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Maxham & Wing

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A FRAGMENT.

There rang a wild strange chorus,
That hour, through Lystra's street;
Torches were tossed in the air,
Flames rushed by with frenzied glare,
And women with unbraided hair,
Loose zones and tinkling feet.
With trumpet-shout and pean
The stifling air was rent—
"The gods reveal earth again!
Hail, joys! great king of gods and men!
Hail, Hermes eloquent!
Hail to the son of Chronos!
Hail to the Pleiad-born!
The gods descend with healing art,
The lame man leapt as a hart,
Voices of the iron-age depart—
Hail to earth's golden sunset!
Garland the milk-white heifer!
Bring rains with curving horn!
Hail to old Saturn's mighty son—
The thunder of the ivory throne!
Hail to the Pleiad-born!"

The glittering axe is lifted,
The milk-white victim stands,
Ponding the heads of the gods to slay,
And in her mild unconscious play,
Cropping her flowery bands;
The flashing steel, uplifted,
Is shimmering in the light—
"Hold!" speaks a voice, at whose command
The axe reels in the flames' hand,
And men in mute inquiry stand,
Controlled by powerless might.
We be not gods, but mortals,
With passions like your own.
We come to turn your lightened eyes
From food and sacrifice,
To serve one God alone—
One living God! O Lystrians!
The Heaven of heavens is his;
He framed it by his own decree;
He made the earth, the sky, the sea,
And all that in them is;
Each season is His witness
That all He doeth is good:
He gives the sun and the rain,
The fruitful field, the laughing plain,
The gladness and the food!"

Oh, there were high debates,
That eve, in Lystra's street—
"Strange that with passions like our own,
Men scorn the thyrsus and the crown,
And glory, homage, all cast down,
As at a master's feet!"
An unseen Lord and Master,
Beneath whose wondrous way
Olympian gods stand disarrayed,
Discrowned, dethroned—a myth—a shade;
And poets' tuneful dreamings fade
Like morning mists away!"

(From Peterson's Magazine.)

AN ELDERLY MAN'S MISTAKE.

BY FRANK LEE BENDICT.

CONCLUDED.

I WENT, one evening, to the house of an old friend whom I had not visited for some time, and who had that morning met me on the street with numerous reproaches.

The servant said Mrs. Vernon was out, but I went in. She had asked me to assist her in some project, and I wished to leave a note informing her that the matter was satisfactorily settled.

The man showed me into the library. I sat down and scribbled my message; just as I was folding it, the door opened and Walter Thorne entered the room.

"You here?" he said, and I caught the frown which he hid instantly under a smile.

"As you see," I replied.

"I thought at first it was your ghost! Writing notes, too—looking melancholy as a poet. I think it doubtful if you will see Miss Grant."

I should have gone to the hotel if I had intended to do so.

"Then you did not know she was visiting Mrs. Vernon?" he asked, with a quick, suspicious glance.

"I did not. The servant said Mrs. Vernon was out, but as I had a message for her, I came in to write this note, which having done, I will bid you good-night."

"Don't be in a hurry; you will condemn me to solitude, for the other ladies are out, too, and I am waiting for them. How odd that you did not know Miss Grant and her aunt were here."

"Nothing very extraordinary; I have been constantly occupied, and have seen no one."

"So you are going to Europe? How convenient that old Standish should have died! If it was only Paris instead of Naples. Do you know, I think there is an added shade of dignity in your manner since you blossomed into an ambassador."

"It exists in your imagination; I have not received any such position."

"But the Globe, this morning, said that you had accepted it."

"You ought to know, as well as any one, that the reports concerning people's affairs and actions are not always to be depended upon."

"He understood the sarcasm."

"I hope there is no difficulty about your getting it. It would be shameful of the Administration to deceive you after all you have done for it."

"Pray reserve your indignation; the post is mine, if I choose to accept it."

"Which, of course, you will."

"Why of course?"

"It seems only natural that you should do so. You have no family, nothing to keep you here," he added, with a searching look.

I bore his scrutiny well enough, only bowing in reply.

"I can't understand your hesitation," he continued. "If you were a young man—I beg your pardon—"

"For what?"

He laughed; the sound was malicious and ill-natured in spite of his friendly manner.

"After all," he said, "I need not have stopped; I know you are not foolishly sensitive about your age, as so many foolishly men are. If you were a young man, one would fancy that it was some love-affair which detained you here."

"People would naturally assign some silly reason; they always do in such cases."

"I understand the gentle reproach," he returned, laughing again, at one time I was half-inclined to think such was the case."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that, after waiting all these years, you had allowed Cupid to surprise you; we are alone, so I can say this."

I am sure I looked perfectly composed; I returned his glance steadily and with a smile.

"So you really thought that?"

"I did, indeed, for the first few weeks after my return; so many of your acquaintance assured me that it was so, and I could divine no other reason for a man of your age getting up such a sudden interest in society."

All these things he said in a way so frank and friendly that no person could have considered them impertinent; laughing at his own folly, assuming an air as if he now fully appreciated me and considered me superior to such weakness.

I longed to put a violent end to our acquaintance on the instant; to dash my fist in his smiling face and repay his covert insults by an open demonstration of hatred.

"To be sure, the lady was one who would have made the weakness pardonable even in a man like you—all the world said that. I, of all men, would have so considered."

He was trying to make me betray some evidence of feeling; he wanted to gratify his vanity by assuring himself that I had suffered.

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XVIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1864.

NO. 1.

"And who was the lady?" I asked, still with a smile, though I felt it burn my lip like a hot coal.

"Miss Grant, of course; I have no other bright, particular star, you know."

"Just now?"

"Don't be sarcastic; I talk openly to you."

"Many thanks for the confidence you repose in me; though I can hardly call it that. I suppose your engagement is already acknowledged?"

"No, oh! no."

"But it soon will be?"

He hesitated for an instant; the interrogatories had taken a quick turn; he was now on the defensive.

"I cannot tell when; you know a woman's way—the sex loves to be tyrannical! Tell me something?"

"If it is in my power."

"What makes Miss Grant, Ursula—I may call her so to you—dislike you so much?"

"Cannot you answer that question more easily than I?"

"Indeed, no," he replied, not appearing to understand the significance of my question.

"I have asked her, but she gives no reason."

"Then she does dislike me?"

"She never said so."

"Still you know it."

"One must judge from her manner; she avoids you."

"Yes; Miss Grant evidently dislikes me."

"Never mind; if it is ever in my power to influence her—"

"Thanks. If people do not like me of their own free will, I should not care for a friendship springing from the interposition of others."

"You speak a little bitterly; you are not sore? I hope there was no truth in your suspicion—"

"The suspicion was pardonable, Mr. Thorne; the fear would be impertinent."

He flushed angrily, but restrained himself. I cannot tell why; for the first time I had a doubt of his engagement with Ursula Grant.

"Are you going to marry that lady?" I asked.

"What a singular question—so blunt—"

"You have not hesitated to ask me several, to-night, equally unscrupulous. Are you engaged to Miss Grant?"

"Really, my dear friend, you are indiscreet."

"Yes or no? If not, you have no right to allow such an impression to go abroad."

"I believe you are neither Miss Grant's guardian nor mine," he began, angrily, but checked himself. "I will tell you the truth," he added, with a sudden change of manner—the air of open, almost boyish confidence, which he could assume at will. "I know a secret is safe with you."

I was silent.

"The truth is, my dear Digby, when I first came into society, I was a sad flirt, I did not treat Ursula Grant quite well."

"You trifled with her?"

"I was attached to her. Yes, I really was in earnest; but, petted and spoiled as I was by women, the thought of marriage was distasteful to me. I broke off the affair and went abroad—I am afraid she suffered. Never mind, that is past; I am back—I do love her."

"And she forgave you? She loves you still?"

"Is she a woman to change? I talk freely with you, because—don't be angry—I fear you are interested in her. I know you ought to accept this position abroad, and I want to set the matter at rest, so that you need not allow any false hopes to deceive you."

"Excuse me; there is no need of caution. Finish your story—she forgave you?"

"Not at first, but I saw that I had the old influence; proud as she was, she could not throw that off. But now she has gotten over her little pique; she accepts me for her hero again, and I suppose that before many months are over, you may congratulate Benedict and Beatrice on having happily ended the new Mich Ado about Nothing."

It was confirmed—I stood confronted with the realization of all my fears—the mad hope of the past moments died out—she would be his wife.

He sat there smiling and triumphant. Before I could still my dizzied senses, could find a word that might cover my pain, the heavy curtains at the end of the room rustled and swung back—Ursula Grant stood in the opening. Without giving either time to move, she advanced quickly, pale and cold, but her eyes like sheet-lightning fixed on Thorne till he fairly shrunk under their fire.

"Mr. Digby," she said, still holding him a prisoner under that glance, "the tale which you have heard contains no atom of truth. I am not engaged to that person; I have never been. To the world I should hardly contradict so idle a falsehood. I cannot bear that a man whom I respect should think so meanly of me as to believe me capable of loving this and there."

"Miss Grant—Ursula," he began, so bowed with confusion and rage that he could hardly stand.

"Are you searching an excuse? Make haste, sir; you have proved how fertile your imagination can be on occasion."

"It was a jest," he stammered. "I beg you to believe that it was all a joke at Digby's expense."

"In which you acknowledge there is no truth?"

"Most certainly."

"That is enough; you can go."

She did not even speak angrily—quietly, as she might have given an order to a menial, and dismissed him.

The devil broke over his face, but he tried to retrieve his position.

"Say that you are not angry; that you will forgive my folly and forget."

I have forgotten it since I have ceased to know you."

He pleaded with her for a few moments.

"Go away, Digby," he said; "let me see Miss Grant alone."

"Remain, if you please, Mr. Digby."

I stood still. Upon my word, I felt sorry for the dastard. The fire in her eyes would have scorched even a better mailed nature than his.

"You did love me once," he exclaimed, furiously; "you dare not deny it."

She smiled patiently.

"For a little time I was pleased with what I believed you to be. I was quite young then. You told me that you loved me; you asked for an engagement; I entered into one. Before

you left for Europe, I learned to know you better. Every tie was broken at once. Loved you, Walter Thorne? Never! You cannot look me in the face and believe the thing possible."

He turned to go, looked back, and hissed out some weak impertinence.

"One word more," I said, "and I will fling you out of the window! Dare to take this lady's name on your lips—"

"He will be silent," she interrupted; "go, sir!"

He shook his clenched hand at me, with a vain menace, and left the apartment.

"I am glad to be justified in your eyes," she said. "Do not suppose me capable of listening, deliberately, even to a conversation about myself. I was seated in the conservatory before I knew you were there. When the voices reached me, I supposed you were talking with Mrs. Vernon."

"And you wished to avoid me, as usual?"

"Her manner changed; she shrunk into herself."

"Tell me how I have offended you?" I asked.

She looked up in troubled surprise.

"Offended me? You have always been a kind and considerate friend."

"Why are you so changed then? Something has come between us—only tell me what it is."

She was silent; her face was quite white—her hands worked nervously.

"I know, I feel the reason! Do not fear—do not avoid me; indeed, I will never trouble you. Look on me as your friend; I will ask nothing more."

"I do not understand; I—"

"Yes, yes, you do! You know that I love you. Don't stop me. I feel the folly—the madness; but I have loved you from the first."

She leaned back in her chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"Don't be angry; I will never trouble you with such words again; let me make all clear; ever after think of me as your friend—only that, only that."

I was so much excited then, that, in spite of me, the carefully cherished secret rushed to my lips in burning words. I talked wildly, yet all the while I was trying to do away with the trouble and pity she felt for me; to make her believe that in all the world she would find no friend so trustworthy and faithful as I would be.

"Only let me say the words once more, Ursula—I love you, I love you!"

Her hands dropped, her pale face was covered with blushes; her eyes sought mine, and sank again, after that feeling glance which startled me with its revelation.

"Ursula," I cried, "what does this mean? You could not learn to care for me—you could not love me?"

One little hand was extended and half drawn back. Oh! I cannot go on! I only know that the night broke suddenly—I had entered the magic land.

"Learn to love you?" she said. "Have I tried to learn not to care for you? How could I think you, so gifted, so famous, would love a foolish girl like me?"

Blind, both of us. Perhaps had it not been for the folly of Walter Thorne, we should have never extended our hands to grasp the happiness within our reach.

THE ARISTOCRATIC ELEMENT.—If there be any man who is qualified to speak as to the causes which led to the rebellion, ANDY JOHNSON is such a man. Born in North Carolina, living all his life at the South, surrounded by Slavery and slave-holders, a member of the Democratic party until that party at the South openly embraced secession, he was yet a man clear-headed enough not to be misled by the wild theories with which the slavholding leaders were able to deceive so many around him, and clear-sighted enough to see beneath the outer surface of things around him, those hideous shapes which lurked there before they rose from the depths in their fierce onslaught upon the principles of our Government, and became visible in all their malignity to the dullest sight.

In his recent speech at Nashville, Mr. Johnson spoke of the chief one of these causes of the rebellion as follows:

"One of the chief elements of this rebellion is the opposition of the slave aristocracy to being ruled by men who have risen from the ranks of the people. This aristocracy hated Mr. Lincoln because he was of humble origin—a rail splitter in early life. One of them, the private secretary of Howell Cobb, said to me one day, after a long conversation, 'we people of the South will not submit to be governed by a man who has come up from the ranks of the common people, as Abe Lincoln has.' He uttered the essential feeling and spirit of this Southern rebellion."

There never was a truer word uttered—and the proof of it is to be found not in the South alone, for every where there are those who hate and fear the common people, and whose sympathies place them on the side of the rebellion. In the Old World the division is just as broad and plain as it is in the rebellious States.

Nor is it only at the South or abroad that this feeling exists. It is prevalent here among us. It lies at the heart of every Copperhead. It found loud expression in the declaration of Fernando Wood, echoed by Mallory, of Kentucky, that Slavery is the best condition of the colored man. It lurked in the silence with which the Democratic members greeted the announcement of the bravery of the negro regiments at Petersburg, which kept them sullen in their seats while the Hall rang with cheers over a victory of their country's armies.

It found appropriate utterance in the disgust expressed by the *New York World* at the nomination of Gov. Johnson for Vice President, whom it called like one of these slavholding aristocrats of whom he speaks, "a boorish tailor from the backwoods," because he had not spent his life in courts, and enjoyed the blessed and enlightening privileges of an exclusive society.

On every hand one who seeks for it can find this same sympathy with aristocracy, this scorn of the common people—this disbelief of the cardinal doctrine of the Declaration of Independence; and it behooves all who are on the side of the people to join heart and hand together with all their energy and all their wisdom, to counteract every effort of

these evil schemers. Every impulse of present patriotism, all the memories of that which was our fathers' chief glory, and all the hopes which brighten the future of the commonwealth combine to urge us on in this present struggle, and we rejoice that we have had, and are still likely to have for our leaders, men of the people, Americans in sentiment as well as in name, who feel that their own fortunes and their own glory are identified with those of their fellow-citizens, and that by everything which raises the rank of manhood among us they will be themselves elevated, instead of by separating themselves and their interests, and using the people only as steps to the pedestal of power.—[N. Y. Times, June 20.]

[From the New York Mercury.]

THE FAIRY BOX.

Once there was a little boy named Alfred, and he had heard so many fine stories about Fairyland that he fancied he should like to go and see it. It happened, too, on one of his birthdays, that his fairy godmother sent him a fairy picture-book for a present—a wonderful little book, just the kind you would like; for it had not only a lovely blue silk cover, with a golden clasp, but within was full of lovely pictures that were constantly changing. Now it was a brook in Fairyland, in which little fairies with rainbow wings were chasing each other; and now it was a room in the Fairy Queen's palace, where you are sure to find just the toy or book that you wish; and now it was a great bank of flowers that grew again as fast as picked; and now it was the splendid rose-colored palace of the Fairy Queen herself, or the great golden gates, with merry little sunbeams hanging on the bars.

All this made Alfred ten times as anxious to go to Fairyland, and of every one he met he asked the way; but the big, busy, bustling, grown-up people only said: "Pho! pho! get out of the way! There isn't any Fairyland!" And so Alfred was no wiser than before.

But one day, it happened that Alfred caught a sunbeam hiding away in a flower-cup; and though the little bright-winged fellow tried hard to get away, Alfred held him fast.

"You shan't go till you tell me how to find Fairyland," he said to the sunbeam.

"That's easy enough. You must buy a fairy spyglass, and then you will find it fast enough," answered the slippery little rogue, sliding out of Alfred's fingers.

Alfred went home quite charmed, and, getting all the money out of his bank, went to the store to buy a fairy spyglass. The man smiled at him.

"We don't keep fairy glasses here, my boy," said he.

So Alfred was no better off than before, till one day he caught an old brown grass-hopper, when, straightway, he heard a small voice squeaking:

"My little boy, don't you hurt my poor old pony. I brought him out for a little exercise. He is getting very feeble."

Alfred looked all about him, and saw, sitting on a toadstool, a bright-eyed little lady, about as long as his thumb. She was wrapped from head to foot in a large cloak made out of butterflies' wings, and by way of improving her time, was knitting stockings out of a ball of spider's web, on diamond needles which flew so fast you could scarcely see them.

"I won't hurt your pony," said Alfred; "but if you are a fairy, Madam, as I think you are, I should like you to tell me how to get to Fairyland."

And then he told her the story about the sunbeam.

"You must get a fairy spyglass, true enough," said the fairy; "but you cannot buy it, except with fairy money."

"But how can I get fairy money?" asked Alfred.

"You must earn it," answered the fairy, "by doing good and kind deeds. Here is a little box," taking a tiny black box out of her pocket. "Every time you keep your temper, or do something kind or generous, you will find in it a bit of fairy gold; but when you forget and are bad, you will find one less in the box. When the box is full, take it out into the forest, and you will find an old man who has fairy spyglasses for sale. And now, will you please give me my pony, as it is time we were off."

Alfred set down the grass-hopper, and the little lady, jumping on his back, was off in a twinkling; but he went home with the box in his pocket, happy indeed, for he fancied it wouldn't take a week to fill so small a box.

Just as he reached home, he met a very pitiful-looking boy. He was ragged and barefoot, and so weak with hunger that he could scarcely drag himself along; but Alfred was going to pass him by without giving him even a cent, because he had decided to buy a new steamboat with the money in his pocket when he happened to see his Uncle John looking out of the window. Now, Uncle John was always very good to the poor, and liked to see Alfred doing a generous act; and perhaps, thought Alfred to himself, "he will give me the money back beside."

So he emptied all the money in his pocket into the poor boy's hands; and when he got into the house, his Uncle patted him on the head, and called him "good boy." He gave him, besides, a gold piece. But just then Alfred remembered his fairy box.

"There will be something in it," thought he. "I have been so generous, perhaps there will be two pieces."

But to his astonishment, there was nothing; and when he shook and rattled it, to hear if anything would clink, a little voice said in his ear:

"You can't earn fairy money, little boy, by good deeds which are already paid for."

Alfred was quite sulky; but he began to think about it, and made up his mind that perhaps it wasn't so very good of him, after all, to give away money that he might be praised and get it back again; on which, quite mortified he went to bed.

On the next day, as he was playing, his little brother came to him to mend his wagon, which had come apart. Alfred hated to stop, for he had his soldiers drawn up in a row—that is, the Union men—and the rebels behind a wall made out of a box-cover; and he had just brought two small tin cannon, and a wooden cart for an ambulance. He was, you see, in the very heat of the battle, and I don't suppose any general would like to be disturbed just then to mend wagons. He was just about to send his little

brother off with a cross "get away!" when he happened to remember what his mother was always telling him about being patient and obliging; and, on that, he put by his cannon, and mended the wagon as pleasantly as possible. Clink! went something in his pocket. He pulled it out in such a hurry that his hands fairly trembled, looked, and there, true enough, was a bit of fairy gold.

The next day, going to see a little sick friend who was not so rich as he, he found him lying on a poor little bed, his cheeks red with fever.

"I wish," said the little sick boy—"oh, I do so wish for some grapes. My mouth is so dry, and tastes so. But mother says they cost so much, and she has hardly enough for medicine."

At that Alfred began to think of the splendid basket of hot-house grapes that Uncle John had brought him that morning. He was very fond of grapes, and he had intended to have a little picnic out on the piazza, and have Nellie bring her dishes and beg some cake of mamma. He couldn't make up his mind to give up all this at once; but, at last he got out the grapes from his closet, and wrote on a card, "For Georgey," and sent them to the sick boy. He had hardly done it, when clink! clink! came two little fairy bits into his box.

But now he began to fancy getting fairy money an easy thing; and the next day, when he found Nellie with his paint-box, he grew exceedingly angry, and, calling out, "You bad, naughty girl!" struck her on the cheek. Clink! went something in his box; and, looking in, Alfred saw, to his sorrow, that one of the pretty shining pieces had gone.

In short, it was a long, long time, and through a great many such "ins" and "outs," that Alfred at last got the box filled with fairy money; but that done, he went out into the forest, a proud and happy boy enough.

He had not gone far, when he met an old man, who was crying fairy carpets for sale.

"You can take your seat and wish you were in China, and whiz! you are there," said the old man. "I'll give you one for your box, Master Alfred."

"No," said Alfred; "I want a spyglass," and travelled on.

And next, he met a girl, and she had a bird that could talk as well as sing, and tell you everything that was going on all over the world. Alfred thought that was very wonderful; but still he said that he wanted spyglasses, not birds, and travelled on till he found an old man begging by the road.

"Pity!" cried the old man, "I have lost my box of fairy money, and I cannot get across the fairy river; and I have been waiting here a hundred years, for I am too feeble to earn anything now; and my wife and daughter are waiting for me, and if I do not get them soon, I am afraid my enemy the Giant of Mistland, will find them and carry them off to his castle."

At first, Alfred was about to pass him by, as he had done the others, but then he began to say to himself:

"This old man has waited a hundred years, and he is so old and feeble, while I am young. And I can earn another boxful—only I do so late to wait."

And then he thought:

"I won't give it, either. It isn't my fault if he is old and has waited a hundred years."

But the old man looked so pitiful, and Alfred had been earning fairy money so long that he had begun to like to do kind and good things better than selfish and bad ones; and, at last, with a sigh, he handed the old man the box, saying:

"Here, take it."

"Thank you," answered the old man. "Here is your spyglass."

Think then how pleased Alfred was! And, putting up his glass, where do you think he saw Fairyland? Why, close beside him. And now he goes there every day.

MANURING NEWLY SET TREES.—We this spring saw a neighbor finishing off the planting of a row of handsome maples in front of his dwelling, and complimented him on his taste and public spirit, and expressed the hope that his trees would live and flourish. "They ought to grow, said he, 'for I have put a half wheelbarrow load of hog manure into each hole.' Have you?" we responded, "then the trees will die, and you may as well put them up how and throw them on the brush heap." But he could not be convinced of his error. "Hog dung done well in the corn-field, and with hops, and tobacco; and why won't it with shade trees?" And so he left his handsome maples, with their roots enveloped in the powerful manure, and the result was as might be expected. A few leaves put forth in May, but in June they turned yellow and dropped off one by one, and to-day the trees are dead. The lesson is a plain one: keep away manure from newly planted trees. Give the roots finely pulverized soil, as good as can be found, and the trees will doubtless thrive. If the soil need bettering afterward, apply manure to the surface in the fall, and work it in the next spring. Its effects will soon be visible.

Good for Dahomey.—Even we may learn something from these barbarians. Besides their common duties, "they have also the unseen, unknown God, whose name they seldom dare to mention, and of whose great attributes they speak not without fear and trembling." Brutes as they otherwise are, they will not take the name of the Universal God in vain. Brutes, do we call them? Why, in Dahomey, "drunkenness is a sin, and the late king kept a drunkard on rum, after the Spartan principle, that his beastly appearance might deter the people from this vice." Even on national holidays there is neither blasphemy nor drunkenness, and in Dahomey women are eligible to all employments and honors, and the crack regiment is a regiment of Amazons.

[Reid's Savage Africa.]

NOBLE WORDS.—Let those who are disposed to hesitate or be reluctant as to their duty in this war, remember the words of the President at Gettysburg. "It is for the living rather," said Mr. Lincoln, "to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation

under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

INSTRUCTIONS FROM RICHMOND.—The Richmond Examiner gives the following instructions to its allies in the north. Those who desire to aid the rebellion, will please take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

"The Democrats of the North, who have waited four years, not too patiently, trusting to regain the power and profit which they but lately held to be a Democratic inheritance, must naturally be provoked beyond endurance at this audacious attempt of Lincoln and Seward to ride roughshod over them four years more. We learn that the Democrats are now universally turning their thoughts to Franklin Pierce and the Connecticut Seymour as their nominees for President and Vice President. To give them the least chance of electing those two advocates of peace, Grant must be defeated, the invasion must collapse and die out, and the very name of war must become a word of horror, uttered with loathing and execration. Therefore it is the interest of the Democrats to do their very utmost to weaken the Federal army, discredit finance, in short, to extinguish the war altogether, in order to extinguish the party which invented the war, and governs it, and lives by it."

INCREASE OF PAY OF SOLDIERS.—The bill increasing the pay of non-commissioned officers and privates in the army, provides that on and after the first of May, and during the continuance of the present rebellion, the pay per month of non commission officers and privates in the military service shall be as follows:—

Sergei-Majors, \$26; quartermaster and commissary sergeants of ordnance, sappers, and miners and pontoniers, \$34; corporals of ordnance, sappers and miners and pontoniers, \$20; privates of engineers and ordnance of the first class, \$18, and of the second class, \$16; corporals of cavalry, artillery and infantry, \$18, chief buglers of cavalry, \$23; buglers, \$16; farriers and blacksmiths of cavalry and artillery, \$18; privates of cavalry, artillery and infantry, \$16; principal musicians of artillery and infantry, \$22; leaders of brigade and regimental bands, \$75; musicians, \$16; hospital stewards of the first class, \$33; hospital stewards of the second class, \$25; hospital stewards of the third class, \$23.

THE POINT WELL STATED.—The Nashville (Tenn) Union brings the question forcibly home to those at the North calling themselves "conservatives," in the following manner:

"We are for the negro where he is," say the conservatives. Very well, let us see where the negro is. He is at work on rebel forts and entrenchments; he is on the plantations raising meat and bread-stuff for the rebel army; he is in the factory weaving button-nut jeans for the rebel soldiers; he is in the foundries casting rebel cannon; he is in the shop making rebel shoes, hats, sabres, bridles and saddles; he is in the camp waiting on rebel officers; he is in the fort working rebel guns, and he is in guerrilla bands to murder Union men.

Had we better not take the negro into our hands, or do you prefer to let the negro stay where he is, and aid powerfully in destroying the government?

"THE KILKENNY CATS."—A late number of Notes and Queries gives the following account of the "Kilkenny Cats." The writer says:—

"The story has been so long current that it has become a proverb—as quarrelsome as the Kilkenny cats"—two of the cats in which city are asserted to have fought so long and furiously that naught was found of them but two tails! This is manifestly an Irish exaggeration; and when your readers shall have learned the true anecdote connected with the two cats they will understand why only two tails were found, the unfortunate owners having fled in terror from the scene of their mutilation. I am happy in being able to state that neither Ireland nor Kilkenny is at all disgraced by the occurrence, which did take place in Kilkenny, but which might have occurred in any other place in the known world.

"During the rebellion which occurred in Ireland in 1798 (or may be in 1803), Kilkenny was garrisoned by a regiment of Hessian soldiers, whose custom it was to be together in one of their barracks—rooms two cats by their respective tails, and then to throw them face to face across a line generally used for drying clothes. The cats naturally became infuriated, and scratched each other in the abdomen until death ensued to one or both of them and terminated their sufferings. The officers of the corps were ultimately made acquainted with these barbarous acts of cruelty, and they resolved to put an end to them and punish the offenders. In order to effect this purpose an officer was ordered to inspect each barrack-room daily, and to report to the commanding officer in what state he found the room. The cruel soldiers, determined not to lose the daily torture of the wretched cats generally employed one of their comrades to watch the approach of the officer, in order that the cats might be liberated and take refuge in flight before the visit of the officer to the scene of their torture."

"On one occasion the 'look-out man' neglected his duty, and the officer of the day was heard ascending the barrack-stairs while the cats were undergoing their customary torture. One of the troopers immediately seized a sword from the arm-rack, and with a single blow divided the tails of the two cats. The cats, of course, escaped through the open windows of the room, which was entered almost immediately afterward by the officer, who inquired what was the cause of the two bleeding cats' tails being suspended on the clothes line, and was told in reply that 'two cats had been fighting in the room; that it was found impossible to separate them; and that they had fought so desperately that they had devoured each other up, with the exception of their two tails,' which may have satisfied Captain Schumacher, but would not have deluded any person but a beery Prussian."

Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE... JULY 8, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTENBURY & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERTOWN MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

S. E. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

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

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

End of Volume XVII.

The close of our seventeenth volume must not be permitted to pass unnoticed. It must not merely remind us that there is occasion for gratitude that we "still live," but it must give some security that we shall continue to live. These are no times for long credit; a year is even too much. The reader admits this, and so does everybody. Some are consistent, and pay in advance; and to such we are doubly thankful—we thanked them at the time, and we thank them again now. To all others we most respectfully say, that the high prices of the material we use will not permit us to give credit as in times past. We are compelled to require prompt payments when the year comes round. If our readers all respond to this suggestion, we shall be immediately and happily relieved of some of the wants which press us. We shall send out no collector, and forward no bills, at present, but shall hope to make our collections without expense.

DO NOT BE FRIGHTENED!—The late speculative effort to run up the prices of all sorts of merchandise has produced a panic among all classes. It started with the pretended rise in gold. Taking advantage of the wickedness of the den of N. York gamblers who call themselves a board of brokers, the wholesale dealers in all classes of goods commenced to operate upon their country customers with circulars suggesting a rise. The country retailers took the bait, and in turn suggested a rise to their customers. The retailers were advised to make their fortunes by "holding on." The game commenced with dry goods, as more susceptible to an impulse. Tom, Dick and Harry were threatening to put padlocks on their shelves, and in a few days women and girls would have to pay double prices for prints and ribbons. There was a rush in the stores and a rush in prices—and of course there was no "hold on." In the meantime gold vacillated all the way between 200 and 300, just as anybody "on the street" could induce the associated press to report it. Even in Waterville 250 was offered when but 225 was asked in Boston. To be sure, nothing was lost, as neither party had a dollar except in paper.

The panic is still up, though gold is down. Flour rises as though it were half yeast; and the dead fingers of the N. York gold workers are felt in everything we eat, drink or wear. Gold has nothing to do with it. Gold rises and falls; dry goods and groceries rise, but they don't fall. Two cents rise in quotations sets flour up ten cents to the consumer, but a fall of three cents only holds it "steady" in the hands of the retailer. In all the staple articles, silks and laces included, the market "fluctuates" but one way.

Now we know but one remedy, and that but a partial one, for this unreasonable panic—that this organized spasm of speculation. This remedy is with the buyers; they must stint their purchases—they must economize. Wear out the old clothes; the old beds and bedding; the old carpets and furniture. Live on more simple food, and let the garden and the fields do more towards supplying the table. Feed the children with bread and milk in lieu of roast meats and sweet things; and even try the change on the old folks, and thus save doctors' bills. Let the old bonnets and old-hats, the old dresses and old coats, old shawls and old pants, wear a little longer; and by no means buy things that are not immediately needed because the trader tells you they are rising. He is not a reliable witness in these things. Did he ever advise you to defer your purchases till to-morrow because goods are falling? Our advice is not to the rich—they can do as they please. Nobody cares how they spend their money, or how soon they put it in circulation. They can afford to run risks, or even make losses, to gratify their appetites or fancies. The safest economy for the poor and middle classes, who are without ready means, is to buy when they must, and as little as will answer. There are exceptions to this rule, but they are not worth mentioning—and for the simple reason that those who know enough to use them will find them out themselves. It is enough to say they have no relation to dry goods, fast horses, rum or tobacco.

REM ARRESTED.—The selectmen of Waterville celebrated the Fourth in a manner suited to their own estimate of the public interest. They arrested as much rum as they could find on the premises of men known to be engaged in selling it. They made no distinctions, but putting in the same category our hotels and our French shanties, they searched, and seized, and held to the terms of the law, those supposed to be most guilty and most accessible to the prescribed penalties. They secured a large quantity of stuff, known by a variety of names, and contained in all kinds of vessels, from a Medford rum barrel to a pint bottle. Joshua Nye, Esq., as chief-of-police, assisted in the arrests; the first and third members of the board, Jos. Percival and Chas. A. Dow, Esqrs., taking the responsibility, as required by law. This is as it should be; and when the freemen of the town thus hold this matter in their own management, there will be no occasion for the perplexities of private enterprises in seizures of liquors. We have no doubt this movement of the selectmen will be as cordially approved by the voters of the town as it is by the residents of this village. The town authorities are not only meeting the requirements of the law, but they are obeying instructions,—and we are happy to believe they are doing both "with a heart and a will."

CAPT. MCINTIRE.—The friends of Captain George A. McIntire, of the 3d Maine, will be pained to hear that his severe wound is not doing well. He is now at his father's, in this place, where he has every attention; but change of diet and condition, with more exercise than was proper, has thrown his wound into a state that has seriously threatened the loss of his leg. For a few days past, we are told, the symptoms are more hopeful. Capt. M. stands prominent among the young men who have conferred honor upon our town, and upon their native State, by meeting the highest expectations of his friends as a soldier. When we first met him, on his arrival home, he was hopeful of a speedy recovery, that would restore him to his post in the army. The loss, as in all such cases, is not only his, but our country's—who is in special need of all soldiers who have been tried and proved worthy.

AN AMUSING EPISODE of the recent liquor search occurred on the Plain on Tuesday. A poor Frenchman who had hired a team at Skowhegan, for a trip to Waterville, which he had forgotten to return at the appointed time, was in the immediate vicinity of the premises about to be searched. Seeing the police approaching, and "a guilty conscience needing no accuser," he supposed of course that their business was with him; and without any ceremonious leave-taking, or lengthy process of "girding himself for the race," he incontinently put the Kennecubee close at hand, and he made a bee line for it, exhibiting a good specimen of the tallest kind of walking. Reaching its welcome brink—

In he plunged boldly,
For not very coldly
The smooth river ran,

and striking out like an experienced swimmer he soon had a long reach of water between himself and his fancied pursuers. These wicked wags—getting an inkling of the "situation," which they enjoyed hugely—stood on the sand bluff and "harked him on," with taunt and gibe. He turned back, however, at their entreating, but kept on, landed safely on the Winslow shore, and when last seen was making good time on the railroad track, his face turned toward Augusta. He may be running yet, for aught we know.

LIUT. H. M. BEARCE.—We reported this gentleman still among the living, last week, since which time the following emphatic contradiction of his reported decease, has reached us. Long may he live, to do good service for his country.

A VOICE FROM THE TOMBS.

U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL,
Annapolis, Md., June 24th, 1864.
To the EDITORS OF THE WATERTOWN MAIL:—
Noticing in the Portland Press an extract from the Waterville Mail, wherein it was stated that Lieut. H. M. Bearce of the 2d Me. was killed in one of the recent battles, I take this opportunity to inform you, and my friends generally, that, although rebel bullets have inflicted many wounds to some extent I am still—"I know myself"—an inhabitant of this "Mundane Sphere," and am in hopes to have several more "pops" at the "Johnnies" before my "final muster-out."

Yours, etc.,
H. M. BEARCE, 32d Me. Vols.

CONCERT.—We confidently pledge our citizens a very choice entertainment, both in music and merriment, in the Concert of "Sprague & Blanchard's Minstrels," at Town Hall, on Wednesday evening next. They have been performing at their opera house in Portland, for the past four months, with marked success. The papers very emphatically commend their performance "a rich feast of music and fun." They are well introduced by gentlemen of musical taste. We have no doubt they will have a generous patronage in Waterville. [See their advertisement.]

FACTORY BURNED AT N. VASSALBORO.—The new factory of John D. Lang, recently completed, in the place of the old one burned last winter, was entirely destroyed by fire last night. The fire took about 10 o'clock, by spontaneous combustion in a pile of waste. The saw-mill near it in which was stored \$10,000 worth of wool, was also consumed. The loss is stated at \$50,000, the whole of which falls upon John D. Lang. No insurance—an agent of an insurance company having just arrived in the place for the purpose of examining and insuring the property. Waterville Engine No. 3 went to their assistance, but was too late to be of service.

SUNDAY.—Rev. Mr. Everett, of Bangor, will preach to Dr. Sheldon's audience, at Town Hall, on Sunday next.

WM. SMITH O'BRIEN, a distinguished Irish orator and patriot, died recently in England.

OUR TABLE.

THE NORTHERN MONTHLY.—The July number of this new magazine is at hand; but we shall not enumerate its contents nor give a list of its contributors, preferring to let it examine for themselves, assuring them that they will be well repaid for their trouble, as it is well filled. We heartily commend this as a Maine enterprise, which deserves success; and we shall blush for our State if it is not properly supported.

Published by Bailey and Noyes, Portland, at \$2 a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE.—A full-sized pattern, for cutting, of a Jacket for Home Wear, is given in the July number of this magnificent monthly, with a double colored fashion plate, a four-page engraving of the latest styles, and a host of minor engravings of patterns and designs, with full explanations and directions for making, etc. In its fashion department, this work is without a rival. The literary department, as usual, is rich in stories and interesting miscellany, handsomely illustrated.

Published by Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl St., New York, at \$3 a year.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—The interesting story of "Go-Ahead and the Flying Dutchman" is continued in the July number, with "The Little Captain," "My Independence Day," etc., etc., a spicy dish of "Chat," a well filled "Puzzle Drawer," a piece of music, and numerous embellishments.

Published by J. N. Stearns, 111 Fulton Street, New York, at \$1 a year.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—The young readers of this little magazine will find their old favorite in a new story entitled "Work and Play, or Paul Clifford's Vacation," by Oliver Optic. Much other interesting reading will be found in the number, which also contains a piece for declamation, a dialogue, a page of music, etc.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston \$1 a year.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND

THE LATE

CAPT. WILLIAM A. STEVENS.

BY GUS H. SMALL.

"Yes, my brother, I must hasten,
God hath summoned me away;
To my parents, I am willing,
Tell them, brother, what I say."

"Tell them that I loved my country,
And I fought for her with will;
That I died, resigned and happy;
Bid them, brother, not to mourn."

"Press me closely to your bosom,
With you long I cannot stay;
Tell my friends I did my duty,
Tell them, brother, what I say."

"Turn my head; Oh! turn it gently,
Dampen, please, my fevered brow;
Angels, here, around me hover,
Near, I see them standing now."

"Speed my body homeward, brother,
Where, with friends, 'twill be at rest;
And my soul will flee to Heaven,
There to be forever blest."

"Farewell, brother! I am dying,
Here on earth I cannot bide;
Soon, I'll greet my former classmate,
And with him henceforth reside."

And he died, without a murmur,
Resting on that brother's arm;
What had death, for him, of terror,
That his God could not disarm?

Nurtured by a careful culture,
And a well-earned literary name;
O'er the bud of future promise,
Death his dark'ning shadow threw.

In his country's emblem shrouded,
Friendship's wreath placed o'er his head;
Sadly, brothers! stood around him,
Paying tribute to the dead.

And, at last, as he requested,
Evening's shadows lowering night;
To his resting place they bore him,
"Brothers of the mystic tie."

Weave your chaplet, fresh and fragrant,
Deck the hero's grave with flowers;
For he died, a youthful martyr,
Battling for this cause of ours.

Rear above his head the marble,
That we may in after years,
When the grass grows green and rankly,
Moist the turf with friendly tears.

Let us look to God for succor,
Let us weep; we mourn our loss;
Let us pray; hearts of contrition
Only bear the Saviour's cross.

Waterville, July 7th, 1864.

Major A. D. Lovell,
Dea Kappa Fraternity,
Masonic Fraternity.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

DIED, Sunday morning, June 19th, 1864, near Petersburg, Virginia, Capt. Wm. A. Stevens, 3d Maine.

WHEREAS, It hath seemed good to our Heavenly Father to take to himself our beloved brother, while serving under the "Flag of his country" and zealously defending the cause of Freedom and his country's laws; therefore

Resolved, That, acknowledging the manifestation of an Over-riding Providence we mourn the loss of him, who, by his qualifications, morally, socially and intellectually, won the admiration and love of all who knew him.

Resolved, That, though the messenger of death has again greeted our "Band of Brethren" with his afflicting hand, and snatched from our circle another "good of promise" ere, as it were, it had begun to blossom, two rejoice in the hope that it will bloom with sweeter fragrance in the "Garden of God."

Resolved, That we clothe our badges with the symbol of affliction, as a memento of our respect for the memory of our departed brother, and that the other chapters of our Fraternity be invited to blend their sympathy with our grief.

Resolved, That we send a copy of these resolutions to the relatives of the deceased as a slight testimonial of our own loss and expressive of our sympathy for their affliction.

Witness our hands and seals, this 19th day of June, 1864.

ALFRED WILSON,
GUS H. SMALL,
FRANK DUDLEY.

XI CHAPTER OF DKE.

Waterville, June 29th, 1864.

HALL OF TICONIC DIVISION S. OF T.

Waterville, July 1st, 1864.

WHEREAS, Our brother, Wm. A. Stevens, leaving the quiet enjoyment of home, the companionship of a large circle of friends, and that literary society which his industry and talents so well qualified him to expect, went forth from a stern sense of duty to endure the hardships of a soldier's life and the dangers of the battle field; and, whereas, those dangers have become to him a reality, and he has fallen in the bloody contest, adding another to the long list of heroes whose names are inscribed on their country's altar; therefore

Resolved, That our brother, by his manly independence, his deep-seated integrity, his high-souled patriotism, exhibited to the world a character the proudest might envy, and a conduct the highest might emulate.

Resolved, That while we find it hard to yield up our brother in the early dawn of his manhood, which gave evidence of great fruitfulness in his ripe maturity, his memory is rendered more dear and sacred by the knowledge that he fell bravely fighting for his country—nobly battling for the right.

Resolved, That in this day of their deep affliction, we tender to the bereaved relatives and sorrowing friends the heartfelt sympathy of each and every member of the Division.

G. A. WILSON, for Com.

Thirtieth Maine in Red River Expedition.

We have a letter dated June 4, near Morganza, La., at the camp of the 30th Maine. It details the part taken by that reg't in the Red River expedition. We make extracts.

"We reached Alexandria, on Red River, without opposition, March 25th. On the 7th April were detailed as rear guard to the wagon train. Were relieved on the 8th; came up with the brigade and pitched our tents, but before we had completed our little village of white, orders came to move forward to the support of the 18th army corps, who had been hotly engaged all day.

"After six miles of double quick, the latter part over a road blocked with wagons, mules, cavalry men and negroes, we were thrown on the left, making a third line of battle. Our position was such that we received but could not deliver fire. Our loss in this battle was

light. Night closed hostilities with both armies. We had been driven back with loss; our position was untenable, and at 10 o'clock we began to fall back to Pleasant Hill.

"We arrived there at 7 o'clock, immediately formed in line of battle on the hill. We had marched forty miles and fought the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, all in 24 hours.

"At 2 P. M. Capt. Randall, with Co. E, was ordered into the woods as skirmishers, but was not deployed. At 5 the rebels advanced in force, and agreeable to orders we did not try to hold, but led them immediately out of the woods. They rushed on, yelling like mad men. Meantime Capt. R. had thrown his company into a field ditch several rods in front of our brigade. Seeking shelter, we awaited their approach. Some of the brigade gave way, but our captain refused to let one of his men fire till the enemy were almost upon us. Then, at the word, fire! fifty muskets poured in a deadly flame. Stubbornly we retreated, fighting step by step, our boys following on either hand.

Our brave Lieut. Strout received a fatal wound and died a noble sacrifice. Capt. Randall received a serious wound in his shoulder, yet he rallied his company, and charged with the bold western boys, and the enemy was hurled back like a broken reed.

"Again the shadows of night settled over the two armies, though under different circumstances. We had conquered, and victory perched on our standard.

"The conduct of Capt. Randall in this battle was highly complimented. Here two of your boys fell, James B. Pullen and Walter N. Tozier, while gallantly beating back the furious onset. At 7 o'clock we bivouached near Kane River Crossing. Next morning, the 23d, we found our progress disputed by Dick Taylor, who had planted guns, and seemed to have serious notions of holding his advantage. We counter-marched, forded a river, re-formed, forded a bayou, and marching through a terrible swamp, found the enemy posted on a high bluff. This hill must be taken by storm. To reach it we must scale a fence, cross an open field, climb another fence, cross an almost impassable swamp, and ascend the hill, to penetrate their first line. Our brave Col. Fessenden, commanding the 3d brigade, gave the order. Springing over the fence, we rushed on, cheering and firing, till we had passed all obstacles, planted our colors on the hill, routed the enemy, gained our point, and secured a safe passage over the river for the whole army. Thus ended the battle of Kane River Crossing.

"Reached Alexandria April 25th and left May 13. Came upon the enemy the 14th, he retreating. Near Marksville, on the evening of the 15th, he gave signs of battle, but fell back on being tested. Resting on our arms, the morning found us pushing through the little French town, driving the rebels before us.

"Both formed on an open prairie, the most splendid I ever saw. Artillery began firing briskly, and pushing them, we advancing. The battle went on till about noon, when General Banks and A. J. Smith held consultation. Immediately Gen. Smith advanced the right. They could not stand a flanker, and took to their heels, our cavalry following closely. We marched in line of battle about three miles. I doubt the like instance in this war—so grand a sight to the eye. The two armies marshalled on one beautiful prairie, the whole circled by a belt of woods just visible. This the battle of Mansura.

"The 22d we went into camp on the present occupied ground. This closes a campaign that has cost us four battles, 600 miles marching, and a loss of nearly half our regiment.

"Here resting, we await the crisis of events in Virginia. Yours, H. N. FAIRBANKS."

TICONIC DIVISION S. OF T.—The following are the officers for the current quarter:—

Joshua Nye, W. P.

J. R. Pitman, W. A.

G. A. Wilson, R. S.

W. H. Thorne, A. R. S.

E. R. Drummond, F. S.

F. S. Chase, T.

S. Keith, C.

H. A. Wheeler, A. C.

S. Bell, Chap.

G. B. Broad, I. S.

D. R. Wing, O. S.

OFFICERS OF Waterville Section No. 5,

Cadets of Temperance.—

Geo. K. Wentworth, W. A.

James Lowe, V. A.

I. W. Emery, S.

Chester DeRoche, A. S.

Thos. M. Dillingham, T.

A. J. Boulter, A. T.

C. H. Percival, P. W. A.

E. S. Sheldon, Chaplain.

Ada B. Knights, 1st Visitor.

Mary Wentworth, 2d Visitor.

Frank Jewell, Guide.

M. C. Percival, Usher.

Owen Humphrey, Watchman.

J. P. Pollansbee, Sentinel.

LIBERAL.—We learn that Gardiner Colby,

Esq. of Boston, in his youth a resident of Waterville, has recently contributed a thousand dollars in aid of the fund for Waterville College.

"A class of 'long-winded' subscribers, are reminded that at the present prices of paper we cannot continue to carry their names upon our list. Unless they pay immediately we shall commit them to an attorney for collection. All such names will be printed, that they may know what to depend upon.

The gold bill was repealed last week and the price of the article immediately fell from 280 to 225; but has since risen to 260.

Mr. Todd, of Ohio, declined the Secretaryship of the Treasury, and Hon. Wm. P. Fessenden, of our State was then nominated. The Senate confirmed the nomination in a session of two minutes, and after consultation with friends Mr. F. reluctantly accepted the office and entered upon its duties. This appointment gives great satisfaction, and it is heartily endorsed even by the opposition papers.

The venerable Josiah Quincy died on Friday last, in the ninety-third year of his age.

It is reported that half a million of men will be immediately called for, under the new enrollment law.

Affairs in Europe, in connection with the Danish question look decidedly warlike. England will probably support Denmark.

Cattle Markets.

About three hundred more cattle were reported last week than the week previous, and a thousand more sheep, and the market being somewhat overstocked, trade was dull, with prices tending downward. This was true in all branches—cattle, sheep, veals, etc.—and considerable stock was held over.

We quote from the *New England Farmer* as follows:—

First quality beefs, \$12.00 to \$13.00; second do., \$11.00 to \$12.00; third quality, \$9.00 to \$11.00; extra, \$13.25 to \$13.50.

Working oxen—\$100 to \$275, or according to their value as beef.

Sheep and Lambs—5 to 63-cents per lb. on live weight, sheared.

Veals \$6—to \$9 each.

WATERVILLE HORSE ASSOCIATION.

There was trotting at the Agricultural Society's grounds, on the 4th, under the auspices of the Waterville Horse Association. The weather was fine, and the track in good condition; and a large and well behaved company witnessed several very spirited but quietly managed contests during the day. Everything passed off pleasantly and the Association may take to itself considerable credit for their good management thus far. The following were the particulars of the day's doings:—

For the 1st premium of \$100, open to all, B. R. Hatch, of Bangor, entered b. h. Garibaldi, and T. S. Lang, of Vassalboro, s. h. Sorrel Jonathan. Won by Garibaldi in three straight heats. Time, 2:45: 2:50: 2:45.

For the 2d premium of \$50, open to all horses that had never trotted in less than 2:45. Geo. M. Robinson of Augusta, entered b. h. Ploughboy, and I. R. Doolittle, of Waterville, g. m. What is it. Won by the mare in three straight heats; and as this was her first match her value rose to a fabulous figure at once. Time, 2:46: 2:47: 2:45.

For the 3d prize of \$30, open to horses that had never trotted in less than 2:50: J. M. Nye, of Pittsfield, entered w. m. Lady Mag; and E. M. Boardman, of W. Waterville, s. m. Kitty Clyde. This was a very closely contested match of five heats between Lady Mag and Kitty Clyde, the latter winning in the following time: 3: 2:54: 2:57.

For the premium of \$25, open to 4 year-olds, Tom. Heeny, of Gardiner, entered b. h. Brookside Tom, and H. Wells, of Clinton, g. h. Won by Brookside in 3:03: 2:55.

For the 5th premium of \$25, open to mares and geldings that had never trotted in less than three minutes, D. Gilmore, of Fairfield, entered s. h. Tom Gilmore; James Merrill, of Pittsfield, g. m. Tiger Mare; H. Wells, Readfield, b. h. Readfield. Won by the latter in 3:07: 3:07: 3:06.

For the 6th premium of \$20, for double teams, there were entries by A. M. Savage and W. A. Getchell, both of Waterville. Won by Savage in 3:10: 3:00.

War of Redemption.

General Sherman reports to the War Department under date of Saturday morning, the result of a highly successful flanking movement by the forces under his command. By a Union movement on their left flank, the rebels have been compelled to evacuate their strong position at Kenesaw Mountain, which was occupied by our troops at daylight Saturday. General Sherman's forces pushed on to Marietta, which they captured without opposition and at last accounts were still marching on towards the Chattahoochee, without having encountered the enemy.

General Wilson's cavalry expedition for the destruction of the railroads around Richmond, has returned, having done much damage to the rebels, but losing heavily in men and guns. About sixty miles of railroad track have been effectually destroyed, half belonging to the Petersburg and Lynchburg road, and half to the invaluable Danville line, which has never before been reached by our forces. General Wilson also destroyed a large quantity of other property which the rebels will seriously miss. On his return his column was attacked by the entire cavalry of the rebel army, and his line was cut in two by the force of their assault. After a hardly contested battle, one or two divisions of our troops under General Kautz cut their way through the lines of the Union army, and the main body of General Wilson's raiders fell back and finally found an outlet in the direction of the Blackwater. Several batteries of artillery however, together with the ammunition and ambulance train, had become inextricably mired, and were abandoned. General Wilson's loss is probably less than a thousand men.

Advices from the Southwest state that Marmaduke's rebel command is at Red Fork on the Arkansas river, severing communications between Memphis and Little Rock and threatening by cutting off General Steele's supplies to force him to evacuate Arkansas. General Canby has moved his headquarters from Natchez to New Orleans, and is taken possession of steamboats there for military service. The rebels captured the gunboat Queen City on the White river on the 24th ult., by means of a land battery. Three other Union vessels coming up soon after, the rebels were compelled to abandon and burn their prize.

By a late foreign arrival we have the gratifying intelligence of the sinking of the pirate Alabama by the Union gunboat Kearsage, after a fight of about an hour. Having been ordered out of Cherbourg by the French authorities, Capt. Semmes sent a challenge to the Kearsage to meet him in a fight which he could not very well avoid, the result of which was as above stated. A portion of the crew of the Alabama were taken prisoners, and about a dozen were killed, but Capt. Semmes and 40 or 50 of his men were rescued

