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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 14): October 7, 1864

Maxham & Wing

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BY CHARLES FENNO HOPKINS.

Light as love smiles, the silvery mist at morn;  
Faint in loose flakes along the limpid river;  
The blue-bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,  
As high in air he carols, faintly quiver.  
The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,  
Bends to the stream its spicy branches leaping;  
Beaded with dew, the witch-elm's tassels shiver;  
The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,  
And from the springy spray the squirrels gayly leaping.

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery, ere  
The blasts of Winter chase the varied dyes  
That richly deck the slow-declining year;  
I love the splendor of thy sunset skies,  
The gorgeous hues that tinge each falling leaf,  
Lovely as beauty's cheeks, as woman's love, too brief;  
I love the note of each wild bird that sings,  
As on the wind he pours his parting lay,  
And wings his loving flight to Summer climes away.

## THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

I am married, and long out of business now, but some fifteen years ago I was an assistant-matron in a prison for female convicts. I am not inclined to give its particular name, though I got good reports and a fair share of promotion in the establishment, and left it with the character of an efficient officer; for the story I am about to tell might appear somewhat compromising in the eyes of strict lady-superintendents if it ever came across them.

Well, I had been about a year in the service, and got fully acquainted with its duties, when a Jewish named Jacobina Jacobs was placed in my ward. She was young—not over twenty. I should say—not at all handsome, being coarse-featured, squat, and of a dirty-brown complexion, which the prison-dress did not improve, as you may imagine. Her trial had taken place at the Criminal Court on a charge of stealing plate and jewelry to a large amount from a wealthy Jewish family in which she had been a kitchen-maid. The evidence was clear against her, the family being the chief witnesses. Jacobs was convicted and sentenced to one year's penal servitude—a lenient sentence, as it was thought, for her offense. But the family, while they appeared against her, were unanimous on the subject of her previous good conduct, and showed a laudable anxiety to mitigate her punishment by all the means in their power.

After her arrival within our penal walls no visiting-day elapsed without some of them coming to see and converse with their unlucky kitchen-maid. As my readers are (as I hope) without experience of prison discipline, I may mention that such interviews take place through two opposite gratings—the convict standing at the inner, her friends at the outer one, and a prison-officer seated in the space between them to see that nothing is said or done contrary to regulations. I frequently occupied that post, and thus had an opportunity of seeing the whole family, for they came in turn by ones and by twos. Let me premise that their name was Josephs, and their place of business a notable one in the city, with a jeweler's shop in front, and a pawnbroker's office round the corner. They consisted, as far as I ever knew, of a father and a son, a mother and two daughters. The father, a tall, thin, stooping man, was always rather shabbily dressed. The son was exactly like him, only some inches shorter; to me he did not look many years younger, though, of course, he must have been; and I cannot say how I found out that his name was Samuel. Probably it was from hearing his mother call him so, for he came with her on the first day. She was an enormous woman, dressed in expensive but half-soiled finery. Her two daughters were handsome, dashing girls, with full faces, an abundance of jewelry, and very fashionable bonnets. They mostly came in their carriage to the top of the road in which the prison was situated; there it waited for them till the interview was over, and father, mother, son, or daughters never staid more than five minutes. The sight of Jacobs and the exchange of a very few words with her seemed to satisfy them, but once and all accosted her with the same sorrowful kindness, as if deeply grieved by her unfortunate position. There was a brief inquiry after her health, an admonition to submit implicitly to the prison regulations, and consider them all for her good, and a declaration that they would take her back again to their service at the expiration of her sentence if she behaved well. Jacobs made suitable responses and very humble acknowledgments; but one thing struck me as remarkable, and it was never omitted in one of her visits—they never went without asking if she had come to a proper repentance of her great sin yet, and Jacobs as invariably answered, "I'm afraid not." This was so regularly done that I at last concluded it must have some religious significance known only to the Jews. The conduct of the Josephs toward their convicted kitchen-maid was certainly more amiable than Gentiles generally show in like circumstances. But we matrons and assistants soon began to think that the cause might be found in Jacobs herself. A more civil or submissive creature no prison-officer could desire to have in charge. In fact, Jacobs required little care; she scrubbed the stone floors, made the rough bags, was locked up at night, and even attended the chapel with the same unflinching humility. Jacobs gave no trouble; and anybody accustomed to look after female convicts will have an idea of what a rare jewel she must have appeared in our eyes, and what a contrast she presented to the other women of the ward.

I am not going to enter on the woes of an assistant-matron, but the unexampled good behavior of my new prisoner, while it spared my nerves and temper, could not but gain my best regards. I positively liked Jacobs before she had been a fortnight under my charge, and the poor Jewess seemed to return my good will. There was no trouble she wouldn't have taken, no haste she wouldn't have made to serve me; she ran without being called, fetched and carried without being bidden; and when allowed to clean my room, as a reward for good conduct, because it conferred additional liberty, she made every thing look as bright and polished as if it had been new. I was pleased, of course; but cleaning and scouring appeared to be Jacobs's hobby—an uncommon one for a Jewess—and still more rare among the inhabitants of our wards. All the time she could spare from prison-work was devoted to sweeping, scrubbing, and polishing up her own cell in every corner. Walls, floor and even the ceiling got the benefit of her exertions; she reached them with an agility which nobody would expect from her squat figure. Almost the entire ward was indebted to her in this way, which brings me to the only troublesome inclination Jacobs ever showed. There was no such thing as getting her to remain in a cell more than two or three weeks; once it was fairly scoured out, and there was nothing more for Jacobs to clean, not a speck of dust left on its bare walls or in its four corners, she became uneasy, restless, always imploring leave

to change with her next neighbor. Prison-rules do not recognize such humors; but, as in the working of every system, rules will be relaxed and modified according to character and circumstances, so in female convict establishments, the good-will of officers, the consideration of directors, and sometimes the general desire for as much of a quiet life as can be got in such places, admit of small matters and allowances beyond the strict regulations. Jacobs seemed to understand the fact, and took her measures accordingly. The only request she ever made to directors, lady-superintendent, or chaplain—the only privilege she ever coaxed from me, in return for her spontaneous services—the only approach to intimacy with her fellow-prisoners she ever tried, was for leave to exchange her cell. There was a report among us—I know not how it originated—to the effect that the Josephs had made interest in her favor with the prison authorities. Whatever the influence brought to bear on the case might be, certain it was that Jacobs's request was always granted; she got leave to exchange. I could not be more obdurate than the directors to a creature who served me with such zeal; and as for her fellow-prisoners, though by no means inclined to assist or gratify each other generally, they were somehow willing enough to oblige Jacobs. In short, before half the time of her sentence elapsed, she had made the round of the entire ward; and at last requested with her usual pertinacious humility, an immediate transfer to No. 49, the last cell at the extreme end of the corridor, and the only one she had not tried.

No. 49 was indeed a sort of forgotten or unused cell, partly because it was out of the way, and partly because there was a dark tradition attached to it. I must tell you that my ward formed part of what was called the old prison—a division of the building much more ancient than the rest, which in former times had been appropriated to male convicts, and a noted bazaar was said to have escaped public execution by hanging himself in that very cell. Such stories never can be got to die out, particularly in prisons; but it was hushed up as far as possible, to save the officers trouble in case the cell should be wanted. That did not happen, to my great satisfaction, and No. 49 was left in its emptiness till Jacobs took a fancy to occupy it. Whether she had heard the tale or not I had no certainty; it was very likely that some old inhabitant of the prison would soon make her aware of it. I advised the Jewess against her meditated exchange, told her she could not expect to have another, after going round the ward as she had done, warned her that No. 49 was the most solitary, and probably, from its long emptiness, coldest of all the cells; but my advice and warnings were alike in vain. Humbly and obstinately as ever, in Jacobs would go, and in she went. I determined in my wrath that she should not make another flitting in a hurry, whatever recollections of the bazaar might arise. But to my agreeable surprise Jacobs appeared to think nothing about him; she scrubbed, and cleaned and polished No. 49 with as much energy as she had shown in her former apartments—if possible, I thought rather more. The ward-women were unanimous that she knew all about the bazaar, but in the cell Jacobs remained, as if perfectly satisfied at last; and when nearly a month had passed away I congratulated myself on the prospect of no more removals.

In the mean time the Josephs kept on coming to see her at the grate, chiefly the mother and daughters; indeed, I observed that the gentlemen of the family, having doubtless more business on their hands, were but rare visitors, particularly the son Samuel. The dialogue was always the same, concluding with the accustomed inquiry regarding her repentance, which Jacobs continued to answer in the negative; and it appeared to me that the Josephs heard that reply with increased sorrow every day. Their ex-kitchen-maid did not seem to share their grief; she made the accustomed response humbly and calmly, as if certain that the requisite amount of contrition would come in good time; and I could not help thinking it a sort of Jewish penance which made her take to the scrubbing and scouring of her out-of-the-way cell more resolutely after every visit.

Things had been going on in that fashion for some time. It was mid-winter, and, besides being unusually cold, a season of peculiar concern to us matrons and assistants. Whoever has had to do with female convict establishments will be aware that, in the dark December, or rather the Christmas and New-Year times, there is always a disposition to small riots among the inhabitants of the cells. Whether it arises from the remembrance of former festivities, contrasting with the monotony of prison-life, or to some occult influence of the season acting on the spirits and tempers of those difficult subjects, I cannot say, but certain I am, from woful experience, that more windows are then broken, more blankets and sheets torn up, more fierce battles fought, and more women carried off screaming to the dark cells, than at any other period of the year. We had nothing of the kind as yet, and were hoping to get over the troublesome time in comparative quiet; but increased watchfulness was nevertheless considered necessary, and those who did the night-duty were enjoined to make the round of the wards more frequently than usual. A dreary business it was for the assistant-matrons to whom the work generally fell to pace about all the long winter night through those gloomy stone passages, wrapped in a cloak, and with lantern in hand, listening for every sound, looking in at the inspection hole above every cell door, and anxiously wishing for the six o'clock bell, which would relieve their watch.

I was on that duty one night about the middle of December. I had made the stipulated rounds, and found everything quiet, when it occurred to me, about three o'clock in the morning, the wearisome hour in the whole watch, that all night long I had not looked into or even approached No. 49. The cell, as I have said, was out of the way; there was a sort of bend or angle in the passage which led to its door, and might have suited its ancient use—namely, the condemned cell of the old prison. Jacobs had never given any trouble; and was certainly not a breaking-out subject. I felt it no neglect of duty to leave her alone from hour to hour while all the rest of the wards were duly inspected; but, for regulations' sake, I felt that I ought to see the door of No. 49, as this was almost my last round. Back I went in my direction, and let me remark that I had on a pair of

list-slippers, which were thought perfect treasures to a matron on the night watch for their noiselessness; but judge of my amazement and confusion when, on softly approaching the cell of my model prisoner, I caught a low rasping sound, as if something were being done with a file or chisel. There was a faint light, too; I shaded my lantern and looked through the inspection-hole. The gas was burning very low, and crouched in the corner, with her face close to the floor, but working with both hands, and a small bit of broken iron, as if to widen the crevice she had made between it and the wall, I saw the hitherto quiet and most manageable Jacobs. She had not heard, and could not see me; and, great as my surprise was, my curiosity to know what she could be about, or intend by making that crevice, was still greater. I stood for a minute or two watching her work, and soon perceived that the object was to get her fingers in or get something out. The effort seemed desperate, for her hands were scratched and bleeding in many places by coming in contact with the sharp edges of the stone and the broken bit of iron; but at length she succeeded in getting two fingers into the crevice, and out with them came a string of beads so brilliant that they flashed like so many drops of fire in the faint gaslight.

"What on earth are you doing, Jacobs?" said I, speaking out my own astonishment; and the Jewess turned round with a far less amazed look than mine must have been. "You caught me, miss," she said, in her customary low and humble tone. "I knew you would; but you won't be hard on me; you are a merciful lady; the Josephs will make you any present you like; and maybe you would be good enough to take this," she continued, coming close to the locked door, and presenting to me, through the inspection-hole, a small but very brilliant pin.

"No, Jacobs," said I, "I will not take any bribe from you, and I want nothing from the Josephs; but I want to know what you have been doing up at this hour in your cell, and what was that you took out of the crevice between the wall and the floor."

"I'll tell you all, miss, and leave my case to your charity," said Jacobs: "thank my stars, the women are too far off to hear a word." I knew that was correct, and it made me stand at the inspection-hole to hear her tell, in the dead silence of the winter-night, one of the most singular tales of device and endurance that I ever heard.

The string of brilliant beads was an old-fashioned diamond necklace, valued at I forget how many thousands. It had been sold or pawned—Jacobs would not decidedly say which, but I believe the latter—to a grand-mule of the Josephs. Some intimations of the diamonds and their whereabouts reached a noted gang of burglars; for they made an attack on his premises one night, and carried off, among other spoils of less value, the precious necklace. The grand-mule had pursued them with all the force of law, and with all the power of riches. Many of the gang were taken, and among them the leader, in whose possession the diamonds were believed to remain. But no bribe, no promise that the Jewish attorney employed for the purpose could offer, would induce him to give the smallest information regarding the place of their concealment. The man was a strange and desperate character, and owed the firm a grudge because of a brother in the same trade, whom they had been successful in bringing to justice for an unsuccessful endeavor after those very diamonds. He stood out stoutly against every persecution. The Jew should get no knowledge out of him; he would not be executed; and the burglar kept his word in the manner already mentioned, leaving his cell invested with traditional terrors for all future prisoners. But the Joseph's attorney, in the course of his frequent conferences with him and his associates, made one discovery, or rather guess. From hints inadvertently dropped, and looks involuntarily cast, he took a suspicion that in spite of prison-searchers and other improbabilities, the diamonds had been smuggled in with the chief of the robbers, and hidden in some crevice of his condemned cell. Like a prudent son of Israel, the attorney had kept that sunrise for his own future benefit; but years passed, and no opportunity for acting upon it came within his reach. He grew old, infirm, and ready to retire from business, in which it appeared he had not realized much money; and then it occurred to him, as a proper and profitable course, to sell his suspicion for a respectable sum to the surviving relatives of the diamond-keeper. According to Jacobs the bargain had been a stiff one, though, owing to the lapse of time, the failure of memory, and the alterations made in the old prison, it was impossible for the attorney to say what cell the burglar had occupied. By judicious inquiries, however, the Josephs found out that such a cell still existed, marked and made in-memoriam by its peculiar legend; and their kitchen-maid, Jacobina Jacobs, being of pure Jewish race, and a distant relation, volunteered to recover the family treasure by an expedient and for a reward which nobody but a descendant of him who served the fourteen years for Laban's daughter would have thought of.

It appeared that she had fixed her affections on her son Samuel. And on the strength of a promise that she should be made Mrs. Samuel Josephs, if her scheme proved successful, this true daughter of Jacob (of course with the cognizance of the family) stole plate and other valuables, concealed them in her box of clothes, incurred suspicion and search, was committed to trial, and sentenced to a penal servitude within the prison where the diamonds were believed to be hidden. She depended on her own ingenuity for getting into the dreaded cell, and discovering the hiding-place; hence her frequent removals, her scrubbing and scouring propensities; and, I sincerely believe, her humble services to me. How she contrived to bribe the women to those exchanges with small articles of clothing brought to the prison, and retained in spite of hair-cutting and changes of clothes, Jacobs frankly confessed, for the pin she offered me was one of them. But the most curious part of the business, to my thinking, was the Josephs' regular question concerning her repentance, which was nothing less than an agreed-on signal, and meant, "Have you found them yet?" Jacobs made a perfectly clean breast—there was nobody within possible earshot—and when she had told me all the poor Jewess concluded with that sad and simple appeal: "I leave my case to your charity, miss."

Perhaps it was weakness, perhaps it was something worse, in an assistant-matron; but notwithstanding the gravity of that title and office, I was but a young woman at the time; moreover, I was keeping company on my Sundays out with Mr. John Adams, my present lord and master. We were engaged in waiting till he got a step higher in a certain city office, and could begin housekeeping with respectable prospects. My own little romance made me sympathize with poor Jacobina more than I ought to have done, according to strict regulations. I promised on the spot never to reveal her secret.

When the Josephs came next visiting-day there was a variation in the dialogue. Jacobina solemnly assured them of her complete repentance, and the unforgotten joy which sparkled in their Jewish eyes would have given anybody unacquainted with the secret an immense opinion of their moral principles. After that no stone was left unturned, no effort spared to abridge the time of Jacobina's penal servitude. Every official, from the Home Secretary downward, was besieged with applications and petitions, and what influence they brought to bear on the superior authorities was never made known to me; but Jacobs got her sentence commuted, and was released from my ward and custody within one month, reckoned from that memorable night. She went her way exactly as she came. There was nothing remarkable in the departure of the Jewish maid but an unusual amount of humble thanks and acknowledgments to all the prison-matrons especially myself. The next sight I got of her was on one of my Sundays out, when the Josephs' carriage passed me, and there was my model prisoner seated beside the large mother, and quite as overhaid with finery. If Mrs. Samuel recognized me she did not appear to do so. Our ways were different, and we never came in the slightest contact. But two years after, when Mr. Adams and I were thinking of going to Church together, a very handsome wedding-dress was sent home to me, with a small brilliant stuck in one corner of it, and I knew the gift came from Jacobina Jacobs.

## Honor to the Brave.

Hon. Salmon P. Chase, made an address at a Union meeting in Cincinnati, on the 24th, the following extract from which in laudation of our noble soldiers, we copy, as it will find a response in this locality as well as to the people to whom it was originally spoken. He said:

Many glorious young men have fallen in this contest, and I have heard of them—young men full of hope, full of intelligence, full of energy, going forth to fight the battles of their country, falling on the battle field. I have seen them, but I have never yet heard from the lips of one of the wounded men a single regret that he had suffered in the cause of their country. These men never complain that the war is a failure. They only want to get well that they may get back to the field; and then they want the encouragement and support of their friends behind them. When did you ever see a Northern mother who was sorry that she had given her son to the Republic? I have seen many childless mothers. It is only a few days since I was in Massachusetts, when I was in the place where Israel Putnam, the wolf hunter, was born. They showed me the room in which the old man was born; and it was interesting to think that I stood there upon the spot where such a man came into life. But I heard something that was far more interesting than that. A young man of the same blood, some sixteen years of age, heard of the firing on Fort Sumter. His youthful ardor was kindled. He had been sleeping in the room of the old General, and had caught the spirit of his ancestor, and in the moon-light nights he would sit outside and carve with his penknife a sword of wood. They showed it to me. On one side he had engraved, "Not to be drawn without Justice; not to be sheathed without honor." On the other side he had engraved "Death to Traitors." And his youthful heart so burned within him, that when the second call was made for troops in May, 1861, this ardor could not be restrained; he enlisted and went forth to fight the battles of his country, and passed through almost every battle field from Ball's Bluff to the seven days before Richmond, and there, mortally wounded, fell down to die. I saw his aged parents—his young sister. There was not one of them who did not rejoice that if he was to die, he was to die in defence of the Union and his country. There were regrets, and sorrow, and anguish, but the anguish and sorrow were for the loss they had sustained; their joy and their consolation was that their young relative had poured out his blood in defence of his country. Who does not feel that a community is ennobled by such sons as these? And are we to give them up? Are we to confess that this war has been fought without cause?—Are we to confess that all this blood has been shed for a failure? No, never! Hallowed be every grave in which a soldier sleeps! Honored and glorious forever, the mothers who bore them and sent them forth for their country! Proud and glorious the State which has had the honor to give them to their country's cause.

POVERTY A RELATIVE TERM.—Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more for want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand, and he suffers enough from being damned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day, and does not run in debt, is the happiest of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, but it is as true as God's word. There are thousands and thousands who are princely incomes who never knew a moment's peace because they live above their means. There is really more happiness in the world among working people than among those who are called rich.

A KALEIDOSCOPE UNVEILED.—We hear constantly of the war the United States Government is carrying on against sovereign States; of the violation of the Constitutional rights of sovereign States. Now, it is unnecessary to remind the country that the Monroe doctrine, the Mexican war, the annexation of Texas and the Cuban question were pet Democratic measures, and Southern measures *per se*. The an-

imus of the Southern Democratic party, as involved in these policies, was, that any attempt on the part of England to acquire Texas, or Spain to regain Mexico, or France and England to hold Cuba, was a menace to the National security and dignity in which the South then shared. The North backed the doctrine, Cuba, for instance, belonged to Spain, but the South said she had no right to do as she pleased with her own, and the Democratic party stood ready to fight the world on this issue of National dignity, National right, and National security. These Southern leaders are now preparing to do on this Continent, that very thing against which they demanded the opposition of the United States Government. They propose to establish a Nation as the rival of American power, and this rival nation is to rest on European alliances for support. When these disunionists formed this so-called Confederacy, they sought to create a nation based upon alliances and complications far more threatening to the United States than the tripartite convention about Cuba, or the French occupation of Mexico, or the English scheme in Texas. The United States Government is not making war upon States. The disunionists formed their so-called nation on the 4th of February, 1861. Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated on the 4th of March afterwards. It is confronting the very issue which the Democratic party has always said justified war. We are fighting for our nationality.

[N. Y. Times.]

"MAKE HASTE SLOWLY." There is an old Latin proverb (*Festina lente*) which says "hasten slowly." It is rarely that we find two words which express so much, or that contain more food for thought. As a nation we make haste too fast, and would do better to go much slower and more surely to our goal. Some individuals manifest this disposition to hurry over important things, differently from others, but the application of the fault alluded to may be understood by the following illustration: Suppose a person to require information upon some subject he is comparatively ignorant of—the steam-engine indicator, for instance; having procured a book upon it, he runs his eye over page after page, touching now upon this example then upon that, until he arrives at the end, when he knows nothing whatever of the subject. The first time he undertakes to converse upon the instrument, or to apply its principles practically, he discovers his ignorance and is put to shame or inconvenience. All this is the fault of making haste to reach the end without grasping the fundamental principle and mastering it, and each detail also, before going further. It is absurd to suppose that any matter worthy of study can be mastered in a cursory examination yet many persons relinquish the pursuit of knowledge in despair from this very cause. Finding it impossible to comprehend, in fifteen minutes, some point it has taken an author as many days or weeks to settle, they deem the matter beyond their comprehension, and throw up the study never to return to it. There may be some gifted spirits to whom the knotty points of a new theory or the intricacies of an unfamiliar science are clear and plain at first sight, but the mass acquire knowledge only by patient study, and not by a hand-gallop through the fields of learning. When sensible men go abroad to acquire information in foreign countries, they do not take express trains and steamboats and whirl onward to the end, but with staff in hand they penetrate into villages and hamlets, and learn from the peasant and the scholar. So it is with those who study to learn and retain what they read. Patient plodding by the wayside is better than running from pillar to post, and the truth of this assertion is manifest to every one who has ever given the subject attention.—[Scientific American.]

"HOW MUCH DID YOU TAKE?" Haven't we had a fine sermon?" said a lady to another in our hearing, while passing out with the congregation at the close of a recent sabbath service. "Yes," replied the other, "I think we have—how much of it did you take?" The sermon was really a good one, upon the duty and blessedness of self-sacrifice in behalf of others. The argument was well put, the diction was almost unexceptionable, and there were passages in the discourse of genuine eloquence. But the lady who so warmly praised it was fashionably dressed, accustomed to live quite at her ease, and so far as we could learn, not particularly given to sacrificing her substance or her convenience for the benefit of any body else. Yet she was captivated with the sermon—it was a "fine" one, she thought. She had been interested; she had been entertained; perhaps she would have said she had been edified; but while we remained within hearing, she had not framed a reply to the question "How much did you take of it?" We do not know that she replied at all.—[Secretary.]

The Providence Journal asks the plain question of General McClellan—"Will he or any friend, authorized to speak, break silence, and state in precise, lucid, unambiguous terms what he proposes to do if elected?" Of course he will not. If he were to say that he would not follow the Chicago resolution by taking immediate measures for a suspension of hostilities, where would Mr. Pendleton be? And if he were to say that he would follow that resolution, where would they both be?

And now the question comes up for the people—if a candidate will not or cannot say frankly where he stands, with respect to the most important of all our political questions will the people give him their votes?

An idea modeller writes: I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of my session I found leisure to note my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool. "Is that the dunce block?" I said to a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out, "I guess so, the teacher always sits on that!" The stool was unoccupied that term.

Well, said a Republican orator at a meeting in Meriden, Ct., "I, too, am a peace man—but when peace comes, I pray God she may come in the shape of a white-winged angel, and not in the form of a white-faced slave, chained under the bloody feet of an aristocratic rebellion."

An editor says that sugar has gone up so high as to produce a slight increase in the price of sand.

FRUIT.

The committee award the first premium to No. 8—eighteen varieties of apples presented by Alden Bassett, and the second premium to No. 7—same number of varieties, presented by Charles Drummond, and the third premium to No. 9—presented by H. P. Carr. The above for all kinds of apples. The committee award to Moses E. Penny the first premium for winter apples, No. 3, 12 varieties. With the last was a good show of grapes, plums and quinces, worthy of commendation. The second premium on winter fruit, to No. 10, presented by Obed Emery. No other lot strictly winter. The committee award the first premium on fall fruit to No. 12, presented by Dr. Waters. The second premium to No. 2, presented by G. W. Hubbard. He had but one variety—the Porter apple, but of very fine quality—no other lot strictly fall. There were other lots of apples, in great variety presented, all worthy of commendation. The show of apples was better on the whole than usual.

The committee award the first premium on plums to No. 5, presented by Galen Hoxie, and the second to No. 3, presented by Moses Penny. The first premium on pears to Nos. 2 and 4, presented by I. S. Clifford, and the second premium to No. 1, presented by Galen Hoxie.

To four varieties of grapes, ripened in the open air, by Dr. Waters, the committee award the first premium. No. 2, a splendid show, by Josiah Goodwin looked remarkably well, and no doubt tasted well, but the committee were not able to decide the last point, as they could only look at them through the glass, but feel safe in awarding the second premium to this lot.

A basket of cranberries, shown by Daniel Munter, of Sidney, looked finely, and the committee would be glad to give them a premium, or even to invest in a lot of them when sugar goes down. T. W. MEIKERICK, for Com.

## BUTTER, CHEESE, BREAD, ETC.

Your committee on Butter, Cheese, Bread, Honey, Jelly, Maple Syrup and Sugar, have attended to the examination of the same, and to the disposing of a portion of them, and we now feel very much as though we should be glad to give all of you a premium, after having had such a feast of fat things, which is something very unusual to, at least, the chairman of your committee.

There were seven lots of Butter, entered and presented, all very nice and good, and all perhaps entitled to a premium, and your committee would be glad if it was in their power to give a premium to all but as the society have placed but two at our disposal, we award the first premium to No. 3, presented by E. A. Davis, and the second to No. 5, presented by Mrs. W. B. Hamlin.

Six lots of cheese, very nice and handsome, and all very good. The first premium to No. 2, presented by Mrs. A. W. Lowe, and the second to No. 3, presented by Mrs. Nathan Perry.

There was no entry of brown or barley bread.

Three entries of Flour bread. To No. 2, presented by Miss Eva Haines, a girl 9 years old, we award the first premium. To No. 1, presented by Mrs. Sam'l Haines, we award a Vol. Report. No. 3, made by Miss Helen Crowell, a girl twelve years old, is entitled to the thanks of the committee and we wish miss would try again, and we have no doubt she will yet get the first premium. We award a Vol. Report.

Six lots of Honey, very nice all of it. We award the premium to No. 4, presented by I. S. Clifford.

No Maple Sugar. But one lot Maple Syrup, presented by Stephen Smith, Vol. Reports.

No Jelly, either of apple, currant or cranberry. H. PERCIVAL, for Com.

## LEATHER AND LEATHER GOODS.

Your committee on Leather and Leather Goods find in that department twelve entries, to wit:—No. 1, a Single Harness, No. 2, four pairs Men's Boots, No. 3, twelve pairs Ladies' Boots, No. 4, two pairs Misses Boots, No. 5, five pairs Children's Boots, No. 6, two Horse Blankets, No. 7, two Halters, No. 8, a Single Girth Harness, No. 9, a Chaise Harness, No. 10, a Common Girth Harness, No. 11, a showcase of Boots, Shoes, and other goods in that line, No. 12, a pair of Army Boots.

The harnesses are all of very excellent quality, both in stock and workmanship, especially the Single Girth Harness, No. 8, made by Mr. M. Westcott, of Waterville, to which your committee award the Society's first premium of two dollars. The maker of this harness may feel justly proud of his skill and taste in producing so substantial and finished a piece of work.

Harness No. 1, is a nice stay article, by Mr. G. B. Broad, of Waterville, but lighter and less substantial in its construction than No. 8. Your committee award the second premium to No. 1, and recommend its examination by those about to purchase.

No. 9, a thorough made Chaise Harness, one well worthy the attention of purchasers, "before buying elsewhere." The committee regret that the society have offered but two premiums on this kind of work, but would recommend a gratuity of a Vol. of Reports to No. 9. No. 10, a good substantial business Harness, well made and a good bargain for some lucky purchaser. Nos. 9 and 10, both made by Mr. Westcott.

Nos. 6 and 7, two Horse-Blankets and two Halters entered for exhibition only, by Mr. G. B. Broad. These articles are a good advertisement for Friend Broad, informing customers where they can obtain such goods in exchange for greenbacks at "war prices."

Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5, a very fine display of Men's, Ladies', Misses', and Children's Boots entered by Wm. L. Maxwell, of Waterville, for exhibition, but as they are all manufactured outside the limits of the society are not entitled to premiums. Mr. M. is entitled to the thanks of the society for having contributed so much to its Fair, and also to the patronage of buyers of this class of goods. No. 11 is a showcase of Boots and Shoes for Ladies' wear, together with a variety of other goods always found at the "Parlor Shoe Store" kept by G. A. L. Merrifield, by whom this case is entered, but like the last lot are of foreign make, so cannot receive the premium of the society though both entries well deserve it.

No. 12 a pair of splendid Army Boots made by Merrifield, for an officer in the 2d Maine cavalry now in front of Petersburg. The rules of the society require the presentation of two or more pairs of Calf Boots to entitle the manufacturer to a premium, but as we find stock enough in this pair to make two common pairs, and in consideration of their excellent quality and workmanship, your committee have agreed to award the premium of one dollar to No. 12. Your committee feel much pleasure in noticing the increased interest in this department of our Fair, and trust that in future years we shall see even the present exhibition put entirely in the shade. SIMON KIRBY, for Com.



## HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.

A pleasing feature in this department of the Exhibition is the fact that the articles comprising it were not made for the sake of being displayed on this annual occasion, or for the several premiums to be awarded; but were made for the noble purpose of contributing to the elegance and comfort of home. And they were brought in here as samples of domestic skill, as illustrations of what is being done constantly in thousands of New England homes.

Out of the entire number of articles claiming the attention and judgment of the committee, which have been examined by us, not one has been found that is not deserving of our commendation, that does not reflect credit upon the skill and good taste of the fair contributor.

These household manufactures have an important and gratifying accession to the interest and attractiveness of this occasion. In their absence, we should have deemed this exhibition quite incomplete and unsatisfactory, for however delicious may be the different varieties of fruit, however numerous and rich may be the contributions to the department of the fine arts, and however full other departments may be in products of shop, firm, and garden, it would be impossible to make the occasion come up to the standard of true excellence without the skillful handwork of woman, without those gifts and treasures from the home, that give the peculiar charm to our New England firesides.

We welcome the plain home-spun fabrics from the time-honored looms, now so rarely seen, and the home-made yarn spun on the melodious spinning wheels in independent farmer's kitchens. After the cunning brain has exhausted its resources in furnishing improvements in labor-saving machinery, we doubt whether there will ever be made any improvements on that way of life, and that moral and intellectual health and vigor which used to accompany the loom, the spinning wheel and ample open fire-place, round whose blaze the best minds of the country have been kindled and warmed into strong and wide-reaching life.

The present disturbance in our country, which has resulted in high prices and given a new impetus, in rural districts, to home manufactures, is not without its compensating benefits when we take this view of the advantage which society derives from being led occasionally in old paths and to the simplicity and nobleness of primitive habits of home industry and independence.

The following is a list of premiums awarded by our committee:

Faded cloth presented by Mrs. Asa Mayo, first premium, \$1.50; Wool Flannel presented by the same, second premium, \$1.00; Cotton flannel presented by Mrs. Sophia Buck, first premium, \$1.50; Best rag carpet, Mrs. Sam'l Hitchings, first premium, \$1.50; rag carpet, presented by Mrs. E. M. Blackwell, second premium, \$1.00; hearth rug presented by Mrs. Chas. Drummond, first premium, \$1.50; hearth rug presented by Mrs. Sam'l Hitchings, second premium, \$1.00; woolen shawl by Mrs. F. E. Capen, first premium, \$1.50; wool mittens by Mrs. G. W. H. Hubbard, first premium, \$1.00; wool mittens by Mrs. Sam'l Haines, second premium, \$1.00; wool yarn by the same, first premium, 50 cts.; wool yarn by Mrs. Asa Mayo, second premium, 50 cts.; wool stockings by the same, first premium, 50 cts.; ditto, by Mrs. Edwin Spring, second premium, 25 cts.; basket work quilt by Mrs. D. B. Lewis, first premium, \$1.50; cotton bed spread by Mrs. Wm. Dyer, second premium, \$1.00; children's stockings by Mrs. Wm. Moor, first premium, 50 cts.; mittens and shirts by the same, first premium, 50 cts.; boy's worsted sock by Mrs. F. E. Capen, first premium, \$1.50; girl's worsted sock by the same, second premium, \$1.00. W. A. P. JILLINGHAM, for Com.

## FINE ARTS.

In a society of farmers and their sons, including also their wives and daughters, the primary object is to give encouragement to the labors of the field and of the household.

As commonly understood, the fine arts are not included in this description; and they are thought by many to occupy a higher rank. The late Theodore Parker, however, set what he calls "the coarse arts" above the fine arts, and deemed such men as Arkwright and George Stephenson worthy of more honor than Michael Angelo and Rubens. It is not for us here either to endorse or to controvert this opinion. Let each one take it for what he deems it worth. For ourselves, however, the value of the fine arts lies ultimately in their utility, or their adaptation to minister to the wants, and to promote the well-being of man.

But man is more than a physical being, and has other needs than food and shelter—good bread and beef, and a house filled with all manner of comforts for the body. He is also a spiritual being, possessing imagination and taste, and it belongs to his improvement and happiness, that his love of the beautiful should be cultivated. Here lies the sphere of the fine arts. Attention to them is capable of contributing much to the refinement and enjoyment of human life, and of rendering the observation and study of nature more instructive and more pleasing.

But the best artist, like the tiller of the soil, or the laborer in the workshop, or the mistress of a household preparing daily food for her family, is but a servant of others for their good. All cultivators of the fine arts need, we think, both for their own sake, and in the interest of the arts themselves, to keep in mind this essential view. Were it kept in mind, there would cease to be among artists any such thing as false claims for themselves; and none but true lovers of art, and such as have the capacity for excellent in it, would devote themselves to its cultivation. We believe that washing, or bread-making, or any other work of the hands, for which one is fitted, and by means of which humanity is served, is as intrinsically respectable as painting or piano playing. We are so democratic as to think that not only men, but all honest industries and pursuits, stand essentially on a level. On what other ground can there be any real fellowship and brotherhood of the classes whose callings in life differ?

We subjoin a brief notice of the paintings and works of art, which were presented, whether for premiums, or simply for exhibition, and the worthy purpose of adding interest to the Fair.

No. 1, Three Oil paintings, by Lewis Wheeler, a boy of twelve years, were thought to possess great merit and to be worthy a premium of one dollar.

No. 2, Worst Picture for exhibition only—Two dogs on a rug; very finely executed. Presented by Mary E. Low.

No. 3, a case of Hair Work—quite elaborate showing much taste and skill—to which we award fifty cents. Presented by Mrs. H. G. Smiley.

No. 4, Two Case Frames by Mrs. Edwin Dunbar, very beautiful, themselves deserving premium, and containing Wax flower and Hair work of great beauty. We award fifty cents.

No. 5, Wax Flowers, (just mentioned) by Miss Frances Dunbar, of such merit that the committee were somewhat in doubt whether to mark them the first or second for premium, but decided to mark second, as less in variety and elaborateness, and we award fifty cents.

No. 6, Hair work in cone frame, by the same, to which we award fifty cents.

No. 7, Beatrice—Penciling, by Ella M. Stevens, the only specimen of its kind, and deemed worthy of favorable notice, we award twenty-five cents.

No. 8, Two Oil Paintings. Dog guarding gloves and whip, and Wild Horse, understood to be among the first efforts of their artist, Miss Sara Chandler, and judged worthy of much praise. We award a gratuity of fifty cents.

No. 9, Picture of Blue Eyed Boy, beautiful and attractive, presented by Mrs. A. P. Marston.

No. 10, Case of Wax Flowers; elaborate, true to nature, and of fine arrangement. We award a gratuity of seventy-five cents. Presented by Miss Armenia Forbes.

No. 11, Large Oil Painting of quiet beauty, subdued coloring, and good finish. Presented by Mrs. Frank Lasselle.

No. 12, Fruit Piece, offering a tempting display; but alas! the committee knew it was a painting. Presented by the same lady.

No. 13, Oil Painting—Landscape of beautiful coloring, by a girl of thirteen years, Miss Mary G. Lunt, possessing a melancholy interest, as being finished only one week before the close of her earthly career.

No. 14, Water Color, Basket of Flowers, by the same. An earlier production of splendid colors and great truthfulness to nature.

No. 15, Two Engravings—Gen. Grant and Sherman—from the Periodical Depot of J. S. Carter, who will be glad to fill orders for duplicates.

No. 16, Specimens of photographs, from C. G. Carleton's Gallery, worthy of special commendation and a larger premium than the Society is in a condition to bestow. We trust he will be well repaid for this handsome contribution to the attractions of this department.

No. 17, Two Oil paintings for exhibition only, by Miss Sarah Allen, both excellent; the larger, in the judgment of the committee, bearing off the palm from the exhibition.

No. 18, Oil Painting—Landscape, excellent. Presented for exhibition by Mrs. E. Macmahon.

No. 19, Oil Painting—Waterfall, by a Lady of seventy-two years. Pretty and curious.

Nos. 20 and 21, Oil Paintings presented for exhibition only by Miss M. J. Dyer. Very fine pictures—giving evidence of much talent and a nice appreciation of the beautiful, and showing that the promising young artist has made no mistake in her chosen calling.

## SHEEP.

There were presented for premium thirty lots—eighteen of fine Wool and eight of Long and the rest grades. On the fine Wool flocks there was pretty close and sharp competition, and it is but reasonable to suppose that your committee might have erred, though endeavoring to do their duty and deal no injustice to the parties concerned. When we examined one lot that seemed the finest wool, then another that seemed just as fine, after going through the whole, we had to bring to our aid other points than the fineness of the wool, size, shape, and yield of wool, and if your committee could have acted up to their feelings, they would have given them all a premium, and advised them to try again. As this is becoming one of the most important branches of our national wealth there should be a greater number of premiums offered so that there should not be so many worthy ones go unnoticed.

The first premium we award to Joshua Nye, of Waterville, for his fine wool—Black, second to Joseph Nye, Jr., Fairfield, third to H. E. James, Waterville.

Long Wool Bucks—First premium to W. B. S. Moor, Waterville. We would also recommend a gratuity to Seth Wentworth of China, for his superior lot of Spanish Merino Bucks, some brought from Vermont, others raised by himself. We know of no man in the country east of the Kennebec, that has done more to improve our sheep, than Mr. Wentworth.

Buck Lambs fine wool—First premium to C. K. Sawtelle, second to Joseph Nye, Jr., of Fairfield.

Long Wool Buck Lambs—first premium to Joseph Percival, second to W. B. S. Moor.

Two Lambs, fine, first premium to Joseph Nye, Jr., Fairfield, second to C. K. Sawtelle, William Pullen, good.

Long Wool Two Lambs—first premium to Joseph Percival, second to G. W. Hubbard.

Flocks of sheep—first premium to Joseph Percival, second to G. W. Hubbard.

Of the fat sheep we have nothing to say, only try it again. J. B. STRATTON, for Com.

## CROPS, VEGETABLES, ETC.

The committee on Crops, Vegetables, etc., make the following awards, viz:

No. 2, Cabbages, by Edwin Spring, No. 8, Potatoes, by Andrew Archer. No. 10, Seed Corn, by Galen Hoxie. No. 12, Barley, No. 13, Snap Corn, by W. Chipman. No. 14, Peppers, by do. No. 15, Squash, by W. H. Thorne. No. 16, Onions, by Cyrus Wheeler. No. 17, Sweet Corn, by G. F. Waters. No. 18, Potatoes, by R. Foster. No. 19, Peas, by J. Percival.

The committee notice with a good deal of pleasure a sample of potatoes, (Tussock White) which were very handsome. They so nearly resembled the Potatoes that if the owner had been present to have spoken in praise of them, as regards quality and the fitness for table use, a premium might have been awarded them.

There were also some very fine Seedling potatoes presented by Mr. Joseph Percival, which were worthy of notice.

The Mammoth Squashes all seemed to be of one kind, and if the size and external appearance are the index of the heart, we should like some of the seeds that we might distribute them liberally.

O. EMERY } Com.  
H. P. CATR } Com.

## HORSES.

Your committee having attended to their duty, beg leave to report that in their opinion:

Stallions.—The first premium should be awarded to a stallion presented by H. Taylor, of Waterville, second to Silas W. Briggs of Sidney, and third to G. E. Shores of Waterville.

Breeding Mares.—They award the first premium to Silas Berry of Waterville, second to Samuel Taylor of Fairfield, and third to Albert Crosby of Albion. There were very good mares presented by B. F. Heron, J. L. Seavey, and F. O. Marston of Waterville, also one by Clark Drummond of Winslow.

Matched Horses.—None presented.

Family Horses.—They award the first premium to Ira H. Low, of Waterville, and second to E. G. Sawtelle.

D. R. McFADDER, for Com.

## FARM IMPLEMENTS.

The committee on Farm Implements make the following report:

Whole number of Farm implements entered was one, which was a very neat Combination Pruner, made by Dr. G. F. Waters, to which we award a Vol. Report.

There was also for exhibition a Buckeye Mower, by Jotham Weston of Skowhegan, for which we could give no premium, as it was not made within the limits of the society. We think it stands A No. 1 among mowers. Mr. W. is agent for it, and will supply all farmers who wish for the best mower in use, if they apply in season. F. A. DAVIS, for Com.

## TROTTER HORSES.

There was only one entry in the first class—"Don Juan," by Henry Taylor of Waterville. This horse trotted two heats—time, 3:4—2:49.

In the second class, D. Gilmore of Kendall's Mills, entered "Lady Gilmore," and D. L. Sawtelle entered "Socksasin." The first heat was won by Socksasin in 3:3—the second by Lady Gilmore in 3:5—and the third by the same in 2:58 1-2.

In the third class, Henry Taylor, of Waterville, entered bay mare "Minnie," and John L. Seavey of Waterville, entered "Fanny." The first heat was won by Fanny in 2:55. Minnie was then withdrawn and Fanny made the second heat in 2:58.

In the fourth class, B. F. Otis of Waterville, entered gray horse "Gen. Grant," and D. Gilmore entered "Flora St. Helen." Flora won the race, time 3:13—3:1.

SAMUEL S. PARKER, } Com.  
JOS. EATON } Com.  
BENJ. BURRILL }

## War of Redemption.

We can but briefly hint at the situation of affairs in a general way, this week, for lack of room.

Grant, while threatening another flank movement to the left, made an advance on the right, capturing important positions in the immediate vicinity of Richmond—taking nearly twenty guns and five hundred prisoners. These positions we still hold, despite several desperate attempts of the rebels to re-possess them, in which they lost heavily. Among the killed in these engagements was Gen. Burnham, of Maine.

Subsequently an advance was made on our left, and though no important advantage was gained and our losses were heavy, yet the result was regarded as measurably successful.

Gen. Sheridan was last reported opposite Brown's Gap, the enemy having left the valley through that thoroughfare. Grant has directed Sheridan to do all the damage he can to the railroads and crops in that section, and to carry off all the stock and negroes—so that the rebels may no longer draw their subsistence from thence.

General Sherman, at last accounts, was near the junction of the Macon and Montgomery Railroad, 20 miles south of Atlanta, and Hood was marching on the Chattahoochee river, between Fairburn and Palmato.

Affairs in Missouri are about as they were. The rebels are busily plundering towns and burning bridges and railroad stations. At last accounts, Price's troops were advancing on Rolla.

The possession of Mobile is not thought desirable at present, and Farragut has come north. A more stringent blockade of Wilmington is promised.

The yellow fever is raging in the principal Southern cities on the Atlantic coast.

[For the Waterville Mail.]

## MASONIC MISSION.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 20th, 1864.

In order to answer at once the inquiries of many, I here present a list of the officers of the Masonic Mission, and would state that it is an institution incorporated by the Legislature of the state of New York—that its principal office is at No. 111 Broadway, Room 108, and the Treasurer's office is at No. 30 Catharine St., New York. It is in intimate alliance with the Christian Commission; the relief agents of that institution often receiving and distributing the supplies of the Mission on the field or in camp, whenever and wherever the facilities of the former are greater than those of the latter for so doing. The Commission, however, always observing and carrying out the wishes of the Mission.

Money may be sent to the Treasurer, or (by citizens of Maine) to the undersigned at Portland.

Potatoes in good order for shipping to any point north of Charleston, green apples, and other vegetables, all in good sound barrels—dried apples and berries, pickles, jellies, domestic wines, hospital clothing and bedding, socks, drawers undershirts, etc. are wanted, and all such supplies should be sent to MASONIC MISSION, CARE OF W. H. HADLEY, PORTLAND.

The contents should be marked on every package. Only one kind of vegetable should be put into the same barrel or package, and glass jars should never be packed with other goods.

W. H. HADLEY, Agent M. M. for N. E. States.

The Rev. C. W. Vining who has safely returned from a journey in the East, thoughtfully brings us, among other curiosities, some of the newspapers published in Egypt and Turkey. They are in four languages, French, Turkish, Armenian and Greek. We cannot read them, but he can, and through his patience we have been gratified to learn their contents, and the materials of which newspapers are made up in the land of the Osmanlis. Our American enterprise is well represented; stoves, wooden and tin-ware, ploughs, axes and tools are advertised from this country. In each of the four languages are heralded the virtues of the remedies made by our celebrated countryman, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell. They seem not to depend on their home reputation for confidence abroad, but publish the certificates of the Musselman rulers themselves, to the cures which those medicines have made in their midst. The Rev. gentleman informs us that the whole of the remedial aid employed in those countries, comes from Europe or America, as they possess no medical colleges or schools in which they have any confidence themselves. There arose the religious ideas which pervade the human family, but almost all that is useful in art or invention must be carried back to these, the earlier settlements of mankind.

Lynn News.

## Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE . . . OCT. 7, 1864.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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## FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

## FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

ELECTORS—J. B. BROWN, Portland.  
ARNER STETSON, Damariscotta.  
3d Dist.—GOING HATHORN, Pittsfield.

## Show and Fair.

We publish the most of the reports of the committees this week, and the remainder will be forth coming in our next paper. Lack of time and room prevent our noticing many things of which we would be glad to speak; but the committees in their reports have made pretty thorough work. We subjoin a few brief notes.

As usual in seasons when there is a short crop, the exhibition of fruit was very large and handsome—indeed we think it has never been excelled. Mr. H. T. Carr, of China—a new competitor, but one whom we hope to see annually hereafter—had a very fine collection of apples, including several rare varieties, such as Newton Spitzberg, Flemish Beauty, King of Tompkins County, Graevenstein, etc. Many of his scions were obtained at considerable expense from the localities where these and other celebrated varieties originated. He has taken great pains with his orchard, which is a large one, and his efforts have been crowned with much success.

Our neighbor, Dr. Waters, was present with many choice varieties from his little village orchard of less than a dozen trees. In his collection we noticed the Esopus Spitzberg, Fall and Summer Harvey, Fameuse or Snow Apple, Fall Spice, Tonic Fall, (a seedling of his own) Eureka Pearmain, Bell flower, etc. Even old orchardists may learn something by looking into the Doctor's garden and seeing what marvels he has wrought upon a few old and worn out trees.

Dr. Pulsifer, who also does something in a quiet way, in the fruit line, and raises considerable good fruit—had a single variety on exhibition, very fine specimens of the Northern Spy, a rare apple in this vicinity.

The other lots of apples—presented by Messrs. J. M. Pressy, Charles Drummond, Alden Bassett, and Obed Emery—were all very handsome specimens of good standard fruit, and the committee must have had no easy task in coming to a satisfactory decision between them.

Mr. I. S. Clifford had some very fine pears, and so had Mr. Galen Hoxie; and Mr. Moses E. Penney presented full grown quinces.

Mr. J. S. Goodwin presented one variety of grapes in charming perfection, and Dr. Waters had four varieties grown in the open air.

There was a fair display of pictures—many kind friends having brought in contributions with which to ornament the Hall. The Society are indebted in this way to Miss Sarah Allen, Miss M. J. Dyer, Mr. C. G. Carleton, Mr. J. S. Carter, and others.

The Dairy was well represented, there being a tempting display both of butter and cheese.

The display of honey was never equalled at any previous exhibition, although we are told that the yield this year is quite small. All of it that was for sale was disposed of at a good price.

There was a very fine display of flowers, and we hope the attractions of this department will increase from year to year. Beautiful bouquets were presented by Mrs. C. R. McFadden, Mrs. Dr. Pulsifer, Miss Julia Dunbar, Miss Nora Davis, and Miss Ella Pearson.

The sample of crops were not numerous, but the collection embraced some very fine specimens; foremost among which may be mentioned a basket of onion Cyrus Wheeler's celebrated Free Soil Onions.

Our merchants and shopkeepers did more than usual, but not so much as they might have done. There were displays of fancy goods by E. T. Elden & Co., and Freedman & Co.; millinery by Misses E. & S. Fisher; silver ware, by A. J. Alden; boots and shoes by Maxwell and Merrifield; and Harnesses, by Messrs. M. Wescott and G. B. Broad.

"THREE CHEERS FOR LINCOLN!" adds a soldier friend in a postscript to a letter ordering the "MAIL" and enclosing a remittance. Cheer, boys, cheer as often as you like—especially at two dollars a head.

## OUR TABLE.

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.—The October number has the following articles:

Some uses of a Civil War, by Hugh Miller Thompson; Proverbs, by E. B. C.; The Undivine Comedy—A Polish Comedy—Part II, by Count Sigismund Krasinski; The North Carolina Conscript, by Isabella McFarlane; Does the Moon Revolve on its axis? by Charles E. Townsend; Lunar Characteristics, by Charles E. Townsend; A Glance at Prussian Politics—Part II, by Charles M. Mead; "Ye Know Not What Ye Ask," by Fanny L. Glenfield; Coming up at Shiloh; Ennoia, Chapter XIII.; Aphorisms, by Rev. Asa S. Colton; Excess, by Kate Padman; American Women, by Mrs. Virginia Sherwood; A Wren's Song; Word-Stills, by William Wirt Bykes; A Great Social Problem, by G. U.; Our Great American, Longing, from Schlegel; The Lesson of the Hour, by Edward Sprague Rand; The Scientific Language—Article I, by Edward B. Freeland; Flower Ode; Locomotion, by David M. Balfour; Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

Published by John F. Trow, New York, at \$3 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The September number has the following table of contents:

Chronicles of Carlingford: The Perpetual Curate—Conclusion; Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and other Things in General—Part VIII.; Rev. Charles Kingsley and Dr. Newman; Tony Butler—Part XII.; The Alphabetical; Letters from the Principality—No. III.—Prince Consort's Comp. d'Etat; The City of Gold.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 28 Walker St., New York. Terms of Subscription: For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$9; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$8; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates, will be but 50 cents a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE.—The September number of this magazine failed to reach us, which we regret all the more since we have seen the magnificent issue for October, which came to hand a few days ago. It is brilliant with embellishments, and rich in stories and other interesting reading. This work is still afforded at the old price—\$3 a year—which makes it a miracle of cheapness.

Published by Frank Leslie, 53 Pearl Street, New York.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMASTERS FOR OCTOBER contains another chapter of "Oliver Optic's" new story, "Work and Play, or Paul Clifford's Vacation," further about "Campaigning," "Notes from Friberg," a piece for declamation, a lively dialogue, etc., etc.—all prettily illustrated. It is a very good number and cannot fail to please the little folks.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—The October number of this popular juvenile has a continuation of "Go-ahead and the Flying Dutchman," something about "Children's Old Times," and a score of other good things, a well filled Puzzle Drawer, and a spicy supply of "Chat." Published by J. N. Stearns, New York at \$1.50 a year.

## Waterville Tax List.

Names of persons whose tax, for 1864, is Fifty dollars and upward—the rate of taxation being \$1.75 on the hundred dollars.

Appleton, Sam'l	\$ 418	15 Jordan, Wm.	72	44
Atkins, C. H.	58	Kimball, T. G.	72	00
Boutelle, N. R.	312	45 Keely, G. W.	\$ 259	61
Blaissell, Sam'l	81	60 Lyford, H.	66	88
Benson, B. C.	124	61 Lyford, Moses	66	88
Billy, Stephen	70	77 Longfellow, Nath'l	62	50
Burleigh, Alfred	69	80 Marston, Jos.	80	59
Burleigh, Eleanora	63	89 Marston, Wm.	99	99
Brown, William	124	68 Macy, Mrs. Julia S.	72	00
Brown, Luke, 2d	69	142 Morrell, Jediah	272	56
Brown, Wm. P.	143	143 Morrell, Ephraim	69	14
Burns, J. R. H.	66	87 Morrell, Wm.	140	57
Blunt, J. P.	70	78 Mitchell, Elijah	100	70
Blunt, J. P.	107	100 Mitchell, Benj.	100	70
Britton, J. W.	70	101 Mitchell, Jos.	63	61
Bumsted, J. W.	63	102 Morrell & Phillips	105	48
Benjamin, A. P.	89	60 Meader, E. G.	65	25
Burbank, David	62	60 Moor, Daniel	65	25
Bowman, Joshua	66	66 Moor, W. B. S.	385	95
Brown, J. H.	63	60 Moran, John	144	45
Comforth, Rob't	51	63 Mathews, C. F.	144	45
Clifford, J. I.	64	24 Mathews, John, est.	91	07
Clifford, Asa R.	55	63 Mason, C. P.	174	00
Chandler, F. L.	119	119 Mead, B. F.	50	75
Coffin, Edwin	84	60 Maxwell, W. L.	61	07
College, Waterville	52	62 Milliken, D. L.	339	49
Crommett, L. E.	70	70 Nance, J.	227	00
Crowley, R. E.	119	63 Nance, J. & Davis	227	00
Crooker, J. M.	75	65 Noroy, J.	234	00
Chapman, J. T.	123	01 Nye, Joshua	62	50
Campbell, H. H.	69	05 Ois, Wm. G.	87	22
Chapman, L. T. & Co.	69	05 Ois, Wm. G.	87	22
Doolittle, Sam'l	88	71 Percival, Jos.	101	00
Doolittle, I. R.	60	06 Pressy, J. M.	70	00
Dyer, Wm.	191	58 Philbrick, John R.	101	00
Dow, A. G.	64	59 Philbrick, John R.	101	00
Davis, Joseph	64	52 Philbrick, J. W.	144	44
Davis, C. H.	62	05 Plaisant, Sam'l, est.	107	00
DeRoche, Peter, Jr.	76	87 Plaisant, Mrs. Ma.	234	00
Dunn Edge Tool Co.	433	25 Porter, J. R.	283	83
Dunn, R. R.	61	60 Public B. D.	60	00
Dillingham, W. A. P.	60	30 Rye, R. D.	60	00
Eddy and Kimball	174	08 Peavy Brothers	109	00
Elden, J. R.	128	35 Redington, Sam'l	109	00
Elliott, J. T. & Co.	69	08 Redington, C. H.	72	00
Elden and Arnold	109	08 Redington, Wm.	60	00
Emery, Albin	284	63 Ricker, Levi, Estate	94	00
Eaton, Reuben	90	03 Railroad, Mc Cent.	316	00
Farmer, R. C. Edmund	70	03 Railroad, C. H. H.	72	00
Forster, J. B.	64	50 Stackpole, James	60	00
Gettell, H. W.	55	45 Trustee	60	00
Gettell, W. and W.	100	73 Stark, Mrs. M.	107	00
Gibson, C. F.	108	67 Stark, Mrs. M., Guar.	107	00
Gittman C. B. and	108	67 Stearns, J. H.	155	55
Anna K. Exec't's	107	47 Stevens, I. T.	60	00
Gage, Joshua	61	79 Stevens, W. A. F.	68	00
Gage, R. C. & Co.	61	79 Stevens, W. A. F.	68	00
Gray, J. P.	61	58 Smith, Franklin	109	00
Gleason, Elijah	60	76 Thayer, C. H.	60	00
Hitchings, Jos.	58	98 Thayer, C. H.	60	00
Hunter, Chas.	61	76 Thayer, C. H.	60	00
Hallett, Jonathan	63	81 Williams, Henry	105	00
Hubbard, Guy T.	62	52 Wheeler, Chas.	85	85
Hubbard, Geo. W.	62	29 Webber, John	69	00
Hodge, Solomon	66	81 Webber & Haviland	177	00
Howard, R. W.	66	81 Webber, Wm.	84	84
Herrick, T. W.	121	26 Wentworth, George	98	98
Hathaway, C. F.	60	67 Wing, Dan'l R.	68	68
Hawley, S. S.	60	67 Wing, Simon	70	70
Jewell, Geo. S.	124	26 Wing, James H.	124	26
Levin, G. L.	228	28 Ware, John	1928	28







