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Maxham & Wing

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MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

O Mother of a mighty race,  
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!  
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,  
Admire and hate thy blooming years;  
With words of shame  
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheek the glow is spread  
That tints thy morning hills with red;  
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet  
Within thy woods are none so fleet;  
Thy hopeful eye  
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—these haughty ones,  
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons!  
They do not know how loved thou art,  
How many a fond and fearless heart  
Would rise to throw  
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,  
What virtues with thy children bide;  
How true, how good, thy graceful maids  
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;  
What generous men  
Spring like thine oaks, by hill and glen!

What cordial welcomes greet the guest  
By the lone rivers of the west!  
How faith is kept, and truth revered,  
And man is loved, and God is feared,  
In woodland homes,  
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest,  
For earth's down-trodden and oppressed  
Shelter for the hunted leopards,  
For the starved laborer toil and bread,  
Power at thy bounds,  
Stops and calls back his buffed hounds.

O fair young Mother! on thy brow  
Shall sit a nobler grace than now,  
Deep in the brightness of thy skies  
The thrilling yearning of thy rise,  
And, as they float,  
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,  
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;  
And when thy sisters elder born,  
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,  
Before thine eye  
Upon their lips the taunts shall die.

NIÖBE RATHBURNE.

BY GRACE GARDNER.

"It is, indeed, a very serious matter," said the young minister, looking grave as a minister was expected to do at such a heinous offence. "Novel reading is very pernicious in its influence upon the mind. I shall talk very plainly with your daughter, and make her sensible, if possible, of the wickedness of her conduct in disobeying you, and of the course she is pursuing."

These words greatly relieved Deacon Rathburne's mind. If any one could influence his faithful daughter, it would be this plain-spoken young minister. He opened the door and called.

"Niobe, daughter, come here," and as a girl of sixteen obeyed his summons, "The minister would like to talk with you, Niobe. What I say seems to have no effect. You set all my counsels at defiance. You will have respect for him. He can better place before you the enormity of your conduct. Listen, and take to your heart and conscience his words," and he left the room.

Niobe Rathburne stood before the minister, glanced up at him once with her great bewitching eyes, and then looked demurely down and waited. She had to wait. The minister had expected to see a child of eleven or twelve, and he stood silent and confounded before this beautiful young girl.

"He reddened, coughed, and commenced, 'I—I—believe—' stopped, and coughed again."

The dimples in the girl's rosy cheeks deepened ominously.

"This is a very warm day, Miss Rathburne," was his next effort.

"Yes?" half questioned the girl, the dark eyes turning to the window, outside of which the rain and sleet fell and then were demurely veiled by their long lashes.

The minister made a desperate effort for his self-possession—recalled what was expected from one in his holy office, and said abruptly, "your father, Miss Rathburne, wished me to talk with you. He feels, and with reason greatly distressed, at finding you engaged in novel-reading."

"Children of the Abbey," I think he said, "a novel of the trashiest kind."

"I think it's real splendid!" replied the young girl spiritedly in defence of her book.

"I am sure it must be true, too—just as all those tiresome memoirs father has such a heap of, and it is a thousand times more interesting."

"Oh, dear! if father would only have let me finish it! I was just at the most interesting place when he took it away! May be you have read it, have you?"

"It was hard indeed to say no with those beautiful beseeching eyes upraised to him, but to his credit be it said, he stammered out, 'that had forgotten.' Perhaps he had."

"How odd! She could never, never forget it as long as she lived. Would he just try to remember? Perhaps if she told him the place and what went before it, it would recall it all to his mind."

Now it chanced that the minister had read it. There was no evading an answer with the great dark eyes fixed so eagerly upon him—He hesitated.

"Yes, he had read it a long time ago, before he knew the folly of such readings," he confessed.

The girl's face brightened, and she drew nearer to him.

"Oh, would he tell her what became of Amanda and Lord Mortimer! She shouldn't sleep a wink for wanting to know! Would he be so kind?"

Alas! though the minister was sincere in every word he had said to the deacon, yet he was young and imprudent, and with the lovely, earnest face upturned to him, and listening to the silvery tones and well chosen words he forgot the admonitions and reproofs he had intended to administer, and sat as if entranced.

Now and then the sweet voice would stop and ask peremptorily, "Now, don't you remember? do please."

But the minister's ideas were confused. He was not conscious of much else besides this bewitching young girl. Then she would laugh gleefully and resume.

The door opened, and the deacon, expecting to see Niobe penitent, and may be in tears, looked in and found them thus employed.

They were so absorbed—the young girl in speaking, the minister in listening—that they did not observe him till he said, sternly:—

Millford, one of her mother's friends, in whose family she was received as a daughter.

Niobe Rathburne had been in disgrace ever since she opened her dark baby eyes upon her father, for she was a wee, sickly, crying child. She had received her name in disgrace, for, unfortunately the deacon, engaged in reading the legend of Niobe, was interrupted several times by the screams of the babe. He put the book down upon the table not very gently, and muttered wrathfully to himself:—

"If ever there was a Niobe, that child is one!—crying, crying, from morning till night!—and Niobe she shall be called!"

And Niobe she was baptized in the village church, while the congregation looked wonderingly at each other, and went home to look for the name in the back part of spelling-books and dictionaries.

But, very perversely, the little Niobe, as she grew older, was the happiest, merriest little elf that ever danced on green grass or mocked the birds at their singing. She wasn't a bit afraid of anything, not even of her stern father, and when he commenced reproving her, which was nearly as often as he saw her, she first laughed in her merry way, and got her chubby arms round his neck, at which he looked grim enough, but somehow the reproof died away, unless the offence was more serious than usual. Perhaps the deacon remembered that his child was motherless.

As time passed on, she was repeatedly missed from her class in catechism, neglected her tasks, didn't know a word of her verses, and, worst of all, was one Sunday seen in church by the whole congregation tying a string of beads round the neck of her rag-baby, while the deacon towered up beside her, stern and unconscious, with eyes and attention fixed upon the minister. When sternly reproved she replied innocently: "She thought dolly was growing very wicked like herself and may be a sermon would do her good." Wicked little Niobe!

And she became more and more incorrigible as she grew to womanhood. She did not intentionally displease and distress her father, and would inwardly make a thousand resolutions not to offend again, but her spirits were so exuberant, she was so thoughtless and impulsive, and her father's ideas and rules so strict, that she was constantly transgressing.

The deacon was openly censured by the church for the little authority he exercised over his daughter—that even in the prayer and conference meetings at his own house she was never present. Really distressed and alarmed, he now took his wayward daughter seriously in hand, and allowed neither smiles nor caresses to soften his anger. But the high-spirited affectionate girl was not to be governed by severity. The dark eyes were not drowned in tears, but flushed with indignation. She thought her father severe and unjust. The deacon made his indignation.

Niobe remained at school two years. At the expiration of that time Mr. Millford's family were to go abroad, and she returned home.

It was a pleasant afternoon in summer, when she alighted from the coach opposite her father's gate, which was at some distance from the house. The deacon was on the piazza in his arm chair half asleep. He had not heard the coach.

Niobe stole softly behind him, first put both arms round his neck and kissed him, then, before he could look up, placed one hand over his eyes.

"Guess who am I!" she cried, half laughing, half crying.

The deacon put out his hand and drew her before him. He did not betray any pride or admiration as he looked at the beautiful, graceful girl from head to foot through his spectacles, but not the less was she his idol, stern as he might look and act.

She stood laughing still, but blushing now. "Father, are you glad to see me? I am come home to keep house for you. Auntie Millford has instructed me as to all my duties. I mean to do just as she told me."

She was about to enumerate some of her accomplishments, but she saw her father smile good-naturedly, though a little incredulously.

It was true he had not much faith in his madcap daughter's usefulness.

She stroked his hair and hung round him as in her old days. She had improved in looks and manner, but she was the same Niobe still—the same gay, affectionate, yet spirited girl.

She thought her father changed. He looked worn and anxious. His few locks were snowy white now. Had he missed her? Had her waywardness changed him thus? She felt all the pain and self-reproach a generous, loving heart like hers could feel at this idea.

Niobe kept house for her father, as she had promised. She showed knowledge and tact. Everything was arranged in good taste and order. Above everything else she considered her father's wishes and comfort. But only Nancy, the servant, knew all this. To every one else she was still the deacon's useless, madcap daughter—even to the deacon himself; for Niobe, a little hurt and piqued at his skepticism as to her usefulness, bound Nancy to silence.

But if the deacon had even wished his daughter different from what she appeared—staid, domestic and proper, like other girls of the village—he made no further efforts in that direction. He had missed his gay-hearted daughter, with her winning, affectionate ways, more than he would own even to himself, and was only too glad to have her back again just as she was.

Yet still the look of care and anxiety did not disappear from his face, and the furrows grew yet deeper and deeper.

Autumn and winter passed, and spring came, and, one day, the old deacon was found lying senseless on the floor. He had been struck with paralysis. He was not dead, and the physician gave hopes of his ultimate recovery, but it must be the work of time and care.

Where was gay, thoughtless Niobe now? "Gay, thoughtless, still," the neighbors said, and said severely, "a heartless girl on whom even an old father's affliction had made no impression!"

"Haden't shed a tear!" they added, and truly, too. She had no time for tears; besides, why cry? was not her father still spared her, and was he not going to be well and strong again, under her care? So there was no shadow for that pure brow, and the bright dark

eyes were bright and tearless still, and she redoubled her attentions to her father.

Days brought their cares—the cares of all that farm to Niobe—but, worse still, unpaid debts, and nothing wherewith to pay them.

The secret of her father's anxiety was revealed to her now. Besides these debts, there was a mortgage of several hundred dollars, and unless paid within six months the rich, beautiful place would be lost to them forever. And for this mortgage, these unpaid debts, the carrying on of the farm, daily household expenses, her father's illness, Niobe had not one penny.

She was alone, so she staggered under the painful surprise. What would become of them? Her father in his old age to be torn from his home! to lose her birth place! It must not be. Yet to whom could she apply for the money? If her father in health could not obtain it, how could she, helpless and friendless? How could she ever pay it, even if they lend it to her? At the best, she could only earn a pittance, even if she could leave her father, which she could not and would not do.

She set herself resolutely to work to understand the whole matter. She pored over notes and bills. The fact forced itself upon her clear brain that her father had not been a good financier.

The deacon's embarrassed circumstances became known. The people now looked to see Niobe anxious and depressed. They might have pitied her if they had, but the beautiful face was as ever bright and unshadowed. She had applied to all whom she thought it possible might aid her. Again and again she had been refused, still she persevered.

Tuesday night and a mail had come in. Niobe stood on the piazza. Their next neighbor had just given her a letter. "Her hand had trembled when she had taken it, though she made some laughing remark. He left her. The garden gate closed after him, and still she did not open it. This was her last hope—she had exhausted every other source. If that failed, her all was over. It was from Mrs. Millford, her father's friend and her own. She opened it. It was her own letter returned, with the words on the envelope, 'Abroad—whereabouts uncertain.'"

The brave hearted girl staggered. Was this the end? What then was before them but the poor house? For what could she do to support her father and herself? Her eyes wandered abroad over the beautiful lands so soon to be lost to them! Oh, could she do nothing—nothing to save them! Must they go? Her father awake to find his home lost to him! No, no, it must not, should not be! She sprang up in the strength of her resolve. A little breeze took the open letter from her hand and carried it out to the lilac bush. She sprang after it. As she glanced round returning, something associated it with the country place where she had boarded with Mrs. Millford's family the summer previous, and with this association came an idea which lighted up her youthful face with a gleam of hope.

A letter, momentous to one, left the post office that very night and its contents appeared in the city daily papers in a few days.

SUMMER BOARDING—Can be obtained in a large and pleasant country house where there are no children. Plenty of fruit, vegetables, and game, good fishing near, pleasant drives, etc. Address "N. R.," Gloucester, P. O.

Niobe had reckoned up all her capabilities. The house was large and would accommodate several families. The rooms were comfortably furnished. There was a piazza round three sides of the house, which was shaded with woodbine. The trees on the grounds were old and large, and would be pleasant for the guests to sit under. There was also an arbor in the garden, which she herself had teased her father into making, and covered with grapevines. They had a variety of fruit from early spring time to late autumn, plenty of milk and vegetables, and a good market in the village, a d they were also near a large pond where were good fishing and sailing. Then there was Nancy, the faithful hired girl, who had lived with them for years. Other help could be obtained as she had means and need. But she was to be the head of all. She must provide everything, and plan breakfasts, dinners and suppers, for fastidious people, out of her limited experience; and her father was not to be neglected, for he was regaining his senses gradually, and was able to miss her if absent a long time. She would write to those who applied that they might expect plain, substantial fare—nothing more. She might have no applications, but, in the meantime, the house must be thoroughly renovated from attic to cellar; so the young girl hastened to take Nancy into her confidence.

How anxiously she now watched the post office! She had begun to be less hopeful, when a letter, post-marked from the city, was given her, and then another, and yet another. They were simply letters of inquiry; but they gave her hope.

One was from a gentleman who wanted board for his wife, sister, two children and nurse; for himself and partner part of the time. He did not wish to pay but so much—and mentioned the price.

It did not seem much to him, but to the young girl it seemed munificent.

The second letter was from an old gentleman, who required accommodations for himself, sister and nephew. "Himself and sister were old people," he said, "and wanted only quiet, comfortable rooms, and good plain fare. It was his nephew's college vacation, and he would spend it there in study."

The other letter was from a lady who wanted board for herself and two daughters. "The eldest was in delicate health, and the physician had recommended country air, where she would be free from excitement."

All would remain for the season if they should be pleased, and the young girl mentally resolved they should be pleased.

Niobe wrote her letters, and then waited, but not in idleness. By Saturday night the answers had all come, signifying acceptance. It was a joyful, grateful heart—that of Niobe—that night. Now she would be able to provide for her father every comfort and luxury; to pay their unfortunate creditors; to free their home from all incumbrance. Twenty times she kissed her father. He should find when he recovered that she was not all thoughtless and ungrateful. She sang for very happiness,

and some good neighbor passing, heard her and carried home the tidings, and more than ever the deacon was comforted, and his heartless daughter condemned.

During the next week, the family of Mr. Latimer, accompanied by himself and his partner, Mr. Rutherford, arrived.

They were received by Niobe, to whom many a furtive glance of surprise and admiration was directed as she ushered them into the parlor.

They expressed much satisfaction with the house and location; with their rooms also, to which the young girl soon conducted them.

"So large and airy! not much like the hived up rooms she had grown accustomed to at watering and country places!" laughed Mrs. Latimer, a pleasant-faced lady. "She would like the arrangement of her rooms though a little different, so as to make it more convenient for the children if not too much trouble."

"It should be attended to immediately," Niobe said. All their wishes were fulfilled promptly and faithfully.

They wondered a little what sort of a person the mother could be to leave their reception and other arrangements to so young a girl.

But when two hours after they were called to tea, and found the table faultlessly and invitingly laid, and Niobe very quietly, but with a certain dignity, gave them their seats, took her place at the head of the table, fulfilled her duties with self-possession and propriety, made no reference to any mother, they could not help exchanging curious glances. The next morning it was the same, at dinner also, and at tea, and Mrs. Latimer could no longer refrain from questioning Nancy.

"Where is Mrs. Rathburne? Is she away?" "There ain't any Mrs. Rathburne, ma'am. She's been dead this many a year."

"Who is your mistress then?" "Miss Niobe, ma'am."

"Not this young lady we have seen?" "The same ma'am."

"You do not mean that she is the mistress of this house? She has some aunt, or sister, or somebody with her surely!" "She has no ma'am."

Mrs. Latimer might smile as she did, in spite of herself, at the confidence with which the young girl, with her graceful and beautiful Niobe; but many a cultivated woman has a far less efficient protector and friend than the staunch, sensible servant proved to Niobe.

Mrs. Latimer was silent a moment from surprise.

"Was there any other member of the family?" at length.

"Yes; there was the old deacon, her father, who was confined to his bed with paralysis. He was taken two months before. Miss Niobe was with him then."

"Had they ever taken boarders before?" "No, indeed; the old deacon would never have thought of such a thing. It was all Miss Niobe's idea."

"But is there not a large farm? Who sees to that?" "There was nobody to see to anything but Miss Niobe, John and herself, now the deacon was sick. John and herself had been in the family for years. They did all they could; but, of course, Miss Niobe had to take all the responsibility."

"It was the strangest thing she ever heard of," Miss Latimer murmured.

Nancy replied stiffly:— "Miss Niobe always had good reasons for whatever she did, in spite of what people said; and in a little displeasure she left the room, though Mrs. Latimer would like to have asked what it was that people said, feeling that she had a good excuse for her curiosity."

TO BE CONTINUED.

PERMANENT HOMES.

THE MANIA FOR SELLING OUT.

In a country which offers such numerous incentives to enterprise, it is not strange that the American people are essentially migratory in their habits, moving from country to city, and vice versa, and from one section of the land to another, with scarcely a regret for the homes which they leave behind. This characteristic national trait has been of vital benefit to our new States and territories. Impelled by a desire for change, and perhaps a vague hope to better their condition, our people have flocked to the vast unoccupied lands of the Republic, settling the prairie and the wilderness, and causing cities and villages and fruitful farms, teeming with life and activity, to spring up like magic where but yesterday Nature reigned in undisturbed repose. It is thus that the Nation has grown with inconceivable rapidity to its present magnitude, and we should be untrue to our cherished pride in this triumphant progress of the Republic, were we to utter one word in condemnation of the enterprising pioneers, who have borne the emblems of our nationality and the benighted fruits of christianity and civilization, from State to State—over rivers and mountains and plains—extending the greatness and glory of the Republic from the Atlantic to the Pacific, until we are acknowledged to be the foremost nation of the world. But it is to be regretted that nowhere—not even in the older States of the Union, is there a permanent attachment to the place of one's birth. How few Americans can look back even for two generations, and not see the birthplaces of their fathers in the hands of strangers? No old ancestral halls—no yearning aspirations connected with the associations of childhood—no feeling of pride for the honor of the family name and the paternal estate—draws the wayward heart, with the strong cords of love, back from the maelstrom of temptation or crime, and links it anew with the virtues inculcated at the paternal hearthstone. Consequently, our early homes become dilapidated—the old homestead falls into decay, and in the majority of instances but little care is bestowed on the erection of country dwellings and the formation of new homes. They are built only for a temporary purpose—to be sold out on the first opportunity of profit or fancied benefit. A whim, a caprice, some ill-founded expectation of wealth to be speedily amassed, or a livelihood more easily secured, will often influence a thrifty farmer to sacrifice the labors and improvements of years, and sell his carefully cultivated homestead, and even his household goods, which ought to be

cherished as heir-looms—to dispose of them all for a few thousand dollars, and invest the proceeds in a less valuable property, or perhaps in petroleum wells or stocks, or some speculation which results disastrously, leaving him penniless, homeless, and a broken-hearted man, with no way to support his family except by the old drudgery of daily labor.

A few examples which have come under our own observation, which may be relied upon as authentic, will illustrate the misfortunes which sometimes accompany the gratification of this penchant for selling out:

We know a gentleman who inherited a most valuable farm—one which his father and grandfather had reclaimed from a state of Nature, cutting down the forests, pulling out the stumps, piling the stones into substantial fences, or opening ditches for their reception; and otherwise improving, cultivating and adorning the homestead, until it had become a source of profit as well as pleasure. But our friend tired of this style of farming; he suddenly discovered that raising corn, potatoes and grain, and making butter near an eastern market, did not pay in competition with the great corn and grain-growing west. Besides the land was too wet and heavy as well as too stony to suit his fancy, and he believed that fruit-raising and market-gardening in the immediate vicinity of a city, promised rapid and enormous gains. Instead of underdraining and subsoiling his land, and in the process getting rid of the few stones remaining to impede cultivation; thus making his soil friable, free from the danger of drought, very fertile, and capable of maturing early crops of any fruits or vegetables he might wish to raise upon it—our discontented friend was attracted by a long advertised puff of VINELAND LANDS—rich soil, mild climate, large and thriving settlement, the "most extensive fertile tract this side of the western prairies," as the newspaper advertisements for years past have constantly averred. Listening to "the voice of this dramer," our well-to-do farmer sold the old homestead, which is situated in the best farming section of the State of New-York, and removed to Vineland, investing all his available funds in land and buildings in cutting down *Scrub Oaks* and digging out the stumps, and planting at an expense of about a thousand dollars, various small fruits, such as expensive varieties of strawberries, "Iona and Isabella" grape vines, etc., etc. But before these began to bear, and to appease the clamorous appetites of his sorely-tried family who never before had known want on the old generous soil of their birth—the bubble burst; the "mild climate" and accessible market lost their attractions; the *scrub oaks* with their tenacious roots had worn out our friend's endurance. In vain he tried to dispose of his Vineland property at a price which would reimburse him for his improvements; his house was unfinished and he had been living in the barn, which even in this mild climate did not prove an attractive residence; and the ubiquitous oaks had been only partially removed from a few acres. New buyers, allured by the advertisements, flocked in to "the thriving settlement," but they all imagined they could do better than to buy our friend's improvements, or were too poor to think of such a large purchase. "Forbearance ceased to be a virtue," however; our friend could stand it no longer, and threw up his Vineland property in disgust. By means of the advertisements aforesaid, he hopes in time to find a purchaser, but to wait on the spot for that individual is out of the question for his family meantime would starve, and he perhaps die from grief and vexation. With the assistance of a friend, he has been able to find a comfortable abode, where in straitened circumstances he lives to lament his folly in not "letting well enough alone."

We might relate numerous incidents similar to the above, did space permit; but we must close at present with this brief but we believe excellent advice: Do you change your business or your abode; hold on to your present farms, and improve them to the highest capacity for successful cultivation; get free from debt, and afterwards invest your savings in the Government loans, or buy farms for your children near your own, unless they prefer to locate on the western prairies, in which case lend them a helping hand and bid them god speed!

GEN. SHERIDAN AND NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

A New Orleans letter to the Mobile News says:

"I am very correctly informed that Sheridan, although at the commencement of the war an enemy of Abolition and Abolitionists, and most likely a negro later by instinct, distinctly announces himself in favor of negro suffrage. I have it, too, from a source equally deserving of credence, that the late equivocal utterance of the Picayune have drawn from him a mild 'warning,' which it is quite evident the Picayune has profited judging by its recent moderation and change of tone. It is again laboring under 'circumstances over which it has no control,' as it remarked the other day in apology for its forced utterance of Union sentiments."

The laws of nature are just but terrible. There is no weak mercy in them. Cause and consequence are inseparable and inevitable. The elements have no forbearance. The fire burns, the water drowns, the air consumes, the earth buries. And perhaps it would be well for our race if the punishment of crimes against the law of man were as inevitable as the punishment of crime against the laws of nature—were man as unerring in his judgment as nature.

Many of our prominent Generals are great swearers; Sheridan, Sherman, and others are noted for their profanity. Not so Generals Grant, Howard, and some others we might mention. While highly appreciating the noble deeds and heroic acts of our brave military commanders, all good citizens must condemn their vulgarity of speech. Position cannot make vice respectable. Besides, the course of these Generals is sure to be followed by lesser individuals, and the boy on the street justifies his vile epithets by reference to Sheridan, or Sherman. [Bath Times.]

It is said that a party of scientific gentlemen who have explored the gold mining region in Virginia represent the interior of the State to be very rich in gold, silver, iron and other metals, in an undeveloped condition.

PREMIUM LIST

OF THE N. KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,

To be awarded at their next Show and Fair, At Waterville, on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 24 and 25, 1865.

HORSES.

For best Stallion which has been kept one service season within the limits of the society, \$5; second do., \$3; third do., one volume of Agricultural Reports.

Best Breeding Mare, \$4; second do. \$3; third do. Volume Agricultural Reports.

Best pair of Matched Horses, \$3; second do. Volume of Reports.

Best Family Horse, \$3; second, Volume of Reports.

Committee.—Ichabod Gifford, Vassalboro'; B. F. Otis, West Waterville; Edward Jones, Fairfield; Jos. Eaton, Jr., Winslow; Henry Perry, Waterville.

COLTS.

For best Colt, three years old, \$2; second, Volume of Reports.

Best Colt, two years old, \$2; second, Vol. Reports.

Best Colt, one year old, \$2; second, Vol. of Reports.

Com.—George H. Boardman, Waterville; James Withee, Winslow; Sullivan Gifford, Fairfield; Allen Field, Sidney; Foster Brown, Clinton.

BULLS.

For best thorough bred Durham Bull, \$5; second, Volume of Reports.

Best thorough bred Devon Bull, \$5; second, Vol. Reports.

Best thorough bred Hereford Bull, \$5; second, Volume Reports.

Best thorough bred Ayrshire Bull, \$5; second, Vol. Reports.

Best thorough bred Jersey Bull, \$5; second, Volume of Reports.

Best Grade Bull, \$3; second, Volume Reports.

Best thorough bred Bull Calf, \$3; second, Volume of Reports.

Certificates of pedigree on thorough breeds, will be required in all cases.

Com.—Harrison Jaquith, Albion; Hall C. Barleigh, Fairfield; Ephraim Morrell, Waterville; Chester R. Drummond, Winslow; Albert Crosby, Albion.

COWS.

Best Dairy Cow, of any breed, \$5; second, \$3; third, Vol. Reports.

Best



newell, China; A. W. Lowe, Fairfield; J. W. Herson, Waterville; C. C. Hayden, Winslow.

**SWINE.**

Best Boar, \$2; second, Volume of Reports.

Best Breeding Sow, \$2; second, Volume of Reports.

Best Litter of Pigs, five or more, \$2; second, Volume of Reports.

Com.—Levi A. Dow, Waterville; Charles Morrell, Fairfield; Peter DeRoche, Waterville; Nahum Tozer, Fairfield; Albert Drummond, Sidney.

**FARM STOCK.**

Best Herd of Cattle from one Farm, including the whole, and not less than eight animals, \$5; second, Volume of Reports.

Com.—Charles H. Keith, Winslow; Daniel P. Jones, Fairfield; John P. Onis, Fairfield; Crowell Bickford, Waterville; Elijah Mitchell, Waterville.

**TROTTER HORSES.**

For Fastest Trotting Stallion, \$10; second, 6; third, 3.

For Fastest Trotting Mare or Gelding, \$8; second, 4; third, 2.

For Fastest Trotting Mare or Gelding, five years old, which has never trotted a mile in less than three minutes, \$5; second, 2.

For Fastest Trotting Mare or Gelding, under five years old, \$5; second, 2.

The Trotting is to be in harness; and that of the first two classes must be inside of three minutes, the third inside of three and a quarter, and the last in less than three and a half, to take even the smallest premium.

Com.—R. W. Pray, Waterville; D. R. McFadden, Vassalboro; John Mullen, Vassalboro; Ivory C. Lowe, Fairfield; Zimri Yenton, Albion.

**"DREW" HORSES.**

In addition to the above, the following premiums (offered by Henry Taylor, the owner of "Don Juan") will be awarded at the same time and place:—

Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars, To be competed for by horses sired by the Old Drew Horse, or any of his own colts.

\$75.—For the best Trotting Stallion, of any age—style, gait, action, and speed considered—best three in five, to harness, \$50; second best, \$25.

\$75.—Best Stallion, Gelding, or Mare, four years old and under five, best two in three, to harness, mile heats—style, speed and action considered—\$50; second, \$25.

\$40.—Best Stallion, Gelding, or Mare, three years old and under four, best two in three, to harness, mile heats—style, speed and action considered—\$25; second, \$15.

\$30.—Best two year olds, and under three, to be shown to halter, \$20; second, \$10.

\$20.—Best Yearling, \$15; second, \$5.

\$15.—Best Sucker, \$10; second, \$5.

Judges.—Col. Andrew W. Hasey, Bangor, Me.; Hiram Crow, Levant, Me.; John W. Phillips, Swampscott, Mass.; S. S. Parker, Waterville, Me.; Sewall Pratt, Corinna, Me.

**PLOWING.**

For best Plowing, with four or more oxen, \$6; second, 4; third, 2.

Com.—The Trustees.

**CROPS, MANURES, ETC.**

For best acre of Winter Wheat, twenty or more bushels per acre, \$6; second, 4; third, Volume of Reports.

Best acre of Spring Wheat, twenty or more bushels per acre, \$6; second, 4; third, Vol. of Reports.

Best acre of Rye, twenty or more bushels to the acre, \$4; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best acre of Corn, seventy-five bushels to the acre, \$5; second, 3; third, Vol. Reports.

Best acre of Barley, fifty bushels to the acre, \$5; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best acre of Oats, fifty bushels to the acre, \$4; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best crop of Beans, half acre or more, \$4; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best crop of Peas, half acre or more, \$4; second, 3; third, Volume of Reports.

Best crop of Potatoes, one acre or more, two hundred and fifty bushels to the acre, \$5; second, 3; third, Volume of Reports.

Best crop of Turnips, Carrots, or Beets, one quarter of an acre or more, \$3; second, 2; third, Volume of Reports.

Best Mixed Crops, on not less than one-half acre, \$3; second, 2.

To entitle any one to a premium on crops, full statements must be made of mode of culture, nature and condition of soil, cost of raising, worth of crop, etc.; and certificates will be required as to the correctness of the returns. These premiums, let it be understood, will be awarded to the largest crops grown with the best economy.

Best samples of Corn, Wheat, Rye, Peas, Barley, Potatoes, Turnips, Cabbages, Onions, Beets, Squashes, Pumpkins, Tomatoes, Melons and Cauliflowers, one Volume Reports each. These samples to be shown at October Fair.

Best experiment in saving and manufacturing Manure, showing an improvement upon any former method of manufacturing and saving it, \$4; second, 2; third, Volume Reports.

For most satisfactory experiment in applying manure to hood crops, \$3; second, 2; third, Volume of Reports.

For best and most satisfactory experiment in dressing Grass Lands, without plowing them, \$3; second, 2; third, Volume of Reports.

For the best experiment in the use of artificial manures, \$2; second, Volume of Reports.

Full and definite statements, containing practical information of value to the public, will be required of those making these statements.

Com.—Hiram Carr, China; Andrew Archer, Fairfield; Eleazer Burbank, Belgrade; Winthrop Morrell, Waterville; George Rice, Waterville.

**POULTRY.**

Best lot of Hens, \$2; second, Vol. Reports.

Best lot of Turkeys, \$2; second, Volume of Reports.

Best lot of Geese, \$2; second, Vol. Reports.

Com.—Ephraim Maxham, Waterville; Wiloughby Taylor, Sidney; H. P. Cousins, Winslow; John Tozer, Waterville.

**FARMING OPERATIONS.**

For best statement of Farming Operations, showing the amount invested in land, stock and tools—the cost of the several crops grown on the farm, the amount of labor expended on the farm and what portion of it was for improvement, and also the entire estimated value of the crops and income of the farm, \$8; second best, 5.

**FRUIT.**

Best display of Apples of all kinds, \$5; second, 3; third, Volume of Reports.

Best display of Fall Fruit, \$2; second, Vol. of Reports.

Best display of Winter Fruit, \$3; second, 2; third, Volume of Reports.

Best display of Grapes, \$2; second, Volume of Reports.

Best display of Pears, \$2; second, Volume of Reports.

The same sample will be allowed to take but one of the above premiums.

Com.—Isaac W. Britton, Winslow; Joshua I. Clifford, Waterville; William E. Burgess, Fairfield; Charles K. Sawtelle, Sidney; Chas. H. Mayo, Fairfield.

**BUTTER, CHEESE, AND BREAD.**

For best lot of Butter, twenty lbs. or more, \$5; second, 3.

Best loaf of Cheese, forty pounds or more, \$5; second, 3.

Best lot of Brown, White or Barley Bread, \$1 each.

Best loaf of Brown or White Bread, made and presented by a girl under sixteen years old, \$1 each.

Best sample of Maple Sugar or Maple Syrup, Volume of Reports each.

Best sample of Honey, or Apple, Currant, or Cranberry Jelly, Volume of Reports each.

Written statements of the method of making Butter, Cheese, and Bread, must be presented in order to secure a premium.

Com.—William Dyer and Lady, Waterville; C. C. Cornish and Lady, Winslow; William Gifford and Lady, Fairfield; Martin V. Herson and Lady, Waterville; Eliab Fish and Lady, Fairfield.

**FARM IMPLEMENTS.**

For best Sward Plow, \$2; second, Volume of Reports.

Best Harrow, or other Implement for pulverizing the soil, Volume of Reports.

Best Ox Cart, Horse Cart, Hay Forks, Manure Forks, Shovels, Hoes, Axes, Scythes, Hand Rakes, Wheelbarrows, Hand Cart, Horse Hoe, or Yokes and Bows, Vol. Reports each.

Best Seed Planter, Fan Mill, or Corn Shelter, Volume of Reports each.

Best exhibition of Farm Implements from one Farm, \$2; second, Volume of Reports.

Best Stump Puller and Rock Lifter, \$2; second, Volume of Reports.

Com.—F. P. Haviland, Waterville; F. A. Davis, Sidney; Charles Lawrence, Fairfield; Ira E. Getchell, Alfred Getchell, Winslow.

**LEATHER AND LEATHER GOODS.**

For best Tanned Calfskins, Sole and Upper Leather, \$1; second, Volume of Reports.

Best case of Cowhide Boots, two or more pairs Calf Boots, \$1; second, Volume of Reports each.

Best specimen of Ladies' Winter Boot, or Children's Boots or Shoes for Winter, \$1; second, Vol. Reports each.

Best double or single Harness, \$2; second, Volume of Reports.

Com.—Alfred Winslow, Waterville; Asa Mayo, Fairfield; Amasa Boulter, Winslow; Charles Blaisdell, Sidney; Hiram Pishon, Vassalboro.

**HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.**

For best piece of Filled Cloth, Wool Flannel, Cotton Wool do, Wool Carpeting, Cotton and Wool do, Hearth Rug, Wool Shawl, Wool Cape or Bed Quilt, \$2 each; second, 1 each.

Best Wool Mittens, Wool Yarn, Wool Stockings, for men or women, 50 cents each; second, 25 cents each.

Com.—Joshua Nye and Lady, Waterville; Alonzo Davis and Lady, Sidney; M. E. Penney and Lady, Waterville; H. G. Abbott and Lady, Vassalboro; J. H. Gilbreth and Lady, Fairfield.

**GIRL'S WORK.**

For best Bed Quilt, Plain or Fancy Needle Work, Mending Clothing, or Knitting Stockings, \$1 each; second 50 cents each.

Com.—H. Taylor and Lady, Waterville; E. G. Pratt and Lady, Fairfield; Julius F. Hallett and Lady, Waterville; John Mansmore and Lady, Winslow.

**MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.**

For best Bouquet of Cut Flowers, \$1; second, 50 cents.

Best display of Millinery from any one shop, \$1.

Best display of Fancy Goods, from any one shop, \$1.

Best display of Dry Goods, from any one shop, \$1.

Best display of Hardware and Cutlery, from any one shop, \$1.

Best display of Dentistry, \$1.

Best collection of Insects destructive to vegetation, \$3.

Com.—Ephraim Maxham and Lady, B. C. Benson and Lady, Waterville; Wm. K. Lunt and Lady, Benton; Joseph Lunt and Lady, Winslow; C. R. McFadden and Lady, Waterville.

**FINE ARTS.**

Com.—Charles M. Morse and Lady, N. G. H. Pulsifer and Lady, D. N. Sheldon and Lady, Moses Lyford and Lady, Frank Magwire and Miss Lizzie Fisher.

**COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.**

L. E. Crommett, Joseph Davis, S. Scith, J. B. Bradbury.

**COMMITTEE TO SOLICIT CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FAIR.**

J. Nye, W. B. Arnold, H. H. Percival, C. G. Carlton, Joseph R. Pitman, and their Ladies.

**Rules and Regulations.**

Entries of animals and articles for premiums may be made with the Secretary, any time previous to the first day of the Show, and must be made at any hour before 11 o'clock of said day, as at that hour the papers will pass into the hands of the committees, after which entries will not be received. Blanks to be filled by competitors, may be had of the Secretary when the entries are made, which must be returned to him before the awards are made by the committees.

The attention of competitors is invited to the following requirement of the law:—It shall be the duty of every society applying for the bounty of the State to require of all competitors for premiums either upon animals, crops, dairy products, improvement of soils or manures, a full and accurate statement of the process or method of rearing, managing, producing and accomplishing the same, together with its cost and value, with a view of showing the profits and benefits derived or expected therefrom.

All animals except trotting horses must be on the ground and in the place assigned by the Marshals by 10 o'clock on the first day of the show, and competitors must remain with their animals until the committees have completed their examination.

No person will be allowed to draw a premium on animals not his own, nor if misrepresentations are made in regard to age, etc.

Hay will be furnished for the stock on the Show Ground.

the passage of stock, and one driver with each lot.

Entries of Crops and Manures must be made with the Secretary before the first Monday in November; and the statements required by law must be furnished before any awards will be made.

Arrangements will be made at the Town Hall, for the exhibition of manufactured and such other articles as may be presented; and a competent committee will have charge of them to take proper care and arrange them in the best manner for exhibition; and all articles entered for premium or exhibition, must be in the hands of the committee at the Hall at or before 2 o'clock of the first day of the Show, and must remain in their places until 4 o'clock of the second, and must be exhibited without the name of the owner. At the time of making the entry, the Secretary will furnish a number for each article, which must be permanently attached.

In addition to the above premiums, liberal notices and gratuities will be given for any article, implement, or machine that will facilitate and lessen the labor of the farmer, or that of his wife and family.

All manufactured articles must be produced within the limits of the Society to entitle them to the premiums; but any article deemed worthy, though of foreign production will receive the attention and commendation of the Committees.

All committees on Stock are requested to report themselves promptly to the Trustees or Marshals, who will show them the animals to be examined. The Committees on articles at the Hall will be in session at 9 o'clock forenoon of Wednesday, and close their examination at noon.

All committees who do not previously decline, will be expected to appear and serve on the occasion.

The Hall will be opened to the public at 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening with a Farmers' Levee—with instrumental and vocal music, and a pleasant, social time, and also at 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning and continue open through the day.

Wednesday afternoon the adjudging committees will report their awards, and such other business will be transacted as may properly come before the society.

The payment of one dollar constitutes a person a member of the Society, and entitles him to all its privileges, which are—a free ticket to the Show and Fair for himself, his wife and minor children, and the use of the library for one year.

Tickets of admission, to persons not members, to the Show Ground, 25 cents, and to the Fair 15 cents. Ladies and carriages free to Show Ground.

License for the occupancy of land, for the sale of merchandise or refreshments, two dollars for each square rod, and no license granted for a less sum.

Per order,

DANIEL R. WING, Secretary.

**Waterville Mail.**

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . AUG. 25, 1865.

**AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.**

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 27 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 Scollay Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

**ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.**

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

**SPORT AHEAD.**—The approaching fair of the Waterville Horse Association, at this place is gradually developing tokens of marked interest.

Among these may be mentioned the daily airings, sometimes on one road and sometimes on another, of the famous horse, Gen. Knox.

He is in fine condition, though with brief time for preparation. Who says he is going to trot?—but everybody knows he never dodges. His Springfield opponent, Draco, so plainly and fairly beaten there, has taken a trip down east, and is stabled in Waterville at least till after the fair. Could he lose anything by another trial?—and what other object takes him so far from home? We can't tell secrets that we have not got—it is easier to prophesy—and so we only say, that those who want to see the great Springfield contest repeated will no doubt have an opportunity, a match between Knox and Draco is sure.

And then, Mr. Shaw, of "Hiram Drew" distinction, has taken the patronage of another famous horse, Robinson's "Gen. McClellan;" and the seven or eight thousand dollars paid for him will swell to twenty thousand when he beats Knox. If he shall dare come forth boldly as Draco does, to redeem himself from a former defeat, he will no doubt find Knox at home. He fears no other competitor, and when he finds he cannot cajole or bully him to go abroad, he may venture upon "neck or nothing" and come here.

Mr. S. is out with a card in the papers proposing that "if Gen. Knox will meet Gen. McClellan at Bangor, Sept. 20 and 21, for the purse of \$10,000, Gen. McClellan will reciprocate and trot Gen. Knox at Waterville." He gives as his reason, that a mile track, like that at Bangor, is a better test of the relative speed of the two horses than the half mile track at Waterville. If he could show why a half-mile track is not as fair for one horse as for the other it might be a reason. Without this, his position is at least equivocal, and looks a little sordid, though he wishes to avoid the race. Still,

McClellan has been fairly beaten by Knox, and stands so posted, he risks nothing in another trial, and probably will venture upon it. Who does not hope to see it?

Other distinguished horses, prominent among which are Mr. Taylor's Don Juan, the Rockland Boy, and others of less note, will no doubt contend for the prizes; and we cannot doubt that the approaching fair will be one of the most attractive ever offered in Maine.

N. P. W. P. A.

**Messrs Editors:**—Have you ever heard of the N. P. W. P. Association? Excuse my ignorance for I ought to know that you are posted in regard to everything of importance. Had I seen the Mail of last week (read by all respectable people) doubtless I would have found a long reference to the affairs of the Association: and since you have said so much and so well, what shall I say of any interest to your readers?

But we all like to hear much of great men and great associations of men, or I should have said association of great men. But to the point, by your permission and military command, I am to say something of the N. P. W. P. Association.

**ITS ORGANIZATION.**

An inquiring mind is needed to trace the cause of the organization of this body. It could not have been because certain townsmen wanted chowder, because they can get that at home. Was it because they needed to go out of town to get a real good road upon which to ride? Zounds, what man or woman could be discontented with our own Waterville drives? Was it because they wanted a delightful sail? Let the Kennebec rapids answer if they lack placidity or adventure.

If I was brought face to face with the dignified members of this body, and they with heads erect and spines unbent, waiting for chowder with wistful eyes, with stomachs like empty pelican's bags, or were they with stomachs protruded ready to be put to sleep, I should look directly into their eyes and say with answering dignity, "gentlemen, I don't see it; you don't go to chowder parties for any of these reasons; you cannot come it this way over a jury of your intelligent citizens, neither will Maxham & Wing be imposed upon in this way, because they have been there and know. Let me tell the public the cause or causes, based upon strict rules of philosophy. We hear of much matrimonial bliss—of men and women having a furlough of years from ills to which you and I, gentle reader, are accounted heirs (though with tears in our eyes we ask to be disinherited); is there any cause to be found in all this why the N. P. W. P. A. was formed? Perhaps these men often search under hidden rocks, for histories of bigger animals than those belonging to the N. P. W. P. A., (though I say it with great fear and trembling) and why should we not look among matrimonial barriers and deposits for the cause that we are searching for? Besides the way in which the members care for their families would lead us directly in the said direction. Who wants to have wives and children break their necks or bruise their limbs? "Not I," say they, (the gentlemen of the N. P. W. P. A., altogether.) Who wants to terminate the life of wife or child in the cold waters of North Pond? "Not I," say they, (the gentlemen of the N. P. W. P. A., altogether.) And so tender-hearted husbands (your correspondent among the number) organized a company so that wives and children might not be drowned or injured. I assure you, Messrs. Editors, this was a benevolent thought, worthy to go side by side with Dr. Franklin's plan to save chimneys from smoking, and thus save the disposition of their proprietors. A most original idea was this, and were it not that they do not wish to advertise their great excess of the milk of human kindness. I am told they would change the name of this honorable body to the Women's Insurance Company.

Some one has said that an hypothesis is worth just so much as it will account for. So I will state different hypotheses and leave your readers who are book-keepers to make up the account themselves.

Cause second, I think what I stated as cause first was really the originating idea of the association, but to be sure they who afterwards joined did so from different motives, and hence I state, cause first to explain why some members joined. I noticed courageous men, men that sat boldly in the boat who did not have to row when the ship was becalmed, who did not have to clean fish when the scales would go way through them, who did, nevertheless, with courage never manifested before, sit down and devour fishes in a modest, retiring way. And I am sure these men gained courage by the trip. Whether crying children frightened them in former days, or glib wives lectured them, or creditors dunned them, let it be one or all or neither of these causes they gained in courage, in chowder, and in flesh during the trip to the North Pond, and I am disposed to think they went because they wanted the courage that unmatrimonial men have.

Cause second, why others went—because they are murderers. Do not feel surprised to hear me speak of the honorable members of the N. P. W. P. A. as murderers. Why De Quincy shows us very plainly that murder rightly managed places it among one of the fine arts. And I am sure that we are told that the boy who steals a pin will surely die on the gallows, while he who does not will have President Johnson's place some day. If you could have seen the horrible deaths that the whales, and the bull-pouts, and the star-fish, and the mackerel, and the white perch died, I am sure you would see some amateurs who had gone to the North Pond to become adepts in the art. But having dwelt upon this matter at length, let me inform you in your suspense

(I suppose you have been holding your breath all this time) that the Association went.

**THE TRIP.**

We had as fine a day as though some previous arrangement had been made between Wind, Tide, Sun, and Weather for a grand good time. I am sure we did not consult the Almanac. We thought no one would dare offend our dignity (not even cloud or rain, thunder or lightning) and so I repeat, we went. Down through Waterville, and over through Ten Lotts, and Smithfield, thus we went until the delightful pond came in sight. There we found three naughty-cal crafts ready to be tossed by the wind, or to rest in the lull of the storm, but ready for fun if there was but a chance. Of course you know we did not stand gazing at each other or at the water. I said before we went, and so we sailed. The sail was delightful, and of course from what has been said, you already think that we caught some fishes. Admirable reasoning, for had we caught no fishes, we could have had no fish chowder, and then the disappointed visages—Terrible to dwell upon the thought. Some caught one kind of fish, some another; whilst two to my certain knowledge caught men. But all pleasures have an end and so we came to land. Next thing to be noticed was the

**CHOWDER.**

Here we had no delicacies for epicures, no squamishness for millionaires, but good, wholesome feeling men ready to go at the commander's bidding, and to die in the attack. No doubt but many were disappointed to think they had so active a command. After chowder came the grand call of the honorable president, Rev. W. A. P. Dillingham, to the business and literary meeting of the Association.

**THE LITERARY MEETING.**

The causes which blind us to the real nature of sensations cannot always be determined. Thus men shot in battle are for a time ignorant that any misfortune has happened to them. The victims of an explosion walk for a time like well men, even when the hot steam has boiled their vitals; and so it is not strange that in the absence of whiskey, Lager Beer, or even Tea and Coffee, the members of the Association were vivacious—lifting to the ground their beaming eyes and with tones of eloquence resting in quietude upon the lap of dear old mother earth. I cannot state the excitement brought on by the stimulus of the occasion; I cannot quote the eloquence of editors, professors, merchants, physicians, ministers and other highly distinguished and extinguished gentlemen. But I hope that photography will one day be so improved that the eloquence of men may be taken through a camera, and so give gesture, presence, tone and word just as given. But the business. First, nomination of members; and I assure my readers that from all sections men are eager to become members of the N. P. W. P. Association. We cannot dwell upon names. President Johnson and all lesser lights his secretaries included, were put together and nominated and accepted *fishers*.

Then came the initiation. With tears in our eyes we listened to the words of the learned Hatch, feeling, as he touched our tender hearts, that no one ever hatched such a brood before. But I have to state a matter of much importance—the association passed a

**MOTION OF INTEREST.**

Moved and seconded that next year the married men of this association bring their wives, and the unmarried men get married. We have heard of prohibitory laws, but here is one of a different kind. I am glad the passage of the motion did not prevail, because there would have been a slight secession movement. Irving has said that it is nothing to take a post that is undefended, but to storm or capture a fortress that is loop-holed and garrisoned at every point demands a strategist. So, though an old married man, I should say that if the association should pass such a motion it would rob a certain experience of all its romance, and make dull prose of the very best of poetry. And now having told you all about the grand affair of the season, I need not weary you with any longer talk. There are many things my pen fails to describe. These must live in the memories of all of the faithful sons of the Association.

Officers of the Association, for 1866; President—B. C. Benson.

Vice-Presidents—Prof. Foster, Henry Taylor, Edward C. Meader, C. R. McFadden.

Secretary—F. Magwire.

Managers—Nathl Meader, Alfred Winslow, B. F. Otis, Homer Percival, Charles Williams, S. A. Allen, M. D.

Honorary members—Prof. Mathews, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Alfred Owen, Lynn, Mass.; H. K. Morrell, Gardiner Home Journal; Major E. P. Loring, U. S. A.

**PER ORDER.**

**TRIAL OF ENGINES.**—There was a spirited contest of fire engines at Augusta on Thursday. Four silver trumpets were offered, valued from \$40 to \$150. Six engines competed—Victor, of Kendall's Mills, winning the first prize by throwing 185 feet; Washington of Gardiner, the second, 180 feet, 8 inches; Androscooggin, Lewiston, the third, 179; Threes, Waterville, the fourth, 170 feet, 6 inches. The contest was spirited, and all was fair; and the Victor at last takes the head without a shadow of excuse from any of her opponents. Threes, of Waterville, so long victorious, frankly pass her to the front, in spite of their best efforts—and confess that she is at last, "Victor" indeed.

We were looking for a graphic sketch of the W. P. A. festival, in the Home Journal; and regret to learn that the death of the editor's little daughter prevented.

It will be seen by the notice in another column, that Dr. Friedrich has been obliged to defer his visit to Augusta. He will be there the 12th of September.

**"FOUR YEARS IN SECESSION."**—Mr. Wm. Holmes is canvassing Waterville for subscribers to this interesting work







