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Maxham & Wing

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## CHARITY.

They who, bearing heavy burdens, over life's most hilly road,  
Strive to cheer a weary brother, bowed beneath another load;  
Who, with young ones round about them, where fall plenty never smiled,  
Yet own stretch their heart and table to let in an orphan child;  
They who, half-dead, feel the breadless in the travail of distress;  
They who, taking from a little, give to those who have still less;  
They who, needy, yet can pity when they look on greater need;  
These are Charity's disciples—these are Mercy's sons indeed.

They whose lips, with gentle fastness, ever watchfully restrain  
Random jest or keen allusion that may give another pain;  
They who yield their own fond wishes even for a stranger's smile;  
Well content, by self-sacrificing, others' happiness to make;  
They, whose conscience bids them scruple o'er some deed they find would do,  
Asking if the work of pleasure be a work of duty too;  
They who, in broad, honest dealing, do as they would be done by;  
These are Charity's soft ring-doves, soaring nearest to the sky!

They who bravely scorn to torture aught that has not power to turn  
They who look upon the mute things, seeing much to love and learn  
They who think that holy Mercy is for all that live and die  
These shall grace the angel's record, stamped with the Almighty's seal!

[From the Ladies' Repository.]

## MY GRANDMOTHER GLADE.

BY BERNICE.

I remember her for a medium sized woman, keen, grayish-blue eyes, pointed nose, and a decided business air. She was at the farthest possible remove from indolence or repose, every bone, muscle, and finger-joint being always "up and dressed" for duty. Four o'clock A. M. rarely found her in bed, and from that hour till nine at night there was a stir both indoors and out at Hillside farm. My mother died when I was ten, and as it was her wish that my father should never marry till the youngest of his children was settled in life, we came under the supervision of grandmother Glade. To her my father was "her boy Jasper," whom she had always "seen to." Kate, George, little Sarah, and myself were the children a special Providence had put under her care to train in the way we should go. Of my earlier years my memory is not so vivid. I suppose Kate and I managed to romp away the keener sense of household responsibilities in the fields and woods, but as we emerged to young womanhood our duties began to assume greater importance.

That old kitchen, with its long, pine tables, great stove, and ashen floor, what scenes has it witnessed! Such baking and stewing, washing and ironing, such scouring and cleaning, spinning, winding, and reeling, were enough to make one's head swim to think of. Set in motion, guided, and controlled by grandmother, the household machinery moved on with as much order and thoroughness as were ever displayed in a well-governed army. She herself constituted the committee on ways and means, and almost unconsciously to ourselves, we all acquiesced from father down to the hired boy. Indeed, it was easier to move on with the current than to array ourselves against so resolute a leader. Moreover, there was a kind of breezy cheerfulness about her manner quite inspiring, which made us dread less the iron rule to which we were subjected.

On Tuesdays and Saturdays we baked, and such a mixture of flour, lard, and spices concocted on the long pine table by Kate and myself were enough to cloy the appetite of an epicure. My conscience smites me now to think of the berries and plums condemned to greasy beds of pastry, then spiced, sweetened, and cooked till every vestige of natural taste was gone. Woe to the dyspeptic who chanced to be a guest at our table, and fancy he could choose from its abundance without settling with an injured stomach! If he chose a potato, he found it possessed certain oily propensities obtained from close proximity to a large chunk of pork that graced the center of the table, being boiled in the same kettle. He could refuse the sausage, pickles, and poundcake, and take refuge in a piece of pie. Unlucky condiment! for did I not compound that "puffy" crust after the most approved style, pounding and rubbing in the hard roll the flour was shortened to its utmost capacity? Pork reigned supreme. "It was the most profitable on the long run," grandmother said, and thus came to be installed as a household god. We worked hard, and lived high.

Grandmother was an old-time housekeeper and held emphatically to home manufacture, as the piles of blankets and coverlets and the rolls of carpeting in the east chamber could testify. Our farm rejoiced in a large flock of geese, and O, those days when the feathers were to be plucked! The perspiration starts even now when I think of repeated contests, especially with one old gander, whose ire was always up at the idea of being caught and robbed of his coat. Now and then his head would emerge from the stocking leg drawn over it, known to me by a decided "flawing" sensation "in the region of my right arm. Lucky for me if I escaped without an assault from his up-raised wings. Days of toil were those when a soiled curtain, an undusted room, or a late dinner were unknown. It seems as if the very demon of work possessed us. I think if any had propounded the question of catechism, "What is the whole duty of man?" or rather woman, a chorus of voices would have echoed, "To be good housekeepers," to which every napkin, knife, and spoon would have given assent.

I said we all acknowledged the scepter, but there was one who never wore any yokes, or if so, she pranced so lightly under them no one knew it—Sarah, the sweetest little girl that ever gathered posies. She was not the most talented one of the family, that honor I always awarded to Kate, whose dark eyes would flash and burn whenever in conversation by chance a topic of interest was alluded to. But Sarah was a clinging vine, a sun-ray, a song, or anything bright, sweet, and good you might name. Dear child! Whatever she did seemed beautiful, however it might be in another. It was Sarah who, too little to be scolded, helped the "poor flies" out of the tumbler's grandma had set on purpose to trap them. It was she that pleaded for unhappy hens and turkeys about to be beheaded for market; she that was caught tagging by her chubby arms for "poor Mrs. Gunn's cow, because she looked so wistful over the gate." Everybody smiled when they looked at her, for she was as happy as a humming bird, and with her all the sublime philosophy of life was to do good to everybody and everything in her way.

"Kate," said I one morning after an uncommonly hard seige, "do you not wish this world would go of itself, one day?"  
"Yes, I wish it would, long enough for me to breathe once, and I would try to think whether there was anything in life besides pies, puddings, and spinning-wheels," turning over the leaves of her book.

Reading, Kate? What book may it be?"  
"Headley's life of Josephine. I got it from

the library. I have read 'The Lives of Celebrated Women' too. I tell you, Jenny," she said, sitting up in bed and looking at me, "everybody don't like as we do. I never expect to be great and noted like I have been reading about, but I do not think it is fair we should always be kept with our noses to the grindstone. Walter Gray offers to lend me the British poets, and he says it is real choice reading, Scott's, Gray's, and all them; you know we used always to choose their verses to read when we went to school. I might get more time to read if it was not for that endless spinning. There isn't another girl around that does it. Grandmother thinks it a great accomplishment, but I would rather know something that is going on in the world."

"I know it, Kate, it seems as if we were a part of some great machine, whirling around and around and never stopping. What it is all for I am sure I don't know."

The usual sounds from the kitchen brought the spinning Kate and myself to our duties. After breakfast I saw sis dancing off in the direction of Mr. Gray's, but did not mistrust her errand till, on going up to our room, I saw "British Poets" lying on the table. The little eavesdropper had heard our morning chat. On questioning her she said "Walter brought it as far as the gate, for she had the kitten on one arm, and he was going right by to get a wagon-wrench at the blacksmith's." After that there was generally some interesting book at hand, and Kate would read sometimes by early daylight, at others by lamp-light, when I slept. After a while grandmother began to think she did not altogether relish Walter's frequent visits. Kate and he were talking so much about the books. She owned Walter could cradle as wide a swathe or pitch hay as fast as any other mail, but somehow he was getting too much book nonsense into his head. She had heard him only the day before asking father to subscribe for a new monthly, just out. Sometimes he would open the old-fashioned melodeon that stood in one corner of the dining-room and treat us to a song or march. It was the gift of aunt Ellen, but was never opened by any of the family except to dust or polish. Kate and I agreed that he was good company, but she wondered how he could find any interest in calling upon us. One evening he was speaking of a great painting on exhibition in E., executed by a female artist.

"Well," said grandmother, looking up from her knitting, and speaking in a dignified tone, "I have always had to work, and never believed in women meddling with such things. I never found any honest way of getting a living than by my hands."

No more was said, except that Walter won a sly promise from Kate that he might take her to the picture gallery on the Fourth.

Well, we worked on and on. How well I remember that July, when we had harvest hands, mill hands, and the carpenters were new roofing the barn! It was terribly hot; the grass would crumple under your feet and the stones blister if you touched them. Indoors we had extra baking, cooking, and washing. The old kitchen fire was up at furnace heat, and one forenoon I remember of musing to myself whether our brains were not about as much cooked as the dumplings. Grandmother said it was going to rain; the potatoes had boiled dry, and Sarah had seen the cat eat grass—a sure sign. She told the men so at dinner, and it was decided to disperse with nooning, and go back at once to the field. The wheat must be drawn in before the rain. Walter was among the hands; as his father's place joined ours, the men often changed work. About three o'clock a cloud or two appeared, while the sun seemed fairly to scold. We could see the men hurrying to load the last row of shocks. There was a small lot near the barn, raked and bound but not set up. We could hear low thunder in the distance, and grandmother declared she could not stand it to see that wheat spoiled, and putting on our bonnets we all started out and went to carrying bundles and setting them up. I suppose we worked harder than we knew, for when the lot was about half done I saw Kate was very pale.

"Aren't you warm? See the sweat fairly streams from my face," I said.

She put her hand to her head.

"I don't sweat any, but bring me some water quick, Jenny."

I had gone but few steps when, turning, I saw her fall like one dead down on the stubble. Grandmother ran to her and raised her up. I screamed, and sent Sarah flying for water.

"Kate! Kate!" I called, "can't you speak?"

Her hands were icy cold. Just then I could hear the teams coming from the barn. Walter was ahead, and seeing Sarah run called to her, but the poor child could only scream, "Kate is dead, go quick!" Discovering us, he was there in a moment, clutching her hands and turning water on her head. He told me he thought it was sun-stroke, and bade me help him; but we worked a long time before there were any signs of life.

Father came pretty soon, and, learning the trouble, gathered her up with the tenderest concern, for it had begun to rain.

"Poor girl!" he said, "this is too hard for you, and this must, never happen again," he added, rather sternly.

When she could speak, she said she was cold, and we wrapped her up and gave her stimulants, watching by her while the storm raged and the lightning flashed in at the window. Walter did not say much, but watched her anxiously as she lay on the lounge in her pale calico, the wet curls clustering around her pale face. We all feared over-exertion would bring on a fever. "There was one thing for dear Kate, she could rest now. Work, work, work; it seemed like a hideous juggernaut-car, ready to crush us beneath its wheels. How good it was to rest! Even sickness would be welcome if it brought that." These were my thoughts as I bathed her temples and gave the stimulants the doctor had ordered. She was better soon, and able in a day or so to resume her work. Father was very tender of her, and even Grandmother grew a little easier, though she said if Kate had only been used to it it would not have hurt her; somehow girls didn't learn to toughen themselves now a days.

But grandmother was taken suddenly sick. The disease was fever, and it was said to be that iron frame struggling with it and rendered helpless as an infant; though when the fever was on she thought herself strong, and in her delirium would direct about the work. We

watched by her, and tried by every means to soothe and quiet her mind.

"See to the bread, girls, it will burn," she would say, or "hurry up the breakfast, the men must be in the lot by seven." "Haro I lie doing nothing and the work suffering to be done."

"We will see that everything is right; try and be quiet and rest now," I said; but the burden was upon her and she could not roll it off; she insisted that everything must be going to destruction. The doctor had hopes, her constitution was strong, and she might come out safe, but as the fever grew higher he looked doubtful. One night the watchers called us up; she was very low, and might not live till morning. Father and George were already there. Her breathing was very labored, and she seemed to suffer much. Yes, I felt that Grandmother was going to leave us, and somehow it seemed wrong to have it so. I had heard of resigned, peaceful old age, waiting patiently for the great change. But she had always worked so hard and taken so little comfort, and now to be snatched so suddenly away with no thoughts or anxieties beyond life, seemed dreadful. At least, was there no one to talk with her of dying, of Christ, of heaven? I remembered how father used to read in the Bible and sometimes talk with us about such things, and how we used all to sing before he prayed in the morning.

"Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear."

But that was a long time ago. I think father thought of it, too, for he glanced toward the stand where the Bible lay. Grandmother opened her eyes and looked around.

"You are up late," she said, "you had better go to bed, for we have got all that wool to pick over to-morrow. Get your knitting while we are waiting, and Jenny, bring me the reel."

Sarah sobbed aloud, and father groaned to himself. At times she would sink into a stupor, at others rouse herself and talk as before. Thus we watched through the saddest night I ever saw. The fever at last abated, leaving her prostrated with weakness, and slowly she began to get better, but it was a long time before she could sit up or talk much.

Through the long convalescence that followed she often appeared to be in deep thought; sometimes I saw traces of tears, and we soon found that grandmother was changed. I was bathing her, face and hands one morning. She held them up.

"These hands have been resting," she said; "they have served me constantly for more than fifty years, but I lived too much on them. Jenny, my child, on this sick-bed my poor body has suffered, but the struggle I had in my mind before I could give up my work was dreadful. It was like death to lie here and suffer when I wanted to be doing; but the Lord has been teaching me a lesson."

I tried her to talk, and I begged she would stop; but we could all see that she was indeed changed. Though never strong as before, Kate and I found it easy to do the work, so gentle and considerate she was, without any of the old hurry and drive. The first morning she was able to come to the table all the hands were called in, and father read and prayed in the wide old kitchen, where there was room for all, and this was never omitted again.

After this—what shall I call it?—transformation, I doubt whether there were many happier families than our own. The work went on as orderly as ever, but after an uncommonly hard day there was always some little recreation planned, a ride, or a visit, perhaps company asked in. One day I was dusting the melodeon. Grandma said there was no use in that thing standing there idle; if Kate and I wanted to learn to play on it we might; that is, if you can find any one to teach you," she added to Kate, archly. Kate had a sweet voice, and learned to play so rapidly that we soon had considerable music, especially when Walter was by to put in the bass, and we always sang some old tune on purpose for grandma before we stopped.

Four peaceful years she lingered with us, and when next the death angel came, she gladly folded her hands for the heavenly rest. Father is grey-headed now; his son has been laid a sacrifice upon our country's altar, but little sis, grown to be a woman, is a constant companion and blessing. As for Walter, he reared him a cottage not far from the old home-stead, and the wife he took is talented and accomplished, and that she is a good housekeeper I know, for she is my own sister Kate. The old homestead is far away now, but I expect to see it soon, when "our sis" shall give herself away, as she promised, to a "boy in blue," who has been fighting under the old flag far beyond the old Mississippi.

**NEGRO TROOPS.**—The New York Tribune has the following:—

Gen. Grant said of negro troops:—"For guard duty and picket duty, on the march and in an assault, I consider the negro troops surpassed by no soldiers in the world, and equalled by very few." "But," queried a listener, "don't that include all you can say of a soldier?" "Nearly, but not quite all," responded the Lieut-General; "what remains is the ability to endure the steady pounding of a protracted campaign." "Yes," said another questioner, "but if the negroes are good for everything else, why not for that?" "I don't say they are not," rejoined Gen. Grant; "I only say they have not been tried."

The parties to that conversation were Gen. Grant, Edwin M. Stanton, and Henry Ward Beecher, and we had it from the lips of the latter. We don't think the negro troops are in need of a certificate even from Gen. Grant, but we print the foregoing for the benefit of such papers as like to make sure of a respectable endorsement before they make any of their opinions.

**FROZEN KINDNESS.**—The world is full of kindness that was never spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel of the stove makes the room warm, but there are great fallen trees lying among rocks on the top of the hill where nobody can get at them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood in plain sight of all these trees, if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire with it. Just so in a family, love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters happy; but if they take care never to say a word about it; if they keep it a profound se-

cret, as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the home will seem cold even in summer, and if you live there you will envy the dog when any one calls him "poor fellow!"

**Address of the North Carolina Freedmen.**  
The address of the Freedmen's Convention of North Carolina will compare favorably, we think, with any document issued by the "dominant race" south of Mason and Dixon's line, which has seen the light since the commencement of the war. Its calm dignity and sterling common sense will command the admiration of every wise friend of humanity. Let the "chivalry" do better in their circumstances than the colored man does in his, if they can.

Assembled as delegates from different portions of the State of North Carolina, we most respectfully and humbly beg leave to present to you, and through you to the people of the State, something of our situation and wants as a people.

Earnestly disclaiming all wish to forestall your action, or to dictate in the solemn and important duties which have been intrusted to you at this most critical period, and confiding in your justice, wisdom and patriotism, to guard the interests of all classes, and more particularly of that class which, being more helpless, will need your just and kind consideration; we but exercise the right guaranteed to the humblest citizen in this petitioning.

It is with reverent and grateful acknowledgment of the Divine power and interposition, that we accept the precious boon of freedom, resulting as it has from a prolonged and sanguinary struggle between two great powers; and finally decreed as it has been by the national will, we look forward with confidence to see the decree ratified by the whole people of this State.

Though it was impossible for us to be indifferent spectators of such a struggle, yet we do us the justice to admit that we have remained throughout obedient and passive, acting such part only as has been assigned us, and calmly awaiting upon Providence. Our brethren have fought on the side of the Union, while we have been obliged to serve in the camp, to build fortifications and raise subsistence for the Confederate army. Do you blame us that we have, meantime, prayed for the freedom of our race? Just emerging from bondage, under which our race has groined for two hundred and fifty years, and suffering from its consequent degradation, we are fully conscious that we possess no power to control legislation in our behalf, and that we must depend wholly upon moral appeal to the hearts and consciences of the people of our State.

Born upon the same soil, and brought up in an intimacy of relationship unknown to any other state of society, we have formed attachments for the white race which must be as enduring as life, and we can conceive of no reason that our God-bestowed freedom should now sever the kindly ties which have so long united us.

We are fully conscious that we cannot long expect the presence of government agents, or of the troops, to secure us against evil treatment from unreasonable prejudice and unjust men, yet we have no desire to look abroad for protection and sympathy. We know we must find both at home and among the people of our own State, and merit them by our industry, sobriety, and respectful demeanor, or suffer long and grievous evils. We acknowledge with gratitude that there are those among slave masters who have promptly conceded our freedom, and have manifested a humane and just disposition towards their former slaves. We think no such persons, or very few at least, have lost their working hands by desertion. At the same time, it must be known to you that many planters have either kept the freedmen in doubt, have wholly denied us freedom, or have grudgingly conceded it, and while doing so have expelled his family from the plantations which they perhaps cleared and enriched by their toil through long and weary years. Some have withheld a just compensation, or have awarded such pay as would not support the laborer and his family. Others have driven their hands away without any pay at all, or even a share of the crops they have raised. Women with families of children, whose husbands have been sold, have died, or have wrongfully deserted them, have in some cases been driven away from the homes where, under slavery, they have spent a lifetime of hard service. Is it just or Christian thus to thrust out upon the cold world helpless families to perish? These grosser forms of evil we believe will correct themselves under wise and humane legislation, but we do most respectfully urge that some suitable measures may be adopted to prevent unscrupulous and avaricious employers from the practice of these and other similar acts of injustice towards our people.

Our first and onerous concern in our new relation is, how we may provide shelter and an honorable subsistence for ourselves and families. You will say, work; but without your just and considerate aid, how shall we secure adequate compensation for our labor? If the friendly relations which we so much desire shall prevail, must there not be mutual co-operation? As our longer degradation cannot add to your comfort, make us more obedient as servants, or more useful as citizens, will you aid us by wise and just legislation to elevate ourselves?

We desire education for our children, that they may be made useful in all the relations of life. We most earnestly desire to have the disabilities under which we formerly labored removed, and to have all the oppressive laws which make unjust discrimination on account of race or color, wiped from the statutes of the State. We invoke your protection for the sanctity of our family relations. Is this asking too much? We most respectfully and earnestly pray that some provision may be made for the care of the great number of orphan children and the helpless and infirm, who, by the new order of affairs, will be thrown upon the world without protection. Also, that you will favor, by some timely and wise measures, the reunion of families which have long been broken up by war or by the operation of slavery.

Though associated with many memories of suffering, as well as of enjoyment, we have always loved our homes, and dreamed, as the worst

of evils, a forcible separation from them. Now that freedom and a new career are before us, we love this land and people more than ever before. Here we have toiled and suffered; our parents, wives and children are buried here; and in this land we will remain unless forcibly driven away.

Finally, praying for such encodification to our industry as the proper regulation of the hours of labor and the providing of the means of protection against rapacious and cruel employers, and for the collection of just claims, we commit our cause into your hands, invoking Heaven's choicest blessings upon your deliberations and upon the State.

J. H. HARRIS, Chairman.  
JOHN B. GOOD,  
GEORGE A. RICE,  
ISHAM SWETT,  
J. RANDOLPH JR., Com.

**SHOWING A MIRACLE.**—Ernest Renan having said, in his "Life of Jesus," that the proper way of proving the utility of a miracle is to show one, a pamphlet "shows him one in a letter upon the 'Establishment of the Christian Religion,'" which we here translate:—

Sir—Permit me to-day to draw your attention again to the establishment of the Christian religion, a fact upon which we naturally differ in opinion. Like you, when I have striven to identify its causes with the mere forces of man, I have failed in the endeavor. The supernatural, then, has been the only conducting thread which has helped me to escape from the labyrinth, where I see you continually seeking to rectify yourself, without ever doing it, and condemned to escape therefrom only when you shall have proved that there is nothing miraculous in the establishment of Christianity. Pardon this little digression; I go straight to the work. There is a religion called the Christian, whose founder was Jesus, named the Christ. This religion, which has lasted eighteen centuries, and which calls itself the natural development of that Judaism which ascends near to the cradle of the world, had the apostles for its first propagators. When these men wished to establish it, they had for adversaries:—

The national pride of the Jews;  
The implacable hatred of the Sanhedrim;  
The brutal despotism of the Roman emperors;

The raileries and attacks of the philosophers;  
The libertinism and caste-spirit of the pagan priests;

The savage and cruel ignorance of the masses;  
The fagot and bloody games of the circus.  
They had an enemy in  
Every miser;  
Every debauched man;  
Every drunkard;  
Every thief;  
Every proud man;  
Every slanderer;  
Every liar.

Not one of the vices in fact, which abuse our poor humanity which did not constitute itself their adversary.

To combat so many enemies, and surmount so many obstacles, they had only  
Their ignorance;  
Their poverty;  
Their obscurity;  
Their weakness;  
Their fewness;  
Their cross.

If you had been their contemporary at the moment when they began their work, and Peter had said to you, "Join with us, for we are going to the conquest of the world; before our word pagan temples shall crumble, and their idols shall fall upon their faces; the philosophers shall be convicted of folly; from the throne of Caesar we shall hurl the Roman eagle, and in its place we shall plant the cross; we shall be the teachers of the world; the ignorant and the learned will declare themselves our disciples!"—hearing him speak thus, you would have said, "Be silent, imbecile!" And as you are tolerant from nature and principle, you would have defended him before the Sanhedrim, and have counselled it to shut up the fisherman of Bethsaida and his companions in a madhouse. And yet, sir, what you would have thought a most notable madness is to-day a startling reality, with which I leave you face to face.

**BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.**—The beautiful extract below is from the pen of Hon. Geo. S. Hillard:—

I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as these words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place fit for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity.

All success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," but there are forms of greatness, or at least excellence, which "die and make no sign;" there are martyrs that miss the palm but not the stake; heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.

Hon. Whiting Griswold, one of the leading Democrats of Massachusetts during the palmy days of that party, said in a speech at the Worcester Union Convention:—"Let no State come back without a republican form of government. Make the declaration that all men are created equal a living fact." He said that reading and writing, though important to a body of voters, were not so important as loyalty. The best educated men at the South were the leaders of the rebellion, and the only true friends of the Union were the ignorant blacks.

Governor Sharkey, of Mississippi, in a letter to Col. Thomas, gives it as his opinion that a necessary result of the convention in that State, freedmen can sue and be sued in any court of the State, and are therefore competent to testify in any court of justice. He also holds that in abolishing slavery, all measures of policy growing out of the system were also abolished.

**MCCULLOCH ON THE CURRENCY.**—The Cincinnati Gazette publishes a speech by Mr. McCulloch, Secretary of the treasury, at Fort Wayne on Wednesday night, in which he gives his views on the national finances. He said he was not one of those who seemed to make a secured paper currency the standard. On the contrary, he belonged to that class of persons who, regarding an exclusively metallic currency as an impracticable thing among an enterprising and commercial people, nevertheless look upon an irredeemable currency as an evil which circumstances may for a time render necessary, but which is never to be sustained as a policy. By common consent of the nation gold and silver are the only true measures of value. They are the necessary regulators of trade. He favored a well-secured convertible paper currency. No other can to any extent be a proper substitute for coin. It is not to be expected that there shall be a dollar in coin in reserve for every dollar in paper in circulation. This is not necessary. For all ordinary home transactions a paper currency is sufficient; but there are constantly occurring periods when the balance between countries and in the United States between its different sections must be settled in coin. These balances are insignificant in amount in comparison with the transactions out of which they arise, and when a vicious system of credit does not too long postpone settlements, they are arranged without disturbing the movements of coin. Whenever specie is needed for this purpose, or any other purpose, the paper currency of the country should be convertible into it, and a circulation not so convertible will not be and ought not to be tolerated by the people. The present inconvertible currency of the United States was a necessity of the war. The government ought not to be borrowers. This currency should be brought up to the specie standard, and he saw no way of doing it but withdrawing a portion of it from circulation. He had no faith in a prosperity to which was the effect of a depreciated currency, nor could see any safe path to tread but that which leads to specie payment. The extreme high prices now prevailing indicate that the business of the country is in an unhealthy condition. We are measuring values by a false standard. We have a circulating medium altogether larger than is needed for legitimate business. The excess is used in speculation. The United States to-day is the best market in the world for foreigners to sell in and among the poorest to buy. The consequence is, Europe is selling us more than she buys of us, including our securities, which ought not to go abroad, and there is a debt rolling up against us which must be settled in part, at least, with coin. The longer the infliction continues the more difficult will it be for us to get back to specie payment, which we must return sooner or later. If Congress shall early in the approaching session authorize the funding of legal tenders and the work of reduction is commenced and carefully and prudently carried on, we shall reach it, probably, without serious embarrassment to legitimate business. If not, we shall have a brief period of seductive prosperity, resulting in wide-spread bankruptcy and disaster. He spoke of the evil tendencies of the present inflation on public morals,—converting the business of the country into gambling, and seriously diminishing the labor of the country.—Men were apparently getting rich, while morality languished and the productive industry of the country is being demolished. He was hopeful that by wise legislation we shall escape a financial collapse, and that the currency may be brought to a specie standard without those financial troubles which have in all countries followed protracted and expensive wars.

**SHREWD.**—Report says that a one armed soldier has been making a good thing in Washington, peddling David Barker's poem, "The Empty Sleeve," passing himself off as the author. This being brought to David's notice he responds:—

"I trust my Washington friend will give my regards to the gentleman of the 143th, and say that I like his style; for if he can make my money out of my rhymes, he is smarter than I am, and I will furnish him any quantity of commission, he having the entire proceeds and half the honor of writing them."

Gen. Sickles has published in a letter to Kilpatrick the following opinion in regard to the "Democratic" party:

"I would not have you suppose, my dear general, that I am not duly grateful for the kind offer of 'sympathy' tendered by the democratic convention of New Jersey to the officers and soldiers engaged in the late war. I presume they are sorry for us that we did not keep out of the war, as they did; and, of course we ought to seize with avidity that compliment to 'white' courage and 'white' patriotism paid at the expense of the black troops. 'The credit of the victories won by the Union armies are due alone to the white officers and soldiers.' This quotation from the seventh resolution is as generous as it is grammatical. You and I know, as all our comrades know, that the exclusion of the black troops from a fair share of praise is as unjust as it is mean. They performed their duty with courage, and fidelity and zeal. They have proved their fitness to enjoy the freedom which their valor helped to win. If, as the copperheads say, the war was waged for emancipation, was it not right that the race which was to be enfranchised should share the perils of the conflict? If, as we say, the war was prosecuted to defend the Union and constitution of our fathers, need the copperheads complain that negroes took their places in the ranks? Let them grumble; no one else is hurt."

**GEN. GRANT AT HIS OLD HOME.** In the course of his journey in the West Gen. Grant stopped for a day at his birthplace—Georgetown, Brown County, Ohio. The people poured out from their houses to see him, and he was constrained to make the following speech—the longest he was ever known to deliver:

"Ladies and gentlemen of Brown County: You are all aware that I am not in the habit of making speeches. I am glad that I never learned to make speeches when I was young, and now that I am old I have no desire to begin. I had rather start out in anything else than in making a speech. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I can only say to you that it affords me very much pleasure to get back to Brown County, where my boyhood was spent."

At a Union meeting in the afternoon, Gen. Grant's father made a pithy speech. After alluding to the successful effort made by the people to subdue the rebellion, the old gentleman continued:—

"Now there is a great duty resting upon you. The fight is transferred to the ballot. It is your duty now to vote down this miserable copperhead faction. It is said we have conquered a peace. This is true; it is not a petty, patched up copperhead peace; it is one obtained by the sword, and the youngest child is not living who











WORK AND JOBBING done at short notice, as  
we have a good tipman.  
J. H. GILBERT  
K. Mills.