were ordained for the ministry, at Bangor, on Thursday last by an ecclesiastical council. The first four will go to Kansas, and the other two to California. Rev. Mr. Field of Bangor, says the Whig, preached a racy and telling sermon on the "laying of new foundations." Rev. Mr. Hawes of Philadelphia, gave a sensible and impressive charge, and Prof. Harris gave the Right Hand.

The curious antiquary may be interested in learning that the foundation of Fort Halifax has been demolished, the material having been taken for the cellar wall of Mr. DeRoche's new house on Summer Street. A lasting structure, we suppose, may be built upon a warlike foundation, both by nations and individuals.

This conversion of old material to new and strange uses reminds us of what was told us by one of our native residents, in whose hair the silver threads of age began to appear. He said that soon after Mr. Emery's new factory building near the Hayden brook was constructed, he discovered that every time he attempted to pass that way a creeping, tingling sensation went through his whole system, and he felt an almost irresistible desire to run. On inquiry he learned that the material for the wall of that building was composed of the debris of the little school-house on College Street; and having been a sad dog in his youth, every brick of that humble structure had become saturated with the agony of his numerous floggings. Hence the sympathetic sensation, even after many years had elapsed—a curious fact in biology.

The Confederate pirate Shenandoah is making and havoc among our whaling vessels in the north Pacific, notwithstanding the commander had heard of the surrender of Lee and the probable collapse of the Confederacy. He had also heard of the assassination of Lincoln, but that he said he expected. The Shenandoah is manned by English and Irish seamen, and received her last outfit of coal, etc., at an English port.

A much larger attendance than usual is looked for at our Commencement this year.

Dr. Anderson, of Rochester University, will be present, and as Gen. Howard is in the State we look to see him here, with other distinguished gentlemen.

The Liberals have secured quite an increase of strength in the next British Parliament. John Stuart Mill, and Thomas Hughes, both strong friends of the United States, are elected members of that body.

"HARVEST HOME" was celebrated at the College, Saturday afternoon, on the occasion of the second successful ingathering of the hay crop grown upon the grounds. Truly the "era of good feeling" is dawning when College students thus forego a rare chance for a "lark," and fraternize and hob-nob with the professors. The millennium is nigh at hand, and the lion and the lamb must be about ready to huddle together.

While eating our first squash pie of the season, a day or two ago, we were reminded to again call the attention of the people to the fact that a very good pie can be made from summer squashes. Try the experiment, when you have any to spare.

We were considerably amused the other day, by the conversation of two good Methodists upon politics generally and copperheads in particular. One brother, in the kindness of his heart, or from secession sympathy, we really don't know which, was inclined to deal leniently with his erring brothers. "My bible tells me," said he, "to forgive my enemies; and bad as they are I feel it my duty to forgive them." "So would I forgive them, and heartily," said the other, "if they were my enemies merely; but they are the enemies of my country, and neither my bible nor my conscience enjoins upon me the duty of forgiving such black-hearted ingrates. Why, my dear brother," continued he, with great emphasis, "there are better men in hell, to-day, than some of these copperheads."

It is proposed to establish an Episcopal paper at Augusta.

Very contradictory accounts of the condition and treatment of Jeff. Davis, are given by different newspaper correspondents. The truth is, probably, that his health is full as good as it was when he was first incarcerated, and that he has all the privileges that can be granted him with safety, and many more than he deserves. Dick Taylor has received permission to visit him.

A FRIEND at Charleston sends us the first number of *The New Era*, a paper just established at Darlington, S. C., of which John Tarbox is publisher and B. F. Whittemore, chaplain of the 30th Mass. Vols., editor. If the people of that State will follow its lead and adopt its motto,—"If thou hast truth to utter, speak, and leave the rest to God"—they will come out all right and have peace and prosperity.

THE FIREMEN'S MUSTER, at Augusta, will probably take place on the 24th inst. Arrangements are being perfected for the celebration, as we learn from the Farmer, and the programme will include a trial of fire-engines, a balloon ascension, and a display of fireworks.

THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY will return home during the present week.

OF COURSE.—The editors of the Bangor Courier say their beauty has made the ladies of that city sick. And, why not?—it is the sickish kind, and has the same effect, the world over. "It would make a dog sick."

PEOPLE'S BANK (old) has just made a dividend of fifteen per cent. which with a former dividend of six per cent., makes twenty-one per cent., of surplus profits, with more to come.

A Brownsville letter of the 13th inst., to the New Orleans Times, states that Gen. Kirby Smith and his entire party were captured July 4th at Piedras Negras, by the Governor of Saltillo, together with four pieces of artillery, 900 new rifles, and 75 wagons laden with ammunition and provisions. The officers' and men were paroled.

Among the recent patents issued to citizens of Maine, are the following:—

Edward A. Field of Sidney, for improvement in road scrapers.

Polatiah Osgood of Waterville, for improvement in railway.

The next session of the Penobscot Musical Association will be held at Bangor, commencing on Tuesday, Sept. 26th, under the charge of Messrs. Solon Wilder and Fred. S. Davenport. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will be present, with Miss J. S. Carey, and other musical celebrities.

BROTHER LINCOLN, of the Rath Sentinel, in a recent number of his paper gives us the following first-rate notice:—

WATERVILLE.—One of the finest towns in Maine is Waterville. The streets are wide, lined with trees, and adorned with delightful residences. There is considerable business done there, but not near as much as there ought to be. The water power, which is grand, is used to but a limited extent. It ought to be improved by the erection of mills, factories, and the establishment of other business enterprises, which would tend to the growth of the place, increase of its population, and the pecuniary interest of the whole people. If the Watervillians would look at it aright, they would at once engage in efforts to make this water power tell.

The society of Waterville is refined and intelligent, and one who likes good cultivated society, would find it a very desirable place of residence. Waterville College is located here, an institution from which have gone forth many who have attained honorable distinction in the professional and business walks of life. The institution has been somewhat cramped, and its usefulness necessarily limited in consequence of lack of means. But this, we trust, will no longer be, as recent donations, which measures now in progress, will soon give it an ample endowment, and thus enable its Faculty to offer increased advantages to students.

The Liberals have secured quite an increase of strength in the next British Parliament. John Stuart Mill, and Thomas Hughes, both strong friends of the United States, are elected members of that body.

A SPEECH BY HORACE MAYNARD.—This distinguished son of Tennessee is now a candidate for Congress, and is setting forth his views in speeches here and there to the people. The following remarks recently made by him are not without interest:—

"A great clamor is made against negro suffrage. I do not think that a majority of the American people have determined to establish this measure unconditionally, but if you desire to prevent it, hostility to the government will not keep it off, but will rather hasten its establishment. If the nation finds that all its magnanimous offers to you are in vain, and that all its efforts to reclaim a rebellious population are in vain, it will be very apt to give suffrage to the negro population, who have all through this war proved its fast and faithful friends. This measure, in that event, will be adopted as an indispensable means of establishing loyal civil government in the South, when the seditious white population refuse to submit to the laws and discharge their duties as prudent citizens."

"Some of you threaten to rebel in that case. You tried that once before, when you were a great deal stronger than you are now, and you know the sad result. What will your rebellion amount to? It would only give the nation a good cause for doing what it would now avoid. As Major-General Logan said in a speech the other day: 'Let them rebel again, that is just what we want!' Now if you want to live at peace, obey the laws and turn away from those unprincipled politicians, who cry out 'Blue bellied Yankee,' 'Abolitionists,' and 'Nigger Equality,' to get your votes. They are the same men who asked you before the war, how you would like to see your daughter marry a 'big buck nigger.'"

"Much has been said about the radicalism of Chief Justice Chase's views on the subject of negro suffrage. Mr. Chase believes that as the white Unionists of the South are in the minority, very largely so in many localities, it will become a matter of absolute necessity to enfranchise the black population, which is universally loyal, in order to prevent the rebel from regaining the government of their respective States at the Ballot-box. He believes that the nation will be compelled to resort to negro suffrage for self-preservation, especially for the preservation of the white loyalists of the South. Now, the nation was not eager to resort to emancipation, but you forced a resort to that measure by obstinate rebellion. It hesitated to enlist negro soldiers, but was forced to arm them by the continued rebellion of the South, and it found that they made very good soldiers, and could shoot as well as any body. This revolution is not yet over, and a great many of these subjugated rebels are acting and talking very boldly. Rest assured, that if you still defy the national government, the nation will be forced to think seriously of putting the ballot into the hands of loyal negroes, to enable them to vote down the rebellion."

SHERMAN ON THE NEGRO QUESTION.—Gen. Sherman, responding to a toast, recently, at Indianapolis, made a long and argumentative speech, in which he said his ancestors, being in the sea-faring line, contributed largely to the importation of African slaves; and he felt it his duty, as far as possible, to atone for the sins of his ancestors. He considered the slaves free by the action of the secessionists. It was the duty of the government to protect and educate them. They might be colonized in Florida and admitted to representation in Congress. He opposed negro suffrage and indiscriminate intercourse with the whites. His observations in Mexico and South America led him to this conclusion. He believed the whites must have the governing power, and that Omnipotence inaugurated the rebellion to break down the legal hedge which had protected slavery from the just indignation of the civilized world. He thought plenty of Southern States would vote to ratify the constitutional amendment. As to the subject of the military power, he did not feel there was any usurpation; it was the natural law of self-preservation; but when the necessity was passed he hoped the civil power would resume its sway.

One of the inspectors of General Howard's bureau who is travelling in Arkansas writes that in the Little Rock district about four thousand freedmen are employed under orders from the War Department; that first class men receive from twenty-five to fifty dollars per month, and the first-class women from fifteen to eighteen, one-half of which is paid every two months, and the balance at the end of the year; that two thousand of them are employed by the forty-three lessees of abandoned plantations at these figures; that very harmonious relations exist between the freedmen and their employers; that the negroes are generally content; that the lessees complain that the rate of wages they pay the freedmen, is higher than is paid anywhere else in the Mississippi Valley, and so high that their cotton will cost them from twenty to twenty-five cents per pound before being ready for market, and that they will not make anything on the crop; that there are about one thousand freedmen at work for citizens of Little Rock; that large numbers are working for themselves, at remunerative wages; that the colored people are building two schoolhouses in the place; that there is abundant work for all who are able to labor; that fair wages are generally paid; and finally, that the condition of the freed people in Arkansas is probably better than in any other section of the country.—[Con. Post. Adv. Sept. 20.]

A DILEMMA.—A Correspondent of the N. Y. World, writing from Richmond, relates an incident as follows:—

Talking of oaths reminds me of a local joke which my pen cannot resist recording. A modest young country girl, on applying for rations to one of our relief agents, a few days ago, was asked if she had ever taken the oath. "No indeed, sir," was her terrified reply. "I never swore in all my life." "But you must, take the oath, my good girl," said the agent, "or I cannot give you the rations." "No indeed, I can't sir," said the girl. "Mother always taught me never to swear." The agent mildly persisted, and the maiden as pertinaciously refused all attempts at persuasion until, overcome at last by the dreadful conflict between necessity and her high sense of duty, she stammered out with downcast lids, "Well, sir, if you will make me do such a horrid, wicked thing—a—take the oaths!"

The treatment of colored citizens by the present city and State officials of New Orleans and Louisiana is said to have become so terribly cruel and unjust as to call for military interference, by General Canby.

An Alabama correspondent represents the people of that State as overbearing and imperious in their demands, having been spoiled by the magnanimous treatment they have received.

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