



2-16-1866

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 33): February 16, 1866

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 33): February 16, 1866" (1866). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 129.

https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/129

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

THE TREAD OF TIME.

BY THOMAS COLE.

Hark! I hear the tread of Time,
Marching o'er the fields sublime,
Through the portals of the past,
When the stars by God were cast
On the deep, the boundless vast.

Onward, onward still he strides,
Nations clinging to his sides;
Kingdoms crushed he tramples o'er!
Fane's shrill trumpet, battle's roar,
Storm-like rise, then speak no more.

Lo! he hears us—awful Time—
Bearing on his wings sublime
All our passions, fruit and flower,
Joy and hope, and love and power!
Ah, he grasps the present hour.

Underneath his mantle dark,
See, a spectre grim and stark,
At his girdle lies a sheath,
Without passion, voice or breath,
Ruin dealing: Death—'tis Death!

Stop the ruffian, Time!—lay hold!
Is there then no power so bold?
None to thwart him in his way?
Wrest from him his precious prey,
And the tyrant robber slay?

Struggle not, my foolish soul!
Let Time's garments round thee roll.
Time, God's servant—think no scorn—
Gathers up the sheaves of corn,
Which the spectre, Death, has sown.

Brightly through the orient far
Soon shall rise a glorious star,
Cumbered then by Death no more,
Time shall fold his pinions hoar,
And be named the Evermore.

FAST AND FIRM.

A ROMANCE OF MARSEILLES.
CONTINUED.

I was at her hotel pretty early, anxious to settle her account before she should be troubled about it. I ordered breakfast to be taken to her in her room, and sent a pencilled message to her, telling her I had arranged everything.

I shan't easily forget the earnestly grateful look she gave me when we met. As I tucked her up snugly in the coupe—

"Had she been comfortable?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; I had thought of everything. I had been most kind," she answered, her eyes full of tears. And then—"where was I going?" with a half alarm in her tone and her face, as she found I did not take my place beside her.

"To the banquet, up above; I am your courier, mademoiselle; one sees better there, but this is fitter for a lady."

It was an early February morning; the sun and sky as bright as only a Riviera sun and sky could be; the Mediterranean blue, as only the Mediterranean can be.

That wonderful Cornice Road! I had often travelled it before; but that only made me better able to admire it then. Now high on the hills, where you seemed to have glimpses of a whole Switzerland of snow mountains; where you had below you bay after bay glittering azure of violet, town, village, and tower, and distant expanse of sea; where you looked upon little castellated cities sitting on their natural fortifications, secure, impregnable—then down to the shore, through the queerest and quaintest of small ports, past new-built and building fleets, between boughs loaded with lemons, through orchards of lemons, past the palm-groves of Bordighera—what an enchanted world it seemed! Medieval and romantic, northern strength, southern grace; but it is not of these things I care to talk now.

We did not stop more than a few hours at Genoa. How long we were upon our route altogether I cannot distinctly remember. We had had weather at one time, cold and rain, snow, wind, and hail; that was I think, in crossing the Apennines between Sestri and Spezia. She never complained, though she got so benumbed with cold that she would have fallen, but that I caught her in my arms, one evening as I was helping her to alight—she never complained.

Caught her in my arms! yes; and before I knew it had given her a sort of compassionate hug, exclaiming, "You poor, tired, patient child!" I couldn't help it.

Rail from Spezia to Leghorn; past the marble quarries of Carrara, past Pisa; rail and diligence to Civita Vecchia, rail to Rome. Our journey was not long since, you see.

When we reached Rome, in the full brightness of a sunny morning, she did look travel-worn, fagged and jaded. The night before, in a crowded diligence—I had not been able to secure a coupe for her—she had slept a great part of the night, her head upon my shoulder—a sleep of such profound exhaustion as half alarmed me. I had ventured to put my arm round her, to draw her to me, in order to support her better—what a slight, fragile-feeling form it was! As I held her thus, and she slept this dead sleep, my eyes never closed, and my mind was very busy.

What would be the end of this journey? Should her brother be already dead?

Friendless, moneyless, homeless, alone! When we stopped once she half roused; she looked up in my face as I bent down to her.

"I am afraid I weary you," she said. "I can't help it; I'm so tired!" she was half stupefied with fatigue; almost before she had finished speaking her head dropped on my shoulder.

I pressed her closer for an answer—that was all.

"Your wife, poor young thing, seems quite worn out," said a kindly, half quakerish-looking lady sitting opposite. I had noticed how pleasantly and compassionately she glanced at Ruth. A few days ago I should on this have told Ruth's story, and claimed a woman's protection for a woman; but now—well, I was jealous and selfish. I wanted her all to myself, wanted her to be cared for with my cares—all mine, only mine.

I answered simply, "She has travelled from London almost without stopping; she has a brother dying in Rome."

"Poor, poor young thing! But she is happier than many; she will meet sorrow with one by her who loves her with more than the love of a brother."

My conscience was aroused; none of our other fellow-travellers could hear us; I briefly told her Ruth's story, and finished by asking, "Are you going to stay in Rome?"

"Yes, friend, and shall be glad to be of service to the young lady."

"You may perhaps be of the greatest service," I gave her my card and she gave me hers, pencilling on it her address in Rome.

"This your brother's address?" I asked. Ruth, as we approached Rome, reading a card she gave me.

"Yes; you are surprised. Why?"

"This is such a miserable quarter."

"Oh! he is very poor, and always saying, 'saying to be able soon to give me a home,'" he said. "He says I never shall be happy as a governess, nor he to know me one."

"Ruth," I said, taking her hand as we drove through the streets. "Let me call you so. I am not a stranger now; I am a brother to you, wishing to be to you more than any brother; but I am not going to speak of that now. Are you prepared for a great shock? Can you

VOL. XIX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.....FRIDAY, FEB. 16, 1886.

NO. 33.

Waterville Mail.

physical system bear it? I know that brave mind will. I mean if your brother should be very, very ill, dying—dead."

She shuddered. "You have said the word. I could not. I have been thinking day after day that he is dead; that is why—

"Why no one met you?"

"I fear, poor child, you may be right. You will try to bear up bravely; and—you will let me be a brother to you till—

Now our cab stopped.

"This street is enough to have killed him," she said. "Surely it is not here?"

We had stopped in one of the narrow, filthy, as a matter of course foul-smelling streets, of which there are plenty in Rome.

"It is here," I said, as the cabman opened the door.

I gave the word "Wait," and lifted her out. Up the dark, chill, dirty stair, and up and up. At last we reached a door on which the poor fellow's card was nailed.

She seemed to gather courage now. She led the way, through a small, dark ante-room, in which I paused.

I heard a smothered exclamation from her; from him a cry so shrill as to be almost a scream—"Ruth!"

I walked to the head of the stair-case and waited there, perhaps half an hour; then she came to me; came close up to me and laid her hand upon my arm—the expression of the piteous eyes lifted to mine told me there was no hope.

With a caressing word I drew her to me; she leant her forehead against my arm a moment, then—

"Harold wants to see you; Harold wants to thank you," she said, in a scarcely audible voice.

I followed her into the room.

The full light of a small square window, from which one could see the Tiber, the Castle of St. Angelo, and the line of Mons. Janiculus, was streaming on a low couch where my poor young schoolfellow lay.

I saw directly that life with him was a question of no more than days, perhaps of only hours.

Yet what a beautiful bright face it was still! what a light streamed from those radiant eyes as he, without rising—he was past that—stretched both hands towards me.

Ruth was crouching by him; one hand soon clutched her again, the other grasped mine as I sat down by him.

In this strange world how often are simple deeds, that cost nothing to the doer, most richly rewarded! What had I done? What sacrifice had I made? And how they thanked and blessed me! He with his difficultly-spoken, faint words; she with her blessed eyes confirming his praises.

A few words explained the case.

He had rallied after sending the first telegram, and had thought it needless that Ruth should come; he had not calculated on the possibility of her starting as immediately as she had done; and the second message which bid her not come had not reached her.

A few days after—two days since now—he had broken a blood vessel, and had been pronounced beyond hope.

"If only I had known of all this sooner!" I thought, as I looked at the miserable room, and thought of my idle hundreds and thousands.

When, by-and-by, Ruth for a brief while absent—a woman living in the rooms below, who had been very kind to Harold, had taken her away to give her some refreshment, I stammeringly expressed something of my regret, he answered—

"It is better as it is; for myself I am well content. I believe in another working-world, where there will be a better light, a truer sight, more beauty to perceive, and purer senses to receive it."

"Is your sweet sister free?" I asked; "free from any engagement—free-hearted?"

I spoke low and hastily, and felt in all my being how much hung upon his answer.

"My little Ruth?"—oh yes; as far as I know; and she has never had any secrets from me."

"I love her," I responded. "If she can love me, I will do what a man can to make a woman happy as a wife."

He did not immediately answer; he lay with closed eyes; but I felt the tightening pressure of his hand.

"I may tell her, by-and-by, that I had your good wishes?"

"You may tell her," the radiant eyes unclosing on me, "that in my last hours I drank a full cup of happiness, believing that my darling, my little Ruth, my ewe-lamb, my pet sister, would be happy among happy women as your wife."

"You have not lost your generous-hearted enthusiasm for a very unworthy fellow," I answered.

"Nothing I have heard of my old friend, my protector, my benefactor, has tended to lessen those feelings," he said.

"One word of yours in your sister's ear will make me—"

She came in at that moment. I was going to leave them together, but he begged me not to go; and while he spoke a mortal faintness surprised him.

It passed, however. He asked to be lifted up; the recumbent position was painful to him; he lay with his head on Ruth's shoulder, bright hair mingling with bright hair.

The doctor came and went, and the woman who had nursed him; they both foreboded that the last hour was near.

for light. I had fallen into profound thought—life, love, death and immortality, failure, success, the world's vanity—I do not know what I did not think of as I sat motionless in that dusky room.

I procured a lamp; I set it down on the table, where the light fell on those faces. I found that Ruth had sunk lower and lower as the head on her shoulder grew heavier. A glance told me the truth: he was dead.

She saw it; she knew it. She sank down lower yet, till his bright head was on the pillow, hers beside it. She moaned softly, lying thus cheek to cheek. I heard a few words:—

"Brother, take me, take me with you, I have none but you."

Then she lay quite still, half on the couch, half on the floor, face to face with the dead.

What did I do?

I stood and looked at them.

As I stood and looked at them, I went through one of those experiences that it is no use to try and record; that are written in the life of life, upon the heart of heart, forever.

By-and-by I found that she was lying in a dead faint.

I disentangled them then, and laid her on the floor on as good a couch as I could make of my wrapper and of the cushions of an old chair.

I had told her the truth when I told her I was a sort of doctor. That had been the profession I had not loved well enough to follow, after a large fortune left me had made the pursuit of a profession needless. I could treat her as well as another. I did what I could for her and saw her revive. My entreaties prevailed on her, after a time, to leave the room for a few hours, going with the woman of the rooms below; but before the night had half passed, she was back again.

"Do not be angry with me. I want to sit and look at him. I want cry. Soon I shall lose him forever."

She took her station by him; she begged me to go away somewhere to get some rest. I pretended to yield, but found myself too anxious to go beyond the ante-room; she was not in a state to be left alone.

The dawn brought the horrible and harrowing business—of putting away out of sight, out of reach, the mortality that has been so dear, that we have clutched so close, and never could keep too near—to my mind.

I talked to her as little as I could and as gently. Gently! if words could have floated on the air like ether down, or touched her with gossamer-light touches, they would still have seemed to me too rough to be cast at her then.

Still I was forced to try and ascertain her wishes.

"You know what is best, you will do what is most right," she answered me gently; "but don't ask me to leave the house while he is in it. Think of the long years that I have not seen him, think of the long years that—"

There she burst into violent weeping—she had not cried before—"Oh, I feel as if my heart was breaking!" she said, pressing her hands over it.

I clasped her to me; I comforted her as well as I could, reminding her, as well as I knew how, of how well things must be with her beloved brother. I spoke, too, of the place where we would lay him to rest, of the country quiet among the roses, the violets, the cypresses.

She lay quiet in my arms, and by-and-by lifted up her face to listen. To see that sweet, sad face resting against my breast, to look down upon it, and meet the trustful eyes, filled me with over-mastering emotions.

"If you can love me," I said then, "you need never feel alone or unprotected, never more while I live. This is no unit place or time to tell you this, for he knew I loved you, and was glad in knowing it; but I do not ask or expect or desire any answer, not now."

I hardly know that she then took in the sense of my words; sorrow and exhaustion had drained her life. No trace of color came to her cheek; she just listened.

"How good you are! how good you are!" she said. "What could I have done but for you?"

I arranged everything for the best as far as I knew; I tempted her from the room to go with me to the Protestant graveyard beyond the walls, to choose where he should lie. She seldom spoke; she said afterwards it was all like a dream, from which she expected at any moment to awake.

The next day we buried him.

When all was done we lingered near the place. A spring-breathed soft wind was blowing; spring-voiced sweet birds were singing; the cypresses were swaying to and fro; the mild spring sun was shining; the place was very soothing and peaceful—towered over by the great monumental pyramidal tomb of some forgotten great one, with the wonderful city of the dead, of memories, and of surviving art lying in sight.

That was a day to be remembered. I promised her that the grave should be cared for better than any other in the place; that flowers should always blossom on it, and its head-stone never be moss-encrusted.

When we went away I took her to the care of that motherly, kind, quakerish lady of the diligence, whom I had prepared to receive her. I did not see her again for some days; she was too exhausted, when the reaction from long over-tension set in, to leave her bed.

I called every day, and always found some gentle-worded, grateful message ready for me; but day after day I did not see her.

At last a bright day came, when I did.

She was more altered, more broken-down-looking than I had anticipated; the meeting me agitated her very greatly; her black dress, too, increased the delicacy of her look. Mrs. Norris stood by her, smoothing her hair and petting her with loving deeds and words till she was calmer, then, good woman, she left us together.

I had no idea what lay before me. Our interview was a long one. More than once I left her side, and paced the room in despair, stood at one or other of the windows that looked down over the city, and pondered how I could convince her of my love, that is to say, of the selfish and interested nature of it.

She met my definite offer of my hand and heart (as the novelists phrase it) with the most meekly, humbly firm refusal.

Her gratitude was so full and so lowly, her agitation so great that I could not be angry with her, but I was greatly irritated, and turned

my irritation against myself; cursed myself that I could find no words strong enough to convince her. She had set me on a pinnacle, and she would keep me there, and I wanted to be no higher than the level of her love.

It was just like me, she told me. Just like what she had always heard of me. She would always love me with the most grateful, reverent love, always remember me in her prayers, but be my wife—no.

It was long before I could get a reason why; but at last I tortured it from her. She believed that I was sacrificing myself, that I loved her because she was friendless and alone; but she was not fit for me, she told me; she had not the accomplishments, the education, the talents, the beauty, the anything that my wife should have. As for her future I need not be anxious, she assured me. Mrs. Norris had told her that here, in Rome, she could procure her a suitable situation.

At last, when I had exhausted every argument, or thought I had, and despaired, at all events, of present success, I grew hurt and angry; I turned from her to a window, and stood looking out. A veil of blackness gathered between me and all I looked on. I was ill with anger, disappointment, and thwarted will.

I don't know how long I had stood so, but I believe it was a long time, when the softest of small hands entered mine, which hung down beside me. I started and looked round. She was looking up into my face so wistfully, her own face strained with pain and earnestness.

"You look so pained, so displeased," she said. "I must seem to you so thoroughly heartless and ungrateful. I cannot bear it."

Before I knew what she was going to do, she was kneeling beside me; before I could prevent her, her soft fingers were raising my hand to her softer lips.

I lifted her up; holding her by the shoulders, I asked her, I am afraid almost fiercely, "Can you tell me that you do not love me?"

"No, I cannot; I do love you; I love you very dearly." Her tears began to fall, and she, tottering towards me, shed them on my breast.

I held her there, fast and firm, and never since has she disclaimed the right to be there.

YOUTH AND MATURITY. There is a certain even-handed justice in time; and for what he takes away he gives us something in return. He robs us of elasticity of limb and spirit and in its place he brings tranquillity and repose—the mild autumnal weather of the soul. He takes away hope, but he gives us memory. And the settled, unfluctuating atmosphere of middle age is no bad change, for the passionate cries and suspenses of the earlier day. The constitutional melancholy of the middle-aged man is a dim background on which the pale flowers of life are brought out in the tenderest relief. Youth is the time for action, middle age for thought. In youth we hurriedly crop, the herbage; in middle age, in a sheltered place, we chew the ruminative cud. In youth, red-handed, red-ankled, with song and shouting, we gather in the grapes; in middle age, under our own fig-tree, or in quiet gossip with a friend, we drink the wine free of all turbid lees. Youth is a lyrical poet, middle age a quiet essayist, fond of recounting experiences and of appending a moral to every incident. In youth the world is strange and unfamiliar, novel and exciting, everything wears the face and garb of a stranger; in middle age the world is covered over with reminiscence as with a garment—it is made homely with usage, and it is made sacred with graves. The middle-aged man can go nowhere without treading the mark of his own footsteps. And in middle age, too—provided the man has been a good and an ordinarily happy one—along with this mental tranquillity there comes a corresponding sweetness of the moral atmosphere. He has seen the good and evil that are in the world, the ups and downs, the almost general desire of the men and women therein to do the right thing if they could but see how—and he has learned to be unmercenary, hard and to attribute the best motives to every action, and to be chary of imputing a sweeping and cruel blame. He has a quiet smile for the vain-glorious boast; a feeling of respect for the shabby-genteel virtues; a pity for the thread-bare garments proudly worn, and for the napless hat glazed into more than pristine brilliancy from frequent brushing against rain. He would not be satirical for the world. He has no finger of scorn to point at anything under the sun. He has a hearty "Amen" for every good wish, and in the worst cases he leans to a verdict of not proven. And along with this pleasant blandness and charity, a certain grave, serious humor, a smile on the lip and a tear in the eye—is noticeable frequently in middle-aged persons—a phase of humor peculiar to that period of life, as the chrysanthemum to December. Pity lies at the bottom of it, just as pity lies, unsuspected, at the bottom of love. Perhaps this special quality of humor—with its sadness of tenderness, its mirth with the heart-ache, its gaiety grown out of deepest seriousness, like a crocus on a child's grave—never approaches more closely to perfection than in some passages of Mr. Hawthorne's writings—who was a middle-aged man from boyhood. And altho' middle-aged persons have lost the actual possession of youth, yet in virtue of this humor they comprehend it, see all around it, enter imaginatively into every sweet and bitter of it. They wear the key of memory at their girdles, and they can open every door in the chamber of youth.—Alexander Smith.

The Bangor Whig gives a description of the location of the contemplated Agricultural College at Orono. The farms selected are owned by Mrs. Daniel White and sons, comprising 150 acres, 100 of which is under improvement and in pasture, the remainder covered with a valuable growth of wood. The other is the farm owned and occupied by Nathan Frost, Esq., comprising 190 acres, of which 115 to 125 acres have been cleared up, the remainder having upon it a very valuable original growth of timber and wood. These farms join, and are situated upon the east branch of the Stillwater river, about three-fourths of a mile from the village of Orono, on rising ground, and both command a full and fine view of the river, the village of Orono and also the village at Upper Stillwater in Oldtown, from which it is about the same distance. The distance to Oldtown also is only about three and one half miles, and a railroad depot within three-quarters of a mile on the north.

THE "RADICAL" MISSION. The Worcester Spy, in a well-written article headed "Completing a Revolution," very justly says:

Intelligent radicalism is so far from being the violent and destructive monster it is sometimes mistaken for, that it aims no farther than to conserve the organic principle of justice, from which all law derives its organic power. Therefore it insists that in the reorganization of this government the old assumptions of caste, statute offences against justice, compulsory violations of personal right, shall have no place in our laws; and, therefore, it insists upon the right of every man to choose his own way of life consistently with the rights of his neighbors; the right to be heard in the courts before which he is compelled to answer for his conduct; the right to a voice in taxation and administering the laws which he is taxed to support, and which he consents to obey. Who is wronged thereby? Whose life is imperilled? Whose liberty is assailed? Whose happiness is disturbed? The law is a fortress and a defence for all—intelligent radicalism is no more. If there are any that cannot submit to that, why then the continent is large, this government imposes no constraint to choose. For them, the revolution is entirely accomplished. We tried patiently to reconcile republican government with the existence of privileged classes and an aristocratic polity. But the experiment failed, and will not be tried again. If the new policy is not agreeable all round, then those who object to the arrangement must withdraw. We should be both blind and mad, if with the history of these five crowded years so fresh and so vivid before us, we started again upon the voyage with the old slaveholding crew restored to their places, and guaranteed in the possession of the unequal power which their slaves gave them, and which they once used to settle the ship. To destroy this unequal power utterly, is the important work which now rests upon the government; and is all that is wanting to make this beneficent revolution complete.

The New York Tribune has an article giving advice to working men from which we copy the following: "Most journeymen attribute success to chance or chicane, legal or illegal, and not to the true cause. They imagine that to be wealthy is to be able to command most enjoyment; but they never seem to inquire what are the conditions necessary to secure wealth. The rights of labor will only be settled when each workingman realizes that he must become a capitalist as well as a workingman, and acts intelligently upon the knowledge. Then will he be able to add to the wages of the labor which he performs the wages of the capital which he invests."

The whole question resolves itself into this: What are the common-sense means by which journeymen may become capitalists? The answer is simple: By adopting the same means which have made other men rich. For there is a system about the accumulation of wealth which is as certain and unvarying in its results as the rising and setting of the sun, and far more easy to understand. There are four requisites necessary: 1. To be industrious; that you may earn. 2. To be economical, that you may save. These two rules alone will make you or your children rich some day. 3. To be intelligent, so as to invest your savings wisely. 4. To be conscientious, so as to secure the advantage of a reciprocation of honest dealings. These last two rules will not make you wealthy without the first two, but they will greatly add to your power of accumulating wealth, and shorten the time of its attainment.

To illustrate this: At the present rate of wages any mechanic can easily save \$200 in a year. It is entirely futile to say this will deprive him of many comforts, because the eternal laws of right have determined that these privations are the price which must be paid to secure the advantages which wealth brings. Let the case be that of a young man just 21. If he saves \$200 a year, and buries it in the ground, in 20 years he will have \$4000. This is a case where no intelligence is required to invest, and no conscience wanted to gain the confidence of others. Suppose the young man puts \$100 every six months into a savings bank, at 5 per cent interest payable half-yearly, and allows the principal to remain. In ten years he would have \$2,635, which will yield him \$161 a year interest as a reward for his self-denial.

ECONOMY FROM AN EX-REBEL. A sagacious rebel general recently remarked: "We made two great mistakes. Had we avoided them, we should have conquered you. The first was that we did not substantially destroy the protective features of the Tariff in the winter session of 1857-58 by an act which provided a rapid annual sliding scale to free trade. As a Democratic measure, we could have passed such a law, and held it tight on you till it had closed the furnaces, workshops, woolen and cotton mills, and steel and bar and iron works of the whole North and West, and scattered your workmen over the prairies and territories. When the war was ready for you, you wouldn't have been ready for the war. You would have been without supplies, machinery, and workmen, and you would have been without money and credit. Our second mistake was in withdrawing our Senators and Representatives from your Congress. Had we left them there, their vote, combined with the Northern Democratic vote, would have thwarted every military and financial measure necessary to enable you to carry on the war for a sufficient length of time to have enabled us to seize the Government, occupy some of your States, obtain recognition abroad, and dictate harsh terms to you. How the — we blundered in these two respects I can't understand, except upon the hypothesis of an overruling Providence."

"Going to Columbia, again, I suppose," remarked Jones, the conductor. "Haven't been there yet," said dead-head; "I can't get to ride more than six miles before they put me off. I don't think I'll get on more than one or two trains after your'n before Columbus will be the putting-off place." "Well, do you think we can carry you, unless you pay your fare?" inquired Jones. "Stop her," quietly remarked dead-head. "Well, I do think," said Jones, "of all brassy individuals I ever met, you are rather ahead of them all. I'll take you there for your impudence and nothing else," and dead-head was carried into Columbus on the same train he started on three days before.

[Bost. Adv.]

MORE LIGHT.—Every now and then we have reports by telegraph and mail from the South, that all is not right with the late rebels. One of the reports informs us that all Northern men in Georgia and Alabama, who can get away, are returning to the North. This we regard as not being literally true, but it is a sign, and indicates which way the tide is setting. Has it come to this; that after such a war the men who have conquered a peace cannot be free in their own country, and beneath the flag for which so much precious blood has been spilled and so much treasure spent? We recollect that it was the case for ten years or more before the war, that one-half the Northern people could not reside any where within one-half of the national domain, nor even travel with safety in those States.

It was on that account, chiefly, that the war arose, and now the Government has conquered, if these statements be true, our Northern people are not allowed to settle peacefully in the South. Has all this great sacrifice been made in vain? The government should see to it that every citizen of the Republic be protected in residing where he may please, so long as he obeys the laws. Any thing short of this will condemn any party to oblivion.

We have the testimony of Hon. John Bell of Tenn., in his letters to the Louisville Journal, that the Southern people, "greatly to his astonishment, manifest great disinclination to accept the result of the war." He tells them that "they have the right to expect nothing else than the imposition of such terms as the conquerors shall deem necessary to the safety of the country." Whatever allowance we should make for the reports of sensation letter writers, that of Mr. Bell should certainly be received as conclusive. We say if there is a reign of terror and despotism in the South it should be put down and the work of reconstruction made sure. Every law abiding American citizen must be protected and honored in his own country, at least.

[Aroostook Times.]

Too Much Negro.—"Stop my Recorder there is too much negro in it,"—Indignant subscriber Jr. m.

Yes that is what is the matter with the Recorder. There is too much negro in it. And it is the same with our country too, there is too much negro in it. In every plan, in every argument, in every fence, in every word there is a negro. In all the South at this moment is but one thought: the negro and how to work him. And they take care that the uppermost thought with philanthropy shall be the negro and how to save him. Somebody else will take care of Madagascar. The antipodes may be forgotten for a year. But the condition of the negro at the South next Christmas will be different from what it ever was before. He will have become either a man or a victim.

And so the hated topic is forced upon us; we are dosed with too much negro. Legislators in quondam Seecia are devising means to prevent his owning real estate, or hiring workmen, or traveling to seek employment, or testifying in court, or voting at the polls, or owning a gun, or marrying a wife, or indulging in impudence—a luxury that belongs to which only.

Legislators at Washington are seeking some cheap substitute for eternal justice, substitute that shall be safe and popular. Justice would save our country and heal her wound, but cannot we find something better? And in this quest we are dinned with too much negro.

Too much negro! There is not a man of us but cries "My heart is sick, my ear is pained with every day's report." Morning, noon, and night, the wearisome topic is forced upon us. We breakfast, dine and sup on the negro question.

Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE, FEB. 16, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTENBELL & 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. E. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 11 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'."

HOW THE PRESIDENT STANDS.

There is a growing impatience in the public mind to know what is finally to be the position of the President upon those points of policy in which he is supposed to differ with a majority of Congress. That he differs radically on some questions, he has fully declared to various visiting delegations; but whether he will so far persist as to veto the District Suffrage bill, is by many thought doubtful. Some of his late remarks and assertions—for our president is emphatically a talking man—show conclusively that the old logic of the slaveholder, combined with the slinky policy of the reviving copperheads, north and south, is working its spell upon him. His early conviction that "treason is a crime" is in danger of being forgotten; and instead of being the Moses to lead the slaves out of bondage, he is quailing before the bugbear he calls a "war of races," and seconding the wishes of the great party now so frantic in heaping its curses upon the negro. To Fred Douglass and his party he frankly declares—a little too frankly for the safety of his argument—that the enfranchisement of the negro, by putting him in a position of equality at the ballot box with the poor whites, will inaugurate this dreaded "war of races." Douglass very respectfully thinks just the reverse; but as the president has not time to argue with the shrewd freedman, Douglass replies briefly in the papers, and leaves the president with the worst of the bargain.

Some of the president's reported talk, to the Montana delegation for instance, is nothing but talk; but with the Virginia delegates he certainly seemed to feel more at home, and evidently took some pains to please them. He did indeed please them, as he did also the radical copperhead papers generally, by telling them, in substance, that having put down the radicals of the South, he was now in favor of turning round and putting down the radicals of the North. The remark was at least uncalled for—if nothing harder is said of it—though some of the most flagrantly rebel papers, both North and South, quote it with a delight that must be anything but delightful to its author.

But Congress is firm, and seems confident of being well backed by the people. Legislation is indeed an important part of the work yet to be done. The president may, to be sure, embarrass it if disposed, but the people rule at last.

VILLAIN CAUGHT.—The St. Cloud, Minn., Democrat details the exposure and arrest of a man calling himself C. W. Stimpson, and hailing from Waterville, Me. Claiming to be worth \$40,000, and professing great piety, he succeeded in marrying a widow of handsome property, whom he had known before the death of her husband. Letters from various sources coming from time to time, said he had been married twice before, besides graduating at least once from State Prison; and thinking best to leave, he secured what he could of his wife's property, stole some valuable papers, and prepared to start. He was arrested, searched, and held for trial.

This Stimpson seems to have been known, though with various names, in Waterville and vicinity, where he figured in various attempts to secure wives, once as Mr. Joels, once as Smith, and lastly as Stimpson. It is thought his true name is Morse, and that he formerly resided in Livermore.

Southern booksellers, it is said, make it a "point of honor" not to receive or sell either Harper's Magazine or Harper's Weekly, as their loyalty is a little too strong for reconstructed rebels. We trust that true men at the North will make it a matter of principle to see that both of these publications are well supported, for they have done good service on the right side all through the war, and are radically right to-day. Many of the admirable pictures in the Weekly have all the force of labored arguments, producing conviction at sight, and affecting those not to be reached in any other way.

We are indebted to Hons. W. P. Fessenden and L. M. Morrill, of our own State, and Hon. W. A. Burleigh, Delegate from Dakota Territory, for valuable documents.

The Conductors on the Concord Railroad have been detected in an extensive game of swindling. Other parties, in high standing, are also implicated.

"LEGAL AND MORAL SUASION."

Hearing that our good friend, Mr. George Barney, spoke a good word for me last evening, in his "lecture" on Legal and Moral Suasion, as a practical worker on the latter principle, I may be excused for saying a word for myself.

I remember that in my youthful days, while at work as a printer in the city of Cambridge, Mass., the above subject was the theme of discussion in a debating society, and I wrote quite a formidable article for the occasion, sustaining the rightfulness of legal prohibition of rum-selling. That article was considered by some of my friends as rather a remarkable "effort;" and perhaps I ought to have it at hand to sustain the cause of legal as well as moral suasion, to which I have ever held. But, alas, that document sleeps somewhere unknown—as who would not wish many a youthful effort to do so—and I must simply rely on the ability of maturer years.

To be short, as I consider intemperance to be the parent and promoter of all other vices, so I consider rum-selling the most cruel, base, wicked and unjustifiable, of all human occupations; and no more to be permitted by law than theft, adultery, or murder.

I cannot here enter into an argument in support of my position; but I would like to ask Mr. Barney, What is his business? Is it to deal out the miserable poison to the thirsty?—If so, how much has my moral suasion done for him, or his father, with both of whom I have pleaded against their continuance in the accursed traffic?

I believe in moral suasion against all evils, and shall ever address those engaged in them as men who, like myself, have a heart that may possibly be reached by human sympathies and the grace of God, which alone causes me to differ.

But I also approve of legal suasion. Every man to his own proper post. I seem to be called and fitted for other duties; but for those who seek with a right spirit to enforce the law that is intended as a shield to the tempted, and a friend to the drunkard, his family, society and humanity, I bid God speed.

C. F. HATHAWAY.

(For the Mail.)

A SMART OLD LADY.—As I was dining, a short time since, in a neighboring town, I remarked to the old lady who poured the tea and presided as mistress at the table, that she "was smart for a woman of her years." She replied that she was eighty-six years old, and could spin and weave much easier than she could do house-work. Last summer, while with her daughter in Norridgewock, she said she spun one hundred and fifty skeins of yarn, and wove eighty-six yards of fulled cloth. And it was with pride that she showed me a piece of the cloth, which was excellent. She said she wove four or five Balmoral skirts, which were "handsome,"—her daughter having colored the yarn previously. She is the mother of eight children, has always labored hard, and now retains her faculties well. Two years since I saw her milk a cow as handily, for aught I saw, as when twenty years old. Will such village girls, as spin street yarn, weave scandal and sweep sidewalks, or farmers' daughters, whose finger ends are too delicate to hold wool to spin, and whose frail bodies are racked in weaving, and to whom the sight of a milk-pail produces vomiting, live to such an age? Will the tread of such be firm at that age who stuff with confectory daily, or even those who dance far into the night? Com.

BUSINESS CHANGES.—Those who notice the advertisement of G. L. Robinson & Co. in the hard-ware and stove business, as successors of J. Furbish, will no doubt recognize an old acquaintance, of some nineteen years, of those doing business with the establishment now Arnold & Meader, in Boutelle Block;—and such as knew him best will be glad to learn that one whose almost proverbial integrity and industry have made fortunes for others, has at length reached a position that promises one for himself. Few men of equal modesty have more of the right qualities of a business man. The "Co." is Hon. T. W. Herrick, whose capital and skill in finance need no endorsers. The firm seems well adapted to a branch of trade long regarded as among the most honorable in our village.

Mr. Pitman, late a partner in the concern, and Mr. E. C. Coffin, former partner of Mr. Blunt, have become partners in the purchase of a stock and stand at Skowhegan, in the same line of business. In this last plan we lose two of our most enterprising and well trained business men; who we doubt not will forward the prosperity of the thriving village to which they go.

MRS. GUSTINE'S lecture, on Sunday evening, in behalf of education for the freedmen, was emphatically too good for so small an audience not only for the education but the enfranchisement of the freedmen; and with a richly feminine voice, Mrs. G. has culture adapted to her task. The monotony of so-called pulpit oratory becomes her less, however, than would the more conversational and womanly style that belongs to her sex. Women do not graduate at our colleges, and should therefore spurn the oratory that all men have to unlearn before they become eloquent. The formalities of the forum are to a woman what the boots of a cavalier are to the opera dancer. Mrs. Gustine, with her sweet voice, would talk to an audience finely, but preach to them badly. No doubt she is doing well for the freedmen.

MATHER & Co., of New York, advertising agents, are just now playing the part of football for sundry indignant newspaper publishers, who have been victimized by them. We wish to be counted in for one good hearty kick at them, in return for certain unpaid bills at this office.

LINCOLN TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

The weather and walking were both very bad, on Monday, and the attendance was consequently light, but the meeting was one of unusual interest. Mr. George Barney presented the aspect of the temperance question from a rum-seller's point of view, and very naturally gave moral suasion the preference over legal suasion. He was listened to attentively, and replied to very kindly and temperately by Mr. Nye; and we feel confident that it was the most profitable session of the association that has been held. We only wish it could be repeated with a full house.

A committee, consisting of three young ladies and the same number of young gentlemen was chosen to circulate the pledge of the association for signature.

The association adjourned to meet at call of the committee.

In our account of the previous meeting, last week, we accidentally omitted to mention that Rev. Dr. Sheldon was invited to address the association, at his convenience.

NEW HOTEL AT NORRIDGEWOCK.—A correspondent of the Portland Press speaks in high terms of the new hotel in the beautiful village of Norridgewock. It is kept by Mr. John Hilton, formerly of the well known firm of Hilton and Doolittle, of this village; and no one here will be inclined to question the endorsement of the correspondent that "he and his good lady know what good living and careful attention mean." We always knew John could "keep a hotel," if he chose to.

RIGHT! BUT HOW IS IT?—At the late session of the S. J. Court at Lewiston, as the Journal reports, Judge Waldron suggested a "rule" of morality that promises to set pretty snug in its general application. A man who had been convicted of violating the Maine Law, applied to the court for naturalization. The papers were prepared by the court; but when the applicant brought his witnesses to prove that he was of good moral character, the judge cut the matter short by saying it was of no kind of use for him to come to that court with testimony to his good morals, so long as he was engaged in the open violation of the laws of the State! Now we hope the judge had measured the length and breadth of his decision, for we believe in all honesty that it ought to stand, in the case that led to its utterance. Law should have a sharper eye to its own interests than to connive at its own destruction. It has always hobbled on crutches for wounds given by those whose money it wanted; but the rum-seller has nothing with which to buy favor. But how, please your Honor, if the offender be lending money in violation of the usury laws?—or breaking the law demanding the disclosure of his property for taxation? Can his neighbors convince the S. J. Court that he is a man of good moral character? We don't press the question for a hurried decision, for the reason that too many are interested in the answer; but in due time we should like to know if this rule is intended to be one of general application.

"Honesty is the best policy"—the next best is a policy in the TRAVELLERS OF HARTFORD—says that neat little sheet, the Record, and we copy it for the benefit of friend Boothby, the Waterville agent of the aforesaid company.

THE PRESIDENT'S ACTS, thus far, have been a great deal better than his talk. His inconsistency in this respect, was shown by Senator Henderson in a recent speech, which is thus reported:—

"The President is continually doing what, it is said, he denies to Congress the right to do, viz., interfering with the reconstruction process whenever it does not suit his notions. He read Mr. Seward's despatch to the North Carolina Convention concerning the rebel war debt, the President's letter to Governor Perry concerning the adoption of the amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery, the order of Gen. Thomas respecting the suits against ex-army officers in Tennessee, the order of Gen. Terry setting aside the Virginia vagrant laws, the order of Gen. Sickles annulling the negro code of South Carolina, and the order of Gen. Grant for the protection of loyal men and freedmen in the entire South, and said all this was the work of the President, 'sanctioned by him, if not done directly by his orders. And yet we are told that the radical party must be put down because it insists that military control shall yet be kept of the late rebel States, and the joint committee of fifteen is denounced as revolutionary, because it is organized on the assumption that these States are not yet in condition to resume their rights in the Union.'"

THE WATCHMAN AND REFLECTOR.—This Religious and Family Paper whose advertisement appears in our supplement of to-day, stands confessedly among the first journals of the country in ability and influence. It is one of the five papers, discussing in a catholic spirit the great social, literary, moral and religious movements of the age. Its able articles on the leading statesmen of this country and of England, and its brilliant critiques of Metropolitan Preachers, have attracted much attention and comment the last year.

It announces as will be seen, a fine list of contributors for the present year.

THE PRACTICAL ENTOMOLOGIST.—The January number of this monthly bulletin published by the Entomological Society of Philadelphia, which is filled with an illustrated article on "Boreas," is ready for distribution. This work is distributed gratuitously, and sent to any who will forward twelve cents to the office, 518 South Thirteenth St., to prepay the postage.

The well known fast horse Ticonic, lately owned by Mr. J. R. Doolittle, of this place, has been sold to Mr. Briggs, of Taunton, Mass., for two thousand dollars. So we learn from the Skowhegan Clarion. Mr. D. has another horse worth four of Ticonic.

The American Freedmen's and Union Commission has, at the request of Gen. Howard, prepared a memorial urging Congress to grant his application for three millions of dollars, to be used for special purposes among the freedmen, from which the following is taken:—

"The amount asked for is not to be expended, but only invested for one, two or three years, until the people in each locality become able to purchase at the original cost, the sites and buildings of which the United States have temporarily afforded them the free use. The commission cannot raise by voluntary subscription the total amount necessary to carry forward the benevolent and educational work already undertaken, much less to enlarge its proportions. It is now maintaining more than six hundred teachers and relief agents, and some twenty orphan houses, at a monthly expense of more than fifty thousand dollars. If provision be not speedily made for schoolroom accommodations to replace the churches, sheds and shanties now rapidly disappearing, and in many instances also for teachers' lodgings in localities where no white family will permit a 'nigger teacher' to cross the threshold, instead of enlarging the work, it must be greatly diminished."

HOARDING OLD CLOTHES.—The Boston Journal rebukes the folly of those who lumber up garrets and closets with old dilapidated articles, which "moth and rust will corrupt," and advises a wiser use of them:—

"We believe it may be set down as good common sense at least, that an article becomes valueless to the owner when it ceases to meet the demand for which it was made, and while exercising foresight as regards our own prospective wants, we owe it society, to the poorer classes especially, not to accumulate articles of clothing or furniture which are of no use to the owner but of some value to others. An old coat serves its owner and becomes shabby. If it goes into the closet it becomes food for moths. If given away it covers the back of some poorer man and performs its mission, for even an old coat has a mission. Better even sell the coat while it is capable of doing good than to hide it away, for some man with fewer dollars than the original owner will find it a remunerative investment. There is not an old cricket nor lumbering up the attic, which would not supply a want if sent out to meet the demand. In an estimate of the economies of life we are apt in this country to omit all consideration of what are trifles to one class, but subjects of importance to another; but even in this republican government, with the population of our large cities daily increasing, and the relative positions of the rich and the poor becoming more marked on this account, we shall be obliged to give some consideration to topics which may appear trifling but which older countries appreciate and discuss."

A MOVING OF THE WATERS.—See notice of the Ticonic Water Power and Manufacturing Co. in our advertising columns. If our citizens, satisfied that "Hercules" will not come at their call, will now only put their own shoulders to the wheel in one honest, hearty effort, something may be done.

The Spring Term of Waterville College began on Wednesday.

The Unitarian Society are busy in preparation for their levee—which is set for Wednesday and Thursday evenings of next week.

The "senior" is absent, for a week or two, in an excursion among the Merino sheep up in Vermont. If we didn't know something about an editor's purse we should expect him to bring home some, as he has the "fever" badly. The Vermonters are pretty "cute," and especially so in "pulling wool," but the Senior is "Yorkshire too."

WATERVILLE CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.—See notice of commencement of Spring Term in another column.

Counterfeit tens on the Fall River Bank are in circulation.

ROGER A. PRYOR, ex-rebel General, writes the leading articles in the New York News, Ben Wood's infamous paper—and the News endorses the course of President Johnson, and exhorts him to snub the radicals and the freedmen.

Mr. Wm. H. Moore, a California friend, has our thanks for copies of the Sacramento Union, a very large and handsome sheet, full of marks of thrift and enterprise—a model paper in all its appointments. We notice the name of P. Morrill as one of the publishers: does that P. stand for Paltiah?

Mr. T. Yancey, of De Soto county, Miss., writes to Gen. Fisk, of the Freedmen's Bureau, concerning a colored girl who had been sold away from her parents:—

"As for recognizing the right of freedmen to their children, I can say that not one Southern man or woman in the whole South recognizes the negro as a freedman, but as stolen property forced by the bayonets of the damnable United States Government."

KENTUCKY is proving her loyalty(?) by passing resolutions requesting the removal of the troops from the State, condemning the Freedmen's Bureau, asking for the restoration of the habeas corpus, and rejecting the constitutional amendment.

The office of the Richmond Examiner has been again closed, in consequence of its treasonable utterances, by order of Gen. Terry.

The editor of the Skowhegan Clarion says he never "saw" the wind blow harder than it did one day last week. An item in the hymenial department of his paper, which we copy, shows that it proved a lucky breeze for him.

AMERICAN LIFE DROPS.—Diphtheria they cure.

The amendatory Freedmen's Bureau bill having passed both Houses will soon be presented to the President for his signature. The bill, as it now stands, does not restrict the operations of the Bureau to the States in which the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus was suspended on the 1st inst., as amended by the House, but disagreed to by the Senate.

LEGISLATURE OF MAINE.

This is truly a working legislature, and its business is transacted with unwonted rapidity. The prospect is favorable for a short session.

On Thursday, Feb. 8th, in the Senate, the Hawker and Pedlar law was discussed, amended by prohibiting the selling of goods by sample and laid upon the table for further discussion; bill allowing city of Bath to appropriate money for soldiers monument was amended by extending the same permission to all cities and towns in the State; a resolve, empowering the Governor and Council to employ two competent persons to make an Agricultural survey of certain large unoccupied tracts of land of the State, was read and assigned; bill to incorporate the International Telegraph Company was amended and passed to be engrossed.

In the House, the Hawker and Pedlar law was discussed, but final action was not reached; the usury bill was refused a passage, after all amendments had been voted down, 21 to 312; the report declaring legislation inexpedient on petition for establishment of the eight hour system of labor, was laid upon the table, and a petition for the same object, with four hundred signatures, was presented and referred; legislation was declared inexpedient on order relating to knowledge of political economy as a qualification of teachers; petitions for the annexation of Unity plantation to Unity had leave to withdraw; bill to incorporate the Waterville Hotel Company was reported by Mr. Foster; resolve in aid of building bridge over Dead River was reported; also act to authorize the consolidation of railroads.

On Friday, the subject of municipal war debts and their assumption was under discussion; act to amend the Dunn Edge Tool Company was read and assigned, also act to authorize the construction of a bridge over Sebasticook river in Clinton Gore.

In the House, Mr. Greenwood, of Fairfield, presented remonstrances against the passage of a law preventing the throwing of slabs and edgings into Kennebec river; a new draft of a bill to regulate the measure, sale and inspection of milk was presented.

On Saturday, in the Senate, a series of resolves asking our Congressional delegation to urge the claims of Maine to long standing debts against the general government, that the proceeds may be applied to the construction of the E. and N. A. R., was introduced and referred.

A report declaring it inexpedient to make a new valuation of the State, as a basis for taxation, was made; act to amend the charter of Dunn Edge Tool Company passed to be engrossed.

In the House, a memorial in reference to precautionary measures against the cattle disease was presented and referred; act to incorporate the Albion Manufacturing Co. passed to be engrossed; petitioners for completion of Canada road had leave to withdraw.

On Monday, in the Senate, the committee reported against a bill to amend the militia law; the committee on Education were instructed to inquire into the expediency of appropriating State lands in aid of the common school fund; act respecting School District No. 5 of Waterville passed to be engrossed; also act to incorporate the Waterville Hotel Company.

In the House, the Committee on the Judiciary reported against legislation for the assumption of town debts by the State; resolve in favor of agricultural survey of the large unsettled tracts of land in the State was twice read with a suspension of the rules, and laid upon the table.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, an act relating to certain fixtures defining what moveable property shall go with realty, was read and assigned; an act to extend the provisions of an act to incorporate the Somerset Railroad Company, passed to be engrossed; the Hawker and Pedlar bill was amended so as to put those who sell by sample upon the same footing as other dealers; Committee reported adversely to resolves in relation to Reciprocity Treaty; also against resolve in relation to defence of North Eastern Frontier.

In the House, a resolve relating to the cattle disease was reported.

A NOVEL PRIZE FOR LADIES.—The American Statesman and Journal has excelled all its competitors in the variety, number and value of its prizes sent to subscribers. Its last and most novel is one of J. W. Bradley's celebrated "Patent Duplex Elliptic Spring Hoop Skirts," for ladies. These very celebrated skirts consist of two elliptic steel springs, ingeniously braided tightly and firmly together, edge to edge, making the toughest and most elastic spring ever used. No lady who ever wore one of these skirts will ever use any other. One of the choicest and best will be sent free by express to every club of five subscribers to the Statesman.

Besides the above, the Statesman offers as a prize, one of Wheeler and Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, or one of the Empire Sewing Machine, or a Bailey Patent Washing Wringer, or a choice out of over two thousand of the finest Steel Engravings. Here is a chance for every one to secure a splendid prize. Send for Statesman and catalogue and get up your clubs.

Address, American Statesman, 67 Nassau Street, New York.

The Springfield Republican, while sympathizing fully with the President in his opposition to negro suffrage, is frank enough to say "it is evident that the mood of the President [in his interview with the colored delegation] was not as courteous as usual." It is further evident that the President could not forget that he was talking with negroes; he could not see beneath those dark skins only men. It required Abraham Lincoln to do this.

A prominent Georgia Unionist, writing to Washington, says: "One thing is manifest—secession to-day politically is stronger than before the war, and Unionists more under the ban of the people."

A big swindle called the Mutual Productive Union is in operation—a sort of Lottery that has no local habitation. It is located in Wilmington, Me. and draws checks on the 1st National Bank, Harvard, Me. The Secretary is Albert S. Dupont. Look out for it.

THE CANCELLATION OF STAMPS.—Perhaps it will be well to remind our readers that in the 15th section of the act of June 30, 1864, it is enacted, that in any and all cases where an adhesive stamp shall be used for denoting any duty imposed by said act, except as thereafter provided, the person using or affixing the same shall write thereupon the initials of his name and the date upon which the same is attached or used, so the same may not be used again; and that if any person shall fraudulently make use of an adhesive stamp to denote any duty imposed by said act, without effectually cancelling and obliterating the same, except as thereafter provided, he, she, or they shall forfeit the sum of fifty dollars.

CONGRESS.—In the Senate, the credentials of a senator elect from North Carolina were tabled. The Senators from Colorado were admitted to the floor. A resolution was offered relating to the protection of civil rights of citizens in Utah. The bill enlarging the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau, without the amendment restricting its operation, was passed. In the House, the bill setting apart public lands in certain Southern States for homestead purposes was passed.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, an amendment to the constitution was reported to both houses, to empower Congress to make laws securing to citizens of each State the rights of citizens of the several States. In the House, a resolution suggesting an alliance to resist French encroachments was offered and referred.

Cologne water has not sweetened Cologne. Southerly found forty unpleasant smells there, and not a single pleasant one. New York may have its disagreeable odors, but, fortunately, our citizens can surround themselves with fragrance by using (as three-fifths of them do) Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus." Sold everywhere.

The Lewiston Journal says a boy by the name of George Edwin Davis, aged thirteen years, belonging in Vienna, left home on the 14th day of January; took the cars at Farmington for Lewiston on the 15th. Since that time his parents have not heard from him. His dress was a light hat, black and blue coat, slate colored sack overcoat; black full pants; boots with heel and toe-irons on. He is dearly loved by his parents, and they are very anxious about him.

Certain residents of Tennessee having petitioned the President for the removal of colored troops from that State, he sent the paper to Gen. Thomas, who returned it to the signers, with the indorsement, that if they and the courts are prepared to guarantee equal rights and justice to all men within their community, it will be time to consider the propriety of removing the troops or of conceding to their request, that only white troops be employed among them. Until they are prepared to give such guarantee, it is not considered that they have any right to expect that their petition should be favorably considered, but that while their own conduct renders it necessary to keep troops among them, we must use such as we have, be they white or black, without regard to their feelings or wishes on the subject.

The case of Ishmael Day of Maryland, who shot a man for trying to haul down the United States flag, was the only one among forty decided upon favorably by the House committee on claims last week, in a meeting at which demands for private losses sustained by loyal citizens during the war were submitted.

The Unionists of Virginia have just issued an appeal to Congress representing that the late Confederate rebels now have possession of the State government—the same who have bounded them through the war. They now propose taxing the people to pension Stonewall Jackson's widow; to disfranchise loyal men; to degrade and oppress the blacks, passing a few laws to satisfy the positive requirements of the national government, ostensibly to allow colored persons the right to testify in cases to which such persons are parties, but give justices of peace the power to decide, arbitrarily and preemptorily, upon the credibility of such testimony, and to exclude it from the jury without appeal from such decision. The Legislature that is doing this, applauded the proposition that Lee be made Governor of Virginia. Union men are excluded from every advantage. The memorialists pray for a territorial government as the only safety.

CHICKEN IN HIS HAT.—Nat, a friend of ours, is very poor, rather light-fingered, and, it is said, not so bright as his parents could wish. The other day, while passing a neighbor's, Nat saw a brood of chickens, and immediately caught a fine one to carry home. He had not gone far, however, before he saw the owner coming up the road, and not knowing what to do with the chicken to conceal it, at last succeeded in crowding it into his hat, which he again placed upon his head. But the chicken having a longing for liberty, and being also pressed for air, managed to thrust his head through an opening in Nat's old straw hat.—Nat was presently accosted with:—"What have you got in your hat?"—"Nothing but my head," said Nat.—"But I see a chicken's head sticking through the top of it, Nat."

Nat, taking off his hat and looking at it in feigned astonishment, exclaimed:—"Wal, how do you suppose that critter came in there? He must have crawled up my trousers leg!"

RETORT COURTESY. The special Southern correspondent of the Nation relates some instances of the bitter dislike everywhere manifested by the women of the South toward all who wear the Federal uniform. The following occurred in Lynchburg: A lady called from an upper window to a little girl on the sidewalk: "Julia, come in this minute, child. That Yankee will rub against you if you stay there." The Yankee referred to was a soldier, a dull looking fellow, who appeared confounded at this attack upon him. He quickly recovered himself, and turning his face towards the chamber window, addressed the little girl, who was obeying her mother with alacrity: "Yaas, go 'long in you skinnny little thing! Don't rub against the Yankee. I guess your father tried it down at Petersburg, and he didn't like it you know."

No man and no woman is safe who has once formed the habit of looking to drink for solace, or cheerfulness, or comfort. While the world goes well they will likely be temperate; but the habit is built, the railroad to destruction is cut ready for use, the rails are laid down, the station houses erected, and the train is on the line waiting only for the locomotive; it comes to us; it grapples us and away we go in a moment, down the line we have been years constructing, like a flash of lightning, to destruction. —[Charles Reade.]

A exchange has the following hint to housewives: "We have used a wire clothes line for over five years. It has not been housed at all, and is just as good as ever. It does not injure the clothes a bit. It is an old telegraph wire about a quarter of an inch in diameter and 'galvanized' (that is coated with zinc). The wire was a present to us, so I do not know what it costs, but can assure you it will pay for everybody to get one."

Dr. Pusey's Evening Hymn:—"I nightly pivot my moving tent A day's march nearer Rome."

Punch. Daniel Webster used to say that the word 'wound' in Rufus Choate's handwriting, resembled a small griffin struck by lightning.

WATERVILLE MAIL

SUPPLEMENT.

WATERVILLE MAIL.

WATERVILLE, ME., FEB., 16, 1866.

MEN OF OUR TIMES.

Written for the WATCHMAN & REFLECTOR by Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

HENRY WILSON.

It is interesting to notice how, in the recent struggle that has convulsed our country and tried our republican institutions, so many of the men who have held the working oar have been representative men of the people. To a great extent they have been men who have grown up with no other early worldly advantages than those which a democratic republic offers to every citizen born upon her soil. Lincoln and Johnson from the slave states, N. P. Banks and Henry Wilson in the free, may be called the peculiar sons of democracy. That hard Spartan mother trained them early on her black broth to her fatigues, and wrestlings, and watchings; and gave them their shields on entering the battle of life with only the Spartan mother's brief, "With this—or upon this."

Native force and democratic institutions raised Lincoln and Johnson to the highest seat in the nation, and to no mean seat among the nations of the earth; and the same forces in Massachusetts caused that state, in an hour of critical battle for the great principles of democratic liberty, to choose Henry Wilson, the self-taught, fearless shoemaker's apprentice of Natick, over the head of the gifted and graceful Everett, the darling of foreign courts, the representative of all the ideas and training which transmitted aristocratic ideas have yet left in Boston and Cambridge. It was all a part and parcel of the magnificent drama which has been acting on the stage of this country for the hope and consolation of all who are born to labor and poverty in all nations of the world.

Henry Wilson, our present United States senator, was born at Farmington, N. H., February 16, 1812, of very poor parents. At the age of ten he was bound to a farmer till he was twenty-one. Here he had the usual lot of a farm boy—plain, abundant food, coarse clothing, incessant work, and a few weeks' schooling at the district school in winter.

In these ten years of toil, the boy, by twilight, fire-light, and on Sundays, had read and absorbed the volumes of history, geography, biography, and general literature, borrowed from the school libraries and from those of generous individuals.

At twenty-one he was his own master—to begin the world; and in looking over his inventory for starting in life, found a sound and healthful body, and a mind trained to reflection by solitary thought. He went to Natick, Mass., to learn the trade of a shoemaker, at which, working two years, he saved enough money to attend the academy at Stafford, Concord, and Woburn, N. H. But the man with whom he had deposited his hard earnings became insolvent; the money he had toiled so long for vanished; and he was obliged to leave his studies, go back to Natick and make more. Undiscouraged, he resolved still to pursue his object, uniting it with his daily toil. He formed a debating society among the young mechanics of the place; investigated subjects; read; wrote and spoke on all the subjects of the day, as the spirit within him gave him utterance. Among his fellow-mechanics, some others were enkindled by his influence, and are now holding high places in the literary and diplomatic world.

In 1840, young Wilson came forward as a public speaker. He engaged in the Harrison election campaign, and made sixty speeches in about four months; and was well repaid by his share in the triumph of the party. He was then elected to the Massachusetts legislature as representative from Natick.

Having entered life on the workingman's side, and known by his own experience the workingman's trials, temptations, and hard struggles, he felt the sacredness of a poor man's labor, and began his public career with a heart to take the part of the toiling and the oppressed.

Of course he was quick to feel that the great question of our time was the question of labor and its rights and rewards. He was quick to feel the "irrepressible conflict," which Seward so happily designated, between the two modes of society existing in America, and to know that they must fight and struggle till one of them throttled and killed the other; and prompt to feel this, he made his early election to live or die on the side of the laboring poor, whose most oppressed type was the African slave.

In the legislature, he introduced a motion against the extension of slave territory; and in 1845 went with Whittier to Washington with the remonstrance of Massachusetts against the admission of Texas as a slave state.

When the Whig party became inefficient in the cause of liberty through too much deference to the slave power, Henry Wilson left it, and became one of the most energetic and efficient organizers in forming the Free Soil party of Massachusetts. In its interests, he bought a daily paper in Boston, which for some time he edited with great ability.

Meanwhile he rose to one step of honor after another in his adopted state; he became president of the Massachusetts Senate, and ultimately was sent to take the place of the accomplished Everett in the United States Senate.

His election was a sturdy triumph of principle. His predecessor had every advantage of birth and breeding, every grace which early leisure, constant culture, and the most persevering, conscientious self-education could afford. He was in graces of person, manners, and mind, (Continued on next page.)

The Watchman and Reflector,

A WEEKLY

RELIGIOUS AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Price, \$2.50 per year in advance.

Having among other contributors to its columns, the following eminent writers:

IN ITS RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT,		
Rev. Wm. Hague, D. D.	Rev. Baron Stow, D. D.	Rev. Wm. Lamson, D. D.
Rev. Barnas Sears, D. D.	Rev. E. G. Robinson, D. D.	R. A. Guild.
IN ITS CRITICAL AND LITERARY DEPARTMENT,		
Rev. Heman Lincoln, D. D.	Prof. A. N. Arnold.	Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D.
Prof. Lucius E. Smith.	Rev. S. L. Caldwell, D. D.	H. P. Arnold, Esq.
SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT,		
Rev. W. C. Richards.	Rev. C. H. Malcom.	Rev. Theron Brown.
Rev. Robert Turnbull, D. D.	C. C. Hazewell.	W. W. Hall, M. D.
SKETCH WRITERS,		
Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.		Mrs. J. D. Chaplin.
Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton.		Mrs. M. A. Denison.

Peter Bayne the brilliant English Essayist, will continue his Correspondence from London on the Religious and Political aspects of Great Britain, with occasional articles upon other topics in literature and politics.

"Agindos," whose racy pictures of every day life in Europe in his letters from Germany, have been universally read with interest, will still furnish letters from the Continent. "Tweed," and "Carleton," (formerly army correspondent of the *Boston Journal*), will also continue their able, and spirited papers.

Sketches of some of our Leading Metropolitan Preachers, by an Anonymous Critic, will make an interesting feature of the present volume.

Prof. Park, of Andover, has given encouragement, that if his professional duties permit, he will furnish articles upon the Great Preachers of the Christian Church, with an analysis of the elements of their intellectual and moral power.

Henry Ward Beecher it is hoped will favor the WATCHMAN with an occasional letter from Brooklyn.

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, who has created a new form of religious literature in her *Schenberg Cotta Family*, assures us of her desire to prepare a paper or two, during the present year for the columns of the WATCHMAN.

Mr. Harriet Beecher Stowe, will furnish Sketches of public men who are prominent in our national councils, or who have been leaders in the great moral or political movements of the day.

Original Poems from some of the leading poets of the country, will be given during the year.

Summary of the leading features of the Volume for 1866.

It will contain a Series of Articles by one of the most distinguished writers of New England, exposing with remarkable acuteness and brilliancy, the shallowness and self-assertion of the present popular leaders of New England Skepticism. Also, Elaborate Miscellaneous Papers upon subjects of general interest, at home and abroad.

Spicy Comments upon the Religious and Moral Movements of the Age.

An Original Series entitled "Martyrs for the Truth."

Original Sketches of Leading Statesmen and Reformers.

An Original Series entitled "Half Century Sermons."

An Original Series entitled "Sea Side Studies."

Original Sketches of Prominent Metropolitan Preachers.

Original Articles upon Doctrinal and Practical Religion.

Religious Incidents, illustrative of varieties of Religious Experience.

Original Articles upon Biblical Criticism.

Original Articles upon "Health." Elaborate Reviews of New Books.

An Original Monthly Digest of Scientific News.

A full and carefully prepared summary of the News of the Week, with Editorial remarks and comments.

Regular English and other European Correspondence.

Valuable Home Correspondence, including Letters from the South, and from California.

A full and carefully prepared Digest of Religious Missionary Intelligence, Local and General.

Original Stories and Sketches for Family Reading, by writers unsurpassed in pathos and power.

The *Watchman & Reflector*, is with one exception, the oldest Religious and Family Journal in the United States. It is Baptist in its denominational principles,—aiming however to discuss all sectarian questions whether of doctrine or of church polity, with the fairness, candor, and courtesy which should be inseparable from Christian Journalism.

It is a broad paper—giving a greater variety of matter, and therefore a wider range of reading than any other Religious Journal in the country.

It discusses boldly and in a catholic spirit, the great social, literary, moral, and religious movements of the age.

Its sketches of leading men—statesmen and divines—by Mrs. Stowe, and other distinguished writers, are among the most brilliant papers ever given to the American public.

Its Weekly Digest of Current General Intelligence by C. C. Hazewell, Esq., is unrivalled in accuracy, range of illustration, and completeness, and is of itself worth more than the yearly price of the paper.

Its Criticisms of New Books prepared by writers of the highest culture, are more elaborate than those of any other religious or literary paper.

Its Religious Department is marked for its practical character—its religious incidents—and for its adaptation to the devotional needs of the reader.

Intensely interesting Original Stories by such writers as Mrs. Moulton, and a weekly miscellany of facts, incidents, anecdotes, and articles upon health, make up the department for the family circle,—a department unique, and always entertaining from the choiceness and variety of its reading.

Thus, complete as the WATCHMAN is—giving in the variety of its reading something to interest every member of the family;—high-toned;—out-spoken—ranking, from the culture and eminence of its contributors, second to no religious journal of our day—we can commend it as a religious companion such as is needed by every intelligent and cultivated family.

Subscribe for it for one year, and judge for yourself.

If you take another paper make this supplementary to it.

You cannot invest your money where it will bring you larger returns of mental and social gratification, as well as of religious and intellectual profit.

FORD, OLMSTEAD & CO.,

EDITORS & PUBLISHERS.

151 Washington Street, Boston.

OLMSTEAD & CO., *Publishers.*
Boston, Nov. 18, 1865.
151 Washington Street.

