

The Rebel Excursion to the Keystone State.

How are you, General Lee!

Of General Lee, the rebel chief, you all perhaps do know,
How he came North a short time since to spend a mouth or so;
But soon he found the climate warm, altho' a Southern man,
And quickly hurried up his cakes, and toddled home again.
Cautious—How are you, General Lee? it is; why don't you longer stay?
How are your friends in Maryland, and Pennsylvania?

Jeff Davis met him coming back: "Why, General Lee," he said,
"What makes you look and stagger so? there's whisky in your head."
"Not much, I think," says General Lee, "No whisky's there indeed;
What makes me feel so giddy, is, I've taken too much Meade."

Chorus—How are you, General?
"But you seem ill yourself, dear Jeff, you look quite dead enough,
I think with 'I've gone,' as I have said you rather rough."
"Well, yes, he has, and that's a fact; it makes me feel downcast,
For they've bottled up at Vicksburg, so 'tis granted there at last."
Chorus—Then, how are you Jeff Davis? What is it that makes you sigh?
How are your friends in Vicksburg and in Mississippi?

"As Vicksburg they have got sure, and Richmond soon they'll take,
At Port Hudson, too, they have some Banks I fear we cannot break;
While Rosecrans, in Tennessee, swears he'll our army beg,
And prove if I think, a better, good, holdfast's a better dog."

Chorus—Then, how are you, Jeff, &c.
Says he: "All things are looking queer, since then damn Yankees fi'
At Gettysburg for Meade's sake, where I did have to get;
I feel a kind of choking here, and hem, begin to smelt,
I think secession's 'bout played out and kinder gone to hell."
Chorus—How are you, Jeff Davis? Would you not like to take
A long way out of Richmond, and the Confederacy?
For with "Peter" on the river, and "Meade" on the land,
I guess you'd find that some mixed drinks are more than you can stand.
Chicago, July 14, '63.

Correspondence.

ELLSWORTH, SEPT. 9th, 1863.

MESSES. SAWYER & BERRY—

The Rev. Mr. Butler, Agent of the American Colonization Society visited this place last week, and presented its claims in two of our churches on the Sabbath, taking up a contribution in its behalf. He is a man warmly interested in his work, and presented many just views of the colored race, which we were glad to have brought before this community. The claims of this people, who were so unjustly and unwillingly brought to our land, and who have dwelt in it as long as we have been a nation, and may therefore claim it as their own, equally with ourselves, have not been too frequently advocated amongst us. In the war of the revolution, they stood side by side with the white soldier in its defense, and now again, in this fierce struggle which is being waged for the perpetuation of slavery, as soon as permitted they joyfully enter the ranks of the army, and baptize with their blood the land they love and call their own. For the gentleman above referred to, truly states, they are by their citizenship, a people who love home, and do not willingly wander far from it. Africa, the land of their fathers, by its natural formation, so destitute of harbor and boys, indicates the providence of God in placing such a people there. We agree with you, Mr. Butler. But many of them, having been torn from that land, and planted elsewhere, their posterity retain the same inherent love of home, though it has been to them a house of bondage. Why then do you wish to colonize them? Why do you another wrong, so like to the former one?

At this time especially, while as a nation we are suffering so deeply, not only for the slavery of this people at the South, but for the better prejudice against them at the North, and by God's providence are being made to feel that we must be just to them, as our brother man, why are we called upon by Christian men and ministers to banish them from the land? When it is so often the boast of the American nation, that it is a refuge for the oppressed of all lands, must it always be added, except for the black man and his children. But we are told that it is only for those who wish to go, that our assistance is asked. How large a proportion, do you suppose of those who have been sent to Liberia by this society, have gone willingly? I cannot give you a definite answer to this question, but could you know the exact statistics, you would be surprised to know how few they were. The great proportion have gone from the South, and have been sent by their masters, as they would send them anywhere else, without consulting their wishes. The master's will is the slave's law.

But without reference to the past, it is no difficult matter to know the feelings of the blacks, as a people, towards Colonization. Our President, who you know is somewhat of a Colonizationist, last winter called together the most intelligent and influential of the free colored men in the nation, to consult with them on this same subject. He laid before them his views, and urged upon them their desirableness, if they would consent for the best interests of their race. You all know the result. They loved home, though it were a lowly one, too well to give their consent to any such propositions. If driven away or stolen, they are obliged to go, for the weak is ever obliged to yield to the strong. But give to the African and his children, in free America, the same rights and privileges which you accord to every other nation on the face of the earth, and that is all he asks you. He loves the place of his birth, and he will labor to maintain himself there, he will fight in its defense, and will prove himself in all respects loyal and true.

We have a duty towards the thousands of freed men who have come out of their life-long bondage, ignorant and destitute. They are helping themselves far beyond the expectations of those who hoped the most from them. But they need our help and a loud call has been and still is coming to us from those who are caring for their interests. Much has been done, but much is still needed. Who will take up a contribution in our churches for these, who wish to remain in the land of their birth, and who have suffered the loss of all things? Who will advocate their cause? The American Missionary Association, a large and respectable Society, which for the past sixteen years has been laboring zealously and successfully for the

Ellsworth American.

TERMS.—Single copies Four Cents; one copy one year, paid in advance, \$1.50. No paper delivered until all arrears are paid. These terms will be strictly adhered to.

"We Live in Deeds, not Years; in Thoughts, not Breaths."

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—One square for three insertions, \$1.25; each subsequent insertion 25 cents. One square, one year, \$10.00. Liberal discount made on long advertisements. A square is 16 lines this type.

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ELLSWORTH, ME. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1863.

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Miscellaneous.

A London Drawing Room.

The Savage satirists of Printing House square have found congenial food for merriment in the last drawing room—that is, a morning reception at St. James' palace in London. It was the first and the last of the season, and some two or three thousand people tried for five mortal hours to see the new Princess of Wales, submitting for that space of time to imprisonment in fashionable hen-coops of carriages, and to be stared at by an offensive and often uncomplimentary mob; then to be ushered into a series of cattle pens; to be whisked through a room past a pale and exhausted lady adorned with what they criticised in the cynicism of their dissatisfaction, as "an unbecoming head dress;" to be abused by patre-familias and to have spent a day in "contemplation and fasting" at a cost of from two to five hundred dollars per head. Such a sight, if not enough to make angels weep, make the penny-liners jay, and they drive their quills gleefully in describing the scenes, incidents, &c., of the day. From a variety of accounts we gather substantially the following details:

"At an early hour in the morning May-Fair, the nobly part of London seemed in a state bordering on distraction. The Bonapartes would be less disturbed had the Bourbons returned. Carriages were rushing to and fro, footmen ran backward and forward, and through the half-opened blinds might be seen some angry Mars, striding majestically in the hat, which by his head, under his arm, and engaged in that domestic religious ceremony which is preparatory to all joint-matrimonial exercises, known as 'putting' because the lovely Astaire failed to appear. At last, bending through the faintly roseate tinge—which her ladyship's tirewoman's own cunning hand laid on—the blooming beauty—all crinoline and lace, and feathers and jewelry, descends. Mars thoroughly whipped by the descending avalanche of loveliness, unable to abuse a creature of such abundant charms, takes his place with his much altered golf-club in his visible, and the pair are whisked away. But now the trouble of the day commences. The carriages draw up in line, and the line is already two miles long. For a whole hour it has gone on increasing, and has not bulged an inch. It extends in one direction half way to Knightsbridge, in another around St. James' square, up James' street, from Longs hotel into Oxford street, to the Regent cinema. Every carriage is filled with from one to three ladies, with or without a male companion. Every vehicle is regarded by the curious and impatient as a sort of wild beast, and a pony, pen, or a wax work class, even to be stared at separately, contrasted with the next article in the catalogue, and severely commented on. "Why she looks as if she was sitting on a nest," says one impatient commentator of the lovely blonde, who sits alone surrounded by a surging sea of crinoline, her bust and head alone visible. "Oh, here's a rosebud," remarks another gaffer of the most expanded type of woman loveliness above the age of forty he can discover. "Oh, ain't she crinoline?" "No, it's natural." "Why her's Madame Rachel here," and there's a skinny one," are by no means complimentary remarks and chaff passed lightly and freely among the crowd. Who can tell the tortures of that day and that inspection? At half-past six the procession begins; at half-past six the reception is still proceeding. Who shall say that fashion has no martyrs?—What saint that ever earned the tortures of the iron crown, or the golden crown would more? For six mortal hours, they are, many of them, pent up in these small carriages, and are at last turned back. The more fortunate achieve the royal presence after four hours of such purgatory, and here the cavaliers descend, while the ladies passed through. Fancy an energetic colonel of dragons, the terror of his regiment on parade, bursting with excitement and military ardor, pent up with three ladies in a very moderate-sized London carriage. He is eased in patent leather boots, tight-fitting undergarments designed by an artist for standing position only; he has a tight-fitting sash, out, forthrightly and wonderfully pulled, buttoned tightly across his manly bosom, a tight stock round his apologetic neck; he is no longer thin, and he is thrust, confidently into a little corner of his own Brougham, in which his wife and two daughters insolently dominate over him. In vain he struggles to make head against the sea of crinoline that overwhelms him. His spurs run into him in their derision. His tailoring annoys him in every joint; his boots torture him; his sword impales him; his stock half strangles him. To add to the ignominy of his position, the occasional revelation of a whisper alone indicates his presence. He has been buffeted with the sea of crinoline, and his head merely rises at intervals, like a be-lated buoy, above the flood. The busts of his conveyance, defiantly crowned with rich feathers, barbaric pearls, and gold, emerge like carved figure heads, or prows of antique galleys. Some of them it must be confessed, are such models of loveliness as would have driven Pegasus distracted. And here is a head half turned, so exquisitely chiseled, so exquisitely pink and white in color, so marvellously placed on its neck, with such a sad reproachful look about its eyes, sitting in splendid state in some peer's carriage, that one can never forget it to his dying day. And here are not wanting, on the other hand, every variety of vulgarity of type to relieve the monotony. In one of the carriages sit two ladies, vainly attempting, like two gulls or gulls over a grave in an eastern romance, to hallow mild tint wines of France to two or three of the number. One or more elderly young ladies, with spectacles, are busied reading their Satur-

A Wonderful Hair Ointment.

Brick Pomeroy, of the La Crosse Weekly Democrat, is responsible for the following, which rather takes the shine out of all the patent preparations, including the "Florida Water" and "Ramrod's Tincture of Gridlows."

Last week Dr. —, of New York sent us a cake of his ointment, with the most earnest request to "pull it and send the bill."

Venerable and far sighted capillary promoter! we do so, and more too. Your Ointment is a big thing. Although in small cakes, it is nevertheless a colossal item! We tried it. Following the printed directions, we made a lather and applied the brush. The lather was mixed in a glass dish, and in four minutes a beautiful hair, all shades of color, had started from the disk. We applied some to our face, and it took four swift working barbers to cut down and mow away as fast as the beard grew! We put a little on the toe of each boot, and each boot in an hour looked like a Zouave mule!

We put some on a crown, and the crown was covered with a long curly hair, like a buffalo, and in the coldest weather it can be used without mittens! A little on the pole to a carriage, started the hair on it like moss. We dropped some on the stove, and as a fire was kindled the hair started, and the hotter the stove became the faster grew the hair, till the smell of burnt hair became so powerful as to drive all from the room. The stove was set in the barn and it can't be seen now for the hair. Only one application. A little applied on a wagon tire has in five days started a vigorous crop, and now the wagon can be driven over a plank road and not make a bit of noise, so well are the wheels covered with soft hair. Only one application! Dollar cake. We skinned a goose, put on some of the Ointment, and in two hours the feather grower was enveloped in hair like a squirrel, and was seen this morning trying to climb a shag-bark hickory in the back yard!

A little applied to the instep has given it a coat of bristles, making a splendid pompadour at little cost. We applied the lather to a tuppenny nail, and the nail is now the handsomest, softest lather brush you ever saw, with a beautiful soft hair growing from the end of it, some five or six feet in length. Only a dollar cake! Applied to door-stones, it does away with the use of a mat. Applied to a floor it will cause it to grow there from hair sufficient for a Brussels carpet. Only a dollar cake—Broomsticks thrown!

A little weak lather sprinkled over a barn, makes it impervious to wind, rain, or cold. It is good to put inside of children's cradles—sprinkle on sidewalks—anything where luxuriant grass is wanted for use or ornament. We put a little on the head of navigation, and a beautiful hair grows it. And a little on the mouth of La Crosse River started hair there resembling the finest red top-greens, in which cows, sheep, pigs, hogs, snips, woodcock and young ducks graze with keen relish. Only a dollar cake. Sent by mail to any address. One application will grow a luxuriant mustache for a boy—two applications will be sure to harvest the entire rebel army. Dollar cake. Sent by mail or any other man. Samson used it. \$1 a cake.

THE EVIL OF REVENGE.

A pure and simple revenge does in no way restore man toward the felicity which the injury did interrupt. For revenge is but doing a simple evil, and does not, in its finality, imply reparation; for the mere repeating of our own right is permitted to them that will do it by charitable instruments. All the ends of human felicity are secured without revenge, for without it we are permitted to restore ourselves; and therefore it is against natural reason to do an evil, that no way co-operates to the proper and perfective end of human nature. And he is a miserable person, whose good is the evil of his neighbor; and he that revenges, in many cases, does worse than he that did the injury.

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Terrible Scene in a Rail Car.

A London paper gives a narrative of a terrible scene which lately occurred in a railway car, on the road from Liverpool to London, where two passengers were attacked by a mad man, and had a narrow escape with their lives. The story is as follows:

"Two travellers, a Mr. McLean and a Mr. Worland, took seats in a second-class carriage, by the Friday night express from Liverpool to London. In the same compartment were a moody-looking Irishman and an elderly woman. The Irishman sat by one window, the woman near the other, and the two men between. Until the train passed Blatchley the sedate passenger was hardly noticed by the others. It is true that he had now and again talked to himself somewhat fiercely, and seemed threatening an invisible foe. Mr. McLean and Mr. Worland glanced at him, and then continued in a friendly chat. Now it so happened that the man had been insane, and was rapidly growing insane again. A wild notion was fast acquiring the strength of a fixed idea. The two men in familiar chat were, in his mind, thieves planning how they could rob him, and he was resolving to be the first in the field.

There was some method in his madness, for he postponed the execution of his project until the train had fairly started on its last run to London. As soon as it left Blatchley, the man drew a knife and stabbed Mr. Worland in the hand. He drew back his arm to repeat the stroke, when Mr. McLean, who seems to have had his wits about him, knocked him back into his seat. Springing up, the man made another dash at the now insensible Worland, but here he was foiled again by Mr. McLean, who gripped his throat and his arm, and a close combat began. All the time, the train flew rapidly through the country; the woman sitting near the other window had done all she could to alarm the driver by wailing her screams on the morning air, and now lay insensible from the effect of terror. The madman drew the blade of his knife through the fingers of McLean, and thrust with it wildly.

Worland had now regained his senses, and he at once entered into the combat, getting behind the madman and throwing him down. The man's yell was louder than those of the woman; they were continuous, but neither guard nor driver heard them. And so the tragedy continued one long act; a raving maniac held down by two men, all covered with blood, lighted by a dim lamp and the gray dawn. For forty miles the scene lasted, when by some exertions engaged in the strife, until a ticket collector, hastily opening the door, saw the two gashed and haggard men bending over the exhausted madman on the blood stained floor.

Since the French police found the body of a murdered judge in a railway carriage, nothing so terrible has occurred. Of course, the madman, for he must have been mad, was taken before a magistrate, and there he gave as a reason for his conduct the explanation we have already mentioned—he thought the two men were about to rob him. He turns out to be an Irish schoolmaster, Michael Lyons, who came, coming to London on a mixed errand of business and pleasure. It is said that he has been confined in an asylum for a year, and of course every inquiry will be made into his past life and character. He is now in Bucks county jail.

THE EVIL OF REVENGE.

A pure and simple revenge does in no way restore man toward the felicity which the injury did interrupt. For revenge is but doing a simple evil, and does not, in its finality, imply reparation; for the mere repeating of our own right is permitted to them that will do it by charitable instruments. All the ends of human felicity are secured without revenge, for without it we are permitted to restore ourselves; and therefore it is against natural reason to do an evil, that no way co-operates to the proper and perfective end of human nature. And he is a miserable person, whose good is the evil of his neighbor; and he that revenges, in many cases, does worse than he that did the injury.

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