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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 43): April 28, 1865

Maxham & Wing

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NO HEART ALONE.

Oh, say not we through life must struggle,  
Must toll and mourn alone;  
That not one human heart can answer  
The beatings of our own.  
The stars look down from the silent heaven  
Into the quiet stream,  
And see themselves from its davy depths  
In fresher beauty gleam.  
Thus each doth of the other borrow  
A beauty not its own,  
And tells us that no thing in Nature  
Is for itself alone.  
Alone, amid life's griefs and perils,  
The stoutest heart may gaily  
Left to its own unaided efforts,  
The strongest arm may fail;  
And though all strength still comes from Heaven,  
All light from God above,  
Yet we may sometimes be His angels,  
The Apostles of His love.  
Then let us learn to help each other,  
Hoping unto the end;  
We meet in every man a brother,  
Shall find in each a friend.  
—Hymns of the Ages.

A RAINY DAY.

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

CONTINUED.

VII.

The children grew better, slowly but surely; and as fears for their safety subsided the household fell back into the old social habits which had been for a time interrupted. Marion's visitors came and went as usual; she and Miss Hartley renewed their rides and drives; and the evenings were merry with music and pleasant company. Arthur was with the two girls constantly; no plan or excursion of any kind could go on without him—at least, in Miss Hartley's opinion. All her flow of spirits—checked for a time by her real sympathy with the sorrow in the house—had revived, and she was so arch, playful, pretty—so tender, admiring, and gracious at times—so saucy, and coquettish at others—so captivating in all moods—that Arthur could not but be fascinated by her many graces, especially as he could not help seeing her evident admiration for him and pleasure in his attentions. No one knew better than Miss Hartley how to apply this graceful flattery; and to tell the truth, it was not altogether flattery in the present case. Arthur's manly beauty and accomplishments—not to speak of his wealth and social position—were attractions for which the little lady was quite willing to exchange the whole catalogue of her charms. He was not only unexceptional every way, but she liked him very much besides; so she laid herself out to make the conquest, and Marian looked on smiling, thinking of her own marriage, and how pleasant this exchange of brothers would be. Ella was not quite so "deep" as she might be, but then she was a good little thing, kind-hearted and affectionate, and so pretty and graceful it did not make much difference whether she knew anything or not. She would always be fascinating even if she could not "talk books," and she would be so devoted to Arthur that she could not help being happy with her. So Marian settled the matter to her own satisfaction, and lent all her influence for Ella's benefit; and Arthur, susceptible as he was to these womanly spells, might fairly have been thrilled and conquered by them if there had not been a counter-charm to protect him.

Rose held this, unconscious though she was. He saw her every day, and the interest at first excited by the secret bond of sympathy between them, and the vague memory which continually baffled his efforts of recollection, was kept alive by the thoughtful beauty of her face, the womanly sweetness of her voice, and the simple dignity of her behavior. She never sat at table with him; she never shared their evenings in the drawing-room; she never joined in any general conversation, and especially, never spoke to him unless he directly challenged it; but in spite of all this he managed to see enough of her to form, in some sort, an estimate of her character. He saw that she was in a false and difficult position—that she was a lady of refinement and cultivation, while occupying so inferior a station; and he could not but admire the dignity which could command respect under such embarrassing circumstances. Miss Hartley would not have been flattered if she could have read the mental comparisons drawn between herself and the dress-maker nurse; and she would have been alarmed for the success of her schemes if she had known how many times, even in her presence, his thoughts were full of the same humble individual. The mystery about her, the haunting conviction that he had seen her somewhere before, continually attracted him to fancies and speculations concerning her, and drew his steps often to the sick room, which was still her constant post. He never said much to her when there, for there were always others in the room; but he observed every motion that she made, every word that she uttered, and every shade of thought or feeling that crossed her face.

As for Rose, she watched for his visits with an eagerness that surprised herself, and for which she vainly reproached herself. He had forgotten her—there could not be a lingering doubt about that—and it made her indignant to feel an interest, for the old time's sake, in a person who had so forgotten those very times. Nevertheless she watched for his coming, and the tedium of her close confinement was strangely lightened by his presence in the room, even although he said but a few minutes, and said only a commonplace word to her. He often spoke admiringly of her patience with the children, her tenderness with their fretful humors, her unfailing kindness in spite of their thousand caprices and exactions; for both were now in the most restless and irritable stage of the distressing malady, and one such word as this, "How patient you are, Margaret!" or "Margaret, you must have the temper of a saint to bear with these children!" was enough to inspire her with a cheerful courage and patience which all Charles's fretful cries or Helen's unreasonable demands failed to disturb. He called her "Margaret" just as all the others did, but with a different tone. They said it familiarly, and affectionately, too; but upon his lips it became a title of dignity, so gentle and respectful was his manner in uttering it. All Rose's childish memories of him, all her girlish ideas of manly courtesy were realized in him when he spoke her name. The tone thrilled upon her memory long after its echo had died upon his lips, and hours of weary watching were brightened with the pleasant thoughts which his brief presence had inspired.

Not that she yielded passively to this fascination. In the solitude of her own room, and in the sleepless hours of night, she held communion with her heart, and took it to task for all its weakness. Not a blush or smile, or secret thrill of pleasure which his influence had given life to, but she sat in judgment upon, and bitterly she upbraided herself for allowing word or look of his to sharm her so. "What was she to Arthur Leighton?" she asked herself, with proud humility. "What folly and presumption on her part to dream that she would think of her—a servant in his mother's house! Even if her true position were recognized, what

# Waterville Mail.

was it? A poor minister's daughter once, a penniless and friendless orphan now, she had no position, and was in no way within reach of his notice. Yet she was so weak in pride, so lacking in self respect, so void of womanly reserve as to give away her heart in return for one kind word as to tremble with delight if he called her name, and listen for his coming step as if it had music in it! When all the while, moreover, any body might see that Ella Hartley held sway over his every thought and action. He was with her always, and she—ah yes! it was easy to see what she thought of him. "So many flattering airs and graces when his name was mentioned, so many smiles and blushes when he came in sight! Of course they would marry—every reason in the world was in Miss Hartley's favor; and no matter how vain and frivolous she was, she was a more fitting mate for him than Rose Murray could be."

And so poor Rose would rebuke herself, and with sore shame and vexation of spirit resolve to think no more of Arthur Leighton, care no more for him than she would for the merest stranger in his place, and go back to her weary school-teaching as soon as she could be spared from the children, without ever letting any of them know that she was other than she seemed. But the passionate tears that drenched her pillow told what an anguish even the resolve cost her; and, alas for womanly strength! the next occasion of temptation proved it vain and fruitless in spite of all. When he came into the room with his bright, handsome face, that seemed to make an atmosphere of cheerfulness wherever it shone—when some slight word or action proved his thoughtful consideration for herself—when a laugh or a look, or perhaps some earnest expression of deeper feeling, recalled the gay, impetuous, but always noble-minded boy of the past—she could no more have repressed the thrill of interest and pleasure than she could have checked her heart's pulses. All in vain were her self-reproaches, and strict examinations, she could not conquer or put away the love that had sprung up unbidden in her heart.

Since the first night, and the brief interview which had so comforted Rose's grief, they had never met except in the presence of others; and of course but few words had been exchanged between them. It was not Arthur's fault that their intercourse was so limited; for wearying often of Ella's graceful trifling, he longed for an hour of conversation with "that mysterious Margaret," as he called her in his mind, and determined to improve the first opportunity that offered for such a purpose. But the opportunity never seemed to come; he had gone at all hours to the nursery in hope of finding her alone, but somebody else was always there, or sure to come in before he could begin to speak. Miss Hartley had a way of fluttering in whenever he happened to be there, starting with most innocent and unconscious surprise at sight of him, and exclaiming, "You here? why I thought you were deep in your letters down stairs!" and then she would completely monopolize his attention, so that, in despair of getting a word from Rose, he would have to depart, no better satisfied than he came.

He went down into the village one afternoon in the midst of a heavy rain-storm. Little Charlie had been fretting for some peculiar dainty not to be procured at home, and Arthur good-naturedly undertook to get it for him; declaring, in answer to Clara's protestations, that he should enjoy a battle with the storm after the manner of his school-boy days. So mounting cap and overcoat, and spreading a big umbrella, which if not the very same that had sheltered little Rose once upon a time, was certainly first cousin to it, he trudged down the street to the self-styled "fashionable restaurant" of Edgell, where little Charlie's jelly was manufactured. On the way he occupied his mind after his usual fashion, with conjectures about Margaret. The more he thought of her, and compared herself with her circumstances, the more inclined he was to build up some sort of a romance about her. She had never been born or educated for such a station, that he could swear to; and he could certainly swear to a strong belief, if no positive conviction, of having met her before and known her somewhere in a different position.

Busied with a thousand vague thoughts and suppositions concerning her, he walked down the long street, and passed by on the other side without ever seeing the restaurant, or discovering that he had gone too far, until the old Police office—a well-known landmark in his boyish days—loomed up before him and showed him his blunder. He turned back hastily as he saw it, with a laugh at his own carelessness; saying to himself, "So much for giving my whole mind to a mysterious young lady instead of attending to my business. It is too provoking, though, that after all my long walk I have come to no conclusion about her, Margaret! Margaret! who and what are you? and where have I seen you before?" He did not expect any answer to this impatient question, but one came with the suddenness of inspiration. A blast of wind swept round the corner, whirled the boughs of a young tree that stood exposed to its full force, and struck it down so quickly that Arthur had to rush into the street to escape a blow in the fall. As he did so, he came full in sight of a little brown, corner cottage—the very same that had once been Mr. Murray's home, and though now empty and falling to decay, it kept still enough of the old familiar look to recall vividly a memory of his boyhood. Like a sudden light before his eyes the whole scene flashed into his mind—a dreary, stormy afternoon like this, a schoolboy standing by this very cottage-gate, a dripping little girl just disappearing within the door—and some mysterious link of association connecting it with his previous thoughts, the solution of all his puzzling queries and vain conjectures stood clear before him.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed, aloud. "Rose Murray! my own little Rose that I found in the rain! Oh, what a fool I was never to see it before—never to remember that her name was Margaret, too, as well as Rose! No wonder her eyes started me the first time I saw them—little Rose, dear little Rose!" He was a perfect boy again in the excitement of this discovery, and in the abundance of his delight and exultation, such a variety of astonishing capers as would have shocked all the proprietors of Edgell if they had only

been there to see. Fortunately for his reputation as a man of sobriety, his gymnastics were unobserved, though it made small difference to him either way. He had but one care in his mind, and that to get home by the quickest possible route, and in the shortest possible time put his discovery to a practical test. It is to be wondered that he did not forget little Charlie and the restaurant altogether, but he did manage to secure the jelly, and then "made a bee-line" for Oak Lawn.

A few minutes later and he was sitting in the nursery—at a respectful distance from the bed on account of the dampness supposed to be about him—watching Rose as she fed the child with spoonfuls of the delicate food. Very closely he watched her, too, though all the while he was rattling off a gay description of the town and the destruction of the young poplar, ostensibly to amuse the children, who made great eyes of wonder when he came to the final crash of his story—but really to observe whether she would show any emotion at his mention of her old childish home.

"Do you remember that little old house, no her?" he asked, turning to Mrs. Leighton, who sat beside Rose. "I don't know when I have thought of the Murrys before, but it came back to me like a picture this afternoon; as I stood before the gate—my first encounter with little Rose. It was on just such a day as this, and how many years ago? Ten, isn't it, mother?"

"Longer than that, I think," said Mrs. Leighton. "It seems more than ten years since I saw Mrs. Murray last. I wish we had not lost sight of them so completely. Arthur I suppose Mr. Murray must be dead by this time—he was always delicate, you know, and as for dear little Rose, she is a woman grown of course. We shouldn't know her if we were to meet her."

"I think I should," Arthur returned, quietly, looking straight into Margaret's face with an air of perfect simplicity, and exulting secretly as he perceived the tell-tale color spreading rosy over face and throat, in spite of her averted head and air of intense interest in her occupation of feeding Charlie.

"You are smiling that jolly, Margaret," he said, with a wicked enjoyment of her agitation. "I shall have to feed Charlie myself if you are so careless."

"Do it, then," she answered, hastily, setting down the saucer. "I wish you would, for I want to go down stairs."

"No, no, Arthur!" Clara and Mrs. Leighton exclaimed, in a breath. "You are too damp to go so near Charlie. Give me the spoon, Margaret."

But here Master Charlie interposed with fretful exclamations of, "No, no! no mamma—no mamma—Maggie feed Charlie!" "Take down, Maggie!" And so Rose had to hit her seat again and listen to the conversation, which Arthur took care should not be turned into another channel by this interruption. Everything that he could recall about the family, about herself, his first meeting with her, the subsequent intimacy, Mrs. Leighton's friendship with Mrs. Murray, and the household fondness for little Rose—he brought up relentlessly for discussion. Clara, and his mother, interested in the topic, responded with their reminiscences; and Marian and Ella coming in presently, the whole story had to be repeated for Ella's benefit. She was like a child in her enjoyment of a story—which showed that there was something true and fresh after all beneath her frivolities—and had a thousand questions to ask concerning "little Rose."

Was she pretty? was she clever? did you love her so very much? how long is it since you heard of her now? and you expect never to see her again?" All of which, and the answers thereto, poor Rose in her own person had to hear—with what feelings the reader may imagine. It was hard to keep the tears that would spring to her eyes from overflowing, as she listened to words that showed how lovingly she was still remembered, in spite of time and absence; harder yet to control the hot blood that came and went in her cheeks, and made her feel as if all eyes were upon her in wonder and suspicion. Sometimes—especially when Mrs. Leighton spoke with such tender and admiring appreciation of her precious mother—a wild impulse came to throw herself at her feet, and reveal the truth before them all. But that was only momentary, and thanks to her innate strength of mind and power of self-restraint, she bore herself bravely, to all outward seeming, through the lengthened ordeal. Nor one, Arthur only excepted, saw any thing unusual in her manner, or guessed for a moment that she had the slightest personal interest in the conversation. Jane Lambert's earnestness, or Mrs. Leighton's imperfect hearing, however it was that caused the mistake in Margaret's case, effectually prevented any association of Margaret Murray with Rose Murray, in their minds. Charlie fell asleep at last, dropping her hand which he had refused to relinquish before, and she was allowed to escape. Once alone in her own room, she sat down and cried, as the only relief she could obtain in the tumult of doubt and distress that disturbed her mind. What to believe, what to expect, what to fear, she could not tell; for she had no means of determining whether this conversation had arisen from a chance recollection merely, or whether it was conducted purposely to try her. Sometimes she inclined to the latter opinion, when she remembered how pertinaciously Arthur Leighton had kept up the subject, how many minute details he had recalled, especially how much he had dwelt upon herself; and this belief brought a thrill of tremulous joy to her heart which would have atoned for all she had suffered of late could she only have rested in it. But then came the recollection of his perfect carelessness and frankness in speaking, his open and unreserved manner; and her first belief seemed the extreme of folly and presumption. So she sat, tossed in mind, and sore troubled in heart, unable to see any light through the mists that bewildered her, until she felt constrained at last to return to the nursery, lest her absence should be noticed and wondered at.

Marian met her in the hall as she went down and spoke in her usual gay, affectionate tone, and Mrs. Leighton and Mrs. Rivers were just the same as ever. Nothing in their manner

betokened any new feeling toward her. From the drawing-room below there came a sound of music—a few notes played softly, and two voices singing in a subdued strain. She knew very well whose they were, and in bitter humiliation she scorned herself for imagining that she—in past or present person—kept any hold upon his thoughts. "Why did I ever come here? why did I place myself in a position to be so humbled and stung? Oh! that I had never come back to Edgell!" was the despairing cry of her heart.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## The Controversy about Amusements.

"We are all poor critics." There is no denying it. When our hearts don't run away with our heads, our heads run away with our hearts, and between the two, logic and morality get at "sixes and sevens," and we fail to "command the situation." The argument from incongruity is perhaps oftentimes run into the ground or made to undergo violent somersaults. We read, for instance, in a serious article against amusements, "Can you go from the card table or the dance to the Lord's table?" This is evidently put forward as a poser. One might ask, "Can you dance a jig on your mother's grave? Will you play at poker in a prayer-meeting? Will you sing a funeral dirge at a wedding? By no means; but it does not follow that jigs and pokers and dirges are cardinal sins because they are incongruous with the other things. It is a sin, at least an offense against good taste, to mingle the incongruous. The preacher who told of the first husband's melancholy taking off in the prayer he made at the widow's wedding committed quite as grave an offense as if he had insisted upon singing 'Old King Cole' at the funeral. Incongruity is an offense, but incongruity in things not associated is not an argument against either in its proper time and place. Because we do not put salt in our tea or sugar upon our steak, we are not to be told that sugar and salt should be excluded altogether from the table. This much, not as a defense of amusements in general, or any particular amusement. It is merely a remonstrance against vicious logic.

The great peril of all amusements lies in the associations into which they bring the young. Many people deny to their children cards and dancing, not because they think either intrinsically wrong, but because the person who plays cards is likely to be tempted to gambling and because of the dissipation and the exposures to contact with the rude and vulgar in the ball-room. In the family or the select party of friends many amusements are harmless and healthful that are perilous in a promiscuous crowd. And this consideration is one that should have more weight than it does in the selection of proper recreations for our children, for recreation they must and will have. Many of the household games are pretty and innocent enough, but their extreme simplicity soon makes them tedious. It would be a great thing if chess could be restored and made fashionable. There is no game so profoundly interesting or so stimulative of the highest powers, and yet a child can play it in a simple way, and it will be continually a new game to him as he grows in capacity to estimate its infinite possibilities and to plan its far-reaching combinations. The duty of the parent is to select games and other amusements for his children, to exclude those of dangerous or doubtful tendency and association, and to encourage those that contribute directly to physical and mental development and health. Of course if one honestly thinks that all amusements are wrong, and that life should be wholly devoted to serious employment, exclusion and repression are the true policy.

No notions of such extreme rigor do not prevail to any great extent in these days. Most of the churches now cultivate the social element systematically, and through the parish societies, amusements have found their way into the most serious places and the most serious company. Under proper "watch and care" there is no harm in this, but if the vestry doors are thrown open to everybody, and dry boys come in because they can have a rougher time among decent folks than in the street, even the church society may not be an entirely safe place for our daughters. The truth is, there is no possibility of drawing exact lines in these matters. There is no such thing as barring out temptation and evil influences altogether, "else must we need go out of the world," as Paul says. Neither should we go to the other extreme, and put ourselves recklessly in connection with wrong influences, for it is natural to our human weakness to

"First endure, then pity, then embrace." The young must be told where danger lies, and how to fortify themselves against it, but they should be as little as possible exposed to it. To taboo amusements altogether is impossible, even in the most religious society. And it is not true, as is often assumed, that they unfit us for serious and religious duties. Properly indulged they refresh and quicken us for work and prayer, and he must be strangely made who has not found it so. Solomon was not mistaken in finding a proper time for all duties and enjoyments, and everything right and proper in its time. And the proprieties of time and place are to be considered in regard to nearly all amusements, rather than any intrinsic character they may be supposed to have. —[Springfield Republican.]

Rev. Mr. Spear, of the Universalist Church in Lewiston, in a discourse, Sunday, said that the assassination of President Lincoln did not indicate what we are coming to but what we are going from. It is not at all a blood and gore coming to, but slavery and blood we are going from. The evil civilization is behind us and not before us. The murder of Mr. Lincoln is a fitting conclusion of the career of slavery and rebellion. It was the last thing which remained for it to do in order to fill up the measure of its infamy.

Those who have howled and raved about arbitrary arrests, and virtually argued that known and suspected rebels should be allowed to roam at large throughout the North, can see in the assassination of the President one of the results of their partisan cry. It is now known that to leave at liberty a man of Booth's well known character and sentiments, was about as wise as to trust a spy with a free pass in the Federal army. Yet had he been put in confinement at any time during the last four years,

those who now shed crocodile tears over the tragedy he has perpetrated, would have held him up as the victim of a tyrannical administration. —[Port. Transcript.]

PROFITABLE READING.—As this is the age of periodicals, newspapers and books, and as there are all kinds, sorts and descriptions printed, it becomes every person's duty to make a selection, whether it be good and profitable, or bad and unprofitable, from among the many that are published, in order to improve the mind and receive knowledge and wisdom. It is not from the quantity of our reading matter so much as from its quality, that we get wisdom. A good book is better than a great one; a learned sermon is better than a long one; and a spirited little paper is worth more than a dull one of larger dimensions. One of the prominent faults of our age-headed people is reading too much and understanding too little. The cause of this, to a great extent, is to be found in the kind of reading matter that comes in our way. Some books and newspapers have a strange effect upon all of us. Instead of finding our thoughts multiply with the sentences we read we find them continually dilating and even diminishing. Instead of getting brighter thoughts, greater ideas, better feelings, higher emotions, nobler aspirations, we lose more or less of our own "stock in trade."

The world wants a better quality of reading matter, a more instructive kind, and a more wide-awake style of writing. It needs speakers, teachers, books, and newspapers—and especially newspapers, because they are more read— which possess in themselves the elements of active vitality and lively progress, sufficient to awaken thoughts in others, and to direct them in the proper channels, as well as to gratify perceptions and cultivate memory. It wants a periodical literature which, while it illustrates life in all of its multitudinous aspects and phases, will also develop new ideas and higher sentiments; always leading and directing, but never falling behind the spirit of the age. The press is an engine of mighty power, either for good or evil, and in proportion as its reading matter is instructive and progressive so will be its readers.

We should not only read but meditate and learn to thoroughly know what we read. How few there are who really understand what they have read, and hence the great number of slide-along, go-away people in the world, who seem to think it too much trouble to inquire into, or think over what they have read, and the fault is in a great measure in the quality of the reading matter itself. —The time has come when we must have a press which, on all subjects, will be full up to the public sentiment, and in many respects in advance of it. It must not be merely a draw-well, but a living, flowing fountain, where all may quench their thirst for knowledge and understanding.

SCENE IN RICHMOND.—The Philadelphia Press has a correspondent in the field who writes excellent letters.—Mr. J. Morris Chester. He is a tall, stout, muscular, yet unassuming man. He is a black man. Entering the hall of Congress he sat down in the speaker's chair and commenced writing on the speaker's desk. A rebel officer who had been paroled entered the room.

"Come out of there, you black cuss," shouted the officer, his teeth set and his fist clenched.

Mr. Chester raised his eyes, calmly surveyed the officer, and went on with his writing.

"Get out of there or I'll knock your brains out," the officer bellowed, pouring out a torrent of oaths.

Mr. Chester did not move. The officer rushed up the steps to seize him by the collar, but found himself tumbling heels over head over chairs and benches, knocked down by one well-planted blow between his eyes, which Mr. Chester had given.

Mr. Chester said not a word, but sat down and went to writing as if nothing had happened. The officer sprang to his feet and called upon Capt. Hutchins of Gen. Devens' staff for a sword.

"I'll cut the fellows heart out," said he. "O, no, I guess not. I won't let you have my sword for any such purpose. If you want to fight Mr. Chester, I will clear a space here and see that you have fair play, but let me tell you that you will get a tremendous thrashing," said Capt. Hutchins.

The officer left the hall in disgust, while Mr. Chester continued his writing. "I thought I would exercise my rights as a belligerent," was his remark as he told me the story, which was fully confirmed by Capt. Hutchins. This happened in Richmond, in the hall of Congress, where society, politicians, ministers, women and all believe that colored men have no rights which a white man is bound to respect. What sacrilege it was for Mr. Chester to enter the Capitol—the hall—and sit in the chair where Jeff. Davis sat when he visited the Senate! The incident shows how far we have advanced toward universal human brotherhood during the four years of the war.

CHARACTERISTIC ACT OF MR. LINCOLN.—Immediately after our army took possession of Charleston, the President wrote a letter to the commanding officer, directing him to inquire after the family of the late James L. Pettigru, and to provide them with whatever they might need. He enclosed fifty dollars as a personal contribution toward their wants, if they should be in a condition to require it. Special instructions were also given to secure them full protection and the quiet occupation of their home. Mr. Pettigru was one of the most distinguished lawyers of South Carolina, and stood firm and immovable, though almost alone, in his devotion to the Union, through all the madness of nullification in 1832, and of secession at a later day.

We saw a boy, the other day, borrow a stick of candy from a comrade, to show him that he could pull it out of his ear. He swallowed it, and then twisted himself about in various ways to extract it, but at length informed his companion that he had forgotten that part of the trick. —[Exchange.]

When the news of the fall of Richmond was communicated to the rebel officers in Fort Warren, Boston, the two leading ones of them betrayed their deep emotion in somewhat different ways. Gen. Buckner burst into tears; but Gen. Bushrod Johnson swore like a pirate.

## A PRISONER'S EXPERIENCE.

Fairfield, April 18, 1865.

Messrs Editors:—

At the earnest solicitation of my friends, I give a brief statement of my experience in rebel prisons.

I was captured at what is known as the battle of Fair Oaks, on the 27th of October, 1864. We were taken to the Libby Prison, where after resting over night we were drawn up in single lines to be searched for money, after first being ordered to deliver to the Confederate Government our haversacks, canteens, blankets, and knapsacks, if any, and all our money, in default of which, if any one was found with any on their person, they were to be sent to Castle Thunder to live (or rather die), on bread and water, and wear a ball and chain. This was superintended by the Mayor of Richmond, and many tore up their money rather than have it fall into the Confederate hands. This wholesale robbery came with double severity, owing to having been robbed in the field by the soldiers, they stripping our soldiers of their coats, boots, hats, watches and other valuables that they found about them. At 10 a.m., they brought us breakfast, consisting of about two square inches of corn bread and two ounces of beef, and at 4 p.m., we received the same amount of bread and one gill of beans, all well-cooked, this being our daily allowance.

After a few days, we were taken to Salisbury, N. C., where we did not fare nearly as well as at the Libby prison, owing to our not having more than half the food and no shelter for a while. We had to stand together in groups or lie down together half buried in mud and water to keep warm, it being rainy at the time, and the yard being filthy and not as much as a stick to sit or lie down on. The next day after I got into the prison yard I went round to see what kind of a home I had got to live in. I had gone but a few steps when I came to an old wooden house with a rude piazza, on the floor of which laid a number of dead bodies, and out from under which the skeleton forms of starving men were crawling. A few more steps brought me to where a few coals as a compliment for a fire were dying out, around which were a pitiable group in their half-nakedness; one dead body lying near, another dying, and the rest looking as though death would soon deliver them from starvation. Going on a little way farther I saw half-naked men crawling out of the holes in the ground, the color of the dirt themselves, and looking as though starvation was surely doing its work with them. The dead bodies were lying about throughout all the camp. Heartsick, I could see no more, but turned back, weeping like a child, thinking of what our dear soldiers suffered for their country, dying hourly of starvation and exposure. I had seen death in nearly every form, and my friends struck down by death at my side, and thought that I could see death in all its horrors, unmoved, but now I felt to weep as a child, and could hardly realize that I had got to make this my home, with all its horrors. My friend and I returned to where we were to compose our troubled spirits and wait for something to eat; but we waited in vain, as we had done for two days before.

The next day I watched the few oak trees that stood in the enclosure (along with many other hungry soldiers) for falling acorns, and whenever fell, the one nearest and smartest got it. The next day we got one gill of rice soup (or water). The fifth day we got one pint of meal and one pint more of soup. The soup is supposed to be one spoonful of dry rice to the pint, but seldom had it. The next day we had the same. The 7th day we had a half loaf of bread, the size of the loaf that we received in our lines for one ration. We afterwards received meat in the shape of beef heads, lights, oil, and tripe in its crude state, of which we sometimes received about two ounces to a ration, and in the four months that I was there, it would not, I think, amount to as much as I have drawn for one day in our lines. If we received molasses, which I think we did in a few instances, it was three spoonfuls, and if vinegar, of which we drew twice, a half-spoonful, of potatoes, of which we drew a few times, one-half pint—frost-bitten at that.

Our bread was often of corn-cob meal and never without the bran; sometimes we had as a substitute oat meal or sorghum seed meal bread, a good deal of the time having but a quarter of a loaf and sometimes none. An owl was at one time caught and eaten, also mice, and one man had the good luck while going for water, to kill a dog, one-fourth of which he sold for \$75.00, in Confederate money. Everything that was masticable was eaten with avidity. Every bit of bone was thoroughly boiled and the soup drank. A good bone that would weigh two pounds would bring \$10.00, I paying that for one myself.

We managed all ways that we could to get food, one making one thing and another another, to send outside to get food with; some making hair rings, some bone ones, some gutta-percha, out of old combs, some making canes, and others bone hooks, which we sold to keep us from starvation. Buttons, bringing a high price were cut off to sell, some bringing \$30.00 per dozen, I having sold some at that price.

Four of my comrades and myself thinking it was too cold to live as we were, dug a hole in the ground for shelter and lodging, where we staid until we left the Confederacy. Others did the same, until the ground was literally a honeycomb. Guards were at first put inside, that would scratch out dead lines with their bayonets, and the man that stepped over it intentionally or through mistake was shot, until they were disarmed by the prisoners and the guns fired on themselves, which put a stop to a guard inside of the yard.

The Confederate officers would come in with bread and offer two loaves of bread and \$50.00



in confederate money, they would enlist, and if not the keeper said, "damn them, he would starve them to death," and no one knows how much of a temptation two loaves of bread are to a starving man unless he has experienced it himself, which I have had the chance to do. Two thousand of my men enlisted to save starvation. Out of seventy-one of my regiment that were sent south for starvation (all strong men) only twelve, to my knowledge, left the Confederacy alive. I was told by one C. P. Cates of Thomaston, N. C., that he knew and it was generally known in the South, that it was the intention of the Confederate government to starve us to death, and that he pitied us from the bottom of his heart, and that the best he had we were welcome to.

B. F. STRICKLAND, Co. E, 8th Me.

## Waterville Mail.

SPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . APR. 28, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.  
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**THE FUNERAL JOURNEY.**—Thus far the mortal remains of President Lincoln may be said with truth to have made their way towards their last resting place through a continuous crowd of weeping men, while at the great centres of population, along the route, immense throngs assemble to look upon the honored dead. The remains lay in state at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, until two o'clock in the morning, and even then many left disappointed. Between three and four o'clock, when the remains were borne to the cars, the streets were full of people; "and it should be understood," says the correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, "that these, like those gathered in the daytime, were of all classes and conditions of men and women, from the highest and the lowest ranks of society. No common instinct of curiosity could have called forth, at such an hour, such a singular demonstration. It was another of the many evidences of the devoted love which the people bore their Chief Magistrate, and the uncontrollable sorrow which they feel at his untimely and cruel death."

At Newark, N. J., according to the same correspondent, a very impressive scene was witnessed.

"The track runs directly through the city, and the space on each side of the road is very broad and afforded ample room for spectators. It seemed as if the inhabitants of Newark had resolved to turn out en masse to pay their brief tribute of respect to the memory of the departed as his coffin passed by, for a distance of a mile, the observer on the train could perceive only one sea of human beings. It was not a crowd surging with excitement or impatience like most great assemblages, but stood quiet and apparently subdued with grief unspeakable. Every man, with hardly an exception, from one end of the town to the other, stood bareheaded while the train passed, half of the women were crying, and every face bore an expression of sincere sadness. House-tops, fences, and the very switches beside the track were covered with men. Words can do no justice to the spectacle. We have become used to thrilling scenes by the experience of our journey, but nowhere have we seen any thing more touching than the simple unanimity with which the men and women of Newark left their avocations, and waited beside the track for passage of the funeral train."

In New York the remains lay in state all night, and though there was a throng all the time, yet the unsatisfied crowd in the morning was larger than that of the night before. At midnight a thousand Germans sang dirges to the mourning throng. It was understood that the coffin would not again be opened until it arrived at Springfield, which will be on Wednesday of next week.

**NATIONAL FAST.**—President Johnson, in consideration that "our country has become one great house of mourning, where the head of the family has been taken away, and believing that a special period should be assigned for again humbling ourselves before Almighty God, in order that the bereavement may be sanctified to the nation," has appointed Thursday, the twenty-fifth day of May next, "to be observed wherever in the United States the flag of the country may be respected, as a day of humiliation and prayer. . . . in order to mitigate that grief on earth which can only be assuaged by communion with our Father in Heaven;" and he recommends his fellow citizens then to assemble in their respective places of worship, "there to unite in solemn service to Almighty God, in memory of this good man who has been removed, so that all shall be occupied at the same time in contemplation of his virtues, and sorrow for his sudden and violent end."

**ATTENTION, WATERVILLE THREES!**—Read the notice of the Clerk in another column.

The following is the concluding portion of Dr. Sheldon's sermon, preached in the Town Hall, Thursday, April 20th, the day of the annual state fast. His text was Ps. lxxvi: 10: "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee; the reminder of wrath shalt thou restrain." Dr. Sheldon has furnished it for publication at our request:—

I have presented this view of the theology of sin and crime, as appropriate to this time of national calamity and sorrow. It is not a view which needs to be especially defended; for it is one which our own nature, under the guidance of events, sufficiently teaches. It is, I believe, the deep conviction of every honest mind, of every true lover of his country, that God is dealing with this nation, and wisely permitting and guiding the course of events. We should not be here to-day, if we had not this faith. It is not the special, technical faith of any church, or theological school; it is the deeper, the more earnest and more controlling, and therefore the more valuable faith of all who have any sense of God and of religion. We may say indeed it is the faith of humanity itself, except in the instances, where what is best in the heart is either never been awakened, or has been temporarily silenced and repressed by some pernicious prejudice, or sympathized with some foul wrong.

I come then to some reflections on the existing condition of our country, and on the state of sorrow into which we have just been thrown, and to which we have done little else for the past few days than to give expression.

The cloud of war, which for four years had hung in thick gloom over this nation, seemed beginning to disperse, and after the appointment had been made of this day of fasting, the series of brilliant victories which were achieved by our armies, had even suggested the propriety of converting it into a day of thanksgiving, when the hearts of all loyal people were suddenly thrown again into the deepest sadness, by the announcement of the death of our beloved and honored chief magistrate, by the hands of an assassin. Never, perhaps, was a great nation made to pass so instantaneously from a state of joyful exultation into the profoundest affliction and sorrow. We all felt that the man whom God had raised up for us in this crisis, to whom he had given the wisdom, the prudence, and the firmness demanded by the occasion, and to whom as we had begun to hope, he had assigned the task of conducting the nation through its trials to restored union and peace, was taken from us; and we grieved and mourned almost beyond the power of language to express; nor has our sorrow yet subsided; though we have come to look at our loss more calmly, and to reassure ourselves through faith in the all-wise Disposer. The conspiracy, which has removed from us President Lincoln, affords an illustration of the truth which we have been considering; for "the wrath" which seems to have plotted the destruction of several of our ministers of state was mercifully restrained; and it now appears, that the man, who has succeeded to the chief magistracy, is well worthy of our confidence, and may be safely trusted, under God, to carry us through our heavy troubles. We hope, therefore, for a speedy deliverance from all the evils of this civil strife. We even venture to express the hope, that many of the contrivers and upholders of this rebellion, and of those who have lent it their countenances, will learn to see in the stupendous crime which has been plotted, and partly executed, some new evidence of the enormity of their plans and aims, and how stricken at what they have done, come back with renewed love to the union. Such at least ought to be the conduct of fair-minded men at the South, in so far as they are satisfied, that the murder of President Lincoln, and the attempted murder of Secretary Seward, are among the legitimate and logical results of the spirit which secession has evoked; and that they are such results no impartial observer of events can well deny. We may not, indeed, and we do not, in the absence of proof, and until investigations now being made are finished, charge upon the rebel leaders the instigation and encouragement of these murderous conspiracies; but we charge upon the secession movement itself, and upon the manner in which the South have pursued it, and sought to make it successful, all that naturally leads to these enormities; and these last appalling enormities would, I think, be pronounced justifiable, by any who could favor the systematic starvation of union prisoners, the butchery of colored soldiers, after they have surrendered, and the attempt to burn hotels, and throw from the rails trains of cars filled with passengers. If the murder of the head of the nation, and the attempted murder of the chief minister of state, give a greater shock to our feelings, as marked by more audacity, yet I fail to see wherein they show greater malignity of purpose, or are more plainly at variance with the laws of war, recognized among civilized and Christian nations.

In saying these things, it is not my wish to add anything to the flame of indignation, which sufficiently animates us against the South; nor to forget that it is alike our duty and our interest to win them back to us, and to cultivate and maintain friendly feelings and relations with them, as a component part of the nation. This return of good feeling will, I confidently trust, be at length effected; but not, till the unholy institution, which has excited this war, with all its dreadful consequences, and its attendant fanaticism and crimes, has been wholly removed from our land. God is effectually rebuking any lingering sentiment, which would dictate or even accept any further compromise with that institution. The feeling of the vast majority of this nation has undoubtedly come to be fixed upon any possibility of change, that slavery must be uprooted from our soil. With this result, and with the punishment of the assassins, and the exile, or disfranchisement, or incarceration, or whatever else may be deemed the fit severity to be inflicted on the chief promoters of the rebellion, the nation will rest satisfied. The great punishment sent upon the whole people for its manifold complicity with an inhuman and barbarous institution will be accepted as what the Judge of all the earth, the Ruler of nations, and the Guardian and Avenger of oppressed innocence, saw fit to mete out to us.

My purpose, when this meeting was announced, and it was supposed that the funeral obsequies of our late chief magistrate would be held to-day, was to give some expression of what I deemed to be the character, ability, and worth of President Lincoln. But I now feel called upon to say but little on this subject. Perhaps enough has already been said both about ourselves, and elsewhere, until the time may come for giving a more careful, discriminating, and just view of his powers and endowments, and of his claims on the love and gratitude of his country and of mankind. I have been wont to regard him as peculiarly the product of the spirit and ideas of our American republic. It is this republic, and its usages, laws, courts of justice, and civil life and institutions, which educated him, and made him what he came to be. Nature seems to have endowed him with no transcendent intellectual ability, no eminently commanding and overshadowing talent; and the training of schools and of literary institutions did but very little for him. Yet the constitution of his mind was strong, his judgment firm, his perseverance extraordinary, and his sense of duty and rectitude singularly clear and robust. He had a natural sincerity and simple earnestness of feeling and conviction, which were among his leading traits, and chiefly determined his character. The governor of Massachusetts has said of him that he was more the representative than the leader of this nation. He was not the leader of this nation, in the sense in which men of grand, popular eloquence and of fascinating manner and address are leaders; nor did he seek to become a leader for any selfish ends, for any object of emolument, or of aggrandizement. But his eminent candor, the slow and impartial way in which he formed his judgments, his rare honesty and conscientiousness, and his inviting openness to all truth, and to whatever had a right to influence him, made him, among public men in our country, the object of an almost unexampled love and trust; and in this view he was preëminently, and was fitted to be the leader of this nation in its great struggle. He was one of the rare examples of a class of leaders whom republics ought ever to desire. Let us hope that his successor may be found in these respects to resemble him.

To sum up all in a few words, I believe that Abraham Lincoln was a wise and just ruler, a circumspect and safe statesman; as he was emphatically a noble, charitable, and true man. He drew his inspiration from a generous and well-balanced nature, as that nature came to be developed under the training of our American life, of great events, and of the unmistakable significations of the divine will. He was, if I may use the word, fortunate in his public life, and especially in that great act of justice and of humanity—the emancipation of an enslaved race—to which the exigencies of war led him to attach his official signature. If we may not call him fortunate in the manner of his death, yet that death can in no way injure his just fame, but will rather be deemed in the judgment of posterity, his martyrdom and canonization.

**President Lincoln and the Theatre.**  
There are some subjects, which can be discussed more properly in the newspapers, than in the churches; and it is matter of regret, that any who wish to bring them before the public, do not seek for the purpose the columns of some printed sheet, rather than the ears of the religious assembly. What is said in the journals can be canvassed on all sides in the same; and questionable views there advanced can be freely criticised through the same medium. As I am one of those who do not share in the sorrow recently expressed among us, that the late chief magistrate of our country met his death in a theatre, I ask the privilege of occupying a small place in the Mail in expressing a few thoughts on this subject.

Even if we take the ground, that our esteemed President erred, and set an example not to be imitated, in spending an evening occasionally at the theatre, yet was it on the whole a mark of good judgment and of good taste, to take advantage of the time of his funeral, or of his recent assassination, to call public attention to this topic? Was the hour of a nation's sorrow over the loss of a ruler so justly honored and loved the fit occasion for exposing and condemning his error, in this respect? In any case of private grief, where the affliction is confined to a family or a circle, the like freedom of remark and of censure would certainly be thought unjustifiable; and if there is a disposition among us to tolerate more of this freedom in relation to public men, it is still a grave question whether this disposition ought not to be restrained rather than encouraged.

But to me it seems by no means evident, that the conduct of the President in this matter was wrong. No one will be likely to say that he thought it wrong; and in his situation, with his oppressive duties, responsibilities, and cares, his need of relaxation, and his knowledge of Washington society and life, and of their claims upon the head of the nation, was he not, in the matter here in question, the best judge of what he might properly do? It is to be remembered, that while some may regret his course, yet another numerous class throughout the country, as high-minded and as morally pure as any of his censors, will be apt to think that it needs no defence. There must indeed be good men and competent judges, in whose estimation the President would have disregarded certain obvious proprieties, if he had not sometimes visited the theatre. The evening of his brutal murder, he is known to have gone there, out of courtesy and favor to the people, who had been led to expect his presence.

Still higher ground may be taken. With the theatre belongs the drama, as really as the temple of worship and the sermon go together. In neither case is the connection strictly necessary; but it exists. Now the drama has been held in honor among all civilized and all Christian nations. The reputation of the ancient Greek tragedians is as high as that of the Greek orators. The men of the finest scholarship in the Colleges, as well of this country as of other countries, have deemed their time worthily employed in preparing editions of the surviving works of the tragic poets of antiquity, and in teaching these works to the young men in all institutions of higher learning. If the president of Waterville College deemed himself usefully engaged in editing some of the orations of Demosthenes, just as much did the distinguished president of Yale College think that he was doing a good work in preparing for the use of classical students, some of the choicest productions of the Greek dramatists. Many of the best pieces of Shakespeare, and of other writers for the English stage, including Addison, Johnson, and the excellent Mrs. Hannah More, are admired and read by all lovers of our literature. Can then the representation on

the stage of dramas of this character be an evil, against which all among us, old and young, need to be warned?

I know well that all pieces played in theatres are not of this sort. There are too, oftentimes, the purities of the theatre, which no worthy man can defend. But these things are neither universal, nor necessary. If any thing can be established from history and experience, it is, I think, that the theatre has a hold on the human mind, and on the judgment and esteem of men of character and standing, to such an extent, that no opposition is likely to displace it. Is it not then the wiser course to seek to improve and to purify it? It will not do to tell us that its purification is impossible; at least we cannot be expected to believe this, until such efforts as have been fruitlessly put forth to banish it altogether, have been exerted to free it from its faults and evils.

In the remarks now made and the views expressed, I wish to disclaim any intention of wish, even by the remotest implication, to impugn the motives of any person whatever.

D. N. SHELDON.

**War of Redemption.**  
In momentary expectation of hearing of the surrender of Johnston, we get the astounding information that hostilities have been suspended in North Carolina, and that trying their hands at peace-making, the two military leaders have arranged the basis of an agreement for the settlement of all difference between the great contending parties, which includes a free pardon for all in rebellion with a restoration of their former rights and privileges under the government; the recognition of the rebel State government; which will take custody of the Confederate arms; leaving the loyal citizens of those States to be assessed for the payment of the rebel debt; making no provision for the extinction of slavery; and, in fact, giving the rebels better terms than they have presumed to ask in any recent attempts at negotiation. On the reception of these terms in Washington they were rejected at once, the cabinet being a unit, and Grant was sent to Raleigh to take the direction of affairs, and this we hear he has done, giving notice of the conclusion of the armistice immediately on his arrival. This unauthorized attempt of Sherman to negotiate a peace excites universal astonishment and regret. His brilliant military success had won our admiration; his arduous and protracted labors for the country had given him a strong claim upon our esteem and gratitude; and his ringing words to friend and foe had shown him to be a clear-headed patriot, wielding the pen as skillfully as the sword. That such a man should take a step so suicidal is perfectly inexplicable with the light we have at present.

In this connection it is pertinent to copy the following telegram sent to Grant when he informed our late President that Lee had requested an interview to make arrangements for peace. It was written by Mr. Lincoln, after he had pondered a few moments over Grant's message, without consultation or advice, dated, signed by the Secretary of War, and forwarded to our commander, who, unlike Sherman, had not ceased to press his advantage over the rebels.

**Lieut. Gen. Grant:—**  
The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with Gen. Lee unless it be for the capitulation of Lee's army, or on some minor and purely military matter. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss or confer upon any political questions. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. In the meantime you are to press to the utmost your military advantages.

Jeff. Davis was reported at Hillsboro', N. C., during the negotiations with Sherman. He is said to have a large amount of Confederate funds in his possession, with the plunder of the Richmond Banks, hoping to make his way to Europe, either through Texas or by some shorter route.

The captures in Mobile are large—said to be two million dollars worth of ammunition and commissary stores, 140 pieces of artillery, some of it spiked, a large amount of cotton, and 1200 prisoners, counting in the sick, stragglers, and deserters. Although many threats to burn the city were made, not a house, not a bale of cotton, not a pound of substance, not a particle of war material were burnt or destroyed. A correspondent says—"The campaign, on the whole, has been a grand success. From the time our army left Dauphin Island up to the present, our entire loss in killed and wounded barely reaches 2000 men—I think 1800 is the correct figure. Our navy sustains the loss of two monitors and five other vessels. We have captured one of the most important seaboard cities in the South, killed and wounded about 1500 of the enemy, killed one brigadier general, captured three, 6000 prisoners, 17 forts, over 200 pieces of artillery, a vast amount of cotton, ordnance and subsistence stores, and put the remainder to flight, with a strong hope of surrounding it on all sides. Besides this, Gen. Wilson has been eminently successful in Central Alabama."

Montgomery, Ala., was occupied by our troops on the 11th, the rebels retreating in the direction of Columbus, Ga.

Urgent orders have been sent to all our military commanders to close in upon Johnston, and prevent the escape of Jeff. Davis and other noted rebels, if possible. It is hoped that under the spur of recent events, a new energy will be imparted to military movements that will go far to neutralize any serious consequences resulting from Sherman's sad misstep.

**SECRETARY SEWARD** and his son are improving rapidly.

We are indebted to L. K. Boulter, of Washington, D. C., for late and interesting papers from that city.

## OUR TABLE.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY** for May, an excellent number, has the following table of contents:—  
With the Birds, by John Burroughs.—Gold Eggs, A Dream-Fantasy, by James Russell Lowell.—Out of the Sea, by the author of "Life in the Iron Mills."—My Student-Life at Harvard, by Robert Dale Owen.—The Slave by the Lake, by John G. Whittier.—Ice and Equinox, V. By D. A. Wasson.—Notes of a Pianist, III. By Louis M. Gottschalk.—Diplomacy of the Revolution, by Prof. George W. Greene.—Our Battle-Lanterns, by Oliver Wendell Holmes.—Dr. Johns, V. By Donald G. Mitchell.—The Chimney Corner, V. By Mrs. H. B. Stowe.—Needle and Garden, V.—Castles, by T. B. Aldrich.—Fair Play the best Policy, by Col. T. W. Higginson.—Reviews and Literary Notices.  
The Atlantic Monthly is published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE.**—The illustrated articles in the May number of this popular monthly are:—Washington Revisited; Lyman Beecher; Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men, No. 6; with continuations of "Our Mutual Friends," by Charles Dickens, and "Armada," by Wilkie Collins. It also contains much other interesting reading.  
Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year.

**"OUR YOUNG FOLKS"** for May, gives the young people a charming treat. The great and increasing popularity of this juvenile monthly is proof that the publishers and editors are the right persons in the right place. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston at \$2 a year.

## MAY DAY.

"With Banner and with Badge we come."  
The children of Waterville and vicinity are invited to meet on the common, at one o'clock, on Monday next, for the purpose of forming in procession, marching through the streets, crowning the MAY QUEEN, and such other exercises as may be appropriate to the occasion. Music by the Waterville Brass Band.  
A preparatory meeting will be held at Town Hall on Saturday P.M. at 2 o'clock.  
April 26, 1865. J. NYE.

**I. O. OF G. T.**—The annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of this State was held with the Rising Star Lodge of this village, this week, commencing yesterday. There are about fifty delegates in attendance. The following is a list of the officers chosen:—

E. A. Sawyer, Portland, G. W. C. T.  
C. B. Wood, Belfast, G. W. C.  
Mrs. D. A. Harvill, Lewiston, G. W. V. T.  
F. G. Rich, Portland, G. W. S.  
J. L. Towne, Waterville, G. W. T.  
Rev. E. Robinson, Cape Elizabeth, G. W. C.  
D. L. Warner, So. Standish, G. W. M.  
Susan Stockwell, Bangor, G. W. D. M.  
W. L. Maxwell, Waterville, G. W. I. G.  
F. A. Conant, Skowhegan, G. W. O. G.

**Booth, the assassin is dead.** He was tracked to Garrett, between Bowling Green and Port Royal, near Fredericksburg, Va., and upon the approach of a squad of cavalry in pursuit, with a companion named Harrold, retired to a barn and refused to be taken. The barn was set on fire, and Harrold, rather than be burned to death, eventually surrendered; but Booth, knowing that his fate was sealed, maintained a defiant attitude and fired upon the soldiers, one of whom while aiming to disable him, put a bullet through his head. He lived about three hours after being shot, breathing curses against the government, and requested that his mother might be told that he died for his country. Booth was on crutches when found, having fractured his leg either in jumping upon the stage of the theatre or by falling from his horse on the night of the assassination, and Dr. Mudd, who set the limb, has been arrested. Booth was armed with a bowie knife, the same used upon Major Rathbone, a carbine, three revolvers and a pocket pistol.

**Messrs. Editors:—**The 19th was a day of sadness with the loyal people of West Waterville. Houses and flags draped in mourning, the tolling bell, the minute gun, the gathering of the people, all showed unmistakably that something terrible had transpired. Rev. Mr. Kelton addressed the mourning throng, and the following resolutions were adopted by a unanimous vote. The people retired to think and act.

WHEREAS, we have received with inexpressible horror and deep grief the intelligence that our excellent and beloved President has fallen by the hand of an assassin, and that an attempt was made upon the life of our venerable Secretary of State; therefore,  
Resolved, that we as citizens deeply mourn the country's loss, and solemnly join in the obsequies of the illustrious dead.  
Resolved, that all citizens of this nation who have persistently represented Abraham Lincoln as a tyrant, tortured his virtues into vices, caricatured his person, and misrepresented his policy, we hold before God and the country accessory with J. W. Booth in the assassination of our beloved President.  
Resolved, that President Andrew Johnson shall have our most cordial and hearty support in the administration of the affairs of Government, to crush out the rebellion and bring all traitors, both North and South, to condign punishment.

**THEO. HILL, Sec. BENJ. HERSOM, Ch'man.**

A FRIEND sends us a copy of the Richmond Whig, printed since the occupation of that city by our forces. It is a dingy looking, poorly printed sheet, the material and appliances evidently being of secess origin, but its tone is loyal, and it quotes freely from the patriotic northern press. It contains the farewell address of Brevet Brig. Gen. H. M. Plaisted to the troops under his command, one paragraph of which we quote below:—

I heartily congratulate you upon the prospect of early peace. In the opinion of our greatest General, the "hard fighting is over." May the day come quickly when you can return to your homes, to resume your peaceful pursuits and to receive the honors which belong to our country's defenders. Then will you, in your civil life, vindicate the high character of the army, by aiding to restore and preserve the public morals, and by proving to your fellow citizens that in learning to become good soldiers you have become the best of citizens.

**FRUIT TREES.**—The auction sale of trees at the nursery of Mr. J. H. Gilbreth, on the 2d day of May next, will afford a fine opportunity to all who wish to purchase healthy specimens of choice fruit trees. He has forty kinds of apples to select from, with many cherry trees and grape vines. They can be obtained on favorable terms, previous to the auction, at private sale.

The Union forces have now full possession of the city of Mobile, and a portion of the troops are pursuing the flying rebels towards Macon. The Post Office is to be re-opened at it.

once. Three thousand bales of cotton were captured, Gen. Granger informing the commander that if that was burned he should burn the city. The wharves and the city generally were found in good order. Many of the citizens were anxious to take the oath of allegiance, and all were glad to escape from rebel rule. Mobile was formally surrendered by the Mayor at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 12. He tendered the services of pilots to bring the fleet in safety to the city. Gen. Granger was received with uncommon enthusiasm by the Union citizens. The rebel papers have suspended publication and the Mobile News is to be printed under Union patronage.

**STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.**—Secretary Stanton announces that the War department has information that the President's murder was organized in Canada and approved at Richmond; and that one of the assassins now in prison, who attempted to kill Mr. Seward, is believed to be one of the St. Albans raiders.

**TRICOTIC DIVISION S. OF T.**—The following is a list of officers for the present quarter:—

G. A. Wilson, W. P.  
A. D. Small, W. A.  
C. A. Chalmers, R. S.  
Edwin Dunbar, A. R. S.  
E. R. Drummond, F. S.  
F. S. Chase, T.  
C. V. Hanson, Chaplain.  
C. L. Clay, C.  
S. Lombard, A. C.  
E. G. Randall, I. S.  
Jos. R. Pittman, O. S.  
Miss Maria Wheeler, I. O.  
Misses Caddie Emery, Eliza Nason, Susie Coffin, L. O.

A CHANGE OF TIME will be made upon the railroads next Monday. See advertisement.

**CAPT. JOHN GOLDTHWAIT**, son of Rev. T. Goldthwait, and formerly a student in Waterville College, wounded in repelling the rebel attack on Fort Fisher, in front of Petersburg, died in hospital on the 18th. His body was sent home for interment.

We learn that Rev. Mr. Maguire will preach a sermon upon the death of the assassin Booth, next sabbath forenoon.

Attorney General Speed has decided that the paroled officers of Lee's army have no homes in the loyal States and that the rebel uniform must not be worn in any of the loyal States.

We are requested to say that the examination of candidates for the Cadetship at West Point, by the Faculty of Waterville College, will take place at the North Brick School House, in this village, at 9 o'clock on the 4th of May. Those wishing to be examined must be present at the hour, and come provided with pen, ink and paper.

**REBEL BARBARITY.**—We publish the following extract of a letter from an officer in the Fifty-fifth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, as another illustration of the "Barbarism of Slavery." It will be remembered that this is one of the colored Regiments. It is dated James Island, March 23d.

One incident has occurred which has been interesting to us, and as it shows by how manly and chivalrous a spirit our enemies are actuated it may be worth speaking of. Last July, a simultaneous attack upon different portions of James Island (where we now are) was made by our forces, in which the 55th was the only regiment that had any success, and was itself withdrawn, though it had been perfectly successful in the undertakings, because of the failure of the other columns. The 54th N. Y., 33d U. S. Colored, (Colonel Higginson's old regiment) and the 56th, were advancing towards Lamar, when an unsuspected battery opened on them with grape and canister. The 54th and 33d were ordered to charge it, the 55th being held in reserve. They, however, soon broke and ran. Then the 55th, which was about three-quarters of a mile from the battery, immediately charged up on the double-quick, over a rough country all marsh and bush, and intersected by two or three ditches, to do what the others had been frightened by. The rebels stood to their guns, to do them justice, bravely, and poured in about twenty volleys of canister, that did a good deal of execution; but they had to yield, and we took the guns, though with considerable loss. As I said before, owing to the failure of the other columns (afterward declared by official investigation to have been due to the cowardice of a New York Colonel), our forces were withdrawn, and the rebels for a time left in possession of this island once more. When, therefore, we were sent here five days ago, a natural curiosity led some of our officers to visit the battle-field where some of them had been wounded; and there they found that the rebels had not only left our dead unburied to rot where they fell, but had carefully gone over the field and smashed up the skulls of every colored man they could find. We sent a detail, and gathered up all the bones that were left (not finding a single skull) and the bones were received by the regiment with military honors, and are to have as magnificent a funeral as the regiment can get up, in one of the city cemeteries if Headquarters will grant the required permission. Isn't the conduct of these Southern conspirators all of a piece, from Andersonville and Belle Isle to this petty wrecking of a pile, by vain attempts to dishonor the lifeless, powerless remains of men by whom they had been conquered, and do you wonder that our men are as blood-thirsty against such enemies and as little inclined to take prisoners, as they certainly are when their blood is up? I hope we never shall retaliate though, for we, civilized people cannot afford to make barbarians of ourselves such as these men, whom we are conquering are.

The last inaugural of President Lincoln made a strong impression in England. The British Standard speaks of it as "the most remarkable thing of the sort ever pronounced by any President of the United States from the first day until now. Its Alpha and its Omega is Almighty God, the God of justice and the Father of mercies, who is working out the purpose of his love. It is invested with a dignity and pathos which lift it high above every thing of the kind, whether in the Old World or the New. The whole thing puts us in mind of the best men of the English Commonwealth; there is in fact much of the old prophet about it."







WATERVILLE, ME.

Alfred  
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**MODEL COOK**  
 Right Store, with T  
 in economy, capab  
 durability, and beau



**STOVE**  
 The Owen, a superb  
 quality, convenience,  
 and design.

This Stove has a ventilated oven which can be used separately or in connection with the baking oven, by removing a single plate—thus giving one of the largest ovens ever constructed.

ARNOLD & MEADER, Agents.

**CAUTION**

**To Females in Delicate Health.**

DR. DOW, Physician and Surgeon, No. 7, Endicott Street.

16 Boston, is consulted daily for all diseases incident to the female system. Prolapsus Uteri or Falling of the Womb, Fluor Albus, Suppression, and other Menstrual derangement are all treated on new pathological principles, and speedy relief guaranteed in a very few days. So invariably certain is the new mode of treatment, that most obstinate complaints yield under it, and the afflicted person soon rejoices in perfect health.

Dr. Dow has no doubt had greater experience in the cure of

Boarding accommodations for patients who may wish to stay in Boston a few days under his treatment.

Dr. Dow, since 1846, having confined his whole attention to an office practice for the cure of Private Diseases and Female Complaints, acknowledges no superior in the United States.

N. B.—All letters must contain one dollar, or they will not be answered.

Office hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Boston, July 20, 1864.

**Cutlery.**

**WE** have just received the largest variety of Table Cutlery  
Shears, Scissors, Pocket Knives, Butcher Knives, and  
Plated Forks and Spoons, ever offered in this vicinity, which  
we offer at great bargains.

**ARNOLD & MEADER.**

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**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

THE time has come when I am obliged to close MY BOOKS to those wanting credit. The Shoe Dealers in Boston refuse to do a credit business, therefore I have to pay cash for my goods, and must have cash in return or I must stop business; after this date I shall be obliged to say no, to all who want credit at my store.

Those having an account unsettled will please call and settle IMMEDIATELY, as I must collect in what is due, that I may pay my bills

August 4th, 1864.

S. T. MAXWELL.

**SAVE YOUR WOOD!**  
**EXCHANGE** your Old Cook Stove for a Model Cook, and  
 and we will guarantee a Saving of One-third the Wood,  
 beside all the conveniences of the best Stove in the Market.  
**ARNOLD & MEADER**  
**Chain Pumps,**

**EXPRESSLY FOR DEEP WELLS.**  
At GILBRETH'S, Kendall's Mills.  
References.—Horatio Colcord, Tufton Wells, Clinton;  
Stephen Wing, Canaan; who have used the Cast Iron Force  
Pump in deep wells and now give the chain Pump the prefer-  
ence.

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**AT HOME AGAIN!**

He will pay cash and the highest market price for all kinds of farm products,  
J. MARSHALL  
JOSEPH PERCIVAL.

Waterville, Dec. 1863. 24

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**KEROSENE LANTERNS,**  
**A NEW PATTERN,**  
The best thing out,  
**At ARNOLD & MEADER'S.**

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**TREASURY DEPARTMENT**

OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,  
WASHINGTON, February 14th, 1865.

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the Waterville National Bank, in the Town of Waterville in the County of Kennebec, and State of Maine, has been duly organized under and according to the requirements of the Act of Congress entitled "An Act to provide a National Currency, several hundred dollars of which is now on deposit in the

Now, therefore, I, Hugh McCulloch, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that The Waterville National Bank, in the Town of Waterville in the County of Kennebec and State of Maine, is authorized to commence the business of Banking under the Act aforesaid.

In Testimony whereof, witness my hand and seal of office  
this Fourteenth day of February, 1865.  
[LS.] HUGH McCULLOCH,  
Comptroller of Currency.

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**GEO. DEMERIT & CO.**  
THE FOLLOWING SPLENDID LIST OF  
**Watches, Chains, Gold Pens, and Pencils, &c.**

TO be sold at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value,  
and not to be paid until you know what you will receive.

100 Gold Hunting Cases Watches,	each \$100 00
100 Gold Watches,	60 00
200 Ladies' Watches,	35 00
500 Silver Watches,	\$15 00 to \$25 00
600 Gold Neck and Vest Chains,	12 00 to 15 00
600 Chatelain and Guard Chains,	5 00 to 10 00

1000 Vest and Neck Chains,	4.00 to 12.00
1000 Solitaire Jet and Gold Brooches,	4.00 to 8.00
1000 Coral, Lava, Garnet, &c., Brooches,	8.00 to 8.00
1000 Gold, Jet, Opal, &c., Ear Drops,	8.00 to 8.00
1000 Gents' Breast and Scarf Pins,	3.00 to 8.00
1000 Opal Band Bracelets,	3.00 to 8.00
1000 Chased Bracelets,	6.00 to 10.00
1500 California Diamond Pins and Rings,	2.50 to 8.00
1000 Gold Watch Keys,	2.50 to 6.00
1000 Solitaire Sleeve Buttons and Studs,	2.00 to 8.00

1000 Gold Thimbles, 1/2 oz. each and 1/4 oz.	4 00 to 6 00
1000 Miniature Lockets, 1/2 oz. each	2 00 to 7 00
1000 Miniature Lockets, Magic, 1/2 oz. each	2 00 to 9 00
500 Gold Toothpicks, (Crosses, &c., 1/2 oz. each)	2 00 to 6 00
500 Fob and Ribbon Slides, 1/2 oz. each	2 00 to 5 00
1000 Chased Gold Rings, 1/2 oz. each	2 00 to 6 00
1000 Stone Set Rings, 1/2 oz. each	2 00 to 6 00
500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold, 1/2 oz. each	5 00 to 15 00
1000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—varied styles, 1/2 oz. each	5 00 to 15 00
1000 Gold Rings, Silver—varied styles, 1/2 oz. each	5 00 to 15 00

1,000 Pens, Gold Case and Pencil,	5.00 to
1,000 Gold Pens, Gold mounted Holder,	5.00 to
	10.00
	2.00 to

All the goods in the above list will be sold, without reservation, FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH. Certificates of all the various articles are placed in similar envelopes and sealed. The envelopes will be sent by mail or delivered at our office, without regard to choice. On receiving a Certificate you will see what article it represents, and it is optional with you to send one dollar and receive the article named, or any other in the

In all transactions by mail, we charge for forwarding the certificates, paying post-ge, and doing the business, 25 cents each. Five Certificates will be sent for \$1; eleven for \$1; thirty for \$5; sixty five for \$10; and one hundred for \$15. We guarantee entire satisfaction in every instance.

**AGENTS—Special terms to Agents.**

Address, **GEORGE DEMERIT & CO.**  
3m-30 308 Broadway, New York.

**WATERVILLE BANK.**  
 The charter of the Waterville Bank, having been surrendered, in compliance with a law approved March 28th 1863, notice is hereby given that the liability of said Bank, to redeem its bills will expire on the 4th day of January, 1867.  
 E. L. GETCHELL, Cashier.  
 Waterville, Me. Feb'y 21, 1865. 12w84

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**TICONIC BANK.**

THIS BANK having surrendered its charter and filed notice thereof with the Secretary of State in compliance with the laws of this State, notice is hereby given that its liability on its bills will expire Dec. 31st, 1866.

Feb. 15. 1865. A. A. PLAISTED, Cashier.  
8m-33

**TREASURY DEPARTMENT.**

OFFICE OF CONTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,  
WASHINGTON, March 13th, 1865.

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The People's National Bank of Waterville," in the Town of Waterville in the County of Kennebec and State of Maine, has been duly organized under and according to the requirements of the Act of Congress entitled "An Act to provide a National Currency, secured by a pledge of United States bonds, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof," approved June 3,

and, has complied with all the provisions of said Act required to be complied with before commencing the business of banking under said Act:

The office of Comptroller of the Currency being vacant, therefore, I, Samuel T. Howard, Deputy Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The People's National Bank of Waterville," in the Town of Waterville in the County of Kennebec, and State of Maine, is authorized to commence the business of banking under the Act aforesaid.

CHILDREN'S Balmoral Hose, Dress Buttons, Infant  
 Sacks and Shirts, Ladies' Paper Collars and Cuffs.  
 At the MISSES FISHERS  
 CHOICE Brands of FLOUR, at  
 FORTY & DOOLITTLE.

**Horse Blankets.**  
GOOD assortment of HORSE BLANKETS, at  
J. F. ELDERS  
AR, ROSIN, and TURPENTINE.  
at GILBERT'S, Kendal & Mills.  
SHETLAND VEILS! Shetland Veils!! For sale by  
J. F. ELDERS.

ING in your old Books and papers, now while the price  
is high, to the  
MISSIS. E. & S. F. ...  
MAIL OFFICE.