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Maxham & Wing

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DAY DREAMS.

Where the orange bee on the purple flower
Of the roadside thistle dozes,
Where the flying down blows, dimly white,
And the azure air-bell poises light;
And where the mole, deep out of sight,
After his work reposes—
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the plovers which, and circle, and scream,
Over the loneliest places,
Where the Eastern clouds roll heavy and slow,
And the glad winds race, and flutter and blow,
Where the golden corn is all of a glow,
And so the reapers' faces—
Alone would I be,
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the fire, so balmy and evergreen,
Flashes its dripping cones,
And the squirrel, sailor-like, climbs the tree,
And the wind is breathing its lullaby,
Fond, and soft, and cozy,
The song of distant zones—
Alone I would be,
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

ADDRESS

Before the Alumni of Waterville College,
August 5th, 1885.

BY REV. WILLIAM LAMSON, D. D.

But what in this world-wide university are the conditions of success?

In colleges made by men, seminaries and schools of every class, whatever the endowments, the progress and the result depend mainly on the scholar himself. We understand this, brothers, better than we once did. There is no patent by which the mind can be trained and disciplined whether it will or no. The artist selects his block from the quarry, shapes it, and removes it to his studio, and then with no consent of the unconscious stone, begins and continues the process which is to change it into the almost speaking and breathing statue. The ideal is in the mind of the artist, and every blow from the mallet, and every chip from the block, is bringing out that ideal. And when completed, it takes its place in a gallery of statues; it stands there a product and a proof of the artist's skill. He made it. It is his creation. But there is no studio to which the rough mind can be taken, and thus receive shape and finish. It can be in the hands of no educator like the marble in the hands of the sculptor, a passive recipient. Facilities, helps, stimuli, may be furnished, of more or less value, but these only. It belongs to the dignity of mind, is its grand distinction, that it must form itself. Self-made man, self-formation, self-culture, these are phrases much in use to designate a class, who, without ordinary aids, have risen to distinction. But is not every man self-made? Did any college ever make a scholar? Every man, come from what schools he may, who has any authority in him, is his own author.

Quae non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.

And what is true of human institutions, is true also of God's great seminary. The soul's Maker has given its faculties, ushered it into this schoolroom, furnished its lessons, its textbooks, its teachers, made it a flawless place of instruction. But here all depends upon the individual soul. In the personal will, therefore, is lodged the great and fearful power of determining what its possessor shall be. Advantages may be embraced or neglected, faculties disciplined or suffered to lie idle and sink into imbecility, life be improved or wasted.

Some knowledge must be acquired. The rudest savage cannot escape it. Necessity compels it. But that limit is soon reached, and all beyond that depends on the personal choice. Beyond that, the man, whether within the walls of a university, or in the solitude of a primeval forest, is what he makes himself, and no adverse circumstances can so load as effectively to repress the aspirations of a noble soul, or break its indomitable will. There is nothing known to us, no force in nature, more unconquerable than true mental power. We have heard, says one, it may be, just long enough of mute, inglorious Miltons. In no age can such have been very rare. Will and power generally find or make a way for themselves; it is an integral part of their nature to do so. It is not said that the feeble mushroom will force its way to the light, upheaving stone pavement? Do we not see every year the frail blade piercing the hard earth?

Nature, rigidly economical, economical in her ways, does not lightly throw from her the inextinguishable gift of genius. There never yet fell the smallest grain of wheat from nature's granary; far less can she afford to lose a Milton, or strike any like him dumb. If faculty has not been originally given, no education can supply it. If genius exists, an awakening voice is all that is required.

Away then with the epithet, as distinctive, of self-made men. All manhood is self-made. Its springs are from within. Abraham Lincoln we say, was self-made. Did Harvard, with its professors and libraries, make Elwood Everett, or Hanover make Rufus Choate? If so why has not the one made more Everetts, and the other more Choates? No, no, these were all self-made, and so only could they be made. The one springing beneath the pavement, by inherent forces grew, till that pavement overturned, the free air and clear sunlight were reached. But the others, shrouding up under better conditions, from a richer and uncovered soil, still grew, expanded, attained maturity by their own inherent forces. Massachusetts, I take it, never had a son more thoroughly self-made, than was her Choate, rising by power of a determination that shrank from no toil, and was deterred by no difficulties; inspired by a professional enthusiasm that bowed every faculty, and all circumstances into subservience to its aims.

But we add there is need of the presence and power of an adequate motive. Power within, and a call from without—both are needed. Something to be done, some end to be attained, some perceived use to which culture can be applied, is wanted. The differences between men of equal natural gifts are accounted for by the degrees of energy with which they have chosen, and of tenacity with which they have clung to some definite life aim. It is this which has aroused and kept awake and vigorous the powers of genius in all who have accomplished much; it is the want of it that has permitted these powers in so many to sink into lethargy or be dissipated in abortive endeavor. The best constructed and most powerful engine waits for the steam. Learning, its own reward, is a pretty sentiment. Learning, the means of beneficent power, if not a prettier, is a truer one.

And Nature in her University trains her pupils to act; stimulates them to acquire that they may use; rouses them to exertion by the presence of great ends. It is common to sneer at a utilitarian culture—not that merely which Sir William Hamilton calls from the German,

a bread and butter culture—but all which received its inducements from without. Many are the signs that have been heaved over the fact that the necessities of our new country, and the want of institutions munificently endowed, forbid the existence of a class of purely literary men—men who pursue study as an end, and acquire only for the sake of acquisition.

No man, it has been said, has risen to the conception of the peculiar dignity that belongs to him as the possessor of mind; no man has breathed the atmosphere of the poet, the philosopher, the scholar, who cannot find in the invigoration and expansion of his own faculties, and the contemplation of truth and beauty in themselves, the loftiest inducements and rewards of study. Perhaps so. But many a man, we think, has risen higher, breathed a purer atmosphere, and been drawn to the tasks of scholarship by worthier inducements than the selfish one of invigorating and expanding his own mind—treating his soul as the athlete would his body, who should give all his days to the care and development of its energies as an end. Adoniram Judson, patiently devoting long years of exile and of intense study to the difficult language of Burmah, resting not till he had mastered it, and made the way easy for others to acquire and use it, may not once have thought of the expansion and invigoration of his own faculties as his reward. But was he therefore no scholar, unworthy the name because drawn and held to his task by that other motive of pouring the light of revelation over benighted and degraded millions?

There may be a world in which knowledge is its own reward, where the soul's expansion and invigoration, and the quiet contemplation of truth and beauty may be the highest inducement to exertion—in which the soul, having finished its toil and conflict, has reached the play-state.

But surely this is not such a world, nor likely soon to become such a world—filled with sin to be removed, with error to be corrected, with ignorance to be enlightened, with want to be supplied, with wrongs to be redressed, with misery to be alleviated, and the very atmosphere of which is pierced ever by imploring cries; this is not a world in which the gifted and favored soul may just revel in its own acquisitions and exult in its own conscious growth. Knowledge is its own end! Scholarship its own reward! Not here! It is not the law of this world-wide university. Knowledge a power—a means to a higher end. Culture, invigoration, growth sought, because by these only can one be beneficently effective. No, I cannot think it a matter for regret, that we have not, and are not likely soon to have, a class of purely literary men, drawn by no motive but that of their own growth. "The truth is," says one, himself a fellow in one of the old colleges of the old world, "the truth is, it is not by means of facilities, but through difficulties, that the mind must grow up to greatness; we may amuse all our lives along the rich level of an open country or library, and never, in either case, see or know more than the ground immediately around us, or the books actually in hand; we should toil, and toil upwards, really exerting ourselves, if we would get to a commanding height."

Hence the importance of a profession to men of letters. Walter Scott tells us that his fancy took its best flights after a day spent in plodding law studies. Your professed literary man, if he be nothing else, is generally a puny creature, nervous, feeble, and ineffective; familiarity is disregarded; he lives among his objects till he is callous to all impressions from them.

A vigorous writer on man and his destiny, divides men into three classes as to their aims. These aims are, to have, to do, and to be. Now it is from the second class—that the brightest passages in the world's annals come. These are men who, inquiring the design of Providence, fall in with it, and thus find by not seeking it, their own highest culture and growth. They reach the condition of being through that of doing. "History is constructed by such who prove themselves to be here, not that they may have, but that they may do; to whom life is a glorious hour, and who are sure to work, not that they may rest, but only to rest that they may work. No sooner do they look around with the eye of reason and of faith on the great field of the world, than they perceive that it must be for them a better field; and they break up the tents of ease and advance to the dangers of lonely enterprise and the conflict with splendid wrong." They have a mission, are sent of God. They have a baptism to be baptized with, and are straightened till it be accomplished. And throughout this world-wide university, the aim of all, the culture, and the means of it too, is beneficent action. My Father worketh, I work, were the words of man's Restorer and Redeemer. And were there ever a land and an age presenting such demands for the highest exertion of disciplined mind, as do our land and age in this the regenerative period of her history? Never did voices so inspiring and commanding sound over any land, summoning all that is great in intellect, or sound in principle, to vigorous action. The nation has been at school under a new set of teachers, with new text-books, and new machinery of instruction, during the last four years, and should have received the intellectual and moral training of half a century in this short time. It has been a period to carry men out of themselves, and whatever that is culture. A man who is his own center, who spins upon his own axis in the dark, though enriched with all learning, is dwarfed and contemptible. Learned he may be, educated he is not.

Brothers, we remember the time when we dwelt with youthful admiration on the picture of Archimedes, so intent on his mathematical problem, that he was ignorant or careless of the sacking of his own native Syracuse by Roman soldiers, and who, as they approached to slay him, stood motionless, concerned only for his demonstration, not for his life. We have read too, of Newton, sitting all day, half-dressed, on his bed, while composing the Principia; and of Socrates, fixed to a statue, thinking, and a night, motionless as a statue, thinking, and of other great thinkers who resembled these in their absorption in some chosen study. And such men will never cease to command the admiration of all who reverence intellect. But did those scholars love science less, who, during the last four years have hastened from their quiet retreats, dropping books and philosophical instruments, rushing to fields of strife and

grasping the sword in defense of a nation's life, and pouring out, many of them, their life-blood on the altar of patriotism? Was our own lamented Mitchell, quitting his observatory, and abandoning studies to which, with the devotion of a Christian and enthusiasm of a scholar, he had consecrated his life, and at his country's call girding himself with the armor of a soldier, and dying with a sublime resignation, less noble than was the mathematician of Syracuse? Devotion to Science is grand, but it is grander still when that devotion is overmastered and held in abeyance by devotion to humanity. It is to the honor of American scholarship that so many from all its walks, from the halls of science and chairs of instruction, from the studies of authorship, and from all the professions, hastened to shield a nation's life with their own. On every field of our dread conflict the blood of scholars has flowed freely, and beneath their soil sleep many who, had life been spared, would have shone with surpassing luster. In the words of England's great philosopher and poet, they sighed—

"Ah! quiet dell! dear cot and mount sublime!
I was constrained to quit you: 'Tis my right,
While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,
That I should dream away the intrusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use?"

But I pass to say that the highest soul culture can be reached only by that which lifts it out of the present to a height where the past and the future are seen and felt. And for this there are provisions and appliances, numerous and rich, in this world-wide university. In the very make of the soul—for man is a being capable of a large discourse, looking behind and before. There is power in great historic past. All great lives and noble deeds send their influence down through successive generations. Periods in the life of a nation, when it is creating history, dark and difficult though they be to the actors, are periods when it is sowing away materials of culture and inspiration for coming generations. Saints and martyrs and heroes die, but their piety and devotion and sublime courage live and are repeated in the lives of those who have known them only through the pages of history. But great as the power of a glorious past, it is to a grand future that we must look for the noblest inspirations.

True there may be a certain degree of civilization and culture, of its kind very high, without this. Infidelity and atheism, to which there is no uplifting future, have had disciples to whom the world has accorded the meed of scholarship. And the civilization and culture of Greece and Rome, unsurpassed, may unequalled as they were in some respects, received almost no aid from any established convictions of the future. If some of their scholars, as Plato, and Socrates, and Cicero, had anything worthy the name of belief, it was a belief shared in by an exceedingly small number, and which left the masses untouched. The faint and spectral fancies of a possible future that floated before the minds of the people, had little power over them. And yet were they not educated, cultured? In certain directions. But it was a culture sadly defective—may, as historic search brings it more distinctly before us, most hideous and repulsive. No friend of humanity would wish it to be repeated. But the grand difference between the old world and the modern, is this, that in one, the great reality of being was now, in the other it is to come. It was not given to reason, to nature, but reserved for Christianity to bring to light the grand idea of an endless future, taking it out from the dreams and guesses, and conjectures of the few, and placing it down in the clear open day, to be seen by all, felt by all. It was an idea too vitally important to the individual and the race to be fully trusted to any but a divine messenger—one sent to bear it and to demonstrate it. And it is under the influence of this grand Christian idea, that mind has been started on a career and a culture unknown to the best ancient civilizations. "The power of an endless life," to borrow an apostolic phrase, merely as an expanding, educating idea, is immense. It is, beyond comparison, the greatest force brought to bear on minds in this disciplinary period.

Scholars, learned in all the learning of the ancients, admirers of lands and ages in which Christ was unknown, tell me, does not the culture of their best minds seem mean compared with that of the humblest laborer whose soul has been seized and brought under the power of a Christian future—an endless life. Place the mind before the august idea—link it to that by the bond of a living faith—and you have placed it in the condition most favorable to expansion and elevation. It sends us forth to our life tasks with the assurance that our life is not here, that failure of present attempts may be ultimate success, that to die at any post of duty may be only to pass on to a higher life and nobler tasks. From it must come the true inspiration for all great deeds and sacrifices, for the hero's courage and the martyr's constancy for the peasant's toil, and the scholar's research—and no soul breathes its true atmosphere without it.

Permit me then, brothers, as a parting word, to say, not professing ally, not in the interests of religion merely, but of letters, that the mightiest educational force in this world-wide university is Christianity. All the volumes of all the libraries in the world, are of less account to this end, than that little volume, the New Testament. It is a faith grasping its grand teachings and sublime promises that must underlie all true culture.

Learned pagans, and infidels, and atheists there have been, and are, and may be, but learning and education are not identical. It is only by attempting to grow into the grand proportions of our real destiny that we are true to ourselves. It is only by keeping in view, brothers, the higher life into which we are to graduate, that we can fitly use the present. During the four years we passed in yonder buildings, in the exhausting and sometimes depressing routine of college studies, there was ever before us the approaching day when, our course ended, we should reach the period of graduation, and go forth to unite with the alumni of other years on the broader fields, for which this cramped, cabined and confined life was a preparation. So, brothers, may we draw inspiration from that grand future, into which we are soon to graduate, and for which this present is only an educational period. So, through the vision of a true faith, may we anticipate the time when, united to the alumni of all ages we shall go forth to enjoyment and

service of which here we can have but the feeblest conception.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The war in South America seems to be very imperfectly understood. Even the London Spectator, one of the best of the Liberal journals, speaks as if the dictator of Paraguay was probably very much abused; and in other quarters we remark appeals to the sympathy of republicans for the same personage, who is doubtless the most despotic ruler in any country on the globe which claims to be civilized.

A gentleman who knows well the history and actual conditions of these regions, of which the world is in general very ignorant, writes that, during the last fifty-four years, Paraguay has had three absolute despots. Its House of Representatives meets four days out of ten years. The Dictator Lopez is the sole foreign trader in the country. Paraguay is his plantation. It is a penal offense to undertake commerce or to sell produce to any buyer but the Government, which is Lopez. Foreigners are excluded almost as rigorously as from Japan. And in a population of about a million the Dictator maintains a standing army of some sixty thousand men, officered in part by skillful foreign soldiers. The country is virtually inaccessible by land, and is flanked by the Paraguay and Parana rivers.

There is naturally no love lost between such a country and its neighbors, the most powerful of which is Brazil. Brazil is a monarchy, but "it is republicanism itself compared with Paraguay." The Government of Paraguay is the irresponsible will of one man. The representatives of Brazil meet annually. There are local Legislatures in the provinces. The expenses of the Empire are regulated by the representatives, and there is perfect liberty of the press. The Argentine Republic is the next most important neighbor of Paraguay. It lies below it upon the River de la Plata, and is a mild and liberal and progressive state. Its institutions are modeled upon those of the United States, including entire freedom of speech and the press. Uruguay, at the mouth of the River de la Plata is the third and smallest neighbor—a province which was freely relinquished by the Argentine Republic, to which it formerly belonged.

These three States are now league in a war with Paraguay. The facts of its beginning are very simple. Brazil and Paraguay were at peace, when a Brazilian steamer was seized in the port of Assumption, the capital of Paraguay. This outrage was followed by an invasion of the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso. Paraguay asked leave to cross the territory of the Argentine Republic to attack Brazil, which was at peace with the Republic. The request was necessarily refused. Paraguay then seized two Argentine men-of-war and invaded the Argentine province of Corrientes, driving from it to Paraguay half a million head of cattle, which are the riches of the Republic, and declaring it annexed to Paraguay. The war thus begun by Lopez has been accepted by Brazil and the Argentine Republic, and Uruguay has joined the alliance with a small contingent. The first advantage was naturally won by Paraguay. But the great event of the struggle thus far is the annihilation of the Paraguayan navy by the Brazilian fleet.

Upon such facts it is folly to claim the sympathy of civilization for the stern and solitary disposition of Paraguay; and it is unpardonable to represent the contest as a struggle between monarchy and republicanism. Paraguay is actually and in spirit the least republican State upon the continent, while Brazil and the Argentine Republic, open to all the world, are constantly advancing in liberal civilization.

[Harper's Weekly.]

A. JOHNSON, TAILOR.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Herald writes from Greenville, Tenn., the home of President Johnson. From what he has to say of the President's early life we quote:—

"Mine host" of the hotel had been a "brother clipper," and worked upon the tailor bench with President Johnson in days long since, and I obtained from him some valuable information concerning

"A. JOHNSON, TAILOR."

which sign—a fac simile of the old one which was sent to the Chicago Sanitary fair—now hangs over the door. The old gentleman's story concerning our present President runs thus: "There was a vast difference between Andy and I when we worked on the same bench. I could spell B-a-k-e-r and he could not; but he could 'flax' me on a pair of breeches or a fine coat, and could get a better price for his work than I. He never made a garment that didn't fit, and never had a job returned. He was the best tailor I have ever met. When Andy got married he hadn't ten dollars in the world, and his wife was as poor as Naomi's daughter. Her mother said to her before she was married (calling her by name), 'I can give you all the money there is in the house—fifteen dollars—to help you about going to housekeeping; or I will take the money and give you a 'wedding'—which will you prefer?' 'Mother,' said she, 'I will take the 'wedding,' and Andy and I'll work for money—won't we?' appealing to her lover. He assented, and the consequence was that the young couple had not one cent with which to 'set up' for themselves. After they were married she taught him to read, and the world knows the rest," said the old man with a sigh of relief, as he stroked down his sandy wig, and puffed away at his old clay pipe. Oh! wonderful plebeian! it is a long and rugged road that leads from the tailor's bench in Greenville, to the Presidential chair in Washington; but that wonderful trip through Cumberland Gap has told its tale.

A negro mass meeting—a strange and significant feature in Alabama politics—was held at Huntsville, Ala., August 23d. About two thousand former slaves were present. They were addressed by General Fisk, of the Freedmen's Bureau, who told them that whatever was detrimental to the black man was detrimental alike to the white man. He had hoped to be able to lease some abandoned plantations to them; but as President Johnson, he believed, "was going to pardon all the rebels," their prospects were not so good in this respect.

as they had been. He advised them to live morally, to work on shares, and to disabuse their minds of the notion that their old masters' estates were going to be cut up amongst them. He told them they should have justice and fair play, but otherwise they must "work out their own salvation." The conduct of the assemblage is stated to have been unexceptionable, and the General's speech produced a good effect on all present.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.—It is mercifully ordered in the great scheme of existence that nearly every person should have an aunt who is willing to grow into an old maid, and to sacrifice her life to the good of others—those others being generally her nephews and nieces. Aunts are the fairy good godmothers of society, the supplementary mothers who are often more kind and indulgent to the children than their parents are. There is not a single person among who is not familiar with this idea of a good aunt. We sometimes hear of children who never knew father nor mother; but where is the child who never knew an aunt? When the father and mother disappear and leave the poor infant to the mercy of the world, who is it that takes the little waif in, and feeds and clothes it, and sends it to school? Who? The aunt. The good, kind, tender-hearted soul, who perhaps, has been passed over in life, who has toiled hard, who has suffered much, who, at any rate has never tasted the joys of maternity, who has certainly never incurred its vexations. It is really wonderful, under such circumstances, that these women should retain so much humanity; that the fire of love should not have been quenched in their lonely hearts; that the milk of human kindness should not have dried up in their breasts long ago.

We should be thankful to Heaven for these maiden aunts of ours; they are a legion of angels upon earth, forever hovering about us to pity and to succor. If the natural history of aunts were faithfully and accurately followed out, I am inclined to think that the aunts of whom I speak would be found to be a distinct species of the genus. There are points of resemblance in all aunts of this class, which are not to be observed in persons who stand to society in other relations. There are many varieties of fathers, brothers, sisters, and uncles. There is an indulgent father; but quite as often there is the harsh and tyrannical father. There is the affectionate and jealous brother; the loving and spiteful sister.

Then, as to the uncle (who should be a counterpart of the aunt in everything, being the masculine of the species) it is not proverbial that while some of them poke the nephews in the ribs, and call them sly dogs, and give them no end of banknotes, others are cruel, bloodthirsty, rapacious uncles, who take their nephews into dark woods and leave them to die of hunger. But our aunts? Our aunts are always good. Who ever heard of a wicked aunt?

Be it understood, that I do not reckon among my bright, particular aunts the sisters of your father or mother, who marries and has children of her own; nor the lady whom your uncle may take to himself with the same commonplace result. We don't think of her, be she one or the other, in the true sense. Do you ever call her "aunt," and go and sit in her lap, put your arms around her neck? Answer me that. No, no. She is aunt—mark how cold the word is without the endearing diminutive! Aunt Charles or aunt James, with lots of little buckets of her own dipping into the well of her affections; and she has not a drop for you. Dare to sit in her lap, and she will push you rudely and coldly away. Venture to put your arm around her neck, she will probably stand upon her propriety. The person whom you call "aunt dear" is quite another order of being. She is your father's or your mother's sister—occasionally the wife of your uncle; but, in this last case, she is only "aunt dear" when she has no children of her own. As to her natural disposition she is born to love and to be loved—born to deny herself, to suffer patiently, to toil and pine, not for herself, but for others—born, above all, to rear the weakly sheep, and to rescue the black ones who go astray.

[All the Year Round.]

NORTH AND SOUTH.—The following from a work by Prof. Draper of New York, will be of interest as showing the influence of climate upon the character of a population, and as having a bearing upon the political condition of our own country. Says the Professor:—

"In the North the alternation of winter and summer allows for the life of man distinct and different duties. Summer is the season of outdoor labor, winter is spent in the dwelling. In the South labor may be continuous, though it may vary. The northern men must do to-day that which the southern man may put off till to-morrow. For this reason the northern man must be industrious; the southern man may be indolent, having less foresight, and less tendency to regulated habits. The cold bringing with it a partial cessation from labor, affords an opportunity for forethought and reflection; and hence the northern man acquires a habit of not acting without consideration, and is slower in the initiation of his movements. The southern man is prone to act without reflection; he does not fairly weigh the least consequences of what he is about to do. The one is cautious, the other impulsive.

Winter, with its cheerfulness and discomforts, gives to the northern man his richest blessing; it teaches him to cling to his hearthstone and his family. In time of war that blessing proves to be his weakness; he is vanquished if his dwelling be seized. The southern man cares nothing for that. Cut off from the promptings of external nature for so large a portion of the year, the mind in the North becomes self-occupied. It contents itself with few ideas, which it considers from many points of view. It is apt to fasten itself intently on one, and pursues it with fanatical perseverance.

A southern nation, which is continually under the influence of the sky, which is continually prompted to varying thoughts, will indulge in a superfluity of ideas, and deal with them all superficially, more volatile than reflective, it can never have a constant love for a fixed constitution. Once resolved to act, the intention of the North, sustained by reason, alone, will outlast the enthusiasm of the South. In physics,

cal courage the two are equal; but the North will prevail, through its habits of labor, of method, and its inexorable perseverance. Long ago, writers who have paid attention to these subjects have affirmed that the South will fight for the benefit of its leaders, but the North will conquer for the benefit of all. To convince any man who lives under a roof, an appeal must be made to his understanding; to convince him who lives under the sky, the appeal must be to his feelings.

MY LABOR-SAVING HUSBAND.—Some husbands are more plague than profit, and make vastly more work than they do; but mine is one to brag about. When I was married, to my shame be it spoken, I had never made a loaf of bread or a pie. I had no idea of saving time or saving work. But I had a husband who had love enough for me to bear with my simplicity, and not to scold when the bread was burned and the pies not fit to eat.

Going into the kitchen one morning, he saw me baking buck-wheat cakes, and greasing the griddle with a piece of pork on a fork. He said nothing, but went into the woodhouse, and soon returned with a smoothly-whittled stick, about six inches long, through the split of which he had passed a folded strip of white cloth, and tied it with a bit of string. So I had a contrivance which could be dipped in melted grease, and put it smoothly over the griddle.

One day he saw me scouring knives with a piece of cloth. "Dear me!" said he, "you will surely cut your fingers." So he contrived a machine by nailing a broad piece of cork to a spoon for a handle, sinking the head of the nail into the cork so far that it should not touch the knife. "This lifts the hand from the knife and does not cramp the fingers."

I used to call him occasionally to thrack over the heavy mattress and straw bed for me. "What a nuisance!" he exclaimed, and so replaced them by a spring mattress. Of all the nice things for beds, this is the best. It is always in place, requires no shaking up, and it takes only three minutes to replace the bed-clothes, and the bed is made. It always looks round and inviting, and gently yields to the weight of the sleeper.

He saw the dish towels hanging helter-skelter around the kitchen stove, and forthwith made the most convenient hanging frame over the wood-box, where it can take up no room, and is near the stove. Here the towels hang smoothly, and are always in place.

I fretted because my refrigerator had no shelves, and I could not make room for all the meat, butter and milk. So he made two racks, and fitted ventilated shelves from one to the other. The shelves are ventilated by being bored thick with augur-holes, and can be removed for scrubbing.

He is troubled to see me sew, sew, and stitch, and makes sewing-machines the constant subject of conversation. He reads to me every advertisement and every letter from women who praise them in the papers. If he could make one, I should be in possession of it immediately; but as he cannot, I must wait till "the ship comes in." These are some of the ways by which he lightens the labors of the house. Would that more husbands were like him. Perhaps I shall tell you some other time how he contrives his own garden tools, and saves time and money by his own ingenuity.

[Rural American.]

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!!!—Americans are peculiar in one thing—they will sing a song to death. In one brief existence we can recall many instances of the kind. We remember how often "Old Dan Tucker" was trotted with being too late to the evening meal; who little rest we gave "Oh, Susannah." We have heard young ladies sing "Who will care for mother now?" while their old mothers were wearing themselves out in the kitchen over the washing. Then there is "John Brown's Body." Instead of being permitted to lie quietly "moldering in the grave," it was kept marching on "with enough knapsacks 'strapped upon his back' to supply a regiment with that necessary article of camp and garrison equipage. "When this cruel war is over" had a pretty good run. The heartiest congratulations that were induced by the termination of this war arose from the fact that people got over singing "When this cruel war is over," etc. Now the popular tongue is singing and whistling "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching." We are in danger of being tramped to death with it. You hear it on the streets, in the work-shop, and in the billiard saloon.

A TAVERN IN THE WOODS.—The editor of the Gospel Banner, gives in his paper an account of a recent trip from Bangor to Calais, from which we copy the following paragraph of a tavern in the woods. He writes:

Twenty-five miles from Bangor, and at about 1 o'clock at night, a stop is made to change horses. Twenty miles farther brings us to the "Shoppie House," Beddington, where a half hour is taken to change horses again, and to take breakfast, which is "always in readiness at precisely 5-1-2 o'clock," whether the stage is "late" or "early." Mrs. Shoppie, rather than her husband, is said to keep the house where refreshments are obtained, for the reason, as the driver informed me, that "she is the smartest man of the two." "Old Shoppie," said he, "ain't nobody anyhow. He is never up in the morning till afterwards, and is only a cipher when he is round; but his wife makes things hum I'll bet ye!" On arriving at this distinguished hotel we found that it consisted of a humble one story dwelling with two rooms, a kitchen, and ante-room; that the nearest human habitation on one side was eight miles distant, and on the other from that locality, seventeen miles distant, and that the nearest village, which is Cherryfield, is twenty-two miles distant. And yet the people who reside here seemed perfectly contented with their situation and to be "doing well." Mrs. Shoppie, who "converses with fluency" and "without restraint"—informed me that she had resided in this dwelling and on this farm for eighteen years. Here she had raised up a family of seven children, all of whom had "done well." I questioned her to know if she had experienced loneliness in her isolated home? "Never," she exclaimed, "unless he, (alluding to her husband, though "he" was absent at the time) is gone. "But he's round most all the time." The stage has stopped here for years. An excellent stable accommodates the horses, while Mrs. S., notwithstanding she has no Faneuil Market at which to obtain supplies, gets up an excellent meal, for which she charges but fifty cents. And besides, she is not unfrequently favored with boarders, who come from Massachusetts and tarry with her for weeks at a time, for the purpose of hunting.

READ THIS TWENTY-FIVE TIMES.—It was cut out of an old paper years ago, but it isn't too old to be good. It is splendid food to digest Saturday night.

MUSTY ASSETS.—A Word to Business Men Take down your Ledger, open your pocket-book, pull out your drawers, look over your papers, and see what portion of your capital is lying dead. If you are actually in business

(and if you are not you ought to be), all such capital should be brought into use as soon as possible. Time flies and such assets rapidly vanish and fly also. Don't flatter yourself that by and by you will get fifty per cent. more than at present. It may be so, and it may not. Some men think it best to retire from a good business, for awhile, "in order to settle up old matters." Better go to work by the day than to fritter away your precious time. Twenty-one years of a man's life is devoted to drilling, to preparing for the great campaign of business before him. Three-score and ten is the farthest bound. Fifteen of the last of these years can hardly be worth more on an average than the price given to "keep what you have got." Thus, at the beginning and end, there are (twenty-one and fifteen) thirty-six years during which little, if any, very profitable labor—as far as money results are concerned—can be made available. Now why spend the most valuable portion of this active period in digging and delving over old musty debts. Except with rogues and scoundrels, deal promptly and liberally. Make up your mind in regard to the amount you will probably get, not what you ought to have, and then make a settlement as near that figure as possible. If you cannot do as you would, do as you can, and then balance your books and give your time to live instead of dead matter. It will be more pleasant, and in the end more profitable. The best time to look after bad debts is to look before. All after-looking is generally time spent at a high price. We believe, as things run year by year, that the best way is to settle on some terms every debt as soon as it is found that it is in a doubtful state. Take what you can get—ninety, sixty, thirty or ten cents for the dollar. Of course a mistake will now and then be made, but when dividend is once in hand however small it may be, use it with more care than before. An old debt once settled can certainly never again bother you. That is one comfort. Above all things, as much as lieh in you, live peaceably with all men—i. e., don't go to law if you can avoid it. Be your own lawyer, and make your own collection. We say again to the business men of our great cities, don't let an old debt stand a year on your books. Time flies, and your life is passing. Let your best efforts be put forth in the very centre of your business. In that direction there is profit, and what is more satisfaction.

Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE . . . SEPT. 15, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

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

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

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

VOTE OF WATERVILLE.

The following is the record of the balloting in Waterville on Monday last:

For Governor—Samuel Cony, 402; Joseph Howard, 92.

For Senators—Crosby Hinds, 400; Thomas B. Reed, 401; Geo. W. Perkins, 400; Philip C. Bradford, 92; Stephen Young, 92. E. L. Getchell, 92.

For County Commissioners—Asbury Young 401; James H. Mozier, 42.

For Clerk of Courts—Wm. M. Stratton, 401; John P. Craig, 92.

County Treasurers—Daniel Pike, 401; John Homan, 92.

Town Representative—Reuben Foster, 312; Samuel Blaisdell, 98; I. R. Doolittle, 66; Wm. H. Hatch, 8; A Winslow, 1; Samuel Kimball, 1.

THE ELECTION ON Monday was probably the most quiet ever known in the State of Maine. The weather was pleasant, but a very light vote was thrown—the Democrats having lost all heart and faith in their cause, and the Union men having unbounded confidence that all was going right. In our town the democrats called no caucus and nominated no candidate for representative, and in some other towns they nominated republicans. Cony is elected by about 20,000 majority and the Legislature is overwhelmingly Union.

The following is a list of representatives chosen in the towns in this vicinity:

Albion, Robert Crosby; Augusta, Joseph H. Williams, John L. Stephens; Bangor, John S. Minot; Clinton, Charles Jewett; Gardiner, Henry B. Hoskins; Hallowell, Ariel Wall; Litchfield, Charles H. Robinson; Mt. Vernon, John Walton; Pittston, Arnold Goodspeed; Vassalboro, Thomas S. Lang; Waterville, Reuben Foster; Winthrop, David Cargill; Fairfield, Albert N. Greenwood; Madison, Joshua Snell; New Portland, Isaiah Jenkins; Norridgewock, Seth Parlin; Pittsford, Russel Bennett; Skowhegan, Geo. W. Hathaway; St. Albans, Franklin R. Webster; Unity, James Fowler, Jr.; Clinton, Benton, and Winslow, Charles Jewett.

TICONIC ONES—through the liberality of a few of our citizens, and by contributing generously themselves, have been enabled to purchase a first class Burton tub—a machine worthy of the company. It will be here next week, and then "we shall see what we shall see."

THE CONCERT, on Wednesday evening, by Mr. and Mrs. Fitz, (assisted by Miss Carroll of this village and Miss Steward of North Anson) must have met the highest expectations of the most critical and cultivated hearer, while it fully justified the high praise of those friends who had previously listened to them. The audience was the best that could be gathered in Waterville, measured by musical culture and refinement; and though not so large as it would be on another similar occasion, now that we have heard for ourselves, was yet very respectable as to numbers. Our people were delighted with the singing of Mrs. Fitz, which, uniting the most charming sweetness and simplicity with the highest culture, and embracing a wide range of capacity, completely satisfies all classes of hearers. Her equals in New England must be few, and a proud and prosperous future opens before her. We are particularly pleased with her success, for the reason that we count her of Waterville origin, though not born here, she being a grand-daughter of Dr. Obadiah Williams, one of our earliest residents, and niece of Col. Johnson Williams.

A knot of musical amateurs, who had come all the way from Portland to attend the concert, (among whom was "Spurwink," of the Press, who didn't forget to give us a call this time) were completely carried away by the singing; but in return they have carried away the singer, or, as we learn, have arranged to give her a permanent engagement, at the Congress Square Church, Portland. During the evening, two of these gentlemen, Mr. John L. Shaw and Mr. Wm. W. Colby, sang the beautiful trio of "Te sol quest animi," from the opera of Attila, with Mrs. Fitz, which they were compelled to repeat; and the loud and prolonged applause testified that our people have some relish for operatic music of the highest class. If Mr. and Mrs. Fitz locate in Portland, as we presume they will, we think we can safely promise them a rousing house if they will visit us again by and by, especially if they bring with them Messrs. Shaw and Colby.

H. Percival, Esq., of our village, is the most successful man we know of in the raising of melons, and the best of it is that his heart is bigger than his melon patch. Instead of selling his melons as he might easily do at high prices, he has generously distributed them among his friends, among whom we fortunately find ourselves numbered. Long may he wave, to preside at the counter of the People's National, and gratify his generosity by remembering his less successful neighbors.

GOLDEN TREASURES.—Mr. Ansel Tozier, of Fairfield, has brought into our office a half a dozen well ripened ears of corn that are very handsome to look at, and when regarded as samples of the crop of '65, ought to raise a feeling of gratitude to the Lord of the harvest. Two of them found upon one stalk, measure eleven and twelve inches respectively, filled to the tip with handsome kernels. Oh! the sights of golden hominy, hasty-pudding and johnny-cake in store for the fortunate sons and daughters of America!

HOLLAND'S LIFE OF LINCOLN.—All those who revere the memory of our late President, and all who admire "Limothy Titecomb"—and that will embrace everybody whose opinion or favor is worth anything—will rejoice to learn that such a man has such a biographer. A Life of Abraham Lincoln by Dr. J. G. Holland, cannot fail to find favor with true-hearted men everywhere. The superiority of this over the other published biographies of Lincoln, are briefly enumerated below:

It is the only Life of Lincoln in the market written freshly from the beginning since his death, the others being only extensions or modifications of campaign lives, written for a political purpose. It is not a picture book, filled with appeals to a morbid appetite for horrible scenes, but it is a dignified and valuable work, which any gentleman will be glad to place in his library. It is strictly the story of Abraham's Life, and not a cheaply gathered collection of his works. It is the only Life of Lincoln written by an accustomed and popular author, the excellence of whose works has made his name a household word throughout the land. It is written from fresh materials, gathered in Illinois by the hand of the author himself. It is written by the man whose name appears upon the title page as its responsible author, and not by literary hacks, hired for the purpose. Its mechanical execution is tasteful and thorough.

This volume is in course of publication by Mr. Gordon Bill, of Springfield, Mass. Mr. J. D. Taylor, a student in Waterville College, is canvassing this town for subscribers, and as the work can only be obtained of distributing agents, all who desire it would do well to avail themselves of this opportunity.

HARRINGTON, the genuine Boston Ventriloquist, who performed here last evening, wishes us to state that the person advertising himself in various parts of this country as his son, under the title of "Prof. Tom Harrington," is not a relative of his, and has no claim to the name of "Harrington," but is an impostor; and he wishes hotel keepers, printers, and agents of halls to be on their guard against him.

MR. ROBT. S. WHITE, a distinguished steamboat engineer, son of Mr. Henry B. White, of this village, died at Philadelphia on Tuesday. He had been in the service of the government during the war, previous to which he had become well known as chief engineer of a line of steamers between New York and Philadelphia. He will live in the memories of many Waterville boys for his "big heart."

REV. DR. WILSON, of our village, delivered an address at Topsham, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Baptist Church, which is said to have been very interesting in matters civil and religious connected with the church and the town.

MARRIED.
In this village, 12th inst., by Rev. Mr. Drinkwater, Mr. Samuel Osborn and Maria Osborn.

A little time ago Mr. and Mrs. Osborn were Southern "chattels," in Virginia, where they had lived for a number of years; in the matrimonial connection known under the slave code, and had reared several children. The husband came north with Col. Fletcher, last Spring, and it will be remembered that a collection was taken up at the Baptist Sabbath School Convention in this village, to enable him to send for his wife. Instead of sending, like a chivalrous man and a true husband, he went himself after earning money enough here to pay his expenses; and they took the earliest opportunity after their arrival to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony after the fashion of a Christian civilization. "Sam" and his wife and little ones are the happiest mortals to be found hereabouts, and no talk of the cold winter chills their enthusiasm for a moment.

THE FAIR AT CONCORD.—One of the editors of the Maine Farmer, who witnessed the trotting at Concord, on Wednesday of last week, more than insinuates that "Ticonic" did not have fair play. He says:—

Fearnaught broke badly in the three last heats, and only kept ahead by running, which he did a considerable part of the distance during these three heats. The conclusion of the judges was regarded as unfair—the only expression being that Ticonic made the hand-some, squarest and most honest trotting, and that he was justly entitled to the first premium. The crowd were eager in their demonstrations for the judges to award it to him, but they decided otherwise.

And he always adds in relation to the general management at Concord:—

The closing scene—and we chronicle the event with no little mortification and disgust—was a foot race in which four persons took a part. Such features of the exhibition, together with the exorbitant and unreasonable prices charged for board and lodging at the place where it is held, will surely be a means of lowering the character of the Society, and lessening its influence for good, as few will attend them if they are to be hereafter subjected to the merciless bleeding as practiced by the inhabitants of Concord.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.—Mr. Arthur Dinmore, and Mrs. Patty, his wife, of North Anson, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day on Saturday last. The Advocate says:—

They have lived on the same farm—the homestead of the father of Mr. Dinmore—during the whole term of fifty years, and have had eleven children, all now living and present on this occasion. This golden re-union party numbered about seventy—children, grand-children, great-grand-children, and other relatives. Sunday afternoon, Rev. John Dinmore, of Winslow, preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion, and recited a brief history of the Dinmore family, so far as known in this country.

"DECALCOMANIA."—This is the name for a new art, by which pictures in oil colors are transferred upon glass or china, and some of the most charming and recherche ornaments for the parlor, the centre table, toilet stand, &c., are produced. We have seen some specimens of this sort of ornamental work that we are sure will please all who have a love for the beautiful in art. Mrs. J. S. Hobart, a teacher of the art, invites the ladies of Waterville to call upon her at the Continental House, where they will be shown specimens, and what is very singular, where they can receive instruction free. Finished pictures and materials they will of course expect to pay for. Plain vases can be ornamented, and defaced ones renovated by the aid of this process.

NEW DRY GOODS STORE IN PORTLAND.—Mr. E. T. Elden, who for so many years dealt in Dry Goods in Waterville, has associated himself with Mr. John Whitman, late of Boston, and opened a wholesale and retail Dry Goods Store in Portland, under the name of Elden & Whitman. Their advertisement, received too late for insertion this week, will appear in our next issue.

EXCURSION TO WINTHROP.—On Wednesday next, according to a plan arranged by Ticonic Division, of this place, there is to be a public excursion from Waterville to Winthrop over the Maine Central Railroad. Invitations are specially extended to Divisions of adjoining towns, to the citizens of West Waterville, and to all persons in neighboring towns who may find it convenient to join the party. Tickets for the round trip will be 75 cts., embracing railroad fare and a bat ride down to the Island House. Those who please will carry their picnic baskets, and chowder and other refreshments will be served to order at the Island. Parties will go by the 6 or 10 o'clock trains, as they prefer—those going by the former having boats and opportunity for fishing free of expense. Tickets to Winthrop, not including the sail to the Island, will be but 50 cts. Parties choosing this, will have the use of a grove near the village, with conveniences for various amusements, and may dine sumptuously at the Winthrop House for 50 cts. A large party is expected. If the weather is stormy the excursion will be made on the next fair day.

Those who intend to fish would do well to provide their own fishing tackle.

Winthrop is now the leading attraction for such excursions, and Mr. Stanton seems to be giving the highest satisfaction to all. Facilities for sailing and fishing are unequalled.

THE FIRST MAINE HEAVY ARTILLERY threw 900 votes for Cony and 100 for Howard. This regiment is to be immediately mustered out.

REV. E. W. QUIMBY, the editor of the Gospel Banner, was quite seriously injured on Friday of last week, by being thrown from his carriage near Winthrop, while on his way to Rumford.

MONSTER TOMATOES.—The season is prolific in good things, among which tomatoes have high rank. We have them of almost unmeasured size and unweighed weight; but Mr. Caleb S. Page, of Belgrade, brings us a box of that excels us and all our neighbors. They weigh from two to two and a half pounds each, and are of delicious quality. May he long live and grow fat on these and other luxuries, such as honest men deserve.

MR. J. W. LAMB, who for several years had charge of the Academy in this place, has been elected Principal of the seminary department of Bates College, at Lewiston.

"THE LITTLE CORPORAL"—a monthly paper for youth, whose proclaimed mission is to "fight against Wrong, and for the Good, the True and the Beautiful," is out for September, with a very attractive bill of fare for its little readers. We have commended this work already, and would again take occasion to direct attention to its merits. It is really a nice little thing for children. Published by Alfred L. Sowell, Chicago, at \$1 a year, and cash subscribers will receive a fine engraving—"Lincoln and Little Tad."

THE SOLDIER'S CASKET for September is embellished with an engraving of the monument erected over the grave of General Sherman's little son Willie, by the 1st Battalion of U. S. Infantry, with an accompanying obituary sketch written by Mrs. Sherman. The contents of the number are of the usual interest.

Published by C. W. Alexander, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year. Two per cent. of the proceeds of the publication are pledged to the U. S. Treasury, to help extinguish the national debt.

PICNIC.—The Sabbath schools connected with the Universalist and Unitarian Societies, in this village, will unite in a picnic at Eaton's grove, to-morrow afternoon.

"DRACO," says the Maine Farmer, evidently by authority, will not trot anywhere this fall, but next year will probably be brought into condition to give some fast horses trouble in carrying off the best purses.

We are under obligation to Maj. Wm. A. Hatch for late Galveston and New Orleans papers, containing much of interest.

SUDDEN DEATH.—We learn from the North Anson Advocate that Mr. Nathaniel Remick, of that town, was found dead in his bed on Wednesday morning last. His age was 84 years.

The Argus states that Gen. Knox and Gen. McClellan are to trot at the Park in Portland this fall for a purse of \$1000.

FOREIGN ITEMS.—The following intelligence comes to hand by late foreign arrivals:—The Atlantic Telegraph Company had issued a formal notice that no attempt will be made to recover the sunken cable. They had also ordered a new cable to be made, which is to be laid early next year. A meeting of holders of Confederate cotton bonds had been called to consider their position. Judah P. Benjamin had arrived after a narrow escape from destruction, the steamer having taken fire. The ravages of the cattle disease continued. Gen. Sir George Brown, of Crimean fame, and Judge Burton had died. Five-twentieths were quoted at 68 to 69. The Cholera had given indications of receding towards the points at first infected. A French frigate, it was said, had taken possession of a rich guano island on the Pacific coast.

AMENDE HONORABLE.—Of course we knew that the man who wore "Spurwink's" boots at the Universalist State Convention could not have so forgotten himself as to designate Waterville as "some town down east," but we thought it would do no harm to call his attention to the fault of a member of his editorial staff. Hear his disclaimer:—

Our Mail friend of the "down east town," of Waterville, is respectfully informed that we—that is to say the editor of the Press—never refers to his lovely town except in the most profoundly respectful manner, with head uncovered, realizing as he does that it is not simply the "literary emporium" of the Kennebec, but the prettiest town on that river, containing more pretty girls and more good singers than any other town of its size this side of sunrise. The notice to which he takes quasi exceptions though well intended, was written by the "old gent" of our office—a venerable octogenarian, who is always safe among calico and dimity, and who, therefore, may be safely trusted to listen to the Carroll-ings, and to venture within the charmed circle of even such sweet "singing birds" as that "down east town" produces. Such blurs, though sure to attract, cannot seriously disturb his equanimity.

THE FENIANS.—The Springfield (Ill.) Circle of the Fenian Brotherhood have published an address to the American people, announcing that "Ireland is about to have her revolution," and asking for pecuniary aid. The address says:—

"Our brothers at home are organized in a manner far superior to any oppressed people we have read of. The day of provisional government is established—an army of 200,000 men is sworn to sustain it. Officers, American and Irish, who have served with distinction in your service, are silently moving into Ireland to assume control of the active operations to be inaugurated in a few months—sooner, much sooner than any of you can believe. All they require now is arms to enable them to meet the enemy on something like equality. A large sum of money is required, and without hesitation we appeal to you for that assistance never heretofore withheld from an uprising people. You need have no fears of war between our common enemy and yourself. Believe us, we will give her all the work she can attend to at home and in Ireland, without crossing the Atlantic to find it."

An applicant for office at the New York Custom House spoke in high terms of the disposition evinced by the Collector to appoint only discharged soldiers. He was asked if he, then, had seen service. "No, sir, not in person," was the reply, "but I have a grown son who was drafted, and procured a substitute, and the substitute served a year for him."

PHILADELPHIA REFRESHMENT SALOONS.—The city of Brotherly Love has reason to be proud of her record during the war just ended, and the best portion of that record is what she did through the Union Volunteer and Cooper Shop Saloons, established for the entertainment of soldiers passing through the city. These philanthropic institutions were recently closed with appropriate ceremonies, and from the report we copy the following.

In the third week of April, 1861, the regiments of three months' men, summoned by the President to the defence of Washington, began passing through Philadelphia. The Government had made no preparation for giving the men their meals upon the route. They arrived there hungry and fatigued, and during the first six weeks, were dependent upon the benevolence of the citizens living in the neighborhood. From them they received water, tea and coffee, and even bread and meat. But the inhabitants were of the laboring class, and could ill afford to continue their self-imposed labor of love, especially as the number of men to be relieved increased from day to day.

At length, Mr. Barzilla S. Brown gave notice that he would receive and distribute to the troops arriving such supplies as his friends would furnish; and he began operations on the curbstone, with eleven pounds of coffee and a satepan. This was the humble origin of two institutions of brotherly love, which have made the name of Philadelphia a blessed one on the lips of the American soldier. The two saloons, in immediate proximity, the one a boat-house, the other a cooper shop, were fitted up by different groups of philanthropic citizens, and put in a condition to receive and refresh the passing troops, and continued to be thus used till the war closed.

The following is a statement of the work done by the Union Volunteer Saloon:

Total amount cash received since May 27, 1861, \$92,498.76

Donations of provisions, stores, &c., 30,000.00

Meals were furnished as follows:

Passing troops, 500,000

Soldiers from camps and hospitals near the city, 165,000

Refugees, freedmen and rebel deserters, 137,869

Whole amount of meals, 802,869

The statistics of the work done, and the means with which it was done, by the Cooper Shop, are as follows:—

Soldiers fed during the first year, 87,513

Soldiers fed during the second year, 87,433

Soldiers fed during the third year, 97,300

Soldiers fed during the fourth year, 44,745

Total, 316,991

The total contributions received at this saloon was \$56,781.73. It is also estimated that during the four years ten thousand meals were furnished to soldiers singly or in squads of two or three, many of them maimed or invalids on a visit from the military hospitals. There was no record kept of these odd meals.

SCENE IN A FREEDMAN'S COURT.—We find the following narration in the Nashville correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette, showing that it is very difficult for the white men of Tennessee to learn that the colored men have rights which they are bound to respect, and that they are receiving lessons from courts of justice established by Gen. Fisk, Assistant Commissioner of the Freedman's bureau, of a very emphatic description. The one quoted occurred the other day, and is both amusing and instructive.

"And old and highly respected citizen of Giles County, named Abernethy—a good Methodist, by the way—refused to pay his colored laborers the wages he had agreed to pay them, and, as a last resort, two of the most intelligent of his employees came into the Freedman's Court, made oath to the contract, and to the fact of non-payment, and an order was accordingly issued to bring the venerable patriarch into court to answer. When the order reached the old gentleman he was astonished beyond measure, and doubtless, would not have designed to respond to it had not a guard been present to enforce it. His neighbors, of course, were greatly excited. The venerable old Abernethy arrested and ordered to report forthwith at Nashville! Dispatches were sent to the city, and when he arrived he was met at the depot and escorted to Gen. Fisk's headquarters by a respectable body of old citizens, whose woe-begone countenances indicated the disgust and horror which filled their chivalrous bosoms. Arrived at headquarters:—

Abernethy—Is this Gen. Fisk?

Gen. F.—Yes, sir.

A.—I should like to know what I am brought here for.

Gen.—Very well, give me your name, and I can probably inform you.

A.—My name is Abernethy, sir.

Gen.—Abernethy. Yes, I remember. Two citizens of Giles county, neighbors of yours, Mr. A. have appeared and made oath to a very grave complaint against you.

A.—Citizens of Giles county! Neighbors of mine!! Good Heavens, who can it be!!

"I will read the declaration," said the General, as he took the document from a pigeon hole, and began:—Joseph and Paul Abernethy, of the county of Giles, in the State of Tennessee, being duly sworn, do testify, etc. As the reader proceeded the old gentleman's eyes fairly bulged out, and he looked the very picture of amazement. At length, unable to restrain himself any longer, he exclaimed, "Lor! bless my soul, General, them 'arn't my neighbors, them's my niggers!" "You are mistaken, Mr. A., replied the General, there are no such persons in Tennessee as 'your niggers,' Joseph and Paul Abernethy are citizens of Tennessee, and one of them claims even a nearer relation to you; and the striking resemblance he bears to you gives countenance to the claim."

This home thrust cut the old man to the heart, and he covered his face with his hands, bowing his head for some time. At length he said: "Well, General, what are you going to do about it?" "I am going to do justice," he replied. "Do you owe these men the amount they claim? If you do, you must pay it." The old gentleman came down at once, acknowledged the debt, and promised to call and settle it the next day. The next day he came, paid the debt in full, and entered into a written contract with his employees for the future.

Wayne W. Blossom of Auburn, one of the four men arrested for the attempted kidnapping of George W. Saunders in Montreal, was admitted to bail in the sum of \$500 for each offence charged on Tuesday last. On being discharged from custody, Mr. Blossom was arrested on a charge of writing a threatening letter to O'Leary one of the Government witnesses.

THE FENIAN MOVEMENT IN IRELAND.—Our latest accounts from Ireland are of a very interesting nature. It seems that the London Times, which published as a huge joke our first account of the Fenian Brotherhood in this country, is becoming alarmed at the progress of the movement in Ireland. What the Times supposed to be a Miles O'Reilly fiction, it finds to be a great movement by earnest men for an honest purpose—for the liberation of Ireland from the tyranny of the British crown. It finds that the Fenians are making extensive preparations both here and in Ireland. For ourselves we do not know exactly what they are doing in Ireland, but we should not be surprised to find that they were here building Fenian Alabama, Fenian Shenandoahs, Fenian Georgia, Fenian Florida, Fenian Sumters, Fenian Stonewalls, for the purpose of operating against the commerce of Great Britain. Of course we shall be neutral as England was during the late rebellion, and allow these Fenian vessels to create as much havoc among the mercantile marine of Great Britain as the British rebel cruisers have among our own. We advise our correspondents at the different shipyards and naval stations not to let us know where these Fenian Alabama, and Fenian Shenandoahs are being built. We don't want to know. All we want is an opportunity to exchange compliments with John Bull in the matter of neutrality when the proper time arrives.—[N. Y. Herald.]

EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY.—The Bangor Whig states that the contract for completing the entire line of railway from the depot of the Maine Central Railroad in Bangor, to the suspension bridge at St. John City, was finally closed on Friday last, with Messrs. George H. Pierce and Albert Blaisdell, contractors. The contractors will commence work as soon as the \$500,000 of new stock is subscribed, as contemplated by their contract. On the completion of this subscription of \$500,000 the entire capital is secured for completing the line from Bangor to St. John City.

Fenianism is making immense progress in Ireland. The brotherhoods make little attempt at concealment or secrecy, and grow daily more careless as to whether their movements are observed. They hold reviews and drills for rifle and bayonet practice, using sticks for the arms. Many English are beginning to take alarm at this state of things, and the Times thinks the authorities very remiss in their duty to allow it.

THINK OF IT!—The New York correspondent of The London Times tells full a sentence in his last letter which may well cause every American to blush, and ask, in the language of the old time, "Can these things be?" The sentence to which we allude succeeds one which enumerates the opinions of a "Large class of Northern society," to the effect that the war was unjust; the South was right in seceding; the constitution has been violated; slavery is not abolished, etc., and is as follows: "A very large section of the party called Democratic, which aspires to rule the next elections, and which seems likely to do so, maintaining these opinions."

And it is possible that, to the eye of an intelligent observer, it "seems likely" that a party so characterized will "rule the next elections," or any election in this country for the next thousand years? Think of it! That the first popular effort at reconstruction, after a successful war for the very life of the republic, should be controlled by a party comprising all the men who denounced that war as an outrage, and sought to make it a failure; whose only hope of success is founded on the sympathy of those who are yet dripping with the blood of their brethren and whose treason, upon real or stimulated penitence, has only just been pardoned.

The sole fact that the Democratic party comprises all the "copperheads" who have hissed and crawled and stung for the last five years, settles the whole question of the probabilities of their future predominance in the councils of freedom and "right supremacy." As "likely" was it that the Tories of our glorious Revolution would be permitted to lord it over Washington and his co-patriots in the first elections succeeding the peace with Great Britain. If the so-called Peace Democrats really have "compunctious visitings" at last, and desire to serve the country they have done so much to destroy, let them follow the example of their Tory fathers, and get out of it. We will gladly concede to them the demanded right of difference of opinion, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, *habes corpus*, Magna Charta, (lots of it,) all they have ever asked,—only let them get out.

There is an authentic (though, we believe, unrecorded) anecdote of Washington, that, when earnestly pressed by certain parties to permit the return to their homes of the penitent Royalist refugees, he replied with a mild but decided negative; adding that he had no repented feeling toward these people; he hoped they would be prosperous and happy; he hoped they were truly penitent, and that they would lead henceforth tranquil and peaceful lives; finally he hoped they would go to heaven, but it must be by way of *Nova Scotia*!

[New York Times.] It was rumored that Mr. Edmond About had been compelled to take up his connection with L'Opinion Nationale, because he wished to attack, against the views of the editor, Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, on account of her recent decoration by the Empress. M. About denies the rumor, and his original way goes into some personal explanations as follows: "Although true hearts never become indifferent to public affairs, we see things which touch us nearest occupying the first place. It is not selfishness; it is optics. Put your hand before your eyes! you can perceive nothing in the chamber. Interpose a little *heat* in a tiny cap between the world and you, you will witness a beautiful phenomenon, which astronomers have not yet studied—the total eclipse of the world."

Go to Tropical America, if you wish to inhale enchanting fragrance. Yet stay; you can have it here. Phalon's "Night Blooming Cereus" will fill your parlor with vital breath of the most odorous flowers that perfume the fairy valleys of the Andes. Sold everywhere.

Hon. Seth Scammon, of Portland, had his pocket picked at Concord, during the New England Fair, losing his pocket book containing about \$35 in money and \$2000 in notes and valuable papers. We are not aware that any clue to it or the perpetrator of the act has been obtained.

GOOD FOR PAT.—"An ye have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?" said somebody to an Irishman. "Indade I have, and I'm not ashamed of it either." "And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little for his stomach's sake?" "Indade he did; but my name is not Timothy, and there's nothing the matter with my stomach."

