



10-14-1864

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 15): October 14, 1864

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail)



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 15): October 14, 1864" (1864). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 59.

[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail/59](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/59)

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.



## NEVERMORE.

The swallows build beneath the eaves,  
As in the days ago;  
The wheat fields are all ablaze,  
And in and out the west wind plays;  
Amid the tasseled corn.

The sunshine falls as warm and bright,  
The clover fields are red;  
The wild bird wakes his simple song,  
As joyfully the whole day long  
As if we were not dead!

The thoughtful sleep with mother care  
Their rain and sunshine send;  
And, standing in the farm-house door,  
I see—dotting the landscape o'er—  
The flocks we used to tend.

The wild rose and the jasmine blow  
Beside the window-sill;  
Their tender moan is in the air,  
For the dear hands that placed them there  
Are lying crossed and still.

About the hills the summer flocks  
Her wealth of golden light,  
And, past the willow's silvery gleam,  
I catch the glimmer of the stream,  
And lilacs cool and white.

But, oh, a shadow darkens all  
The sunshine and the bloom—  
The voice whose kind and loving words  
Were sweeter than the songs of birds,  
Is silent in the tomb!

How can the summer fall so gay  
About our farm-house door,  
When all the quiet ways he trod  
Through leafy wood or bloomy sod—  
Shall know him nevermore!

## THE LOVE SPELL.

BY CORA HART.

CHAPTER I.

A joyous group of children had been dismissed from the A— school; but within its walls there still remained one little girl whose sad, downcast looks were an evidence that she felt most acutely the disgrace she had brought upon herself in being detained for some misdeed. She was listening to the affectionate remonstrances of her teacher with real contrition; and good resolutions for the future mingled with her tears, as he said,—

"I assure you, Mary, I have felt this punishment as deeply as yourself; nothing but my great love for you could have induced me to inflict it."

"I know it, dear Mr. Murray. Oh! how ungrateful it was in me to act thus when I knew it was wrong, and would hurt your feelings so much. I do not deserve your kindness."

"Not so, my child; you will always have a claim upon my heart, and if you will only strive to overcome this propensity to ridicule, I shall learn to prize the talents you possess; but remember, Mary, those blessed gifts become snares when used for more selfish ends, or if they separate us from others, causing us to look upon them less lovingly."

"I will try, sir, indeed I will, to be kind to everybody; but it is so hard when—"

"Well, why do you hesitate?"

"Because I do not quite like to tell you; but—but my aunt says you are too particular, and she often laughs at dull people here. I am sure I did not intend to make Lucy Stanton unhappy when I ridiculed her blunders during the grammar lesson."

"I believe you, my dear; but from this want of thought arise many of our errors. Had you reflected but a moment, and governed your conduct by that 'golden rule' so commonly spoken of, but too little regarded, we might all have been happy this afternoon. Come, cheer up; you have borne your discipline well. To-morrow let your sympathy and help make reparation to Lucy for the wrong you have done."

"Thank you, Mr. Murray. I will strive to do right. May I leave this little parcel now? Please not to open it till you reach home."

"Some little birthday remembrance, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. I was almost afraid you would not accept it after what has happened, and when all the other girls gave you a present, I felt so unhappy; Rachel helped me to make it."

Little Mary Weston was soon tripping homeward, with a heart lightened of its burden, and beating with high resolves for the future. Mr. Murray stood at the window of the school-house, watching her retreating form, till a sudden turning in the street concealed her from his view. He then, for the first time, thought of his own weariness, and took his departure for that cottage home, where a mother's beaming eye ever greeted him with gladness, and where her devoted love ministered to his happiness unceasingly.

It was in a retired situation, rather more than two miles from the city, where the Murphys had chosen their simple residence; and in its pleasant seclusion the young schoolmaster received the inspiration of those solemn teachings which revealed to him the vast capabilities of human nature, and the greatness of the holy work to which he had devoted himself. Albert Murray was actuated by no inferior motives in the choice of a profession. The teacher's vocation was, in his estimation, one of the most sacred upon earth, demanding the free-will offering of a spirit dwelling in perfect communion with the Universal Father, and ready to be spent in the service of the humblest of his children. No veil could hide from him the sanctity of the holy of holies in the temple of the soul; but through the false covering of prejudice, behind the dark shadows of error and sin, beneath the disguise of ignorance and poverty, he discerned a purer life, and owned the presence of Deity in every human heart.

The little parlor at Fern Cottage presented a picture of pure and refined joy, when, at the evening hour of repose, Mrs. Murray and her son sought in each other's society a relief from the exciting scenes of busy day, and experienced that delightful communion known only to those who truly comprehend the blessings which flow from the most hallowed affections of the soul.

A mother's love is divinely beautiful when it enfold the helpless and dependent infant with a mystic power, like the silent and omnipresent influence of an ever-watchful Providence. Beautiful is that love in after years, as it guides the careless and uncertain steps of joyous childhood, and strews around its pathway bright flowers of hope, that breathe softly their lessons of gratitude and praise, while the young wayfarer gathers them in his embrace. Beautiful in its exaltation is the higher development of the maternal sentiment, which commands the reverence of impetuous youth, and subdues the mighty power of passion by the holiness of its strong endurance, leading him upward through difficulties and temptations to the summit of that mount of contemplation whence he may survey the world with a clear vision, and willingly brave the stern realities of a severe discipline rather than yield himself a captive to the attractions of selfishness and ambition. But when, in the full strength of mature manhood, the great heart bows itself before her who nurtured its best affections, and the soul, erect in the conscious dignity of its wondrous being, acknowledges the mother's power, then only is her unfathomable love understood, and the sublime mission of maternity complete in its fulfillment.

VOL. XVIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . FRIDAY, OCT. 14, 1864.

NO. 15.

## Waterville Mail.

The relation subsisting between Albert and his mother was of this exalted character. Mrs. Murray had been left a widow at an age when the fascinations attendant upon youth and beauty might have allured her, from what she considered the first duty of her life, entire devotion to the little Albert; but she was upheld by a love faithful and unchanging for one whose being had been too closely intertwined with her own ever to be separated. Her boy this taught to cherish the memory of his father with every hope of heaven, and in the sanctuary of their peaceful dwelling the name of the beloved one still lived to remind them of a purer home.

"And so you were obliged to detain poor Mary after school hours?" said Mrs. Murray, as she returned to her knitting at the conclusion of their evening meal, while her son yielded to the indulgence of his favorite rocking-chair. "What was her offence?"

"Another manifestation of that scorn for her less favored companions, which, if not checked, will obscure the brightness of her talents, and render her an object of fear and dislike. I assure you, mother, it grieves me more than I can tell to make an example of any of my pupils who offend against the law of kindness; but very firm measures are sometimes necessary."

"I am afraid, Albert, that Miss Knight's influence over her niece is not of a healthy character. She certainly does much to encourage the fault you so much deplore in Mary."

"It is too true," rejoined Albert, with a sigh. "How much would a teacher be aided in his labors by a wider sympathy in the home! Well, we must not sink under these discouragements."

"I have an unusual interest in the Westons," remarked Mrs. Murray, after a brief silence. "Rachel is a noble girl, but her mind is not sufficiently strengthened to govern such an impetuous child as Mary, and Miss Knight's companionship is most unsuitable."

The young man looked sad and thoughtful, and his voice trembled slightly, as he said with earnestness: "God protect her and preserve her integrity."

Mrs. Murray gazed in surprise upon her son, whose face wore an expression of sorrow she had never before witnessed.

"Do you fear any special danger?" she asked.

"I have fears but too well founded," he replied; "and I know of—of—that is, Miss Knight is very selfish and may—"

Albert turned his face aside to hide a momentary weakness that prevented him from saying more.

With the quick intuition of a mother, she at once comprehended his feelings, and would have retired, that he might indulge them uncontrolled; but being aware of her purpose, he detained her with gentle force, and she sat down beside him.

By a determined effort he suppressed his agitation, and looking upon her with the veneration of a devotee to his guardian saint, he pressed her hand within his own, saying:—

"Mother! you have always been my truest friend and guide; I will not defraud you of the confidence that is your due. This is an hour of weakness, in which I need your love to strengthen my resolves, and to hallow them with its pure blessing."

"My dear son, I am grateful for your confidence, how may I acknowledge such trust?"

"By permitting me to speak freely. I would fain lay my heart open before you as when, in my boyhood's days, it knew no rest till every joy and sorrow was confided to your keeping. Rachel Weston is very dear to me—may I not say dear to us both?"

"She holds a place in my heart second only to yours, Albert."

"It must be about twelve years—you recollect the time, mother—since Mr. Weston elected in our neighborhood. What a lovely, joyous little creature she was, and how inseparable were we during those hours when free from the restraints of study. Being five years her senior in age, she looked up to me as an oracle of wisdom, and always depended upon my help in preparing her lessons. I was her chosen companion in every little excursion; and you cannot forget the eagerness with which she would fly to our cottage for Albert to intercede with her father when she dreaded his displeasure for any little offence against parental authority. It is very foolish; but the remembrance of those days is too dear for my peace."

Mrs. Murray pressed his hand in silence, and he proceeded:—

"Why should I dwell upon these incidents? You know the delicious light which love throws around the most trifling events, glorifying every object that appears dim and void of beauty to the indifferent observer. I need not tell you the image of Rachel became impressed upon my heart, as day by day the sun of a glad hope smiled upon our intercourse; how every gift received from her hand was deemed most precious and treasured. I will not say with what—Pshaw! this is childish—I must forget her!"

"Forget her, Albert?"

"Ay, mother! I cannot bring myself to think of Rachel as a common friend! I have loved her wildly, fervently, without reflecting on the consequences. Another claims her now, and I must resign her forever. Were he but worthy, I could pray for their mutual happiness, though my heart-strings should break in the struggle."

"My dear son, what mean you? I have heard of no engagement, nor do I think Rachel encourages the attentions of any one. True, she is much sought after, but her heart may yet be yours."

"No, no, I dare not deceive myself. Has she not treated me with unmerited scorn? Mother, this deeply rooted affection must be crushed, that I may not act a selfish part. There is a great duty before me, and, with God's help, I will perform it faithfully."

Mrs. Murray had listened to her son with painful anxiety, and it was with difficulty she subdued her feelings. Conscious that no trivial reason gave rise to his conduct, she forbore to urge upon him her own convictions respecting Rachel; and patiently waited to hear more, after gently remarking that something unusual must have happened.

"Bear with me," he returned, "and I will endeavor to speak more definitely, while we

only consider her welfare, apart from every thought of self."

"Spoken like my own true Albert," said the mother, with earnest feelings. Now I am convinced you will not sink under this heavy trial."

He lifted his eyes once more to that noble, expressive countenance. The light of a triumphant faith shone there, and kindled in his soul an enthusiastic self-devotion, as its rays penetrated the mist of sorrow by which he was surrounded.

"Mother," he said, "you must befriend Rachel; she needs every aid you can give her. If I mistake not, you have always possessed her confidence."

"Yes, she has invariably trusted me when she needed advice; but of late there has been a slight change in her manner. This I have attributed to the restraints Miss Knight imposes upon both Mary and Rachel."

"Very likely," rejoined Albert, in a sadder tone.

"When, at the time of Mr. Weston's death the orphan sisters were entrusted to her guardianship, I felt conscious how injurious would be the effect of such a cold, worldly disposition upon their warm, unsophisticated natures; but I did not realize the extent of this misfortune till I heard that Rachel was being entrapped into a marriage which can only end in misery and degradation. She must, if possible, be guarded from a fate so cruel."

"You surprise me, Albert. Rachel is old enough to judge for herself, and she has always appeared anxious to defer such an event. I have never known any one less interested in the admiration lavished upon her, or who maintained her womanly independence with so much grace and dignity. What can have altered her resolution?"

"That, my dear mother, you must endeavor to ascertain. Frederick Haywood is not the man to win a heart like hers."

"Frederick Haywood!" exclaimed Mrs. Murray, in astonishment. "She cannot—must not be his wife. Are you quite sure you are not mistaken?"

"I know," replied Albert, "that ere many days have passed her fate will be decided. Her engagement to Frederick is spoken of as undoubted; but, from a more reliable source, I have learnt something that assures me it will be no true union, and that Rachel regards him with indifference, if not with aversion."

"How should it be otherwise, my son? Can a man who values his friends according to the state of their coffers, and regards with levity the most sacred ties, understand aright the nature of a pure woman?"

"Understand a woman's nature!" cried Albert, striving to calm the indignation that was rising in his breast. "What does he know of that holy trust by which she lives and acts out her lofty purposes? Will he recognize the mysterious source of that great love, ennobling her with a divine sanctity, that draws us within its atmosphere, as to an ethereal temple of purity, where we turn our thoughts heavenward and worship? Does he care for her patient fortitude, her heroic self-denial? No; he may perhaps render a transient homage to the beauty and accomplishments that for a time enchain him; but of her faults alone will he keep a faithful record, and coldly thrust her aside, when in the day of weakness and trial she most needs his sympathy. His estimation of woman—mother, I will not pollute my lips by naming it. Rachel I have loved so intensely, it will almost be a death wound to tear from my heart of hearts the cherished memories of other days; yet, could I see her happy with one able to appreciate her worth, I would, for her sake, rejoice and bless them in all sincerity. The possibility of this false, soulless marriage hovers over me like presentiment of evil, and I cannot banish it. Merciful God, if it should be even now too late, to hold out a friendly hand! Oh, for a brother's right to save and guard her!"

"My dear Albert," said Mrs. Murray, "pray do not give way to this excitement. Tell me plainly what you have heard, and I will do anything in my power for Rachel's welfare; but unless you make me acquainted with the particulars, I cannot act with that kindness and wisdom needed in so delicate a mission."

"Pardon me, my mother, I was ever wayward and impulsive. I will attempt a better explanation. It was from Mary I received my first intimation of the truth."

"Indeed! What could induce the child to mention such a subject to you?"

"A mere accident. One morning she betrayed an absence of mind during the recitation that convinced me she was unhappy, and I took occasion to speak with her after dismissal. She owned frankly that her aunt had behaved so unkindly to Rachel as to call forth harsh words from both; and that she herself had suffered from Miss Knight's anger, because she had followed her sister to their room to offer consolation. I, of course, refrained from any further inquiry, and tried to change the current of Mary's thoughts by an allusion to the afternoon lessons; but, when about to take leave, she turned to me with a touching, half timid look, and asked if she might tell me something else that made her unhappy. When I had expressed my willingness to hear, she said:—

"Mr. Murray, I don't know if I am quite right in saying anything about it; but you have been so kind to us always, and I have no one else to speak to when I am in trouble. Sister Rachel talks of leaving us soon, and she cries over me so, and wonders what will become of me when she is gone. I think sir—and here the child let her voice fall to a low whisper—'my sister is going to be married to some one she does not like. I do not exactly understand how it is. I suppose I ought not to mention this; but you have always loved us so dearly, and helped us in our troubles, it seemed unkind not to tell you; and besides, I thought you would wish to say good-by, if Rachel does leave us.'"

"As little Mary gave this relation with artless simplicity, it almost unmaned me; but by a strong effort, I thanked her for her confidence, and promised at all times to remain her steadfast friend."

"How long is it since you received this communication?"

"A week since; and I could not till this evening find courage to speak of it."

"Albert, there is no time to be lost. I must see Rachel, and save her."

"Soon, will you not?"

"I will. How can it be arranged to avoid her aunt's interference?"

"Invite her to spend Thursday afternoon with you. You know she never refuses to come when I am at home, and I shall be engaged with my classes and lecture till late hour, so you need fear no intrusion. May God direct you aright in this difficult undertaking! And if you should succeed in relieving Rachel from the bondage which seems to enslave her free nature, encourage her to seek an independent position; so that she may never be compelled to resort to that meanest of all selfish ends, marrying for an establishment. Mother, I would have her follow the dictates of her own pure heart, and should rejoice to see the little fortune she possesses expended in fitting her for some womanly, and useful occupation, by which she may live worthily, instead of having it merged in the property of another. Then should a wise choice prompt her to enter into the most sacred of all engagements, she will do so in perfect freedom. Good-night, my best friend. I must now leave you, and strive to discipline myself for the duties of the morrow."

It was not till her son had retired that Mrs. Murray allowed her own feelings unrestrained liberty; but now the long pent up grief burst forth in all its bitterness. She had regarded Rachel with parental solicitude, and had watched with proud satisfaction Albert's preference for his lovely companion. Rachel's conduct perplexed her in no slight degree; but she determined to dismiss all ungenerous suspicions in her endeavors to direct the mind of the young girl to a right decision on a subject involving the most solemn responsibilities of her being.

## Hae Nothing been Done?

The Hon. Henry C. Deming of Connecticut, in his speech at the Mass Meeting at New York last Tuesday evening, concluded with the following eloquent words:—

Nothing been done? Why in three years and a half we have done more than Julius Caesar with ten years in Gaul—more than Hannibal with his seventeen years in Italy—more than the conqueror of British India with his fifteen years in that country. I challenge you to find in all history a single martial enterprise more conspicuous for the obstacles to be overcome, more numerous with examples of endurance and heroism, more magnificent in its results, and more fatal to the enemy, than that of opening the Mississippi. (Applause.) Was nothing done at Vicksburg? Was nothing done at Vicksburg? (Applause.) Was nothing done at Vicksburg? (Applause.)

We have won more substantial triumphs at the expense of fewer comparative reverses, than in the memorable seven years which fill the world with the fame of Frederick the Great, or in the three and a half years of the campaign of Napoleon the First, in Italy from the time he descended the Alps like an avalanche on the plains of Lombardy.

Nothing been done? Say, O Sherman, sweeping with thy bosom the mountain fastnesses of Northern Georgia, gathering into thy toils all the arteries of rebel communication, and holding in thy palm the arsenal of the Confederacy, has nothing been done? Say, O Grant, clearing that blind war path in the bloody Wilderness at the bayonet's point, advancing thy lines from point to point, from the Rapidan to the James, and tightening the death coil around Richmond, (Applause) is the reproach, 'nothing has been done,' a fitting one to send back to the still bleeding but victorious legions of Sheridan? (Applause.) Read that; reproach if you dare, sons of New York; over the ashes of Cocoran and Wadsworth.

Read it sons of New Jersey, over the grave of the brightest leader in the army—Philip Kearney. (Applause.) Read it sons of Connecticut, over the tombs of Lyon and Sedgwick. (Applause.) Nothing done? Passing through the enfolding fire of Forts Jackson and Philip, our naval armament on the Mississippi won a victory which pales not before Trafalgar. Under the concentrated fire of two forts and one battery they won another in Mobile Bay which pales not before the Nile. Alas! alas! nothing has been done! Hear O Farragut, in the mainmast of the Hartford. (Tremendous and long continued cheers, the audience rising and waving their hats.)

Be kind to the aged. Honored age, when whitening for the tomb, is an object of sublimity. The passions have ceased—hopes of self have ceased. They linger with the young and pray for the young—and oh, how careful should the young be to reward the aged with their hearts, to diminish the chill of ebbing life! The Spartans look at a reverential respect for old age as a beautiful trait of character. Be kind to those who are in the autumn of life, for thou knowest not what suffering they may have endured, or how much of it may still be their portion. Do they seem unreasonable to find fault or murmur? Allow not thine anger to kindle against them; rebuke them not, for doubtless many have been the crosses and trials of earlier years, and perhaps their dispositions, while in the spring-time of life, were less flexible than thine own. Do they require aid of thee? Then render it cheerfully, forget not that the time may come when thou mayest desire the same assistance from others that thou renderest unto them. Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity, and think it not hard if much is required at thy hands, lest thou, too, at last, come to feel the bitterness of favors received from cold and unloving hands and hearts, in thy helpless age.

The New York Daily News, still dissatisfied with General McClellan's position, says:—

"Let Gen. McClellan assert publicly, as he does privately, that he will favor an immediate cessation of hostilities and a convention of all the States, and the Daily News, and we believe the entire peace party, will admit that he stands upon the Chicago platform, and will give him their earnest support."

Of the assertions made in private and here referred to we know nothing; but there has been one public assertion, namely, General McClellan's acceptance of the Chicago nomination, which ought to satisfy anybody that he is committed to the platform, 'cessation of hostilities,' 'ultimate convention,' and all.

[Boston Advertiser.]

## REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDING SCHOOL COMMITTEE OF WATERVILLE.

[CONTINUED.]

I have regarded it as my duty to show, at this time, the relation of our public schools to the government.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF WATERVILLE.

The schools for the past year have been managed successfully, by competent, devoted and laborious teachers. This is the general rule. There have been different degrees of excellence in instruction and government exhibited by different teachers. There has been no serious case of insubordination for the year. The committee have not been called upon by any teacher to adjudicate upon matters of serious character. It is my impression that there has been much less complaint about the schools this year, than heretofore.

## EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

The committee have found their most trying and responsible duties in connection with this examination. There have been several teachers refused certificates, for incompetency to bear examination in the common branches of English education. The committee also have been obliged to issue different certificates to teachers, discriminating between each applicant as seemed capable of teaching grammar schools, and those capable of the charge of primary schools. On examination, teachers were found more deficient in spelling than in any thing else. The candidates who could spell every word given out by the committee were the exceptions. Many were imperfect in history, careless in geography. In grammar there was not so much acquaintance as in mathematics. In reading there was exhibited lamentable deficiency by some teachers.

Out of the whole number of applicants for situations, the committee selected enough to meet the demands of the district. The committee have been impressed with this fact, that some teachers can shine in a school-room, who are not brilliant on examination. Some can teach a better school with a little learning, than others, who, with a good education, lack the faculty of managing a school successfully.

## FEMALE TEACHERS.

One reason why our schools have been so uniformly satisfactory in their results, the past year, may be attributable in part to the fact that most of our teachers have been females. The percentage of accomplished, skillful and expert teachers is much larger with female than male teachers. There are many things which men can do better than women; but in instruction and government in our common schools women bear the palm. Every year the demand is increasing for young ladies to be teachers, whose services are demanded in the best schools in the country.

There was once an opinion that a female teacher would do very well for a summer school, but that she was entirely unsuitable for the government of a winter school. That day has passed. Many a young man has left a winter school and been triumphantly followed by a delicate young lady. It should be the policy of the state now, especially as labor is so scarce and high, to encourage our young ladies to occupy most of our school rooms by summer and winter. Why should there be so much discrepancy between the wages of teachers of the different sexes? It costs a young lady as much for her education as a young man; her scholarship is equally good; her services are equally valuable, and why should she not command as full-pay for her work? No logical and just mind can answer this question in the negative.

If a colored soldier, fighting for the government should receive the same pay as a white soldier, on the equitable basis that it is the service rendered entitled to the consideration and not the color of the soldier, can we not claim with equal propriety, that females shall not be depreciated, and their honest efforts go unrewarded because of their sex?

Better remuneration to female teachers would give encouragement to young ladies to obtain a better qualification for the important office of instruction.

[To be continued.]

REV. MR. LEONARD, the devoted Chaplain of the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, now on a furlough, has been spending a few days in the city. We happened to observe an accidental meeting in the street between three veteran soldiers and Chaplain Leonard. It was most cordial, touching and fraternal, a reward to good men for a faithful discharge of duty. He says that the Regiment is fast filling up from the return of men who have recovered from their wounds and otherwise. The Regiment has still 1,400 men on the rolls, although nearly a thousand of them are yet in hospital or on invalid furlough—from the effects of the brave and gallant service they have seen. The terrible charge at Petersburg caused the Regiment a loss of 600 in killed and wounded in ten minutes.

Since the above was put in type, a pleasant incident occurred which we must briefly relate because it is honorable to both parties. Mr. Leonard was standing at a store door when a soldier in blue stepped up to him, offering his hand, and saying, "How do you do, Father Leonard?" "Very well, but let me see, you must be a Third Regiment man, for I do not recognize you as of the Artillery." "Yes, I was in the Third, and don't you remember serving a soldier wounded and upon a pile of iron, after the battle of Chantilly—helpless and out of money, and you furnished me money to get on?" The circumstance although forgotten was recalled. The soldier wished to pay back the money, and so important was he that, as a relief, it was received. [Ken. Jour.]

At the Chicago ratification meeting, Mahoney, editor of a Dubuque paper and leader of the Iowa copperheads said: "We must elect our candidate, and then holding out our hands to the South, invite them to come and sit again in the Union circle." [A voice:—"Suppose they want come?"—"If they want come to us, I am in favor of going to them!"] said the speaker. Loud cheers welcomed this undignified sentiment.

In this world truth can wait. Heaven knows, she is used to it.

## REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

North Kennebec Agricultural Society.  
[CONTINUED.]  
STEERS.

On three-years-olds, the first premium was awarded to J. S. Gifford, Fairfield, and the second to Alfred E. Lawrence of Fairfield.

On two-years-olds, to Benjamin Mitchell of Waterville, was awarded the first premium, and to Henry Taylor of Waterville, the second, and a Vol. of Reports to C. Wheeler, as a gratuity.

On one-year-olds, the first premium was given to Geo. Rice, of Waterville, and the second to Daniel Jones of Fairfield.

On Steer Calves, we award the first premium to Daniel Jones, Fairfield.

On Trained Steers, we award the first premium to Geo. Rice of Waterville, and the second to Edward S. Crosby of Albion.

CHAS. C. STRATTON, for Com.

## FARM STOCK.

There was but one entry of Farm Stock, and that was by Daniel Jones of Fairfield; but his cattle failed to appear. There was no entry for Ploughing, and no representative of the Hogg family was on the ground—or rather none on four legs.

## DRAWING OXEN.

The committee award the Society's premiums as follows:—  
First to Crowell Bickford, Waterville; second to A. J. Libby, Waterville; third to J. W. Herson, Waterville.

On oxen under five years old—first to Moses E. Penny, Waterville; second to Alfred E. Lawrence, Fairfield; and the third to Fessenden Colcord, Fairfield.

## TEAMS OF OXEN.

We award the first premium to Fairfield, from which town there were thirteen pairs, the average girth of which was seven feet and four inches. The second premium to Waterville, fourteen pairs, the average girth being seven feet two inches.

The oxen were all very good, but those of Wm. Otis and A. E. Lawrence were very smooth and handsome, and attracted much admiration. EDWARD FOSSETT, for Com.

## BULLS.

No animals of this class were entered for premium, but several fine thorough breeds were presented for exhibition by T. S. Lang, Esq., and Hon. Warren Percival—two gentlemen who are laboring zealously for the improvement of stock in this section. We tender them the thanks of the Society for the pleasure of a sight of their fine animals.

One Bull Calf was presented by R. G. Baker, of China, to whom we award the first premium. HOSBA BLAISDELL, for Com.

## OXEN.

The first premium on Matched Cattle was awarded to Wm. Otis of Fairfield, the girth of whose oxen, four years old, was seven feet and eight inches; the second to A. E. Lawrence, Fairfield, four years old, girth seven feet and three inches; and the third to W. & W. Jones of Fairfield, four years old, girth seven feet and two inches. G. E. SHORES, for Com.

## COLTS.

The show of colts was very good—better than ever before on the grounds of the society. On three-years-olds we award the first premium to David M. Wyer, of Vassalboro', and the second to Samuel Dyer, of Fairfield.

On two-years-olds, we award the first premium to J. H. Gifford, of Kendall's Mills, and the second to Silas W. Berry, of Waterville.

On one-year-olds, we award the first premium to H. P. Cousins, of Winslow.

All of the above are Knox colts.

G. H. BOARDMAN, }  
JOHN MATTHEWS, } Com.  
J. H. RICHARDSON. }

## MISCELLANEOUS.



## Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . OCT. 14, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

S. E. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seely's 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.

ELECTORS.—J. B. BROWN, Portland.

ANNE STETSON, Damariscotta.

3d Dist.—GOING HATHORN, Pittsfield.

WATERVILLE HORSE FAIR.

The second annual exhibition of the Waterville Horse Association commenced on Tuesday of this week, and closed on Thursday.

The weather has been fine, the attendance good, and the enterprise highly successful. The competition, both in quality and speed, has been sharp. I. R. Doolittle, manager; John A. Judkins, Marshal.

Premiums were taken on Tuesday, as follows:—

On brood-mares with stock to show, Silas Berry, Waterville, first, \$25; T. B. Reynolds, Vassalboro', second, \$15; and Albert Crosby, Albion, third, \$10.

On yearling colts, A. Crosby, Albion, first, \$10; Hiram P. Cousins, Waterville, second, \$5.

On two-year-olds, A. Woodward, Bangor, first, \$10; John Reynolds, Winslow, second, \$5.

On three-year-olds, Regi. Russay, Dixmont, \$10; A. Palmer, Palmyra, second, \$5.

In the four-year-old Stallion trot, S. Jacobs's horse "Gen. Lee" took the first, \$20, and F. S. Palmer's "Hambletonian" the second, \$10.

In the trot of mares and geldings under five years old, D. Gilmore's mare "Flora St. Helena" took the first, \$20, and "Rail Splitter," entered by A. M. Bumpus, E. Livermore, the second, \$10.

In the trot of horses that never beat 2.40 in public, A. M. Savage's "Triphammer" took the first, \$70—his opponent "Lady Dixfield," having been ruled out after winning the first heat and coming in ahead on the second, for not having a trotting gait. "Triphammer" went the third heat alone, and won the purse. Whether "Lady D." was awarded the second purse we did not learn. She had the peculiar gait of "trotting before and running behind," like the well-known "Goss Horse," formerly owned in Waterville.

On Wednesday the first premium for family horses, \$15, was awarded to Mr. Lang, and the second to A. G. Hunt, Bangor—sold for \$800.

The first premium for fastest pair of trotting horses was awarded to Mr. Lang, and the second to Henry Taylor.

The first premium for stock stallions was awarded Mr. Lang for "Gen. Knox." His competitors were Henry Taylor's "Don Juan" and "Gen. Grant" entered by N. G. Palmer, Palmyra.

For matched horses J. P. Caffrey took the first premium, and C. B. Gilman the second, both of Waterville.

The first premium, \$100, for trotting stallions, was taken by "Gen. McClellan," entered by G. M. Shaw, Bangor—the second by "Gen. Grant," named above. The other competitors were Taylor's "Don Juan" and John Shaw's "Flying Mac." Winning time 2.44, 2.41, 2.37.

The first purse, \$30, for horses that had never beat 3.50, was won, after six heats, by "Tryme" entered by E. G. Savage, Augusta—second, second, \$10, by "Dolly Dutton" entered by C. H. Adams, Portland.

The first purse, \$25, for running horse, was taken by John L. Scavey's "Uncle Ned," against Frank Chase's "Red Horse," the latter winning second purse, \$10.

"Garibaldi," a Bangor horse, took the first purse, for horses that had not done better than 2.35, against "Triphammer."

Thursday, the last day, opened with promise of good weather, but closed with a steady rain during the afternoon. The races were suspended on this account, and the pleasantness of the exhibition, as well as the profit of the Society, were seriously affected. The \$200 sweepstakes for stallions, and the sweepstakes of \$300, \$200, and \$100 for mares and geldings, were set for the afternoon.

More full details will be given in our next.

Potatoes are enormously large this season, and the crop greatly exceeds expectation. One has been laid upon our table, by Mr. Heman Gibbs, that weighed, when dug, three pounds and a quarter.

tered for exhibition only. Our ladies said the work was nice.

No. 11, a case of Preserved Insects, by Sam'l Hitchens. Very pretty and we think, valuable, in showing the great variety of beetles, particularly, and the exquisite beauty in which nature clothes some of the smaller insects, even. These belong to Nature's fine arts department, and as specimens from it are worthy of a premium, although entered only for exhibition. They are real butterflies, and not such as men and women sometimes chase.

A Suggestion.—Would it not be well for the Society to offer premiums for the best collection of insects destructive to vegetation? Of course, due regard would be had to arrangement and number and variety of specimens.

No. 12, is a Picture Frame, odd and ingenious.

No. 13, Bouquet of Asters, for exhibition, only.

No. 14, a Cone Card Basket, a very pretty thing, and an exhibition of ingenuity and patience.

No. 16, Sea Moss and shells, a very handsome thing, and, if prepared within our limits, worthy of premium.

No. 18, is three pieces of embroidery, which should have been entered as fine needle work, we think; but it was nice and creditable to the worker.

No. 20, Bouquet of Asters, pretty and attractive.

No. 22, was a Cone Frame, an evidence of patient labor.

No. 31, was a hanging head basket, for exhibition, only, by Mrs. Sam'l Haines. A splendid article, but unfortunately hung up higher than most people are in the habit of looking.

No. 32, was an Ostrich Egg, for exhibition, only, so large that we should not know what to do with a whole one when cooked, a less we lived near neighbor to an editor.

No. 33, a nurse tumbler, for exhibition, only, a neat thing for hungry babies.

No. 34, a pair of Guinea Pigs, which being the only pigs exhibited at this anniversary Show, should have been upon the grounds yesterday, along with Mr. Lang's large horses and oxen. Presented by Master Albert Maxwell.

No. 19, was the Baby Tender, for exhibition, only. We don't know what to say about the baby tender, except that some of the older people standing by, seemed to regret that it had not made its appearance a few years sooner. We think the baby that is blessed with such an one ought to be a very good baby.

No. 35, is a Shot from Fort Hudson, which shows the power of powder, and gives some idea of modern modes of warfare.

No. 36, a Table of Fancy Goods, was entered at a very late hour by E. T. Elden and Co., which are worthy of the premium, if not excluded by the late hour of entry.

Really, Mr. president, this Miscellaneous department ought to be one of your most important ones. So various are the wants of the people and so varied their skill and the branches of their industry, that you cannot, without too extended a premium list, provide for the encouragement of all that is required for the supply of the one, or the exercise of the other.

Very many things useful and ornamental—and the ornamental, we hold to be, in a way, useful—are annually produced which contribute largely to the social and domestic convenience and comfort, for the production of which you do not offer encouragement, because you do not and cannot think of them.

Now, we would suggest that it might be wise, in the future, to appropriate a larger sum of money to this department, than usual, and let your committee apply it according to their judgment and discretion in premiums or gratuities upon such objects as they might deem worthy of encouragement.

In such case, you would want, of course, a very judicious committee, and lest you should be troubled to find such a committee at all times, we had thought of tendering our continued services in this department.

Let us—we would say to contributors—let whatever you may produce by your handicraft during the year, or may have in your possession at the time of the exhibition, which is curious, useful, or beautiful, be brought in here, to add to the interest of the occasion, and to stimulate industry. Do not think that your individual contribution is of no account, and therefore neglect to bring it in, for such exhibitions as this, like life, are made up of little. Suppose the drops of water should each and all refuse to form a part of the ocean. Of course there would be no ocean. Here, the single pair of mittens, the smallest picture, and the pin-cushion help to make up the show; and are not all show, neither. Bring in, then, at the future fairs of this kind, your bed quilts, ox bows, horse shoes, mouse traps, and fine needle work; whatever, and everything that will help to fill up this Hall to the brim.

WILLIAM DYER, for Com.

POULTRY.

Three very fine lots of hens were found, upon which your committee expended the full amount of hen-ological wisdom the trustees no doubt intended for this department.

Mr. Benj. H. Stevens, of Waterville, had a very choice lot of the kind known as "Leghorns," Mr. J. Mullen a beautiful brood of the Black Spanish—and Mr. Isa. Combs a pretty couple of grade Leghorns.

The two first named lots have been bred with a degree of care that would doubtless satisfy almost any amateur lover of poultry. Both have a good reputation as layers and as non-setters, and we have no hesitation in commending both as among the most profitable broods to raise.

In looking for the merit which shall take the first premium, we find that while Mr. Stevens has introduced a new variety, with superior qualities, Mr. Mullen has preserved pure in old variety, well established and of equal merit. Both are non-setters, and both great layers; and though one has yellow legs the other has yellow flesh. Both are comparatively modern, the Spanish having been generally known in this country but a few years.

We hardly know the endorser's of the Leghorn, as they have not yet taken a place in the poultry books; but they have the good name that rests upon "what everybody says." What Bennett says of the Spanish hen has been well proved—that "she is a most inveterate layer." The Spanish is a larger breed than the Leghorn. Both have the fault—so we call it—of excessively large combs, which will generally get reduced a little by a Maine winter.

Mr. Combs's pretty brood of grade Leghorns speak well, by their uniform plumage, for the purity in which their progenitors were bred. We can see how, to some tastes, they would be admired over either of the other classes. We are told that some of them have already commenced laying, though but a little more than four months old. So, also, have some of the Leghorns; and it is generally known that the Spanish very generally begin to lay at this age when well cared for.

In our perplexity to know what to do, we propose to recommend that the first premium be divided between the exhibitors of the Spanish and the Leghorns, and that a volume of the Reports be added to each half; thus leaving the third premium for Mr. Combs.

We advise those who would procure pure birds of either Leghorn or Spanish, to get them from the broods named, as they are evidently as pure as can be found in this section.

We append the following document, which may be supposed to have been found in one of the coops—probably "laid" there by one of hens:—

To the North Kennebec Agricultural Society.—Having for several years quietly submitted to your annual inspection and report, and feeling ourselves benefited by your suggestions, we, the hens of Waterville and neighboring towns, think it no more than our right and duty to return the favor. Allow us therefore, just this once, to turn round and submit a brief report upon you. We will do it after your own fashion, in this wise:—Having attended to the duties assigned us, we respectfully report "That after seventeen years we find that the North Kennebec Agricultural Society has become a large and promising brood. This has been attained with a great deal of hard scratching, and in opposition to any amount of croaking—and fluttering—and squalling—and clucking—and some squaking. But that your prosperity may continue, we suggest a few items of caution. You are a speckled flock, and need to know your different breeds and qualities, in order to set well together. You have your Dorkings as well as we—those who think more of a fifth toe than of any amount of eggs. You have your Shanghai and your Creepers—those who are too short to scratch, and those who are "too big for their breeches." You have your Golden Topknots, that lay better than they hatch—and your big Brahmas that hatch better than they lay. You have your Bantams, great in little things—and your Great Malays, little in great things. In your case, birds of all kinds of feathers flock together. We suggest, then, that you beware of those among you who cackle more than they lay—for all such are likely to turn politicians. Beware of those who fight only on their own dung-hills, for in an emergency they are off for Canada when they should be "on to Richmond." Beware of those who crow before they are out of the woods—for such were the Seeders in the days when they planted the palmetto tree. Beware of such as lay soft shelled eggs, for of such was the Chicago Convention. Beware of all classes of high-flyers, especially among your pullets, and begin early to "clip their wings." And finally, beware of all kinds of bad eggs—for such were Jas. Buchanan and the whole litter that was laid in that infernal old nest. Select the yellow legs that fatten well, and eschew the blacklegs that tend to leanness. Wring the necks of all cooakers without regard to breed. Clip the combs of your young cocks before the cold days of poverty bite them off; and train the old cocks to depend upon their own crowing for daybreak. Teach your pullets to scratch—for a living, but for nothing else; and fatten your old hens by strewing little crumbs of comfort around them. Brood your chicks carefully, and keep the nest pure. So shall your joy be "full as an egg is of meat," and you and they shall have thanksgiving forever.

Respectfully, for Com.

CUT-CUT.

The hens have done what they could to reward the attention they have had, and your committee have given them a fair hearing. Those who do not follow their advice must think they "know more than an old hen."

E. MAXHAM, for Com.

GIRLS' WORK.

There is pleasing evidence of increasing attention to this department of our Fair; and yet we would urge upon parents the propriety of encouraging their girls to exhibit samples of their ingenuity and industry. The effect is good upon themselves, and the influence profitable to others. No class of exhibitors are more benefited, however small the gratuities bestowed. We recommend that next year larger premiums be given to articles presented under this head.

We award to patchwork quilt made by Eva Haines, daughter of Capt. Sam'l Haines, of Waterville, three years ago, when she was but six years old,—25 cents.

Stockings, by Marcia Spring, daughter of Mr. Edwin Spring, of Winslow, twelve years old—25 cents.

Stockings, two pairs, by Lettia A. Hunt, a member of the same family, fourteen years old—25 cents each.

Woolen stockings, by Mary A. Cousins, daughter of Hiram Cousins, of Winslow, aged eight years—25 cents.

Worsted cover to chair cushion, worsted scarf, and worsted toilet cushion, three articles by Mary C. Lowe, daughter of Mr. Ira H. Lowe, of Waterville, aged fourteen years, 12 cents each.

Worsted tidy, worsted watch case, and sample of mending three articles, by Hattie Lowe, daughter of the same, aged ten years—50 cents for the three.

Patchwork, by Fannie Lowe, another daughter of the same, seven years old—25 cents.

Hearth rug, by Isabella Mayo, daughter of Mr. Asa Mayo, of Waterville, aged fifteen—50 cents.

Pair hose, by Susie A. Pollard, residing with Mr. J. P. Hill, eighteen years old—25 cents. Plain sewing by the same—50 cents.

Beard collar, by Emma Crowell, daughter of Mr. A. Crowell of Waterville, ten years of age—25 cents.

Pair fancy cotton hose, by Fannie Barrett, residing with Prof. Lyford, fourteen years old, 25 cents.

Worsted cape, by Ada B. Stevens, daughter of Mr. I. T. Stevens, of Waterville, twelve years old—50 cents. Two scarfs by the same—25 cents.

Cotton tidy, by Hannah Boney, daughter of Mrs. B. Boney, of Waterville, aged thirteen years—50 cents.

Worsted Afghan, by Alice McFadden, daughter of Mr. C. R. McFadden, of Waterville, fourteen years old—50 cents.

We thank the Misses named above, one and all, in behalf of the Society, for their ingenious and useful contributions, and hope to hear from them, with such others as may be influenced by their good example, at our next exhibition.

E. MAXHAM, for Com.

The laboring man who wants a new dress for his wife is now compelled to pay seventy-five cents a yard for it. When we had a democratic President he could buy it for twelve cents.—[Prov. Post.]

The Providence Journal well answers the above by saying:—

"Yes, and if your democratic President had had the spunk of a tom cat or the patriotism of a bounty jumper, the price would not have been enhanced by war."

## OUR BLOCKADING FLEET.

U. S. S. ISOMATA.

OFF NEW INLET, Sept. 20th, 1864.

Messrs. Maxham and Wing:—

Perhaps some of your readers would like to hear from this branch of the service, and this part of rebellion; if so, you may deem this communication worthy of publication, and you may deem it worthy of being consigned to "the basket," where many a better production has gone.

Being indifferent to either result, as I do not aspire to the honor of a newspaper correspondent, I will while away an hour in trying to give an idea of blockading as I have seen it.

We belong to the inside blockading fleet; so called from our keeping near shore, while the outside fleet cruises in the track of steamers bound from here to Nassau and Bermuda.

By consulting the map, it can be seen that Cape Fear river pursues nearly a southerly direction from Wilmington to the sea, a distance of twenty miles, and just as it is on the point of losing itself in the "world of waters," turns abruptly to the west, as if dreading the encounter, follows the coast for twelve miles, with a neck of land, in some places only three hundred yards wide between it and the beach, then becoming reconciled to its fate, passes quietly into the "arms of old ocean" having thrown out a barrier of sand, as some protection against his rude assaults. This barrier is called the western bar, and one Division of the fleet is stationed just outside, guarding this entrance.

At the bend in the river mentioned, about sixty-five years since, during a heavy storm, an opening was forced through the bank and gradually enlarged until it would allow vessels to enter, of as deep a draft as can pass up to Wilmington (ten feet is the common scale but at high tides, twelve feet, with a skillful pilot compass). This entrance is called "New Inlet" and our Division of the fleet is stationed here.

About half way between "New Inlet" and the western bar are "Frying pan shoals," running out in a south easterly direction, a distance of twenty miles. These are dangerous shoals, and here is sometimes a verification of getting out on the "Frying-pan into the fire," or if wrecked on the shoals and escape to the shore, you are brought under fire of the rebel batteries, "gobbled up" and sent to prison. Never having been wrecked, I will leave it to the unbiased to decide, which is preferable, to drown on the "shoals," or run the gauntlet of the rebel prisons. Having had a taste of the latter, I am inclined to say, at present, "Not any more for me; thank you."

At the main entrance, the mouth of the river proper, is Fort Caswell, with some smaller batteries, and along the neck are others, and quite a large fleet in process of construction. At New Inlet, Fort Fisher completely guards the entrance, supported by guns mounted on top of a large sand-bank which runs out into the river.

Along the shore, east of the fort for several miles are batteries mounting two or three large guns apiece: "Gatlin battery" and "Flag Pond battery" are the most formidable.

During the day we generally lie at anchor, but with steam up, and ready to get under weigh at any moment. At a signal from the flag ship, the fleet separates at dark to their several stations, each boat having cruising ground, meeting others at each extreme like a sentry "on his beat." Two lines are generally formed, one directly in shore under the rebel guns, where they could sink us, if they could see us, and another farther out, but within signalling distance of each other. Some of the fastest are detailed to chase (Cavalry pickets), while the rest remain on their stations.

Few boats pass out under, and run the gauntlet of fire from our canners, but unless crippled completely they keep on outside, pursued by us but they generally run out during the first of the evening, and having all night and the broad ocean before them often elude their pursuers, and sometimes, their very best boats are caught.

Running is easier. They can approach under cover of the night until they get in sight, which then is within a mile; then keeping as clear of us as possible, they crowd on the steam and "shoot" for the cover of the enemy's guns, and it takes but a short time for a fast boat to run two miles. Of course they are fired upon, but a vessel can take considerable "hammering" and escape (witness Farragut).

As the flash of the guns shows our position, the rebels at once open fire, and if they were better marksmen we should hear splinters flying about our ears; they do not often hit, though they have some of the best pieces in the Confederacy (Whitworth guns), with a range of four miles; we can hear their cheers, and are perfectly satisfied with the skill they have. If we had possession of Fort Fisher we could utterly prevent anything from passing up the river, and close this channel, through which our foreign friends show their neutrality.

Our pilot, who is a refugee from Wilmington took an evening excursion a few nights ago, and obtained much valuable information for the government, among the rest, that the Tallahassee is at Wilmington, that she formerly mounted six guns, but has taken off two, two of the remaining are nine-inch, the size of others, not known. Also that there is another privateer nearly ready for sea, mounting three guns.

While I have been writing the above, we have received an order to go to Key West, Florida, and even as I write are under weigh for Beaufort, to take in coal. So good by, friend Mail, and ho, for the land of bananas and yellow fever.

Editor Morrill gives us leave to vote for his time pig! All right. We don't expect to select our candidate from the Journal office, but if we should do so, the pig will have the preference.

Mr. C. M. Morse, we are happy to say, continues as Superintendent of the Maine Central Railroad, Hon. A. P. Morrill having declined the office.

## OUR TABLE.

THE NORTHERN MONTHLY for October is just out; and without enumerating its contents, we may say that it is very well filled, several of the articles being eminently readable. "The Maine Military Record," which now occupies about one half of the work and is apparently made with much care, ought alone to ensure this magazine a large list of subscribers.

Published by Bailey and Noyes, Portland, for Edward P. Weston, editor and proprietor, at \$3 a year.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—The August number of this sterling quarterly has the following table of contents:—

Wordsworth: The Man and the Poet; Tiedebach's History of the Crimean War; J. H. Newman's Apology; Education at Public Schools; Russia under Alexander II.; The Scotch Lawyers of the Seventeenth Century; Berkeley's Theory of Vision; Tennyson's Enoch Arden etc.

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, commences with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates, will be but 56 cents a year.

COME AT LAST.—The renowned Laron Combination Troupe, who have been playing so long at Augusta, have at length been persuaded to stop one evening, Saturday, in Waterville. The company is large, and requires a large hall and a large audience. Pantomimes, gymnastics, songs, etc., make up one of the most popular entertainments now travelling. See their advertisement—and go and wonder at the performances of the Levantin Brothers—laugh at Harry Bryant, "the funniest man in the world"—admire Md'le Morra, the popular pantomimist—and enjoy, in full measure, the pleasant performance of the whole troupe.

THE ELECTION.—The republicans have probably carried Pennsylvania by a majority of a few thousands on the home vote, which will doubtless be swelled to ten thousand by the vote of the soldiers. A gain of three republican congressmen is claimed which would leave the delegation sixteen to eight. The Union majority on the home vote of Ohio will be about 40,000. Pendleton, Cox, and Long, inveterate copperheads, are defeated—the Union men electing sixteen or seventeen congressmen and the democrats 3, a gain of eleven.

In Indiana, a Union majority of 20,000 is already figured, which will probably be increased to 25,000. There will be a republican majority in both branches of the Legislation, and the Congressmen are all Union but three.

A continuation of the Report of the Superintending School Committee of Waterville will be found on our first page.

Previous to the late election, the democratic papers thought it necessary to caution the people against bogus accounts of federal successes in the field—thus acknowledging that Union victories are very damaging to their candidate and not to be desired.

Col. H. M. Plaisted received a slight wound from a spent ball, in one of the recent battles.

A. P. Davis, of the 31st Maine, a soldier from Waterville, is reported wounded, and Corporal Ira Penney is missing.

THE LIST OF MEMBERS of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society, we shall publish next week. In our paper of to-day will be found the remainder of the reports, with the exception of those on Cows and Heifers, which we trust will be forthcoming in season for our next paper.

Prof. Whittlesey of Bowdoin College has again entered the service on Gen. Howard's staff.

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR, AND CATARRH.—All interested are referred to the advertisement of Dr. Carpenter, in our advertising columns. The Doctor brings strong testimonials to his skill in his specialty.

The funeral of Maj. Edwin C. Stevens—an account of whose death in front of Petersburg recently appeared in our paper—took place on Thursday afternoon. Enveloped in the flag of the Union, his remains, which had arrived from Virginia the day previous, were borne to the cemetery and buried with Masonic honors. His funeral sermon will be preached by Rev. Mr. Popper next Sabbath afternoon.

SUPERINTENDENT OF COMMON SCHOOLS.—At the request of Gov. Cony, Hon. E. P. Weston has withdrawn his offered resignation of the office of Superintendent of Common Schools, and will hold on till the regular appointment of a successor in January.

TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—Geo. H. Pierce, the eloquent Canadian temperance lecturer, will address the people of Waterville and vicinity, at the Town Hall, next Tuesday evening. It is to be hoped that he will have a full house.

MURDER.—David W. Edwards, of Liberty, special agent of the Provost Marshal of the 5th district, was murdered in Wesley, on the night of the 12th inst., while attempting to arrest parties who had resisted the notifying officer.

QUIET JUSTICE. TANNY died in Washington on the night of the 12th inst.

PROF. AGASSIZ was in town one day this week and made a call upon Prof. Hamlin of the College, with whom he is in correspondence, and who supplies him with many valuable specimens in his department.

PEOPLE'S BANK.—At the annual meeting, held on Monday last, the old board of Directors was unanimously re-elected, as follows: John Ware, J. P. Blunt, Luke Brown, 2d, Wm. Connor, John L. Seavey, Geo. Wentworth, Wm. Dyer. A semi-annual dividend of four per cent, was made on the 3d inst.

THE SOMERSET FARMER has been discontinued—adding one more to the long list of papers that have succumbed to the pressure of the times. Brother Patten, in his valdictory, says:—"In these times there are many business opportunities offering in which money can be made, and we hardly feel justified in neglecting these to waste our time and money in a business that does not pay." There is no doubt that the publisher of a weekly newspaper, at the present time, is engaged in an enterprise that pays less than any other, and those who, like our neighbor, can readily find any other employment, are wise to leave this one.

A SOLDIER'S OPINION.—The following passage in a letter recently received here, shows how one soldier in our army regards the present great contest, and what he is willing to do for the cause of truth and right:—

In regard to the war, this seems to be the crisis. Men are coming out and showing their colors. It remains to be seen whether, after the coming election, we shall stand forth with our present leader, ready to do or die, till God blesses our endeavors with an honorable peace, or whether we shall be split up by party factions, and fall to peccies through our want of stability, give up all we have gained—our rightful possession—the graves of so many of our comrades—in short, merit the name of craven cowards ourselves, and declare to the world now, and through all time to come, that the many thousands fallen have perished in supporting an unjust cause.

Our cause was just when the many fickle, sanguine ones predicted a speedy suppression of the rebellion, it is none the less so now, if it takes a life time. If







