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Maxham & Wing

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Piero Luca, know of all the town
As the gray porter by the fire wall
Where the moon shadows of the garden fall;
Sick and in dolor, waited to lay down
His last and burden, and beside his mat
The barefoot monk of La Certosa sat.

Unseen, in square and blossoming garden drifted,
Soft sunset lights through green Val d'Arno sifted;
Unheard, below the living shuttles shifted
Backward and forth, and wove, in love or strife,
In mirth or pain, the mottled web of life;
But when at last came upward from the street
Tinkle of bell and tread of measured feet,
The sick man started, strove to rise in vain,
Sinking back heavily with a moan and pain,
And the monk said, "Tis but the Brotherhood
Of Mercy going on some errand good:

Their black masks by the palace-wall I see,"—
Piero answered faintly, "Was it I?"
This day for the first time in forty years
In vain the bell hath sounded in my ears,
Calling me with my brethren of the mask,
Beggar and prince alike, to some new task
Of love or pity, haply from the street
To bear a wretch plague-stricken, or, with feet
Hushed to the quickened ear and fathomed brain,
To read the crime in the forehead's stain.

Down the long twilight of the corridors
Midst tossing arms and faces full of pain,
I loved the work: it was its own reward.
Never counted on to offend, but to aid,
My sin, which are many, or make less my debt
To the free grace and mercy of our Lord;
But somehow, father, it has come to be
In these long years a match as part of me,
I should not know myself, if lacking it,
But with the work the worker too would die,
And in my place the Trinity would sit
Joyful or sad—what matters if not I?
And now all's over. Woe is mine!" "My son,"
The monk said soothingly, "thy work is done;
God knows he leaves behind his better part,
Of God thou earnest thy eternal rest.
No toil, no tears, no sorrow for the lost
Shall mar thy perfect bliss. Thou shalt sit down
In white robes, and wear a golden crown
Forever and forever." Piero tossed,
On his sick pillow: "Miserable me!
I am too poor for such grand company—
The crown would be too heavy for this gray
Old head; and God forgive me, if I say
It would be hard to sit there night and day,
Like an image in the Trinity, and thought
With these hard hands, that all my life have wrought,
Not for bread only, but for pity's sake.
I'm dull at prayers: I could not keep awake,
Counting my beads. Mine's but a crazy head,
Scarce worth the saving, if all else be dead.
And if one goes to heaven without a heart,
God knows he leaves behind his better part.
I love my fellow-men; the worst I know
I would do good to. Will death change me so
That I shall sit among the lazy saints,
Fanning a deaf ear to the wailing of the
Souls that suffer? Why, I never yet
Left a poor dog in the street hard beset,
Or assailed him. Must I rate man less
Now dog or ass, than I did once? Methinks
(Lord, pardon, if the thought be sin!)
The work of pain were better, if therein
One's heart might aid, and his hand be true;
Of natural pity drop upon its fires
Some cooling tears."

Thereat the pale monk crossed
His brow, and muttering, "Madman! thou art lost!"
Took up his pax and fled; and left alone
The sick man closed his eyes with a great groan
That sank into a prayer, "Thy will be done!"
Then was he made aware, by soul or ear,
Of somewhat pure and holy bending o'er him,
And of a voice like that of her who bore him,
Tender and most compassionate; "Be of cheer!
For heaven is love, and heaven is love;
Thy work below, shall be thy work above.
And when he looked, lo! in the stern monk's place
He saw the shining of an angel's face!

[From the Ladies' Friend]
HOW THEY DO IT.
EMBODIED A PLEA FOR WIDOWERS.
BY MARION HARRAND.
PART II.
HOW SHE DID IT.

CONCLUDED.

Edgar Waitley walked home lightly, swinging
his cane and thinking over such happy
thoughts, wrapped in prospective reverie
so cheering, that he astonished, quite shocked
himself by humming a few bars of "Love's
Young Dream"—a discovery he did not make
until the sight of his own house and the dark
window where the light never used to be ex-
tinguished until his return, let him be out
from that late forsaken chamber, passed through
the grim, mysterious gate dividing her life from
his, now and forever.

Was he then "forgetting" her? Was there
sorrowful presence in the dying eyes whose
depth of wistful meaning came back to him so
often? Had the thought that this separation
was for all time grown more endurable of late?
Was he reconciled to the thought of leaving
and enjoying a life in which even the memory
of her was to have no place? Did the birth
and growth of this new affection, which had
shot forth such vigorous roots and branches in
an incredibly short time—which bade fair
speedily to arrive at the fruition of a happy
and successful love—did this presuppose infidel-
ity to the departed one?

"Absurd!" He shook off the icy hand that
had seemed to clutch his heart, wiped the cold
sweat from his brow, and strode on more vig-
orously than before. "I have succumbed to the
influence of morbid fancies until I have
grown weakly nervous. In that blessed home—
he looked up at the calm stars—where there
is neither marrying nor giving in mar-
riage, the thought of what is transpiring in
this sin-stained world—this sorrowful, imper-
fect life—can cause her no pain. To believe
otherwise were to have faith in a vulgar, im-
pious prejudice. Her happiness is safe! Even
were she cognizant of my actions, her first wish
would be for my contentment. It was her chief
care while here."

He unlocked the front door, sighing, more
from habit than sadness. To do so had be-
come a mechanical tribute to the worth of his
lost wife. The hall was cold and silent as the
grave. He glanced into the parlors in passing.
They were likewise dark and chill. In the
library the gas was turned down to a point of
quivering flame, which an unlucky touch of
his benumbed fingers reduced to total dark-
ness. The fire in the grate was black and
dead. In groping about for the matches,
which were not in their proper place, he bruised
his shins against a chair, and, stumbling
forward, saved himself from falling by catch-
ing at and upsetting a table. As it went down
he felt the splatter of some liquid upon his
hands, which, after he succeeded in striking a
light, proved to be ink. Books, paper, and
carpet, had received their share of the same
stream, flowing from an overturned standish.
Ashes bestrewed the fender and rug; there
was not heat enough in the whole chimney to
warm his hands.

"A pretty home for a man to find on a
freezing night like this! This house is in
perishing need of a mistress!" he growled,
with a kind of savage satisfaction at this ad-
ditional excuse for altering his condition—these
irrefragable proofs that "any change must bet-
ter it." And a mistress it shall have before I
am six months—yes! before I am four months
older!—was his concluding vow, as he went
shiveringly up to his room. "This sort of ex-
istence is slow suicide—nothing less!"

Meanwhile, Clara had put aside the doll's
cradle, and, sinking into a low chair before the
fire, leaned her cheek upon her hand, and
seemed to explore the glowing caverns of burn-
ing anthracite with all her might. It was
not to pretend to disguise the fact so palpably
set before her—Mr. Waitley was her lover!
—almost a declared suitor, and one who would
not submit to needless delays. She had known
him so long and intimately; esteemed him so
thoroughly; admired him so unfeignedly. She
must forthwith habituate herself to this novel
and unexpected state of things, or prepare to
resign him as a friend—perhaps as an acquain-
tance. It was difficult to make up her mind to

adopt the latter alternative. He deserved to
be made happy; yet he had suffered intensely.
A lonely stricken man, he came to her for sol-
ace; implored her to save him from the abyss
of hopeless melancholy; declared that she, and
she only, had the power to chase away the
brooding, pestilential fogs that were making an
unwholesome waste of his best feelings and
powers, and bring back the sunshine. Hers
was a missionary spirit; was not here a noble
field for its exercise? And then there were
the children; could she give them up to an
indifferent, probably an unkind stepmother?
She had come to love them very dearly, and
they to depend upon her for sympathy and in-
struction. She had found this very pleasant,
for she was not superior to the natural yearning
of the woman's heart for a home of her
own: for the sweet, holy loves of husband
and children. Coarse-minded men may sneer
at, and "strong-minded females" trample upon
this instinct, but it is as sacred of God's own
planting, and it is indestructible until all else
good has perished in the sterile, Heaven-for-
saken soil.

If she who hesitates is lost, then was Clara
Mercer very near the verge of the precipice
when she closed her eyes in slumber that
night. She was a girl of true and conscien-
tious piety, and her last coherent thought
was a prayer for the Divine guidance and blessing
in and upon her decision of this important
question—her first waking reflection in the
bright morning of the New Year—"Enter to-
day upon a new and untried life. This year
will bring to me strange and great responsi-
bilities. My Father, if henceforth there is to
be committed to my keeping the happiness of others,
make Thou me worthy of the trust!"

It was inevitable that from musings such as
these, from this spirit of self-dedication to the
promotion of others good, there should be in-
fused into her daily life a softer, sweeter lustre,
touching every feature with beauty, ending
every action with a charm hitherto unperceived
by those who knew and loved her best. It
was impossible that he, whose chief study was
now herself, should not be the first to see and
understand this; it argued no undue anxiety
in him that he drew from it a blessed augury for
his hopes and desires.

His calls were now made after a style that
ill-natured lookers on denominated "fast and
furious;" his gifts—bouquets, music, books,
etc.—were graciously accepted, and when he
was ready to make a bolder move, he consid-
ered calmly and soberly that he had warrant
for the step.

One evening—the 15th of January—he
drove up in his handsome new sleigh, to Mr.
Mercer's door, and invited Clara to ride with
him.

Mrs. Mercer followed her daughter from the
parlor when she went up to equip herself for
the excursion.

"My dear, I do not pretend to control your
movements—still less direct your affections—
but you are never to forget, that in accepting
Mr. Waitley's attentions you are tacitly en-
couraging whatever suit he may design to of-
fer you."

She paused, but there was no reply. Clara
was seemingly engrossed in the business of
leaving her father's overhose.

"Mrs. Mercer went a little further.
"You must bear in mind that you are
leaving open but one path which you can pur-
sue with honor to yourself and with justice to
him."

Clara lifted herself smilingly.
"And have you any objection to my taking
that one, mother? If so now is the time to
state it."

"None," replied the parent, taken aback by
this direct manner of treating so delicate a
subject. "That is to say, none except that
which I should have expected you to be fore-
most in mentioning. To speak more plainly,
Mr. Waitley is a gentleman of high character,
pleasing address, and ample means; one in
whose principles we have all confidence; a
friend whom we have loved and valued for
years. If he were a bachelor, we could de-
sire for you no more happy lot than a life with
him. As it is, I wish that he had not been
so precipitate; that he had suffered a longer
time to elapse before seeking a second wife.
It will create a great deal of talk."

"I do not see why it should. He has a
right to manage his own affairs as he sees fit.
He best knows his own needs."

"True my love; but you may recollect
that you used yourself to be very severe in
your animadversions upon similar conduct in
others."

"Was I? Then I acted very foolishly;
meddled with what did not concern me, mother,
and I am ashamed of it. As to the matter
before us, and the world's objections to it, Mr.
Waitley and I must get over censure and criti-
cism as we best can—must meet and brave it,
if it need be. Perhaps after all you are wast-
ing your solicitude, and I my courage. Your
premises may be erroneous."

In her heart she had no faith in this pendant
clause. She had expected as surely the de-
claration to which she listened that moonlight
night as if she had reposed implicit confidence
in her mother's prophecies. Waitley pleaded his
cause well.

"Clara, my home is desolate—my heart an
empty nest, from which all pleasant and dear
loves have flown, and the snows of winter have
fallen heavily into it. Will you be the light
and comfort of that home? Will you bring to
that heart the warmth and bloom and bright-
ness of a second spring? My children are
growing up neglected, uncultivated—motherless.
Will you be their salvation?"

Clara was a tolerable student of human na-
ture, yet it did not occur to her that this mov-
ing address was artfully contrived to appeal to
her compassion, a plea in the name of human-
ity, rather than the outpouring of a manly de-
votion, imploring recognition as the dearest
good earth had in its gift. It is to be pre-
sumed that her obtuseness on this head is lar-
gely shared by others of her sex; if we are to
judge from the tenderness of pity and the eager-
ness to console manifested by most women who
are thus approached by widowers. The sad
and seeking brotherhood invariably consider
this lugubrious strain the most effective they
can employ.

"Your happiness and the well-being of your
children are very dear in my sight," commenced
Clara, frankly, yet tremblingly. "But, even
could I divert myself of the conviction of my
incompetency—"

He could not allow her to hesitate one mo-
ment on that score—he interrupted her to
remark. He would be guarantee for her emi-

nent fitness for the station he entreated her to
accept.

"You are scarcely an impartial judge," re-
plied Clara, half laughing. "But suppose we
waive this point, I nevertheless hardly dare en-
tertain your proposition at present. Would it
not be expedient for us to postpone its consid-
eration for a time?"

"Why?"

He was determined that she should be defi-
nite. This accent betrayed no suspicion of the
real character of her reason for the suggested
delay. Remembering her favorite adage, that
the straight course was always the safest, she
summoned courage to say—

"Your bereavement is of such recent date—"

there, beavery evaporated in an articulate mur-
mur.

He kindly came to her relief.
"Is it, then, your opinion that love in the
human heart requires a certain specified and
unvarying number of months for legitimate
growth and ripening? Especially in a case
like the present, where two have known one
another intimately for years; studied each the
other's disposition, habits, and tastes in the
most favorable circumstance; that could be af-
forded for such investigation; found so much
that mutually attracted and interested them in
one another—is a formal and strict attention to
prescribed times and seasons binding upon
them? If so, by what code is this imposed?
I find no doubt in my heart. I know and feel
that I have chosen wisely and well in all re-
spects. If you require more time and opportu-
nity for maturing an opinion as to my merits,
far be it from me to refuse you all, or anything
that you ask! Is this your argument for de-
lay?"

It was a cunning snare, and Clara walked
right into it—planted her cautious feet directly
upon the limed twig.

"Indeed I had no such meaning!" she re-
sponded, in imprudent haste. "What I would
have said was this—you are prepared to en-
counter the one-thousand-and-one ill-matured
comments upon your conduct that will be rife
when it is known to a certainty that—that—"

Another break-down!

"That I have dared to take into my hands
the management of my personal affairs?" Mr.
Waitley coolly supplied an ending for the in-
complete sentence. "Surely, Clara, you and I
are too well acquainted with the proper value
of the world's verdict to give it an uneasy
thought, much less to let the fear of it cause
us to avert a hair's breadth from what we
conceive to be the course of right—the road
that leads to happiness! I do not affect igno-
rance of the popularly-received notions with
regard to the measure which I am now contem-
plating; but I calmly assume my right to the
possession of the best and truest knowledge of
my heart-needs and the means of satisfying
them."

"Just what I said to mother!" thought
Clara. She said aloud, "I am not prepared to
able, certainly—only, fault-finders are seldom
reasonable."

"Your evils are entitled to the less respect
on that account. I have no fear of them. Their
loudest outcry will be my want of respect for
the dead."

Clara started at the composure with which
he brought out this, to her, most painful
topic.

"And that will be the accusation which will
wound most deeply," she replied.

"Not at all! I point proudly to my Past,
and defy the most censorious to find one flaw
in my treatment of the wife whom I have lost.
To her, I was faithful in thought, word and
deed, unto death! There is no law, human or
divine, that forbids me to supply her place in
my heart and home, whenever and by whom-
ever I choose. I have no patience with this
empty, senseless babble about a 'decorous show
of respect for the departed!' It is arbitrary,
preposterous, irrational, to say to all men who
have been thus left lonely—men of different
temperaments and outer circumstances—'Thus
long shall you wear the badge of mourning!'
Thus long walk the earth solitary, homeless,
comfortless; since heaven has smitten you to
the ground, we—the wise lawgivers of society—
Mrs. Grundies all—decree that you shall lie
there, biting the dust in agony, refusing to be
comforted, until we grant you leave to arise!'
Eighteen or twelve months hence, you may do
that, with perfect propriety, which it would be
revolting to our delicate sensibilities for you to
mention now!"

"No—dearest Clara! his is the nobler na-
ture that spurns such markish and puerile
conventionalisms; that arises purified and
stronger, from the trial that was designed to
cleanse and elevate; and takes his place again
in the ranks of the world's workers; thinking
it neither sinful nor inexpedient to accept such
new duties, responsibilities, and joys as the
hand of Mercy shall bestow, as the voice of
Duty shall enjoin upon him!"

He considered that he had argued with such
exceeding pertinence and force, that he was
almost disposed to be vexed that she still hung
back. Convinced, she owned herself to be,
yet she remained irresolute. By the white
moonbeams, he could discern her features up-
turned to the glittering heavens—thoughtful,
perplexed—more than perplexed—anxious.
By and by, he coaxed her to confide the trouble
to him.

"It is weak and foolish, I know, and it may
be wrong to brood over the thought as I do,"
she said, in a timid undertone, "but the ques-
tion arises pertinaciously in my mind—what
would Anna have said, had she foreseen all
this?"

She feared lest she had shocked or displeased
him, but he met the question promptly—confi-
dently.

"She loved us both. Could your appeal be
made to her, she would reply that her constant
desire was, and ever would be, for our highest
happiness. If we find this in one another, we
in one sense, accept it as a gift from her hands.
So far from this action of mine signifying dis-
respect to her memory, I pay her the greatest
compliment in my power to offer. She made
my home so lovely, that I find it intolerable
without the reign of influences akin to those
she exerted. In teaching true delight to be
found in a union of hands, hearts, and souls,
she unfitted me utterly for a return to a single
state. Progress, and not retrogression, is the
law of the enlightened heart, as well as the
cultivated intellect."

With this choice bit of metaphysical cant, he
stayed the discussion for some moments. They
rode on silently over the sparkling snow-crust,
the same that spread untrodden and level

above Anna's burial-mound; the fast beatings
of their hearts keeping time to the tinninabula-
tions of the sleigh bells. Below, the cold,
white garment of the earth was quiet, dark-
ness, insensibility: above—life, labor, love!

"Clara!" A hand sought hers in firm,
close clasp. "Shall we not let the dead Past
bury its dead?"

After all—was there not a touch of bitter
and truthful sarcasm in Myra Jewett's story of
the elderly gentleman's wondering defence of
his hasty marriage; to wit, that the dear de-
ceased "could not be any deader."

They were married in May—quietly and
without any ill-judged parade of festivity, yet
the obstinate, "irrational" world, refusing to
be converted from the error of its ways of
thinking, by the man's veritable arguments cited
above, wagged its hundred tongues vociferously,
and venomously over the "indecent haste,"
and "outrageous levity of conduct," and "total
want of feeling" displayed by the happy pair;
whereas, that made itself heard in the sacred
recesses of the Paradise regained, where Mr.
Waitley was forgetting former grief in present
bliss.

"How can people say such cruel things!"
complained Clara to Myra Jewett, one day,
during the first quarter of the honeymoon.

"You may not have heard that I went with
Edgar last week, to see the monument he has
just had erected over poor Anna's grave. It
was a melancholy visit to us both, and we never
imagined that any one could be so unfeeling,
so hard-hearted and unjust, as to ridicule our
errand thither. Yet—would you believe it?
several persons have made themselves very
merry over it, and several others pretend to
discover great indecency in his conduct, and
gross hypocrisy in mine!"

Myra endeavored to look serious.

"Excuse me, Clara, but disinterested specu-
lators will view everything pertaining to a sec-
ond marriage in an uncharitable light. It is
not until the case is brought home to one, that
he or she can understand aright how these af-
fairs are managed."

Myra was assuredly learning discretion.
This was further evidenced by her reticence
with regard to another trifling circumstance,
that related painfully the feelings and temper of
the bride. On the wedding-day, there had ar-
rived among Clara's bridal gifts, an anonymous
package, which, being opened by herself, was
found to contain a tiny box. Inside of this,
was a slip of paper, bearing these significant
words—

"Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy
brother's eye, when, behold! a beam is in
thine own eye?"

Edgar said truly to the discomfited recipient
of this nauseous pill of truth, that the squib
was beneath her notice, but it was not soon for-
gotten by either of them. Only Myra guessed
the author of the unfair attack, and she kept
her own counsel. She had chanced on a for-
mer occasion, to see a note written by Mrs.
Edgar, in which she alluded to the lady whose mar-
riage, with a widow had elicited Clara's spirited
sentence of condemnation, as recorded in the ear-
lier portion of this history. This text was in
the same hand, despite a poor effort at dis-
guise, and Myra rightly interpreted it as a
sneaky and unkind fling at one whose fault was
the very common failing of both man and wo-
man—kind—the non-agreement of theory and
practice.

Before Susie's new year's present was, by
dint of unlucky and accidental falls, injudicious
abusions, and well-meant, but ruinous warn-
ings—gathered to the vast, multitudinous gener-
ations that had previously lived through the
ephemeral existence appointed to dolls, there
was a new claimant for general favor in the
household; what its wide-eyed sister called
"a real live baby," in contradistinction to her
bloodless and inanimate nurslings; a pink,
plump, piping bantling, to whom the parents
consistently carrying out their design of ren-
dering respect to the departed mistress of the
home, and associating her, in the eyes of the
home and their children, with the living wife
and mother—gave the name of "Anna Clara."

"For you know," said Freddy, confiden-
tially to Myra, "this isn't our very own mam-
ma. Papa gave us this one because the other
one died; and I guess if cousin Clara mamma
I mean, were to die, he wouldn't be very long
in finding another. He's a jolly smart fellow
—papa is!"

Which observation, the amused Myra con-
sidered as a tolerable fair setting forth of the
parental doctrine—"Progress, and not retro-
gression, is the law of hearts!"

INFLUENCE OF TEMPER ON HEALTH.—Ex-
cessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, depri-
vation of sufficient quantities of necessary and
wholesome food, habitual bad lodgings, sloth
and intemperance, are all deadly enemies to
human life; but they are none of them so bad
as violent and ungoverned passions. Men and
women have survived these and at last reached
an extreme old age; but it may be safely
doubted whether a single instance can be found
of a man of violent and irascible temper,
habitually subject to storms of ungovernable
passion who arrived at a very advanced period
of life. It is therefore, a matter of the highest
importance to every one desirous to preserve
"a sound mind in a sound body," so that the
brittle vessel of life may glide down the stream
of time smoothly and securely, instead of being
continually tossed about amidst all the trials
and vicissitudes of his own spirit.

[Hall's Journal of Health.

A NOBLE BUSINESS MAN.—A friend re-
lates for the boys and girls of the American
Agriculturist, the following incident of a gen-
tleman well known in the United States, for
his useful talents and large business operations,
but whose name we are not permitted to give.
During the present war he made a contract
with a mechanic to supply him with a large
quantity of tin cans. Not long after this, the
price of the rose so much that the contractor
must lose money by completing the work at
the price agreed upon. However, he said noth-
ing, but went on delivering the cans. When
the first bill for part of the cans was received,
the employer called upon him, and said, "I
understand you are losing money on this job."

"Yes," replied the contractor, "but I can stand
it; a contract is a contract you know." "How
much will you lose?" asked the gentleman.
"Oh, no matter," was the reply, "I don't com-
plain, and you ought not to." "But I insist
upon knowing." "Well, since you desire it,
I shall lose so much per hundred," naming the
amount. "Well, sir," said the noble hearted

man, "You must not lose this, it would not be
right, I shall add the amount to your bill, and
as the price of material may still rise, I will
advance you the money for the whole contract,
which no doubt you can now use to advantage."
The difference thus paid, to which the contractor
laid no claim, amounted to \$500. That was
something more than business honesty, it was
Christian principle carried out in business—
The world needs just such examples to convince
it of the truth of religion; all honor to the few
who do thus exemplify the golden rule.

A WORD TO MY FAT FRIENDS.—In a horse
car the other day I met six corpulent, uncon-
fortable men, all quite sure to die prematurely.
Every one of them might, in six or twelve
months, be reduced to the normal standard,
and enjoy a degree of health and activity to
which he is now a stranger. Is any physi-
ological statement more self-evident than that
every fat person eats more than he needs?
And the same excess works oppositely with
others, and keeps them excessively lean—
"But" exclaims some fat young woman, who
would "give the world" to be in good shape,
"I cannot go hungry and faint forever."—This
remark shows that you have never tried what
I have suggested. It is only the greater eater
who is troubled with hunger and "goneness."

If you would reduce the quantity of your food,
even one half at once, after three days you
will not suffer with faintness or hunger. In
the light of these undeniable statements, how
silly the practice, common among girls, of
swallowing acids and other killing things; and
among men, steeping in tobacco to reduce the
flesh. I have personally known scores of
young women whose health has been ruined by
drinking vinegar, or eating chalk and other
indigestible things, all to take away their fat.
And I have known still a greater number to
ruin themselves with corsets, in the hope of
keeping themselves comely and in shape. I
have met hundreds of men who were besmeared
and saturated with tobacco juice, objects of dis-
gust to all beholders, a terror to decent house-
keepers, and all to keep their flesh down. My
poor, dear, fat, simptoms allow me to prescribe
for you. Rise early, exercise much, particu-
larly in the open air; bathe frequently, rubbing
the skin very hard; but most important of all
eat plain, coarse food, and reduce the quantity
until you find yourselves growing thinner two
or three pounds per week. Your sluggishness,
short breath and other discomforts will soon
leave you and you will become bright, clear-
headed and happy.—[Dio Lewis.

**A GAME THAT TWO COULD PLAY AT: AN-
DREW JACKSON AND JOHN C. CALHOUN.**—
Being at that time a member of Congress, and
having occasion to call on the president on some
business of a constituent, I found him in his
reception room, in the presence of some fifteen
or twenty persons casually assembled there,
most of whom he had probably never seen be-
fore, to whom he was discoursing warmly on
the great topics of the day. "Mr. Calhoun,"
said he, "talks of a reserved constitutional
right of nullification, as if any constitution
could provide for its own destruction. He has
got a few county court lawyers to back him;
but," and this the president said, placing his
hand on a large file of letters, "I've got the
people of the United States. If he means the
law of nature, that's another thing. But what
is the law of nature? It's Andrew Jackson
with his musket on his shoulder, and that's a
game, he'll find, that two can play at." As he
uttered the last words, he straightened himself
up and made the motion of "carry arms."

This was a definition of the *Jus naturæ* (law
of nature), different from those of Grotius and
Puffendorf, but not ill-adapted to the exigencies
of the times. In fact, General Jackson had
determined to set his iron heel on the incipient
rebellion, and he made no secret of his firm
purpose, with the first overt act to arrest Mr.
Calhoun. Happily for him and his friends, the
compromise tariff brought forward by Mr.
Clay at the next session (with the best inten-
tions, I am sure, though as a member of Con-
gress and a warm friend of Mr. Clay, I voted
against it), formed a bridge over which the
nullifiers were able to make a not wholly igno-
minious retreat. Looking back on these trans-
actions under the light of experience, there is
good reason for the opinion, that it would have
been better for the country, infinitely better for
the South, if this treasonable conspiracy had been
allowed to run its natural course and meet its
just fate. If the serpent of nullification had
been strangled in South Carolina in 1832, by
the hero of New Orleans, Secession would not
under her lead in 1860-61, have shot forth its
hydra heads throughout the South.—[From a
paper by Edward Everett in the New York
Ledger.

**PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S VIEWS ON PROP-
ERTY AND LABOR.**—A committee on behalf
of the New York Workingmen's Democratic
Republican Association, recently waited on the
President to inform him that their association
had elected him an honorary member. The
object of these organizations are to advance
the workingmen of America, in morals, posi-
tion and loyalty. It binds them together in
support of the Union and induces them at all
sacrifices to sustain it. They requested Mr.
Lincoln to give his views on the subject matter
of which their address treated.

Mr. Lincoln said that the honorary mem-
bership so generously tendered was as gratefully
accepted. They comprehended that the exist-
ing rebellion meant more than the perpetuation
of African slavery—that it was, in fact, a war
on the rights of working people. Parly to
show that these views had not escaped his at-
tention, and partly because he could not better
express himself, he read a passage from his
message to Congress of December, 1861, and
he then concluded as follows:—"The most no-
table feature of the disturbance in your city
last summer was the hanging of some working
people by other working people. It should
never be so. The strong bond of human sym-
pathy outside of the family relation should be
in uniting all working people of all nations,
tongues and kindreds. Nor should this lead to
war on property or owners of property. Prop-
erty is the fruit of labor. Property is desir-
able, is a positive good in the world. That
some should be rich shows that others may
become rich, and hence is just encouragement
to industry and enterprise. Let not him who
is homeless pull down the house of another,
but let him labor diligently and build one for
himself, thus by example assuring that his own
shall be safe from violence when built."

At the conclusion of his remarks the Pres-
ident handed to Mr. Still, the chairman of the

committee a copy of his speech, who upon re-
ceiving it said:—"On behalf of the committee,
Mr. President, I thank you, and I will only add
that it is the general desire of the working men
of the United States that the next President
of the United States shall be from Springfield,
Illinois, and that his name be Abraham Lin-
coln." To which the President answered, "I
very much obliged to you gentlemen;" and
the company dispersed.

SENATORIAL CLASSIFICATION.—The Wash-
ington correspondent of the Cincinnati Com-
mercial thus classifies the United States Senate:—
"After three months' daily attendance in the
Senatorial jury-box (better known as the re-
porters' gallery) I have brought in the follow-
ing verdict. I don't know how far the general
public will agree with me, but those who dis-
agree are privileged to appeal to a higher
court:—

molley crew they were, whose picturesque variety of raggedness bore here and there some indications of aim at military style, but nothing of what could be called "uniform." Two men claimed exemption from capture as being civilians. One of the two owned to having been impressed into the Confederate army, but alleged that he had got his discharge, and was then a civilian. "How long were you a soldier?" asked Capt. Randolph. "Three years," replied the prisoner. "The Confederate army has been three years in the field—eh?" asked the captain. "No," answered the "cracker," "but I was in the State of Florida service part of the time." "How long were you a soldier for Florida?" "Two years," said the ex-conscript. "And how long has the war been going forward?" asks the captain again. "Well, I suppose going on fifteen years!" replied the prisoner. "Are you sure of that?" his captor inquires. "Now, I haven't kept so strict tally," the Floridian veteran answers, "but this I do know—sarten; we've been hangin' the damned Ab'lismists a durned sight longer time nor that: well—bouts long's I kin remember!"

Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE . . . MAR. 25, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & 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.

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Referring to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to EPH. MAXHAM & WING, of WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

S. M. F. CONCERT.—The second and last concert, for the season, of the "Soldiers' Monument Fund Association," on Wednesday evening, gave another evidence, in its large audience, of the interest our citizens feel in the proposed object. The concert itself needs no compliments. If it had come from abroad, laden with laurels from the great music hall of Boston, we should venture to pronounce it the most chaste, scientific, dignified and charming importation with which the great musical world has favored us for years; and we could not help wasting some pleasant words upon the strong appeal made to the eyes as well as the ears of the audience. We might even venture to be personal upon the crystal notes of Mrs. D., that so touchingly bring back the good old ring of silver money,—or the *carol* of Miss C., so like "rills that ripple over pearls,"—or the rich alto of Misses P. and M., so long and so highly appreciated,—or the merry songs of Miss B., so jaunty and heartily and prettily set to the taste of a kind audience,—and the unpretending but very satisfactory piano accompaniment of Miss R. To all this might be added an allusion to each of the four gentlemen, whose rich and well trained voices never fail to meet the best taste of any audience. But such things, true as they are, need not be said at home, and as to those to whom we all listen, and to whom as a community we are deeply indebted. The absence of Miss Bates, from illness, was like the omission of spice in catchup—not fatal, but noticeable. Who thinks of a home concert without her?

During the intermission the organization of the "Waterville Soldiers' Monument Association" was completed by adopting a constitution and electing the following officers for the ensuing year:

G. A. PHILLIPS, President.
W. A. CAFFREY, Vice-president.
D. R. WING, Secretary.
G. L. ROBINSON, Treasurer.
J. R. ELDER, J. C. MEADER, Trustees.
C. M. MORSE.

The constitution was circulated for members, and about seventy names obtained,—the terms being \$1 for men and 50 cts. for women. Of course our citizens generally will become members, which they can do by giving their names to either of the above officers.

REAL ESTATE SALE.—Col. Isaiah Marston, one of our most successful farmers, has sold his fine homestead, located on the "Neck," to Mr. Winthrop Morrill, a near neighbor. The price reported is something over six thousand dollars. This farm contains about two hundred acres of superior land, with excellent buildings, and has been considered the best in town. The amount of produce and stock raised and sold by its thrifty owner in the last twenty years has probably been the foundation of a better "surplus" than that of any other farm in our vicinity. Without high tillage, and in the face of his own theory,—no doubt honestly entertained,—that "farming don't pay," the Colonel has been able not only to keep the whole of his broad acres unincumbered, but to secure liberal slices of "back pasture," and to pack down considerable consolation under the head of well paying securities. And now, in the meridian of life, he finds a neighboring farmer, his junior by half a score of years, who has not yet secured quite "all the land that joins him," who is willing to hand him the full sum he asks, and permit him to retire to the luxuries of village life and pursue the coveted enjoyments of a "gen-

tleman with nought to do." Lucky man! whose lines a kind Providence cast in the pleasant places that "don't pay!" How convincingly he has demonstrated his theory! If his successor holds the same views for a few years the town will know where to hire money to pay bounties.

LETTER FROM THE CAPITAL.

WASHINGTON, March 14th, 1864.

Editors of the Mail:—

The political world has seemed for the last two weeks all astir, growing out of the Pomeroy circular, principally, but has finally settled down in favor of our honest president, and no one now doubts he is to be his own successor. This is as it should be. No man ever had such responsibility upon his shoulders as he, since he came into office, and no one ever discharged them with more correctness. Undoubtedly he is an able man, and I think it must be generally admitted, he has more friends in the country, and more warm supporters than any man living. After having borne the burdens of the war so far, he should have the chance to finish up the work, as he is sure to do in good time, if re-elected. The rebellion is evidently on its last legs, and a few more staggering blows from Grant will finish the job. Some hard fighting, the coming summer, is expected, but success is certain; our armies will be larger than ever before, and with able leaders, we can't fail to crush the miscreants who would destroy the best government the world ever saw.

The great event of last week, was the visit of Lieut. Gen. Grant. He was "the observed of all observers" wherever he appeared. At the president's reception on Tuesday, he bore himself with all the modesty that is characteristic of the man, and a stranger could hardly have supposed him the hero of so many battles. I don't know how many victories he has won, not perhaps so many as Caesar, but I believe he never suffered a defeat. He eschews politics, entirely, and will not be drawn away from his duties in the field while an armed rebel remains there. His sagacity and patriotism are conspicuous, and when the time comes, his countrymen will see he is duly cared for and honored.

Mr. Fessenden, I believe, is looked upon as the leading man in the Senate, and Maine may well be proud of such a statesman to represent her there. Mr. Morrill, too, holds a high position—always laborious, earnest, and patriotic, he has gained for himself and his State a high reputation.

The city is full and overflowing with people; army officers and soldiers swarm in the streets and through the hotels. How so many contrive to get leave of absence is a mystery; but I suppose when active operations in the field are resumed, most of them will go back to their posts. Stirring news may be expected as soon as the roads become passable; at present it is impossible for the army to move.

MARCH!—So far, this has been a hard and surly month, without putting on a very stern face. Like the man who can "smile and smile, and be a villain," it has been able to shine and shine, and be as cold as Greenland. Not even a drapery of snow is provided to screen the withered face of Nature while she prepares her spring dress. It may all be as well in the end, though less pleasant in the process; and those who think otherwise had much better go to work to change the weather than to fret because it isn't to their liking;—always bearing in mind the fellow in the fable, who thought it in bad harmony that acorns should grow on large trees and pumpkins on little vines; and whom Jupiter in his kindness allowed to change things to his liking. Just see the result—

"But hardly had the change been made
When from a branch there sprang
A pumpkin of enormous size,
That smashed the grumbler dead!"

Moral—it is better to submit to those who are wise than to have your own way and show yourself a pumpkin-head.

LOOK! and remember, ye who would raise radishes,—last year we sowed four or five kinds of radishes, close together, in drills, and three kinds mixed and scattered upon a bed. Among them was a paper from the patent office labelled "White Turnep Radish." From all these not a radish was raised, fit to eat, except the last kind, which were all perfect, and as nice as we ever saw. The experiment was made three times, as the season advanced, and with the same result. Mixed or separate from the others, the success was the same. They grew to very large size, and continued good till frost. We have never succeeded with any other kind except under a gauze screen, so that flies could not get to them.

CORRECTIONS.—It was for ten years—and not for three, as we had it last week—that the town exempted woollen manufacturing establishments from taxation, a difference worth mentioning. We also left the name of our old friend, H. B. White, out of the list of Constables—which would have been unpardonable if done intentionally, as he is the Nestor of the constabulary force.

The Selectmen have since appointed the following officers:—

Measurers of Wood and Bark, and Surveyors of Lumber—James L. Craig, Wadsworth Chipman, Almond S. Chase, Willard B. Arnold, Abel Ware, William J. Atwood, F. Bryce Shepard, E. H. Piper, George Wentworth, T. E. Crommett, Henry B. White, Calvin Crowell, Greenleaf Shaw.

Sealer of Weights and Measures—Henry B. White.

Police Officers—George H. Esty, F. S. Chase, Wm. Getchell, Jr., Simeon Keith, David Huston, James P. Hill, G. F. Waters, George Wentworth, Wm. W. Edwards, C. H. Davis, Charles G. Tilton, G. B. Broad, William Brown, Alfred Winslow.

Auctioneers—Charles R. McFadden, Lucius Allen, Julius Alden, C. H. Davis.

(For the Mail.)

THE TREASURER of the Maine Missionary Society received, by mail from Waterville, a donation of "five dollars, to be expended at his discretion for missionary purposes." The name of the donor was not given, and is unknown. How can the receipt of it be better acknowledged than through the columns of the Waterville Mail. The money was sent to a valued missionary on one of the large islands, constituting a town in the eastern part of the State. His reply may create some interest. The subject is a copy.

Jan. 12, 1864.

Your note of the 6th inst., containing five dollars, came safely to hand last mail. Be assured the gift causes no "offence," but on the contrary it has been an occasion of gratitude to the kind disposer of all events.

It gives us cheer, while laboring under many privations and disadvantages to build up Christ's cause upon this isle of the sea, and to benefit our fellow men, to know there are persons who think of us sufficiently to send us relief. Please present our sincere thanks to the benevolent donor, and say to him or her "the blessing of those ready to perish has come upon thee."

You do not misjudge in relation to our needs. The best outside garment I have in the world I have worn nearly six years. It has come to mending several times. The best coat I have to wear in the pulpit is a "Union cloth," (a cotton and wool cassimere). Thank you kindly for your interest in our welfare.

"A Plea to Fathers," which comes from a correspondent apparently deeply interested for the young, and which expresses only proper indignation towards those who pander to every grade of vice through the agency of rum, is, nevertheless, drawn in colors not just to our liking. The sin is no less than he sets it down, and the ruin now working upon our youth no less frightful than he paints it; but his warning has not the right tone to carry alarm where it needs to be sent.

WINSLOW.—The following officers were chosen at the recent annual meeting in Winslow:—

Moderator.—David Garland.
Selectmen.—C. C. Cornish, J. C. Hutchinson, Jefferson Hinds.
Town Clerk.—C. C. Cornish.
Treasurer and Collector.—J. C. Hutchinson.
Member of Superintending School Committee.—J. M. Garland.
Supervisor of Schools.—John Dinsmore.

SEND IT TO THEM.—A Waterville Boy, abroad, in ordering the *Mail*, makes the following frank acknowledgment:—"I wish to express my regrets for not subscribing for the *Mail* before this. I have always taken an interest in home affairs, and always find something entertaining in your paper."

A love of the good old home is a great safeguard for those who go out from it in early life; and next to the frequent letter, to keep this alive in the bosom of the wanderer, is a copy of the local paper. Will parents and friends make a note and let a word to the wise be sufficient.

Sometime, when our good nature is off its guard, we have great fear we shall be tempted to publish something that we ought not to. It will not be prose, or poetry, or blank verse; sense or nonsense, rhyme or doggerel;—but a kind of hot-pot-stuff, cut into irregular bits, as a dunce would measure eels to a frying-pan, clipping a head here and a tail there, and leaving an eel nowhere. It is sent to us for poetry, and there is even reason to suspect the unfortunate author thought it such. We allude not to a case, but to a class of cases. Under certain conditions all men and women become poets—in their own estimation, and their first spasms are very likely to reach the printing office, and not very likely to go any further. The editor has mercy on them, and their poetic flame burns out quicker than they hoped. Now and then we lay aside one of these things, mentally threatening that if we ever owe the writer a mortal grudge we'll print it, "verbatim et literatim." This we never do, for nothing can vex us like the first reading—unless it be the second. One of these, addressed "To Miss . . ." is accompanied with an offer to subscribe for our paper if we publish it. What a temptation to do a foolish thing! Another is from a lady subscriber, who tenders her eel hash to her friend as consolation for the death of her child, and who stops her paper when we refuse to permit the abuse. She deserves that her poetry should be her own epitaph. By-and-by, to warn others, we shall publish some of these gems—just to be laughed at, and to show how unfledged genius is liable to batter its wings by trying to fly.

THE LIQUOR BILL PASSED.—The passage of the liquor bill by the legislature indicates a reaction, or rather a revival, of public sentiment. With "law enough" community must feel bound to protect itself from the flood of moral desolation that has seemed, for some time, to be overwhelming it.

FIRE.—We learn that the dwelling house of a Mr. Perkins, in Fairfield, near the Smith-field line, took fire yesterday, probably from sparks from the chimney. A funeral had just been attended at a neighboring house, and the company were just dispersing, when the fire was discovered: so that fortunately a sufficient number of willing hands were promptly at work to subdue the flames, which was soon done, although not until considerable damage had been done to the roof.

Hon. Robert Hallowell Gardiner, a well known citizen of Gardiner, died at his residence, Oaklands, near that city, on the 22d inst., at the ripe age of eighty-two. The Home Journal says of him:—"He was surrounded by all his family, attended in his retirement by the veneration of all his fellow-citizens, in the full possession of his faculties, and in the most serene enjoyment of a long tried Christian faith."

Maine Legislature.

Bill taxing dogs was indefinitely postponed in the Senate, on Friday.

The bill in aid of the European and North American Railroad passed the Senate on Wednesday, in concurrence with the House.

Bill to protect wool-growers against the depredations of thieves (by keeping the ears on the pelts) passed to be engrossed in the House on Friday.

Bill to incorporate the Maine General Baptist Association was indefinitely postponed in the Senate, in concurrence, on Saturday. It was afterwards reconsidered, amended to read "Maine General Provision Baptists," and passed by both branches.

The Militia bill is dead, without chance of resurrection this year.

The resolves in favor of Westbrook Seminary, Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Berwick Academy, after having been apparently killed, were re-suscitated and passed.

Bill to make valid the doings of the town of Waterville in aiding to free Ticonic Bridge has passed both branches.

Resolve in favor of Maine State Agricultural Society (giving \$1,000 in aid of a fair) was indefinitely postponed in the House on Saturday.

Bill regulating the measurement and sale of milk was indefinitely postponed in the Senate on Monday.

Bill relating to capital punishment (making the Council share with the Governor the responsibility of ordering an execution) passed to be engrossed in the Senate on Monday.

Bill to prevent the spread of the Canada thistle, was indefinitely postponed in the House on Monday; and also the resolve appropriating \$3,000 for continuing the Scientific Survey of the State.

Bill to abolish the office of Superintendent of Schools was indefinitely postponed in the House on Tuesday.

The amendatory liquor law, we are happy to say, passed both houses by decisive majorities.

The act authorizing soldiers to vote, passed both branches by an almost unanimous vote.

Bill fixing the salaries of the Judges of the Supreme Court at \$2,200 passed both branches. Isaac R. Clark was chosen Land Agent, in convention, on Thursday.

The Legislature adjourned Saturday morning, March 26th.

"THE FERRY BOY AND THE FINANCIER" is the title of a new work announced by Messrs. WALKER, WISE, & Co., of Boston, to form one of their popular series including the "Pioneer Boy" and the "Farmer Boy."

It is a narrative of the boy-life of the eminent Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. S. P. CHASE, whose prominence among the candidates for the next presidency, as well as his distinguished services in his important Department, render his biography of interest to tens of thousands of readers. We are assured that the main facts in the sketch are entirely authentic. The author is a well-known literary man of wide reputation, author of the article, "A First Trip to Washington," in the Atlantic Monthly of April. Among the numberless books now-a-days published for the young, none are at once so fascinating and so useful as the class to which the forthcoming volume belongs; books which, while presenting truthful incidents in the early experience of distinguished public men, exhibit how, by adherence to certain fixed principles of action, by honest industry, and conscientious discharge of the smallest duties, they have risen, often from the humblest stations to eminence; and from obscurity, have come to possess the respect and admiration of a whole nation. Such books cannot be too widely disseminated. No town or village in the loyal States but can employ the services of one agent, at least in its circulation. The volume in question will be ready about the first of April, and sell, we presume, at the price of the others of the series; viz., \$1.25.

SOCIAL FESTIVAL.—The late hour at which our paper goes to press allows us to say that the Baptist Society in this village held a very pleasant festival at their vestry, on Friday evening of this week, in compliment to their choir, who are volunteers, serving without pay. Exchange of notes, satisfactory to both parties, was effected during the evening, and the genial influence of social contact was manifested in the desire of all present, emphatically expressed, that this people might often come together in a similar way. The vestry was found to be a very pleasant and convenient place for such gatherings.

The gallant and handsome Deacon Pitman," is the language used by a correspondent of the Bangor Times, in characterizing the popular conductor of the eastern half of the Maine Central Railroad. We assent most heartily to the adjectives, and the title of "Deacon" may be all right, but it is news to us. The Conductor on the other half of the same road, equally popular and just as worthy to be called "Deacon," he styles, "the thoughtful and sedate Barrell."

We believe in U. S. Grant; he "means business," and abominates fuss, feathers, and gab. "Gentlemen, you must excuse me; I am no speechmaker"—was his reply recently to a crowd around his hotel, when summoned to the balcony; and then he telegraphs to Gen. Meade not to get up a grand review of the army of the Potomac, as he prefers to visit the several corps quietly and look at the soldiers in his own way. He has gone to the front.

MAINE'S QUOTA. The quota of Maine, under the call for 200,000 men, March 14, 1864, is 4721; number to be credited, none; deficiencies to be charged, 1920; balance to be furnished, 6641. The re-enlisted veterans are yet to be credited, which will probably reduce our deficiency to a pretty low figure.

Gen. Neal Dow met with a flattering reception in Portland, on Tuesday.

War of Redemption.

An unusual quiet has prevailed over all the field during the past week, but if we mistake not, it is the lull before the coming storm. Mighty armies are gathering, and the indications are that the struggle is once more to be resumed on a gigantic scale, where the head of the serpent of secession lies, on the soil of Virginia. The two ablest generals of both sides are now to be pitted against each other; and Greek meeting Greek, the conflict will be terrible. Momentous results are staked upon the issue; for we verily believe that if Lee's army can once be fairly crushed, the days of the rebellion can from that time be numbered with certainty. Our army was never stronger, and the rebel host is formidable. Both parties will be reinforced from the armies of the west, and no opportunity for gaining an advantage will be neglected on either side. The rebels anticipate a speedy renewal of the attempt to advance on their capital, and we think they will not have long to wait before the shock shall come. On the other hand, rumors are rife of contemplated rebel raids through the Shenandoah valley and in the direction of Washington, though we cannot help thinking that Lee is too prudent for that.

It is said that the rebels have mounted six rifled guns in the casemates of Fort Sumter, but we can hardly conceive it to be possible with the vigilant watch and damaging fire kept up by our forces.

On the 16th inst., an engagement took place two miles East of Fort Pillow, between 600 Federals and 1000 rebels, in which the latter were routed with a loss of 50 killed and wounded.

The rebels are reported in large force at Bull's Gap and many persons apprehend that they intend to make a sudden advance into Kentucky, invited probably, by secession sympathizers.

A Nashville letter of 13th says that veterans and recruits, at the rate of about three thousand and per day, are moving to the front (Chattanooga and Knoxville) and preparations are going on after the most vigorous style for the prosecution of the approaching spring campaign. The people are marching up by hundreds at every post where a Provost Marshal is to be found, and are accepting the oath of amnesty, and settling down to their usual avocations, fully assured of protection. Gen. Rosecrans has established posts in nearly every county for this purpose.

Very nearly one thousand Union prisoners of war, released by the rebels of Richmond, arrived recently at Annapolis. It is stated that one half of the number are sick.

We have news by the way of Cairo from the Red River expedition of land and naval forces, under Gen. A. J. Smith and Admiral Porter. The former officer with his army landed near the Archafala river, and outmaneuvering a large rebel force under General Dick Taylor by a brilliant movement, succeeded in capturing an important fortification, commanding the navigation of the Red River to Alexandria. Nearly four hundred prisoners were taken, and also eleven valuable pieces of artillery. In the fighting which preceded the surrender, our loss was about forty men.

On the 10th inst., a new rebel iron-clad war steamer was launched successfully at Charleston. She is called the *Ashley*. This increases the iron-clad fleet in Charleston harbor to seven vessels. She is described as a formidable vessel, with many improvements on former efforts of the rebels in naval architecture.

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.—*Nashburn N. C. March 19.* The recent raid on Richmond caused the rebel Gen. Pickett to send several of his regiments from this State to Virginia just as he was ready to commence operations in this direction. The regiments are returning, however, evidently with a view of carrying out his original intentions.

Gov. Vance, in one of his recent speeches, stated that Gen. Lee depends on North Carolina for the support of his army. He dwells on the importance of keeping the railroads in the State in good order, on the ground that Lee could not remain in Virginia forty-eight hours after they should fail to perform their mission.

The Wilmington, N. C., Journal, in speaking of the success of blockade runners in getting into that port, says:—"The statistics for the past year show that on an average only one out of twenty has been captured. In rough weather the blockaders are obliged to go to sea, which, with the exception of dark nights, is the most auspicious time for our skillful pilots, who, with the aid of our perfect system of signal lights, seldom miss their mark."

The report of Gov. Vance, showing the amount of supplies received through this blockade port, discloses a most startling state of things. Everything the enemy could ask for is received through this channel in great quantities. An experienced naval officer has remarked that, owing to the peculiar situation of the coast, and, numerous channels embracing an area of thirty miles, the entire navy of the United States could not make the blockade of Wilmington effectual.

Darius Forbes, of Maine, Examiner of Invalid Pension Claims in the Pension Office, it is said, has been removed by Usher, of the Department of the Interior, "for meddlesome and unwarrantable interference with the affairs of the Department."

Darius can now return to his first love—the propagation and improvement of Herefords.

SAFE ROBBER.—The office of the Portland & Kennebec Railroad Co., at Augusta, was entered by burglars on Wednesday night last, and a safe blown open with powder, and about \$1,200 stolen.

THE NORTHERN MONTHLY.—The first number of this new magazine is out, but we have not been favored with a copy. We made a long notice of the projected literary enterprise, and hardly suppose that we are "left out in the cold" intentionally.

Rev. Mr. Stebbins, of Portland, goes to San Francisco to enter upon the field made vacant by the death of Starr King.

John B. Gough will speak at Augusta on Thursday evening of next week, March 31st.

Cattle Markets.

The number of cattle at market last week was about 700 greater than the week previous, while number of sheep was about the same, with no great change in prices.

We quote prices as follows:—
First quality beefs, \$10.25 to \$10.75; second do., \$9.25 to \$10.00; third quality, \$8.00 to \$9.00; extra, \$11.00 to \$11.50.

Working oxen—\$100 to \$200, or according to their value as beef.

Sheep and Lambs—6 1-2 to 8 cts. per lb. on live weight; extra fat and heavy, 8 to 9.

This week there is no change, in prices, and the quotations for beef cattle are—Extra, \$11.75 to \$12.00; first quality, \$11.00 to \$11.50; second, \$10 to \$10.75; third, \$9.00 to \$10.25. Sheep were sold by live weight, at 8 to 8 1-2 cents per lb.

WILLIAM W. PENNEY, son of Mr. Wm. G. Penney, of this village, a member of Co. B, 15th Maine Regiment, died at the St. Louis Hospital New Orleans, on the 7th inst., aged 20 years. This is the second son Mr. Penney has been called to offer on his country's altar, Paltiah (our faithful office boy, a soldier in the army of the Potomac), having died over a year ago. He has two more sons in the service, recently enlisted—Ira, and Charley, the favorite little drummer boy, who served in one of the nine months regiments. Their ardent patriotism is all accounted for by the fact that they came of good old revolutionary stock, their grandfather having been at the taking of Burgoyne.

The Steamer Chesapeake, surrendered by the English authorities at Halifax, arrived in Portland on Monday morning. She has been ordered to New York by Secretary Chase. A large share of her cargo is still on board. The order to take her to New York has been countermanded.

There is said to be a feeling in Congress in favor of a higher tariff and heavier internal taxation, as the only means of bringing our monetary affairs into a healthy condition.

Arkansas is once more in the Union, the people at the recent election having almost unanimously ratified the new constitution and elected the free state ticket.

Rev. Arthur Deering, of Richmond, of whom many of our citizens have pleasant recollections, has just been commissioned as Major of the 32d Maine regiment. It is doubtless known to most of our readers that he served as Captain in one of the nine months regiments and that he has been at Augusta this winter as Representative from Richmond.

FAST DAY.—Thursday, the 14th of April next, is designated by Governor Cony as a day of Public Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer.

The rebel cruiser Florida and the federal corvette St. Louis were at Funchal, Madeira, on the 4th inst.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.—We have news of a severe fight between the Austrians and Danes, near Vidé, in which both sides lost heavily. The Danes were compelled to retire. The London Times continues to discourage the idea of English interference, but the tone of debate in the House of Lords is decidedly warlike.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT LOAN.—The ten-forty loan, with interest at five per cent., payable in March and September, will be in the market immediately.

Richard Busted, writes to the New York York Union Club:—

"Political creeds, as such, are not now of much moment. My own is a brief one, I believe in Abraham Lincoln, in the indivisibility of the American Union, and the right of every man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Good old "Father Hills" is lecturing in Winchester, Mass.

The shipmasters at Ellsworth have had a meeting and publicly agreed not to bring, as freight, any intoxicating liquor of any kind into that town. The vote of the meeting was, that any master violating this agreement should have his name published with suitable comments upon his conduct. Nearly all the masters of coasting vessels have signed the agreement.

A sad tragedy recently occurred in Minneapolis, Mo., wherein Mr. G. W. P. Littlefield, formerly of Dover, N. H., met his death at the hands of an outraged husband, Mr. Sumner C. Cutter, a native of Sebec, in this State, and a resident of Bangor some years since. Mr. Cutter always sustained the character of a steady, exemplary, and mild-tempered young man, and was one of the last men who would have been suspected of an improper or violent act.

The cutting down of the Government majority in the House of Commons to one, creates considerable excitement in England. It is not thought that the Ministry can stand much longer. The European (Liverpool) Times says that Lord Palmerston's popularity is waning, and the probability is, that before midsummer we shall be in the throes of a general election.

We take occasion to point out a provision of the pension not now in force which we have the best reasons for believing is not generally understood, although the law is explicit. The point is plainly set forth by Mr. Sewell. There is a popular impression that in order to entitle his family to a pension, the party must have died in the service of the United States. That was formerly the law; but at present it is sufficient if the party died of a wound or disease contracted while in the service. The difference is material. [Boston Advertiser.]

On Tuesday, the Chippewa chiefs, who are in Washington to visit their "Great Father," were to be present at the Sanitary Fair. We give their names for the benefit of those who are fond of researches in the Indian tongue. They are Pik el-ed Kab-baj, Say-hoo-er-a-of-fer-pu-ten, Fan-se-er, Toom-a-too-sors, Say-say-kan-u-see-et-see, Squa-sh-pud-din, Hole-in-the-pocket, Ort-to-bi-un-gi-ge-it, Wrag-ed-of-os-thif, and Press-tash-ul-can-ti-date.

[Boston Advertiser.]

WATERVILLE MAIL.

An Independent Family Newspaper, Devoted to the Support of the Union.

Published on Friday, by
MAXHAM & WING,
Editors and Proprietors.
At Fry's Building, Main St., Waterville.
E. H. MAXHAM. DAN H. WING.

TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.
Except at the option of the publishers.

POST OFFICE NOTICE—WATERVILLE.
DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

We leave Mail leaves daily at 9 A.M. Closest 9:30 A.M.
August 11 5:10 P.M. 4:55 P.M.
September 11 5:10 P.M. 4:55 P.M.
October 11 5:10 P.M. 4:55 P.M.
November 11 5:10 P.M. 4:55 P.M.
December 11 5:10 P.M. 4:55 P.M.
Monday Wednesday and Friday 8:00 A.M. 8:00 A.M.
Office Hours—From 7 A.M. to 8 P.M.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Not having time to read the April number, which has just come to hand, we copy the following enumeration of its contents; with the names of the authors attached:

Fighting Facts for Fogies, by C. C. Hazewell; The Wreck of Rivermouth, by John G. Whittier; The Schoolmaster's Story, by A. M. Diaz; Piglet Ignorance, by Gail Hamilton; The Frat Visit to Washington; House and Home Papers, IV, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; The Black Preacher, by James Russell Lowell; Fougat the Magnificent, by F. Sheldon; On Picket Duty; Among the Mormons, by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; Our Progressive Independence, by Oliver Wendell Holmes; Reviews and Literary Notices.

Of fiction there is quite a dearth in this number, only one story being given—"The Schoolmaster's Story," which the severe critic of the Boston Advertiser says would have been more in place in some of the lighter magazines. Of Gail Hamilton's article, the same critic says that the author "reappears in the pages of the Atlantic in a new style, as the author of a paper purely biographical and literary. We cannot congratulate her too highly upon the change, and trust that the role of reformer in social usages, by the means of narratives of personal adventure, garnished with jocosse extravagances and mock complaints, has been permanently abandoned. The present paper is well written, curious and interesting."

The Atlantic is published by Ticknor and Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year, and is sold by periodical dealers everywhere.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for April has a very pretty plate engraving entitled "The Pets;" a colored fashion plate; design for a Smoking Cap in color; a full page wood engraving, "Off for a Deer Hunt;" and a great variety of patterns and designs of tasteful and fashionable novelties. The number abounds in good stories and other attractive reading.

Published by Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

PUZZLE.—Any one who can read the following may be considered smart on puzzles. It is very ingenious. Try it.

Mistress to Servant.
If the B. M. put:
If the B. M. put:
Servant to Mistress.
How can I put:
How can I put:
How can I put:
How can I put:

NEW AND OLD.—We generally prefer new articles to old ones—the new made to the old made.

Why are hoops like obstinate men? Because they often stand out about trifles.

What is the difference between a cat and a document? The cat gives it up. Quo has claws at the end of its paws, and the other has paws at the end of its clauses.

What key opens mister's gate? Whiskey.

The Courier says there are one hundred cases of small pox in Portland.

Eight thousand school houses have been erected in Russia since the emancipation of the serfs took place.

Spurgeon, the sensation preacher at London, is coming to this country in May.

What a big Brigham Young is, to have so many spare ribs.—(Louisville Democrat.)

The number of rebels killed at Gettysburg is found to have been not less than seven thousand. Farmers in that vicinity, plowing in their fields, are turning up many corpses in places away from the recognized burial spots.

A rumor for some time past in circulation, to the effect that the remains of Voltaire are no longer at the Pantheon, has now been confirmed. The tomb is empty, and nothing is known as to what has become of its contents.

He who during a revolution like the present seeks safety in neutrality, is like a guest of corn seeking safety between two millstones. He will be ground exceeding small in the process, and both parties will be left.

At all his trouble, his cake will be dough.

America, Georgia, where our prisoners are to be kept, is said to be a pleasant place, a fertile region, and its inhabitants voted against secession by 400 majority.

ONE BLOT.—In the brilliant career of that gallant and unassuming hero, Gen. Grant, there is but one blot—the New York Herald has bespattered him with its praise.

A Chicago paper gravely remarks that "the longer the present war lasts the more public opinion begins to settle down to the belief that it will by no means be a short one." The editor is quite first in this belief.

The son of Quintus Fabius Maximus advised his father to take a post, saying, "I will only cost a few men." Fabius answered, drily, "You will be one of the few."

How did Noah preserve honey-bees during the flood? In the ark-ives of the world, of course.

If you would find a great many faults, be on the look-out. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look-in.

A victim of sea-sickness described his sensations thus: "The first hour I was afraid I should die; and the second hour I was more afraid I should."

Some people imagine, says the Bridgeport Standard, that eccentricity is a mark of genius, and with an utter contempt for the way of the world, make themselves ridiculous to win a cheap notoriety.

Question for Edwin Forrest—Whence is quite clear that the Gladiator was never in Italy, why should he be called a Sparta Corsi.—(Yankee Notions.)

The report on capital punishment provides that the Governor "with advice of Council," may stay the death warrant after the year's imprisonment is out. It simply extends the responsibility so as to include the Council.

Mr. Royell, editor of the Hallowell Gazette has been appointed Paymaster in the Army.

The ladies at the great receptions, balls, etc., in Washington, are exhibiting great economy. They dress with as little clothing as possible.

THE SILENT REFORMER. As Rev. Benj. Cutler was passing the humble dwelling of a poor woman, whose husband had been very intemperate, she called after him and holding up a pair of chickens begged him to accept them.

"I told her," said he, "she could not afford to give away such a fine pair of chickens."

"Mr. Cutler," said she, with a sad expression, "you will hurt my feelings if you do not take them. I have fattened and picked them out for you. It is the only return I am able to offer you for the great service you have lately done for me and my little children."

just after you went out, he went to the door, and, to my astonishment, poured nearly a pint of rum out of his jug on to the ground, and said, "Debby, rinse out that jug with hot water; I have done. I can't stand that man's looks any longer. If Mr. Cutler would look at me and so benevolent all the while when he sees me taking a dram, that I know what he means just as well as if he preached it in a sermon, and I take it very kindly of him that he didn't give me a long talk."

"I know you will take the chickens, Mr. Cutler," said the poor woman. [Boston Transcript.]

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.—War, disease and famine are considered the most powerful emissaries of death. There are others, more destructive than the three united. We allude to the deadly poisons sold as rum, gin, brandy, whiskey, wine, &c. A glance at our criminal calendars, police reports and medical statistics, proves this. In the State of Maine, the headquarters of the temperance movement, there is no restriction on the sale of Speer's Sambaui wine—a flattering testimonial of its worth and purity. In our opinion its sale should be encouraged in every section of the country, not merely for its non-intoxicating properties, but for its rare and valuable medicinal virtues, approved by eminent members of the faculty, in Europe and America. The Sambaui grape of Portugal is now cultivated in this country for the preparation of a wine unexcelled by the vintages of the choicest port, to which it strongly assimilates in its mellow juiciness, richness of flavor and brilliancy of color. The fruit has been brought to a perfection never attained in Portugal, by Mr. A. Speer, in his vineyard in New Jersey. Physicians say it is superior to port for invalids and in Summer it is more agreeable and refreshing than claret. Clergymen use it for its purity, as a communion wine, while the most fashionable families drink it as a dinner wine.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

A NEW BUSINESS.—There are parties in this State looking up pitch pine stumps. No matter if the trees were cut twenty-five years ago, they will take up and remove the stumps for them. We do not believe many of our readers can guess what use they make of them. They have a process for extracting the turpentine—getting from a cord of stumps some twenty-five gallons of the spirits of turpentine, which at present high prices pays well. This is practically running inventive genius into the ground.

Parties are now in the State visiting pine plains and selecting places for operation. With patent machines they readily take up the stumps.—[Argus.]

It is stated by the Maine Farmer that important improvements are to be made on the Portland and Kennebec Railroad during the coming summer. The track is to be entirely relaid, the bridges thoroughly repaired, and large additions made to its rolling stock. It is also stated that Edwin Noyes, Esq., is employed as Road Master, and the work of reconstruction and repair as contemplated, will be under his immediate superintendence.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES clear and give strength to the voice of SINGERS, and are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.
"I recommend their use to Public Speakers."
REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

"OCCASIONAL" ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—The well known "Occasional" Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes as follows to that paper on the coming Presidential campaign:—

"Talking to a very radical man, a few days ago, one of those who think that Mr. Lincoln has not come up to the extreme standard, and that he hesitates to take what is called the 'ultra ground,' he said, in his frank way, that he guessed, after all, Abraham would have to submit to another term. 'Never was there a more unpropitious time,' he continued, 'to swap horses than now.' A few months ago I thought we were near the end of the rebellion; at present I don't think we have reached the middle of it. How do you think a new, fresh man would meet all the terrible troubles growing out of such a state of facts? Even if he were of our own party he would make many changes, and Heaven knows how many experiments. If of the other, then God help our poor country! Many things have taken place under Lincoln that I do not approve—very many; but I would rather such mistakes, wholly unintended as they were, should be perpetrated by one I support and confide in, than that I should be oppressed by the dread full thought that they were committed by one who was laboring for the destruction of his country. What better argument could be made against the 'one-term' cry? Two terms have always been accorded to a faithful President. If Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Jackson were re-elected, why not Abraham Lincoln? Do you want a fresh man introduced into a trying and responsible position which it will require years to understand? Mr. Lincoln came into his high office inexperienced and new. His native common sense, his even temper, and his consistent refusal to be driven when he thought reflection was best, and to be forced away from a position once deliberately selected and held, are now added to a knowledge of his duties and to a full familiarity with the people. He has not an enemy who, in the midst of his satire and his slander, does not admit that he is 'honest.' What an immense advantage it is to have a spontaneous verdict like this in favor of the head of a Government in the midst of a war such as no nation has ever experienced! I have never pretended that Mr. Lincoln has not made mistakes. He admits himself that he has made many. But who would have passed through such tempests as those of the three years gone by with less? And what new man would be able to pass through the hurricane before us, and near us, without committing a thousand times more, no matter how honest or how able?"

IMPORTANT TO BETTING MEN. A law suit for \$72 was brought in a New York Justice's Court, in which a hatter sued a stakeholder for the above amount, being stake money on a bet, he having lost the same, but pleading the baby-act. The winner of the bet confessed to the bet having been made, and the stakeholder was ordered by Court to pay over the \$72 to plaintiff, and also to pay the costs of Court. This settles the much mooted question of liability of stakeholders.

NOTICES.

IF you are troubled with a Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Pain in the Side, or any affection of the throat or lungs, go to your apothecary or nearest grocery store and get a Box of **BROWN'S COUGH PILLS.** They are safe, reliable, and always do good. Excellent for Whooping Cough, Try them, every body.

G. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, and **H. H. HAY,** Portland, General Agents.

Marriages.
In Sidney, 10th inst., Marcellus Blaisdell and Miss Anna Robinson, both of Sidney.

In Benton, 8th inst., George W. Robinson, of the 54th Penn. Volunteers, and Miss Lizzie H. Emerson of Benton.

In Winslow, 18th inst., by Rev. H. Pierce, Dea. A. H. Palmer and Miss Louisa Brown, both of W.

In Yassalton, 2d inst., George A. Abner and Miss Adeline H. Hussey, both of Albion.

A Friend in Need. Try It.
Dr. SWIFT'S INFALLIBLE REMEDY is prepared from the recipe of Dr. Stephen Sweet, of Connecticut, the great home center, and has been used in the practice for the last twenty years with the most astonishing success. As an external remedy, it is a sovereign cure for all Rheumatic and Nervous Disorders, is infallible, and as a curative for Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all other affections of the throat and lungs, it is a sovereign cure. It is a sovereign cure for all other affections of the throat and lungs, it is a sovereign cure. It is a sovereign cure for all other affections of the throat and lungs, it is a sovereign cure.

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And myriads on thy footsteps press,
To share thy blest eternity."

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ART. 1st.—To choose a Moderator to govern said Meeting, and any other committees the interest of the district may require.

ART. 2d.—To see if the district will vote to instruct the agent to continue the arrangement, or make any other, whereby the High School pupils may be brought in Waterville Academy.

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ART. 8th.—To see if the district will vote to instruct the agent to continue the arrangement, or make any other, whereby the High School pupils may be brought in Waterville Academy.

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