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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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I WOULD GO HOME.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL GÖRKE.

I would go home! I am to my father's house,
To my father's heart!
Far from the world's uproar, and hollow vows,
To silence—peace!
With thousand hopes in life's gay dawn I sang,
New homeward went with chastened heart,
Changed:
Still to my soul one germ of hope is come,
I would go home.

I would go home, vexed with thy sharp annoy,
Thou weary world and waste!
I would go home, disdaining thy poor joy:
Let those that love thee, taste!
Since God will it, I, my cross would bear,
Would I could have the appointed "hardness" share:
But still my bosom sighs, where'er I roam,
For home, sweet home.

I would go home! My happiest dreams have been
Of that dear fatherland!
My lot be there; in Heaven's all cloudless scope,
Here, life's mirage, or sand!
Bright summer gone, the dawning swallows spread
Their wings from all our vales revivified,
Soft twittering as the fowls' wiles they flee,
Home, home for me!

I would be home! They gave my infancy
Gay pastime, luscious glees,
One little hour I shared the childish glee,
But soon my mirth had ceased.
While still my playmate's eyes with pleasure shone,
And but more sparkled as the sport went on,
Spite of sweet fruits and golden honey comb,
I longed for home.

I would be home! To shelter from the vessel
That frets the sea and sea!
The nursing in its mother's arms will nestle
Like mine I long to feel!

In joy, in grief, have I tuned many a lay,
Grief, joy, like harpnotes, have now died away,
One hope yet lives! To Heaven's paternal dome,
Ah! take me home!

"WE SHALL BE CHANGED."

STORY OF A WORM.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

On one of our autumn days, during what we call our Indian summer, when the leaves and the muck rat do their last work on their winter homes, when the birds seem to be getting ready to wing themselves away to milder climates, when the sun spreads a warm haze over all the fields, a little child went out into his father's home lot. There he saw a little worm creeping toward a small bush. It was a rough, red, and ugly looking thing. But he crept slowly and patiently along, as if he felt that he was a poor, unlovely creature.

"Little worm," said the child, "Where are you going?"

"I am going to that bush yonder, and there I am going to weave my shroud and die. No body will be sorry, and that will be the end of me."

"No, no, little worm! My father says that you won't *change*. He says you will be *changed*, though I don't know what that means."

"Neither do I," says the worm. "But I know, or feel that I am dying, and that I must hasten to get ready; so good-bye little child! We shall never meet again!"

The worm moves on, climbs up the bush, and there weaves a sort of shroud all around himself. There it hangs on the bush, and the little creature dies. The child goes home and forgets all about it. The cold winter comes and there hangs the worm, frozen through and through and through, all dead and buried. Will it ever live again? Will it ever be changed? Who would think of it?

The storm, the snows, and the cold of winter go past. The warm, bright spring returns. The buds swell, and the bees begin to hum, the grass to grow green and beautiful.

The little child walks out again, with his father, and says:

"Father, on that little bush hangs the nest or house of a poor little worm. It must be dead now; but you said one day that such worms would be *changed*. What did you mean? I don't see any change."

"I will show you in a few days," says the father.

He then carefully cuts the small limb on which the worm hangs, and carries it home. It looks like a little brown ball or cone, about as large as a robin's egg. The father hangs it in the warm window of the south room, where the sun may shine on it. The child wonders what it all means! Sure enough, in a few days, hanging in the warm sun, the little limb begins to swell, and out of it comes not the poor unlovely worm that was buried in it, but a beautiful butterfly! How it spreads out its gorgeous wings! The little child comes into the room and claps his hands and cries:

"Oh! it is changed! It is changed! The worm is *changed* into a beautiful butterfly!"

"Oh father, how could it be done?"

"I don't know, my child. I only know that the power of God did it. And here you see how and why we believe his promise, that we all shall be raised from the dead! The Bible says, it does not yet appear what we shall be; but we shall be *changed*. And we know that God, who can change that poor little worm into that beautiful creature—no more to creep on the ground—can change us, our vile bodies, and make them like Christ's own glorious body." Does my little boy understand me?

"Yes, father." Sunday School Times.

HOW TO MAKE HANDY FARMERS.—We use this heading to denote those men who are skillful, and ready in doing whatever is needful to be done on a farm. A thorough agricultural ought to be an intelligent man in more departments than one. He should know a little of Chemistry, in order to understand the theory of manures, the nature of different soils, the action of the atmosphere, etc., etc. And Botany would teach him the names, the origin, and the most scientific mode of managing the grasses, grains, vegetables and weeds within his domain. Geology would teach him very much about the subsoil. The elements of Architecture would help him in building a house or a hog pen. Philosophy would not come amiss. Not that he should be a learned professor in any of these studies, but a slight knowledge of them, and the possession of books treating on these subjects would be very useful to him. With a little effort, he could then easily "post" himself on any subject requiring his immediate attention.

But this is not the precise point we are aiming at. It was a more practical matter, and was intended to urge young farmers to become skillful, handy, in all the operations of agriculture. An illustration or two will show what we mean. John Smith is a hard-working farmer. From January to December, and from morning to night, he is ever busy; but he does not always work to advantage. He always works in a particular way, having no skill in adopting new and improved methods to save labor. He is not handy at all sorts of work. He can hold a plow, but cannot mend a harness; he can hoe and dig like the veriest slave, but cannot repair a broken tool; when ever such an accident happens, he has to stop his most pressing work, and go a mile or two to the nearest village to get mending done which he ought to have been able to do himself. He can drive a horse, or a yoke of oxen, but cannot do better for a farmer, or other slight ailment. Yes, a good farmer is, yet with certain drawbacks which add much to the drudgery and cost of his labor.

John Jones is made on a different pattern. He is as industrious as John Smith, but doesn't work as hard. He turns everything to account,

and makes circumstances favor him. If one method will not serve his purpose, perhaps another will, and he tries it. He has a knack at doing a little of anything and everything. If any of his roofs leak, he can mend them; yes, and with the help of a few hands, can shingle them complete. His awl, waxed ends, and a few pieces of leather in his tool shed, enable him to mend his harness quickly. He can repair a bud and paint it. He can graft, and a bob and prune his fruit trees, and do it well; in short, he is a Jack-at-all trades, and in a good degree, independent, and master of his situation. Such a man is bound to succeed, be his avocation whatsoever it may. The way to multiply such men is to commence early. Let the father and mother teach their children to help themselves. Give them a few tools to work with at leisure. Encourage them to make and mend, and to become "handy." Praise their successful experiments. Inspire them with the just pride of being independent, of being able to take care of themselves, of accommodating themselves to their circumstances, and of making events bend to their will. The seed thus early sown will spring up and bear fruit abundantly in after years.—[American Agriculturist.]

The True Value of Gold Mines.

Gold-mining, provided the metal is used for coin, adds nothing to the wealth of mankind. If a man owns a steam engine worth ten thousand dollars, the engine forms this portion of the wealth of the world. And if the man devotes his surplus labor, besides that which is necessary to procure a living, or expends his surplus profits in constructing a second engine of equal efficiency and value, he adds another ten thousand dollars to the wealth of the world. But if he expends the same amount of surplus labor or profits in simply adding to the weight of his engine, without increasing its efficiency or usefulness in any respect, he does not by the operation augment the wealth of himself, of the community, or of mankind.

In complex states of society, the innumerable exchanges of property which people mutually desire to make, are effected through the medium of money. The articles which first came into use as money were the more valuable metals; the natural properties of these substances—their indestructibility, portability, &c.—causing them to be sought for this use. As civilization advanced, and the organizations of society became more complex, certain individuals and associations exchanged their own notes, promising to pay either gold or silver or platinum on the presentation of the note, and these notes also came into use as money, being received by persons in exchange for articles of value on the faith that the stated quantity of valuable metal could be obtained for them at any time.

The money in circulation in this country amounts to about two per cent of the whole wealth of the country, and it is probable that in other countries the proportion is about the same. Now the point that we make is, that this proportion (of two per cent) will not be altered by doubling the amount of money in the world; for, prices will advance so as to double the nominal value of other property, and thus the proportion will be maintained. The price of an article is its value, relatively to gold, or platinum, or whatever metal is the standard, and prices must vary with all changes in this relative value. If a bushel of wheat is worth as much as an ounce of silver at one time, it may, at another time, be worth as much as two ounces of silver from either of two causes: it may be twice as difficult to get the wheat, or twice as easy to get the silver. If twice as many pounds of gold and silver are thrown into use as money, it will take twice as many pounds to do the same work, and the work will be no better done by the larger quantity than by the smaller. Indeed, it will not be done as well; for one of the properties which make the precious metals convenient for use as currency is their light weight in proportion to their value, and if this is increased they are rendered less serviceable for this use.

A man who becomes rich by manufacturing or trading generally increases the wealth of the country and of the world to an extent at least equal to his own accumulations, but the laborer of the gold digger adds nothing to the wealth of mankind, inasmuch as they increase the weight of the currency without increasing its value. This applies, however, only to that portion of the gold which is used as currency; that which is used in the arts does increase the wealth of the world to an extent equal to the excess of its value above the cost of its production.—[Scientific American.]

A LIFE THOUGHT.—I heard a man who had failed in business, and whose furniture was sold at auction, say that when the crib, and the piano went, tears would come, and he had to leave the house to be a man. Now there are thousands of men who have lost their plans, but who have found better music in the sound of their children's footsteps going cheerfully down with them to poverty, than any harmony of chords instruments. Oh! how blessed is bankruptcy when it saves a man's children! I see many men who are bringing up their children as I should bring up mine, if when they were ten years old, I should lay them on a dissecting table and cut the sinews of their arms and legs, so that they could neither walk nor use their hands, but only sit still and be fed. Thus the rich men put the knife of indolence and luxury to their children's energies, and they grow up fatted, lazy calves, fit for nothing, at twenty five, but to drink deep and squander wide; and the father must be a slave all his life, in order to make beasts of his children. How blessed, then is the stroke of disaster which sets the children free, and gives them over to the hard but kind bosom of Poverty, who says to them, "Work!" and, working, makes them men! —[Becher.]

QUITS.—A coroner's inquest was held in the interior of New Jersey, upon the body of a man who died from taking Vegetable Pills. On opening the body the interior was discovered to be one huge cabbage, but dead to its core from confinement and want of water—a beverage which the patient never drank. The jury rendered a verdict of "quits." Quits, gentlemen! exclaimed the coroner. "Never heard of such a thing! What do you mean?" "Why," replied the foreman, "we find that, if the cabbage killed the man, the man killed the cabbage, and if that ain't quits, blow me!"

The Eastern Mail.

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WATERVILLE, MAINE....THURSDAY, NOV. 13, 1862.

NO. 19.

The Eastern Mail.

BPH MAXHAM, DANIEL WING EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... NOV. 13, 1862.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PATTENBURY & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.
S. H. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer,) Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.
Relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

Prosperity of Waterville.

Some very shrewd men will laugh when we talk of the prosperity of our village. They "don't see it,"—and very likely they will look with some interest to see its point out to us. This is very easily done. We have three hundred thousand dollars bank capital, a large portion of which is owned by our own townsmen; and it has been estimated that such is the soundness of our tradesmen and mechanics that twenty five thousand dollars will meet all their wants for bank favors.—We have a greater number of men with from three to five thousand dollars than any town of our population on the Kennebec; and we venture to assert that no other has more who are worth twenty five thousand and upwards.—Added to these means of business, we have railroad connections east, west, north and south, and the same river navigation that in times past did nearly all the transportation of the Upper Kennebec. In our college, academy and graded schools we have educational attainments unequalled in the State; while in the agricultural population of our own and surrounding towns we have one of the best guaranties of safe and permanent thrift that can be found to pertain to any locality in Maine.

And in addition to all these advantages, and minor ones that we need not detail, we have unlimited water power that is hardly equalled in New England. It would carry the spindles of another Lowell, or afford power for half a dozen manufacturing enterprises like that of Lewiston, or twenty of North Vassalboro'. Comparisons are sometimes profitable—let us compare ourselves with smaller places. The village of North Vassalboro', for instance, is several miles from the river, and an equal distance from railroad, and its transportation proportionally expensive. It is but a mere hamlet in population, except what is attracted by its manufactures. Its water power is barely sufficient for its machinery, and its banking capital may be represented by a cypher. It has neither college or academy, and its common schools possess no attraction beyond its own limits. It has but little surplus wealth among its citizens, and that little is deeply buried in the enterprises associated with the whirl of its spindles. These spindles are its wealth. They employ and feed its few hundreds of industrious population, and are the source of the expansion and progress that mark every part of the village.

We have represented the two villages as they are to-day—one with its hundreds and the other with its thousands of population. Such was Waterville, with slight exceptions, ten years ago. Its facilities for business may have increased, but the business itself is everywhere marked with retrogression. Railroads and schools are not business or education, but merely facilities for them; and fine houses and style of life are not prosperity, but the results of it. All our advantages, except those bestowed by nature, are the results of past enterprise; and to-day we are not keeping time with the facilities and position of past generations. Our railroads bear us no burdens, and their bonds wither in our hands. Our schools are like half worked machinery, that does not pay for the oil that checks its rust. Nothing prospers or pays but the money we lend to men who do business in other places,—and that ought to be combined with enterprise and skill and used at home.

Ten years ago North Vassalboro' was but half of what it is now. Its one principal building of that time has since become two; and its various appendages, like the colonial branches of the hive, have pressed into service everything that could afford them shelter. Its population has been proportionally increased; and with its increase have come those tokens of prosperity which may be seen wherever inquiry points. We are not speaking of the growth of a great city, but of the birth of a country village. North Vassalboro' has become a thriving village, in the time that Waterville, with proportionate growth, would have become a large city. The ground of all this difference is shown in few words;—one has buried its money in banks and traded in usury, while the other has invested in manufactures and dealt in labor and its products. And now, after but few years, we see one stagnant in its dead enterprises, while the other is glowing in thrift and doubling all its interests.

We have drawn a triste picture, but our capitalists, mechanics and business men will do well to look at it. And if it should prompt any of them to make a trip of observation to the lively little village we have used in our parallel, it will do much more than we can to convince them of the truth we have aimed to demonstrate—that it is the fault of the men of Waterville that our village is the drone in

is. They are deficient in courage, narrow in their views of business, and avaricious and miserly in their ideas of the nature and use of money. When they shall change in this respect, our natural advantages will be turned to account, and the business and educational facilities secured by past generations will be made to contribute to present progress and prosperity.

P. & K. RAILROAD.—The bondholders who have taken possession of the Kennebec & Portland Railroad, because of the failure of original parties to liquidate the mortgage, having formed a new corporation in accordance with the provisions of the Statutes provided for such cases, have taken the name of the Portland & Kennebec Railroad Company; the change of name being required by the Statutes according to section 58 of chapter 51.

Judge Rice, of Augusta, is President of the new Company, and N. M. Whitmore, Esq., of Gardiner, Clerk. These two gentlemen—and shrewder ones it would be hard to find—have engineered this matter to this conclusion and will now reap the reward of their labors.

NEW WAR MAPS, &c.—L. Prang & Co., 109 Washington street, Boston, have just issued a second edition, with improvements, of their popular War-Telegram Marking Map of Eastern Virginia, which includes all of Maryland and a portion of Pennsylvania. They have also published a Model War Map of the Middle and Southern States. These maps are large and handsome—being ornamental as well as useful—and have been specially prepared to meet a popular want. The price of each is 25 cents. They have also published a handsome sheet of the Arms of all the States, which will no doubt meet with a ready sale. Price 20 cents.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER.—In our notice of this excellent agricultural sheet, a week or two since, we made no mention of the monthly edition, which with many persons is a greater favorite than the weekly. It is issued in octavo form; is handsomely printed; contains a large amount of valuable agricultural reading, mostly original, and all nicely adapted to benefit and improve the great mass of plain, practical farmers of New England; and makes a good sized volume of permanent value. The price is \$1.00 a year for a single copy, and to clubs a liberal discount is made—ten copies being offered for \$7.50. Address Nourse, Eaton & Tulman, 100 Washington street, Boston.

ELECTION NEWS.—The returns from the State of New York are not yet complete, but it is evident that Seymour's majority for Governor will be about 10,000. The Assembly is a tie—64 to 64.

There is some doubt about the re-election of Frank Blair, Jr., in St. Louis, though chances seem to be in his favor.

In Michigan, a Democrat is elected in the 5th Congress District; the 6th is still in doubt. The Republican majority on joint ballot in the Legislature will be 18 or 20.

PLAYING THE SOLDIER.—A man by the name of Rankins from West Waterville, has been figuring in Norridgewock as a soldier wounded in the battle of Fair Oaks. His hand was badly injured, and was amputated by Dr. Robbins. The Soldier's Aid Society gave him clothes, and the people treated him very generously. At last the truth came out. The fellow was wounded in a saw-mill in Waterville. He played the part well for a while. So says the Somerset Farmer.

LEGISLATIVE PAPERS.—The publishers of the Kennebec Journal have issued their prospectus for publishing the Tri-weekly Journal during the approaching session of the Legislature. In addition to the Legislative proceedings it will contain the doings of Congress and the latest war and other news. The price will be only \$1 for the session. The publishers of the Age will issue on alternate days, at the same price, so that by taking both, a daily Legislative paper may be obtained.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—In the last Congress the Republicans had a clean majority of 49 over all. The September and November elections have reversed this majority, and the opposition will have in the next House 8 majority—making a net Republican loss of 57. There will probably not be much change in the Congressional delegations yet to be elected from the Border States and Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut. There will be a few changes in the Senate, but not enough to affect its present political character.

Many prominent rebels, while doing their best to overthrow the federal government, are glad to have their families under the protection of the stars and stripes. Even Capt. Semmes, of the Alabama, is educating a daughter at Philadelphia; and his wife and two other daughters, who resided in Alabama previous to the rebellion, now live in Washington.

Gartbaldi is reported to be very slowly recovering from his wounds, and the physicians think it will be six months before he can be removed from his present residence.

In view of the recent rise in the paper and printing materials, many newspaper publishers propose to raise their subscription prices, and some have already done so.

In a list of sick soldiers at Alexandria, we find the name of Tyleston Atherton, of this place.

OUR TABLE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—The December number of this popular magazine for the ladies is truly a fine one, and its various departments are rich in attraction. "Waiting at the Stile," a steel engraving, is very nicely designed and executed; and the title page for 1863, containing life-like portraits of the chief contributors, is alone worth the price of the number. There are numerous other embellishments, including a handsome colored fashion plate, and a host of new designs and patterns, knick-knacks, &c., useful and ornamental. A choice piece of music and the usual number of good stories will be found.

Peterson promises that the work shall be still further improved, so that during the coming year it shall stand higher than ever before and be more deserving of popular favor. It will contain 1000 pages of double column reading matter; 12 colored patterns in Berlin work, embroidery or Crochet, and 900 wood engravings. Its stories and novels, by the best writers of the country, have always been deservedly popular. Four original copyright Novels will appear in 1863, in addition to the ordinary literary attractions. This is emphatically the magazine for the times—the price being only two dollars, or a dollar less than other works of this class. To clubs it is cheaper still—three copies being sent for \$5. Five for \$7.50, and eight for \$10—and to every person getting up a club the publisher will send an extra copy gratis, as a premium, or a large sized mezzotint for framing, entitled "Bunyan Parting from his Blind Child in Prison." Specimens sent (if written for) to those wishing to get up clubs. Address, post paid, CHARLES J. PETERSON, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—Robert Merry, "Hiram Hatch," "Uncle William," and "Aunt Sue," are a lively and industrious editorial corps, and make an excellent magazine for the little folks. An examination of the November number, just issued, would satisfy any one of the truth of this, and eleven more, equally good, are given in the course of a year. All for a dollar, too, which is certainly very cheap. A year's subscription to this work ought to figure among many a child's Christmas presents, and would be wisely chosen. Address, N. Stearns, 111 Fulton street, New York.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—The great event of the week has been the removal of McClellan from the command of the army of the Potomac, and the appointment of Burnside as his successor. Much speculation is as yet as to the cause of this change, and in some quarters considerable indignation is manifested. The explanation is to be found, no doubt, in the delay of Gen. McClellan in making his advance upon the rebel army, which, with the time given it, has probably retired in safety upon a line of defence nearer home. It was hoped that ere this the enemy might have been vigorously attacked, not far from the Potomac; and if attacked, and a fair stand up fight took place, few among us doubted the triumph of northern arms. A big Union victory was particularly desirable before the close of the campaign for the season, and the people, sick of hope deferred, waited impatiently for an advance which finally came too late. With one excuse and another, the administration and the War Department were compelled to be satisfied, until their patience quite exhausted and the golden opportunity lost, a change in the command was ordered.—Burnside is as great a favorite with the Union army as McClellan, and very little dissatisfaction is expressed or felt. The new commander is a tried man, and no one doubts his courage and energy. It is to be hoped that he has ability for the large field upon which he has just entered. Upon taking command he issued the following order:—

In accordance with General Order No. 182, issued by the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the army of the Potomac. Patriotism and the exercise of my every energy in the direction of this army, aided by the full and hearty co-operation of its officers and men, will, I hope, under the blessing of God, insure its success. Having been a sharer of the privations, and a witness of the bravery of the old army of the Potomac in the Maryland campaign, and fully identified with them in their feelings of respect and esteem for Gen. McClellan, entertained through a long and most friendly association with him, I feel that it is not as a stranger I assume command. To the Ninth Army Corps, so long and intimately associated with me, I need say nothing. Our histories are identical. With diffidence for myself, but with a proud confidence in the unwavering loyalty of the gallant army now entrusted to my care, I accept its control with the steadfast assurance that the just cause must prevail.

Gen. Howard is again in the field as second in command to Burnside.

The rebel army on the Rappahannock, it is said, has been reinforced by 20,000 men, a portion of them having arrived through Richmond from the army operating on the Blackwater, below Petersburg, and others coming from Western Virginia, being a part of Bragg's army under General Loring. According to the authority of the secessionists in Washington, Gen. Lee designs to draw our army under Gen. Burnside to the Rappahannock, which is fortified, and defended with a force of 100,000 men, while Stonewall Jackson is to cross the Shenandoah and attack him in the flank and rear with 40,000 men, whom he now commands in the Shenandoah valley.

It is said that three more regiments from this State will join the expedition under Gen. Banks, which will give him the 22d, 23d, 24th, 26th, 27th and 28th, and also a battery.

Extensive preparations have been made for the defence of Richmond. Fort Darling has been strengthened and the new Merrimac is all ready for action.

Major Gen. Hunter will take command of the Department of the South, rendered vacant by the death of the lamented Mitchell.

The report of the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee establishes the incompetency of Col. Miles and Col. Ford, and the latter has been dismissed from the service. It also censures Gen. Wool and finds fault with McClellan for not advancing to the relief of the post with greater alacrity.

Where are the rebels? Lee, the command-

er in chief, it is said, has his head quarters at Culpepper, while A. P. Hill and Stonewall Jackson are still somewhere in the valley.—Rebel pickets are reported at Ashby's and Snicker's Gap.

Everything indicates that we are to have a winter campaign, and that a big fight will yet come off this side of Richmond, soon—perhaps at Gordonsville.

A counter movement by the rebels, in the direction of Norfolk and Fortress Monroe, is hinted at, but that will be guarded against by our leaders.

Active operations will also soon be undertaken in the south and west—on the Gulf and down the Mississippi.

The President interprets the recent elections as condemning the hesitating policy which has hitherto controlled the management of this war, and not as condemning the proclamation. It is to be hoped that we are now to have a change of programme.

Gen. Schenck is to succeed Wool. Buell is under arrest for his conduct in the Kentucky campaign.

The pirate Alabama is still mischievously busy, and several valuable vessels have recently been destroyed by her.

THE WATERVILLEIAN.—A villainous name, it strikes us—is the title of a paper just issued by the students of Waterville College, under the editorial supervision of Messrs. H. M. Nutting, W. F. Chase, Nathaniel Mander, and N. C. Brackett. It is entirely devoted to College affairs, and is mainly made up of lists of the officers and members of the various societies and organizations connected with the institution. "The Roll of Honor," shows a list of graduates in the Union army of which even older Colleges might well be proud. The editorials are in very good taste—playful, yet dignified; witty, but good tempered—contrasting pleasantly with some specimens of College literature. From the "leader" we copy with pleasure the following well deserved tribute to a retiring officer:—

"At the beginning of the year, we were filled with regret to learn of the departure of Tutor H. W. Richardson to other fields of labor. During the few years he was here, he was very popular, and won the kindest regards of all who knew him. By his efficiency as an instructor, and the deep interest he took in all that came within his sphere, he gained a reputation which he may reflect upon with pride. May he prosper wherever he may enter upon new labors."

DR. MILLER'S LECTURE.—We cannot do our friends a greater favor than to commend to their patronage, in most earnest terms, the course of lectures on anatomy and physiology, now in progress at Town Hall. No man has ever brought the details of these twin subjects more obviously to the comprehension of a popular audience, in this place, than Dr. Miller. He is so simple in his illustrations, so pleasing in his style of address, and so emphatic in urging truth, that every one is compelled to be profited. We urge all classes of persons to attend them, and by no means to lose a single lecture. They are worth more than gold.

PROLIFIC SHEEP.—Messrs. Maxham and Wing.—Mr. Sidney Howard, of Winslow, stated to me that he had ten sheep in his flock that dropped lambs the early part of last Winter, which lambs he sold for \$2.50 apiece. Said ten sheep each dropped a lamb again in July last and raised them up. The 2d crop of lambs will now bring two dollars each.

ROBERT AYEN.

Winslow, Nov. 10th, 1862.

A large amount of money has gone to the farmers of Maine, for potatoes sold this fall. Already 124,000 bushels have been shipped from Bangor alone.

ANOTHER PATRIOT GONE.—Gen. Charles D. Jameson died at his residence in Oldtown, on Thursday last. A gallant and brave officer, and a true patriot, his early death is universally regretted.

OAK GROVE SEMINARY.—From a neatly printed catalogue of this institution, located at Vassalboro', and under the management of the Society of Friends, we learn that the school is in a flourishing condition—the pupils during the past year numbering 165. The school is still under the charge of "Augustine Jones, A. B., and we notice that a spacious building for gymnastic exercises has recently been erected. The annual exhibition occurs on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week, and Rev. Mr. Hawes, of this village, delivers an Address before the Literary Institute this evening.

There is no danger of English interference, and no apprehension of trouble except what may grow out of the action of foreigners in fitting out privateers.

There is a throne vacant in Europe. The King of Greece has thrown up his hand in disgust and gone into retirement.

A careful count of the vote in the third district in Massachusetts reveals the pleasing fact that Hon. A. H. Rice is re-elected; and a careful review of the whole field leaves no apprehension on the part of the true patriot that an active prosecution of the war will not be heartily endorsed by the next Congress.

COLORADO REGIMENT.—Gen. Butler has just put one colored Regiment into the field, and will soon have more ready. The move strikes the secessionists in a tender spot. But they have the consolation of knowing that these Regiments have been raised under the order of the rebel Gen. Moore, when he had command there.

The Richmond Examiner says: "The Southern people expect now only one thing—war—until they are destroyed, or a peace is made with a beaten enemy on his own soil. What Europe is going to do, what the North is going to do, are questions which perplex us no more. We are determined on that simple and clear road to our end, which is measured by the blade of the sword. The South will now fight while a man remains in it. It hunts for no allies, and will look for no terms."

BEST STREET COSTUME.—As a general rule, it may be assumed that the less there is about a street costume to attract attention, the more correct it is; the presence of anything glaring or sensational being quite sufficient to mark the wearer as possessing vulgar instincts.

