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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 20, No. 17): October 26, 1866

Maxham & Wing

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## SONG OF THE MECHANIC.

The life of a thousand wheels in our ear  
Like some old ponderous gong;  
The sledge-hammer ringing alarms in the glare,  
The groan of a press, as if burdened with care;  
The tramp of the iron-horse, faster than air,  
And his thundering snort heard every where;  
'Tis but the orchestra that o'er  
Accompanies the song.

Men of the brassy arm are we;  
Men not ashamed of labor;  
Though clouds may sometime veil our face,  
Our heart shines through in smiles that chase  
The darkness from our neighbor.

We are the men that forge the bars  
That link the town and sea,  
Where engines rushing through the vale—  
Our children, racing with the gale—  
Are shouting lustily!

The mighty ship that proudly rides  
Over the restless deep;  
Was reared by us; her noiseless wings  
Bend to the evening breeze that sings  
And rocks her into sleep.

The Press—that throbbing heart where beats  
The pulse of every thought;  
That clock of mind which strikes the hour,  
And a nation rises in its power—  
Without our aid is naught.

The pen which, dipped in lightning, writes  
As one stroke round the earth,  
Who stayed by mountain nor the river,  
O'er whose broad face the sunbeams quiver,  
Owes to our hand its birth.

These thoughts make gladness in our hearts  
Beetle like a bell;  
And, like her voice who waits to greet us,  
O'er the world's little child to meet us,  
More sweet than we may tell.

Then let our joyous song be heard;  
Let all be filled with mirth;  
Let it be known that the sun and land  
That the members of our band  
Are the happiest on earth.

The sound that lingers in our ear  
Like some old ponderous gong,  
Is but the orchestra that o'er  
Accompanies their song.

[From Arthur's Home Magazine.]

## SNOBBISHNESS.

A poor, plain toiling woman—life had been a losing game with her, you saw that at a single glance, for people do carry their histories written in face, and air, and step.

Not a coarse, hard woman though—if your first glance had not assured you of this, your second would; her poverty had been of the sort that limits, depresses, crushes, perhaps, full of all denials, anxieties, shifts, but through it all she had kept a certain faith with herself, and held fast to the decent and respectable of life.

A woman, too, past middle life, though it was probable its burdens had done more than its years to age her; her black dress and bonnet had evidently been turned more than once, but each had passed the age of rejuvenation now, and were hopelessly gray and shabby.

She came out of the market with a basket on one hand, filled with vegetables, and surmounted with a small piece of steak, and some small bundles bestowed in the other hand and under her arm—she should think there might have been a loaf of bread, a pound of butter—in short, half a week's allowance of groceries for a woman who had to earn and carry their home herself.

This one did. If she had been a rich man, to whose robust health and rapid step the basket and the bundles would be no more than a feather's weight, the butcher, down there in the market, would have insisted on sending the errand boy home with him.

But she was not a customer he prized, and he was always, perhaps unconsciously, a little crustaceous when she came round the stall, pricing the meat and the vegetables, always seeming in a hurry to get rid of her, never settling her at ease with a friendly smile, and a brisk "Good-morning," but making her just a little uncomfortable with his short, curt answers.

It's the way of the world—oh, I'm sorry to say it—it's the way of the world, dear children! This woman's history was a common one enough. I can only give you the outlines, and those young imaginations of yours must fill up the rest.

Her husband had died several years ago. That was the best thing, the only good he could do for his wife and his children. Living, he was alike "their weakness and their staid," a confirmed drunkard, reason and purpose sinking lower and lower in base appetites until at last delirium tremens seized him, and the grave took his sin into her dark eyes and silence, a dishonored grave with the awful color of it of him who "provides not for his own household." "He hath denied the fifth, and is worse than an infidel." So the widowed mother, happy in that she was left alone to do it, took up her unequal battle with life.

A weak woman's hands at the helm you see, earning bread and shelter for her children as she could, by going out to day's sewing, by taking it in at home, toiling every day at low prices and beyond strength of brain or muscle, to make both ends meet in her new little home that was all the world to her and three little children.

As the woman came along the street she saw on the opposite corner a little group of boys who were discussing, with vociferous eagerness, some matter of paramount interest to them. School was out early to-day, and they had half an hour yet to dispose of.

Suddenly the mother's face warmed and brightened out of all its weariness. She had caught sight of her boy amid the group opposite, her first-born, the hope and pride to which the mother's heart clung fondly through all the gloom and privation of the present—a boy of remarkable gifts and intelligence, as every one admitted; so much so that the husband of one of his mother's patrons, a good-natured sort of man, had taken quite a fancy to the boy, and promised to send him to the town academy for a couple of years.

A great offer! Yet nobody would know what an awful strain of mind and body it must cost the mother to accept it, for, by this time the boy had gained his twelfth year and was ready to go into a store, and his board paid weekly, at home, would have been a tribute swelling vastly the scanty house-purse of his mother, and lifted up many burdens slowly; but there was all her boy's future. She looked at him, she thought of that, and the mother's heart triumphed.

Suddenly the boy, standing amid his comrades, glanced up and saw his mother, a bright, clear, intelligent face, thoughtful above his years, "the making of a man in you" would have said.

In the small town everybody knew who everybody else was, and what social rank each held. Indeed, there was a great deal of petty pride and struggling of envy and heart-burning on this very account. Society was all cut up into little cliques, each of which prided itself on its exclusiveness, and the mischief and misery which all this wrought, the jealousies it stimulated, the gossip and backbiting which this foolish social ambition engendered it would be impossible to tell.

But it was manifold as are the evils which pride works in the world.

VOL. XX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, OCT. 26, 1866.

NO. 17.

Oh, little readers of mine, if you would build up your youth into brave and lovely man and womanhood, don't let this poison of "snobishness" cling to you!

It is always petty, and mean, and wicked! It will come to you some time, in one shape or another, for it has as many as Proteus, but meet and conquer it, remembering how abhorrent it all was to the dear Christ whose whole life and teaching was a protest against this spirit of pride and selfishness.

This boy of whom I am telling you had had a good deal to encounter in his academic life, especially in the first part of it. The "aristocracy," so called—the sons of the prosperous and wealthiest men of the village went to this school.

Everybody there knew that Dick Lyman was poor, that his mother went out to sewing, and regarded her son somewhat in the light of an interloper; his clothes, too, were coarse at the best, and manifestly had had, like his mother's, a great deal of turning and mending bestowed upon them.

But in the race of scholarship it was another thing—this boy was equal to the best of his classmates—there, indeed, he had outstripped most of them, and this fact, spite of his poverty, could not but have its weight; and at last, by dint of quiet perseverance, Dick Lyman had gained an acknowledged place among his mates.

But he was a sensitive boy, and the cold shoulders and the former slights had entered his soul. A quick flush mounted to his face that morning as he caught sight of his mother.

"What would the boys say if they saw her with the basket and bundles! If it weren't for those awful traps now, he would run right across and speak to her. But the boys would despise him, and the best way was to keep right on talking, and probably the fellows wouldn't notice her."

So Dick Lyman's first thoughts went—not to noble thoughts, you see. But the boys had observed Mrs. Lyman. Dick saw a significant look pass between them, and a faint sneer on one or two lips. The sight fired every drop of blood in him. He might have kept on talking, and the others would have supposed he had not discerned his mother. But something stirred in his spirit now that would not let him do that.

"Are you such a mean, contemptible poltroon, Dick Lyman," went on the second thought, nobler than the first, "as to let your poor tired mother carry home that heavy basket because you are afraid of the boys. You'll be a sneaking coward to the day of your death if you do it!"

"Boys," spoke out Dick Lyman, bravely, "I haven't got time to finish up this tale of ours now. There's my mother, and she dashed off, and they heard his voice ringing back, loud and clear, as he ran—'Mother, mother, stop a moment, and I'll carry your basket for you!'"

The dozen boys there looked at each other, without speaking for a moment. The moral courage it had cost Dick Lyman to do this deed must have impressed each one, I think; but one of them—his father had made a fortune during the last three years, in some rather mysterious way, which there were rumors would not bear the light, but the family "looked airy" with their sudden accession of wealth—one of them said, with a little supercilious laugh—

"It's a comfortable thing to come of good stock, fellows."

I am afraid, to his comrades' disgrace, the laugh was largely on the boy's side. It often is on that of wrong and cowardice.

But another boy had stood next to Dick Lyman, and watched him narrowly from the moment that first flash mounted to his forehead, when he recognized his mother. He had seen the struggle that went on in his classmate's soul, and knew how the victory had been gained. This boy was the son of the richest man in the town, and his family had a social prestige, on account of culture and distinguished connections to which no other could attain. A boy with plenty of faults, not above being influenced more or less by the social tone of those around him, but full of warm, generous impulses, too. At that laugh the essential meanness and cowardice of his companions seemed to strike home to him.

"Boys," he said, while his cheeks reddened and his lip curled, "I think we're all a set of snobs and cowards together! I'm going for Dick Lyman," and suiting the action to the word he rushed across the street, and this time they heard his voice shouting loud—"Dick, Dick, I say, hold on a minute till a fellow can get up to you!"

Dick Lyman carrying the basket, and his mother with her bundles, turned round and halted in amazement. In a moment Mark Conway, a little breathless, was at their side. He took off his hat. If Mrs. Lyman had been standing there, a crowned princess, or, what is better, a president's wife, he could not have addressed her with more courteous deference.

"Will you allow me, Madam, to carry your bundles for you?"

Poor Mrs. Lyman, she was not used to attentions of this kind, and she did not understand it at all, but Dick did. Before she could reply, Mark had relieved her of her bundles, and in a moment the two boys were walking down the street together, and Mrs. Lyman between them, while they were trying to laugh and talk in their usual loud, boyish way.

Dick will never forget that deed of Mark Conway's. They will be fast friends for life, I think. Boys are impressive creatures. After all they have courage and manliness, and not one of those who stood on the corner and witnessed the scene which transpired that morning, went away without some new light on his opinions.

Certainly Dick Lyman never had reason to feel after that that the "academy boys" showed any "snobishness" towards him.

Size is Nothing. A talented young African of the boot-black persuasion, while dancing like St. Nitus under a customer's boots the other day, observed a neighbor poring wisely over a newspaper, whereupon he addressed him thus:—

"Julius, what de debbel you lookin' at dat paper fur? You can't read."

"Go 'way tellah," replied the other indignantly, "Guess I can read. I see 'big' nut for dat."

"Big'nut?" retorted the first one, scornfully, "a cow's big'nut to catch a mice, but she can't do it!"

## AN ENTHUSIASTIC FISHERMAN.

We extract the following from a clever article, originally published in the *Round Table*:

I don't believe that since the Diluvian epoch, when Noah and his boys angled from the ark, for recreation and a chowder, there has existed a more enthusiastic fisherman than myself.

The sun was in Pisces when I was born—a significant sign of my fishy future. At the age of one year I was predisposed to worms. At three, I began to dissect flies and their anatomy; and at four I was in the habit of hooking everything within my reach. Before the close of my first winter the natural bent of my genius was still more shiningly developed. I boned a skein of my mother's sewing thread, tied it to the lash of my father's gig whip, and, with the fragments of one of my aunt's hairpins, commenced angling for titletails in the frog-ponds. My father, thinking such precocity should be rewarded with a rod, gave me one.

When I was about eight years old our family removed from the suburbs of New York to a villa up the Hudson, my father having been very successful in securing the slingers. I had now the satisfaction of dropping my "dobber" into the river at Dobbs' ferry. It was the scene of the first notable event in my piscatorial career. One hot day in August, 18— (never mind the units and tens.) I rushed into the house, shrieking in my childish treble, "Here's a bass!" waving aloft a squirming monster that must have weighed half a pound. The agitation was too much for me. Drift fever supervened, and for weeks shells of sealy horrors, of all sizes, shapes and colors, wandered through the convolutions of my juvenile cerebrum in mad confusion. The doctors thought it would end with water in the head, but I recovered.

The fisher-boy is father to the fisherman. The "ruling passion" grew with my growth and strengthened with my strength. Strange to say, it still waxes, though I am on the wane. I have fished in most of the principal waters of the world, from the line to the neighborhood of both life poles, but have found no sport equal to that afforded by the streams of America.

The big "cats" of the Mississippi and its tributaries, the swift and vigorous muscalonge of the St. Lawrence, the streaked bass of our Northern inlets and rivers, the splendid salmon of the Columbia and Sacramento, the large black, red and white trout of the lakes, with many other of the Galahs of our inland seas and great water courses, are no mean game to grapple with, even for a fisherman who "travels on his muscles." A thirty-pound "cat," rising furiously up the current of the Mississippi, with the shank of a hook grasped in its vice-like jaws, like a bit between the teeth of a runaway horse, is not the easiest thing in the world to land. The flexors and extensors of both arms will have all the starch taken out of them before the struggle is over, and the blunted-headed brute is hauled up the clay bank, protesting with loud stertorous, against being hoisted out of his native mud and water. But what delicious soup can be decocted out of his ugliness. A chowder is delectable, but cat-fish soup is a *marceau* that is more so.

The muscalonge of the St. Lawrence and of whom he is the big brother—for feats of agility, he no sooner feels the barbed steel in his gullet than he commences a series of writhings and contortions that would astonish an "India-rubber man." He makes a semi-circle of himself, and then springs back to a "normal" position as suddenly as a tense bow when the string is cut. He zigzags horizontally, darts upward, darts downward, spins round, turns somersaults, and finally, if all these dodges fail, launches his lithe body, with a quiver, three feet in the air, and coming down head foremost, darts off at a right angle like a streak of lightning. If this manoeuvre does not break the tackle the muscalonge gives in and suffers himself to be lifted out of the water without betraying the slightest emotion. But for all that, in dislodging the hook from his mouth look out for the *chevaux de frise* that guard the entrance—the spikes are sharp.

The bass, the salmon and the lake trout are delightful fish to tussle with in the water, and when glorified by an accomplished cook, the pride of the table on land. But, after all, the brook trout is the fish for me. It is the slyest, the cutest, the daintiest, the most beautiful, the purest, the most delicious of swimming creatures. Brook trouting is the very poetry of angling. It is an intellectual amusement, too, and requires as much caution, calculation and presence as a game of chess; as fine touches of art as are necessary to perfect a picture or a statue. With his gold and silver thread, his silk and feathers, the artistic trout should be able to so counterfeit any fly as to deceive its own mother. He should know precisely what kind of fly is the trout's weakness in every variety of season, weather and locality; and, in fact, he ought to have an almost clairvoyant knowledge of the workings of the trout's mind. Thus accomplished, possessed of the necessary executive skill, and supplied with the best implements that a Conroy can furnish, let him go forth in the cheerful May or early June to dangle the brook with his entomological forgeries. Betimes in the morning let him go, for the trout is an early riser—to the fly. He will fish up the stream, of course, for the fish lie with their heads that way, and as they cannot look backwards, like a hare, he can cause his hook to meet to alight in advance of them without being himself observed. Through the meadow where the rivulet, scarce a stride across, glistens silently through the grass; along the gravelly bottom, where it sings and gurgles among the pebbles; through the gaps between the stony ridges, where it chafes and dances and raises its tiny rump among the splintered rocks; and across the woods, where it turns and doubles, and feigns to sleep in quiet pools, he must pursue "The noblest tenor of his way."

In every promising nook, or every inviting eddy, at the foot of every mimic cataract—in fact, in every spot where a trout would be likely to resort for fun or food or privacy—his fly must settle. After each deposit in his "ereel" he may look around and admire the prospect, open his ears to the song of the Spring birds and sniff up the fresh odors which the world exhales in turning green. But all these things are to the trout-fisher as if they were not, while he is professionally engaged; it is only in the pauses of his art that he ventures upon a parenthetical glance at the general features of the landscape. His basket filled, however, he has leisure to be sentimental, and can sit down on a fence and invoke the muses, if he happens to have the gift of jingle.

But I am getting out of my depth, and possibly exhausting somebody's stock of patience. My sole object in writing this article was to ventilate my enthusiasm for the "gentle craft" in print. Felix Grundy said he was born a veteran—I was born a fisherman. When I read, in Dr. Livingstone's book, of a region in Africa where there was no water, I leaped from my chair in an agony of commiseration, exclaiming, "Miserable aborigines! what do they do for fish?" If age or rheumatism should deprive me from visiting the fish-frequented streams, I intend to have an aquarium constructed in my library and angle in it from an easy chair. I want to enjoy, as long as possible, the greatest pleasure this world can afford me, not knowing whether there are any fish in the next, or, if there be, whether it is permissible to catch them.

THE PESTILENCE OF HURRY.—This is the age of hurry, and this country its most congenial home, if the two words rightly be associated, when hurry has done its utmost to spoil our homes, making them more like restaurants and lodging houses, than the resting-places they were designed for; or like stations on a railway, where one gets out to breathe the fresh air for a few moments, keeping watch all the time for the conductor's warning. Business is the watchword of American life; under the pretence of duty, it steals the best of our time, and leaves us but the odds and ends, in which we are too weary to enjoy ourselves. Business has its undoubted claims; but it cannot prosper by stealing; dishonesty is not the best policy. Business has made us to differ from thriftless savages and worn-out aristocrats; it is a good servant, but a bad master.

Look at our great cities, with their thousands of care-worn, over-taxed, "drifted-to-death" business men. They accomplish a certain amount of labor day by day, it is true. Their deposits at the bank increase steadily year by year, but at what a fearful outlay of vitality. Yet they have become so habituated to this way of life that they willingly increase its pressure in every possible way. Look at them as they leave the city for their elegant homes. They are just in time to jump on the train; they talk business all the way home, and when they get there they are so weary that they must be petted and coaxed like sick babies. The children flit by, kept off of the way so as not to disturb papa, or if admitted to his presence are enjoined to behave like "grown people." Papa is too tired to take them to ride; too tired to enjoy the garden; too tired to hear his wife read the new book which would be doubly interesting to her from reading it with him; too tired, in short, for anything but absolute unsocial repose of mind and body. Back he goes in the morning to his work, and fifteen minutes before the train stops you shall see him on his feet, pressing, crowding, eager to be the first to rush into the street, and feeling actually buoyant if he succeeds in saving a second or two of time—not that it presents itself to him in that light; hurry has become with him habitual and unconscious; but to a looker-on it is painful to see how the man is the slave and not the master of his work. And so he goes on day after day, till suddenly there is a break in the human machinery—a man is dead—dead of abuse of natural laws, which, properly obeyed, would have kept him in healthy vigor for twenty years longer; rich, indeed, but insensible now to all his riches; resting, let us hope, at last. There is something wonderfully touching in the look of such dead faces; the lines of care relaxed, the look of eagerness and tension gone, the quiet mien, with something of its childlike expression, as if it had found time once more to smile; and on the breast the busy fingers crossed and still, to do no more the errands of the brain. Friends snatch an hour for respectful sympathy, and then the world draws them back again, and a new machine takes the place of that which has been worn out and laid aside. It has even been proposed lately to defer the removal of the corpse to the tomb till the day after the funeral services; why, we know not, unless to save the precious time of friends. Surely it is not from want of sympathy, for in cases of distress, that is freely given by these very men; they will give money, too; anything, in fact, but time; that was given them for—business.

Men and women go on thus from year to year, and call it living. Feeling sometimes the hardness of their lot, getting a glimpse of things beyond their daily round, they think it wrong to indulge their longings, or do so as by stealth in short summer vacations, into which they crowd the recreation that should have been distributed throughout the year. But is this life? Will not the children remember a parent more fondly from some momentary pleasure, some holiday excursion, some kind and patient explanation of a picture or a poem, some thoughtful care for mind and soul than from the most liberal provision for their material wants? And even if money getting be the end and aim of life, it is poor economy to overwork the muscles and the brain. We are urging a reform in our public schools, so as to give the children less study and more play. Do not the parents need a similar arrangement?

It rests with those who are wealthy, and who control the time of others, to accomplish such a reform. Selfishness might find sufficient inducements to it, not only in the personal relief and benefit, but in the better quality it would ensure. But there are higher considerations than these. Those who are in subordinate business positions suffer most, with the least power of redress. If they are to support themselves and their families, they must conform to existing business relations, no matter how exhausting of time and strength. To complain is to starve. But there is a silent protest seen in shortened lives, in crowded asylums, in the rage for speculation as a desperate means of escape from a long and painful struggle, which were it comprehended by those who are responsible in the matter, would touch their very hearts. Economy, reason, religion, all counsel moderation in work as well as in recreation. We think ourselves a wise nation—let us not be found fools.

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It rests with those who are wealthy, and who control the time of others, to accomplish such a reform. Selfishness might find sufficient inducements to it, not only in the personal relief and benefit, but in the better quality it would ensure. But there are higher considerations than these. Those who are in subordinate business positions suffer most, with the least power of redress. If they are to support themselves and their families, they must conform to existing business relations, no matter how exhausting of time and strength. To complain is to starve. But there is a silent protest seen in shortened lives, in crowded asylums, in the rage for speculation as a desperate means of escape from a long and painful struggle, which were it comprehended by those who are responsible in the matter, would touch their very hearts. Economy, reason, religion, all counsel moderation in work as well as in recreation. We think ourselves a wise nation—let us not be found fools.

Men and women go on thus from year to year, and call it living. Feeling sometimes the hardness of their lot, getting a glimpse of things beyond their daily round, they think it wrong to indulge their longings, or do so as by stealth in short summer vacations, into which they crowd the recreation that should have been distributed throughout the year. But is this life? Will not the children remember a parent more fondly from some momentary pleasure, some holiday excursion, some kind and patient explanation of a picture or a poem, some thoughtful care for mind and soul than from the most liberal provision for their material wants? And even if money getting be the end and aim of life, it is poor economy to overwork the muscles and the brain. We are urging a reform in our public schools, so as to give the children less study and more play. Do not the parents need a similar arrangement?

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Hon. J. N. Arnold to the President,  
OFFICE OF THE AUDITOR OF THE TREASURY FOR THE  
POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
Washington, Sept. 29.

Sir,—I hereby resign the office of Auditor of the Treasury for the Post-Office Department.

Three days before his assassination, the position was tendered to me by President Lincoln, to facilitate the preparation of a record of his Administration and the overthrow of slavery in the Republic, which I then hoped he would live completely to consummate. When I accepted the commission from you which death prevented him from issuing, I did it in the full faith, based upon your patriotic record during the Rebellion, and your repeated declarations over the dead body of the martyred President, that your policy would make treason odious, and that you would be faithful to the loyal men, North and South, who had saved the Republic; that you would endeavor to carry out the principles which will make Lincoln's administration illustrious to all time.

I will do you this justice to say that I believe, if while you were addressing the Illinois delegation who waited upon you and tendered you the same support they had given to their own great statesman—if at that moment, when your heart seemed full of loyalty and fidelity, and you told us that "the people must understand that treason is the blackest of all crimes and will surely be punished," and that "when the question of exercising mercy comes before me, it will be considered calmly, judiciously, for we must not forget that what may be mercy to the individual is cruelty to the State"—if at that time your future course could have been held up before you, and your apostasy could have been foretold, you would have indignantly exclaimed, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?"

You have betrayed the great Union party which elected Abraham Lincoln, and which as an incident of the election placed you in the office of Vice-President. You have deserted its principles, and are to-day in open, cordial communion with those who sought the overthrow of the Republic; of those who for four long years made war upon our flag, and who crowned their long catalogue of crimes by the murder which placed you in the Executive chair.

You are to-day persecuting and denouncing as traitors the life-long friends of Abraham Lincoln; those upon whom his great arm leaned for support in the hour of supreme peril for the Union; you are denouncing and persecuting these friends of Mr. Lincoln for no offence but fidelity to the principles and party which you have deserted.

You have chosen as your friends and counsellors from the lately rebellious States, the persecuted, abused, faithful, heroic Union men, but those whose hands are yet stained with the blood of loyal men. In the loyal States your supporters and counsellors are to a great extent those whose sympathies were ever with rebels and traitors.

In your present position, and with such associates, it is natural you should have those whose fidelity must be a constant reproach to you. You are pro-scribing in Illinois and elsewhere the old, personal friends of Lincoln, at the instance of his lifelong enemies.

Mr. President, the American people, in their hour of bitterest anguish, when almost stupefied with grief over the murder of the noblest, grandest character which has adorned our history, heard your voice uttering bold, intelligible, loyal, patriotic words. They took you to their hearts, and gave you their confidence. Where are you to-day? Who are your associates and advisers? What promise made over the dead body of Lincoln have you kept? What pledge then uttered have you not broken?

Sir, you are wielding immense power and patronage, but I tell you, not in anger, but in deepest sorrow, there are few names other than that of the rebel chief, as yet in Fortress Monroe, so odious among loyal men, and so popular among traitors, as that of Andrew Johnson. With fidelity, you would to-day have been the first of American statesmen; with fidelity on your part, there would to-day have been harmony in all departments of the Government, and peace and security throughout the Republic. With fidelity it was yours to have saved the country. God and the people will prevent your treachery from destroying it.

I will not now contrast your policy with that of your illustrious predecessor; but I ask your attention to one point only. To the loyal black man and the loyal white man of the South Mr. Lincoln promised protection and security. He kept his promise. When rebel emissaries, such as you pardon and take to your confidence, proposed to him to return to slavery the black soldiers of the Union army, and thus win the masters they had fought, Mr. Lincoln indignantly replied, "Should I do so I should deserve to be damned in time and eternity!"

How can you, Mr. President, occupy the Executive mansion as the successor of Lincoln? How could you visit his grave with the bloody outrages of Memphis and New Orleans unpunished? Do you remember that Mr. Lincoln said "Negroes, like other people, act upon motives. If they stake their lives for us, they must be prompted by the strongest motive—even the promise of freedom; and the promise, being made, must be kept."

The nation promised the negro liberty and protection for helping to put down the Rebellion. You have turned him over to his disappointed master whom he helped to subdue. When did you punish a rebel for the murder of a loyal negro? The rebels are to-day your counsellors. They and the Copperheads constitute a large majority of those who call themselves your friends. They control your patronage.

Believing you are to-day exerting your vast power in the interest of traitors, and that your policy should be overthrown at the ballot-box—that the Republic based on liberty and justice may live, I retire from office, that I may more freely and effectually aid in that overthrow.



# Waterville Mail.

EPH MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,  
EDITORS.  
WATERVILLE, OCT. 26, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

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'."

OCTOBER, up to this 26th day, has been a month of almost uninterrupted sunshine. After a summer of which nearly every day had its clouds—and we might say its rain—so radical a change has made the month as noted as the good works of a reformed sinner. From the very first day, so backward was farm work on account of bad weather, that everybody began to hurry to make the most of a little sunshine; and the result is that the autumnal work of the farm is unusually well posted up. Potatoes, which it was generally feared would rot badly on account of the wet weather, have been gathered in good condition, and the crop proves one of the largest ever raised in Maine. The apple crop has also been secured in fine condition, and proves to be larger and better than was generally expected. The fruit proves unusually large and fair, and is marked than common by worms. Even the luxury of cider—a luxury when properly used—made in good weather, and consequently of good quality, is going to be sold at moderate prices. We saw last week, in the cellar of Mr. Joseph Smiley, of Vassalboro, one hundred and fifty barrels of the finest and best apples ever looked upon. They were gathered from an orchard he commenced about fifteen years ago, and are worth at least six hundred dollars where they are. Mr. Starkey, in the same neighborhood, has a hundred barrels, which are contracted for at \$4.30.

October is a very tangible month; it settles some questions than any other in the year.—The hay mow is measured, and the number of cattle to be wintered is fixed. It tells when to kill the hogs; and how much will be left for sale after the family pork barrel is filled. It either gathers in or measures up nearly all the crops of the farm; and having done all, it prophesies to the farmer about what amount of enjoyment he may look for during the winter. It is particularly a month to thank God in—especially if the Mail is paid a year in advance.

OMISSIONS AND ERRORS.—In the report on Bulls, as published last week, the premiums on calves were omitted. They are as follows: Thoroughbred.—1st, 2d and 3d to Warren Percival.

Grades.—1st to J. Eaton; 3d to William Gifford; 3d to Dr. H. H. Campbell.

The report on Steers, which was omitted, is as follows:—

Three-years-old.—1st premium to C. H. Mayo, Fairfield; 2d to A. S. Gifford, Fairfield. Both pair very fine steers.

Two-years-old.—1st premium to H. C. Burleigh; 2d to G. G. Gifford.

One-year-old.—1st premium to Samuel Taylor, Fairfield; 2d to L. Rowe, Waterville.

Mr. Taylor's Steers were not large, but for form, match and color are hard to beat.

There were several other entries of nice steers and the committee regret that there were no other premiums to be awarded.

Steer Calves.—1st premium to Dr. H. H. Campbell, of Waterville; 2d to C. H. Mayo, Fairfield.

Both were very nice pairs, and we think those exhibited by the Doctor the best we ever saw.

Trained Steers.—1st premium to George Rice, Waterville; 2d to Henry Wentworth; 3d to Wm. Nowell, Fairfield; 4th to Dr. H. H. Campbell, Waterville.

These Steers all showed very good discipline, especially those exhibited by Mr. Rice.

Wm. Orris, for Com.

The stair carpeting, to which was awarded a premium of \$2, belonged to Mrs. K. M. Blackwell. It was George Kenney, and not Geo. Shorey, who presented the mammoth pumpkins, Dutton seed corn, etc.; it was O. S. Wheeler, and not A. S. Wheeler, who presented the onions; and it was Mrs. A. Stilson and not Mrs. A. Stetson that took the premium on filled cloth.

The report on Leather and Leather Goods we have not yet received.

Pears can be raised in Waterville, notwithstanding the many failures in that line. Col. Williams permitted us to taste of some large and luscious Bartlett's, the other day, of which he tells us he raised five pecks upon a single tree. It is a standard, however, and not a dwarf; and from what we learn of the experience of others, here and elsewhere, this is the pear tree we would recommend to the attention of our gardeners.

DISGRACEFUL.—The notorious prize-fighting bully and gambler, John Morrissey, has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of New York City.

PISCICULTURE.—After describing the fishways now building on the Merrimack, the Portland Transcript makes the following suggestions, in regard to the improvement of our fisheries, which will be read with interest by those who have labored to open our own river by procuring the erection of proper fishways at the Augusta Dam. The suggestion of legislative interference in the matter meets our hearty approval.

In view of what is being done by New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and the superior advantages possessed by Maine in her numerous rivers, the question arises whether it is not the duty of our legislatures to turn their attention to this matter of re-opening our rivers to the valuable fish now extinct in our waters. Mr. Foster, whose experience in the propagation of fish entitles his opinion to much weight, is earnestly desirous that some steps should be taken in this direction, believing that there is no other branch of business which will so much benefit the laboring classes as the restoring of our river fisheries. His own experience at East Machias, where by special act of the Legislature a fishery committee has been long in existence, goes far to sustain his views. The construction of a fish way on East Machias river was not secured without much opposition, but those who were most opposed to it have made a profit from it, while it has been the means of placing many poor men in comfortable circumstances, some of them clearing from \$200 to \$300 in the six weeks of the alewife season.

We believe we have a law in this State requiring the construction of fishways in dams; but there being no one whose duty it is to see the law enforced, the lumbering interest has always contrived to evade its requirements. The question now arises whether it is just and right that one interest should monopolize the waters of our rivers to the exclusion of a branch of business which would be of great profit and advantage to the laboring population? It seems to us that our Legislature should appoint Commissioners whose duty it shall be to enforce the construction of fishways, and superintend the re-introduction of fish in our waters. Some such action is necessary to promote the interest of our sea, as well as river fishery. The porgy business is growing in importance, and needs a closer oversight, than can be given it by the County Commissioners to whose hands it is now entrusted. Then, again, the very existence of our set fishery depends, in a measure, on the protection of the river fisheries, since the cod and other line fish follow the migratory fishes for the purpose of feeding upon them. When the river fisheries become entirely extinct there is danger that the line fish will desert our coast and go elsewhere in pursuit of food. It is certain that the best way to invite them to our waters is to open the rivers to the migratory fish. Mr. Foster tells us that the deep sea fishing at East Machias has been much improved by the fishway on the river.

A DARING ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY was made in Bristol, last Friday, according to the Bath Times. The widow of the late Mr. Wilson Chamberlain, who lives about a half a mile from neighbors, and was alone at the time, was called upon by a man who represented that he wished to purchase her farm.—He was accordingly shown about the premises, and finally to the cellar by an outside entrance. As she opened the door for him to pass in he suddenly seized her, placed his hand over her mouth, bore her into the cellar, bound her and tied her to a post with a rope, telling her that he was a robber and a murderer, and assuring her if she made any outcry she would be killed. Taking her keys he proceeded up stairs to hunt for valuables, and failing to make the keys fit he smashed a bureau and a trunk, in which last was a large amount of money. Before he secured this, however, he was frightened by the noise made by Mrs. Chamberlain, who had managed to free herself, and he rushed from the house at a run, her cry of "murder" as she emerged from the cellar adding to his speed. It proved a profitless job for him, though it is hoped he may yet be rewarded as he deserves.

THE CATTLE MARKET, last week, was moderately supplied and prices were unchanged; but 15,000 sheep and lambs were reported, and prices were half a dollar a head lower. J. A. Judkins sold four Maine oxen for \$435, or 12c per lb.; 2 beef cows for \$60 each, or 10 1/2 to 11c per lb. He also sold one pair of oxen, 7 ft. 3 in., for \$40; 6 ft. 10 in., 190 and \$215; four oxen for beef for \$435, or 12c per lb.; one two-year-old for \$36.—The sheep drovers found themselves in a hard place, and were compelled to part with their animals at a sacrifice. Sheep sheared, Northern, were quoted at 4 to 6 1/2-2c; in lots \$2 to \$4.50 per head.

The Belfast Age learns that the honorary rank of Captain and Major by brevet has been conferred upon the late Lieut. Dickinson of that city, for gallant services during the war, upon the recommendation of the officers of his regiment, the 5th U. S. Cavalry, endorsed by Generals Stoneman and Thomas.

Col. Francis Heath, 19th Me. Vols., formerly of Waterville, now of Portland, has been brevetted Brigadier General; and Col. I. S. Bangs, of this village, has received the same merited honor.

A LIBERAL OFFER.—The publishers of THE GALAXY, the new fortnightly magazine, announce that they will give to each purchaser of the number of that magazine for November 1st, which is now ready, a handsomely illustrated pamphlet book of 160 octavo pages, containing the first twenty-six chapters of "The Claverings." Anthony Trollope's latest and best novel. "The Claverings" is appearing in the Galaxy simultaneously with its publication in England, and will soon be completed. The book given away is equal in size and typography to novels which are ordinarily sold for 75 cents. The Galaxy for Nov. 1st, with "The Claverings" extra may be obtained at the newsdealers, or the magazine and the book will be sent by the publishers to any address on receipt of 30 cents. Address W. C. & F. P. Church, No. 35 Park Row, New York.

THE BOWDOINHAM BANK ROBBERS, we are pleased to say, have been secured, and are now in jail in Sagadahoc county. The particulars of the robbery of the Bank at Bowdoinham are of course fresh in the recollection of all, so extraordinary were they, and the following particulars of the capture of the rogues, which we copy from the Boston Advertiser, will be read with interest.

When an investigation of the robbery was made, it was ascertained that the previous afternoon four men had hired a conveyance at Portland, (which is thirty-five miles from Bowdoinham), and returning the same night, had left the team at the stable, and taken the early train for Boston. After three weeks had elapsed, this was the only clue found to the perpetrators of the outrage; Alderman Perkins of Bath advised that a detective be employed, and he was authorized to engage one. He accordingly came to this city and secured the services of private detective Moses Sargent.

Mr. Sargent, after obtaining a thorough description of the parties, went to New York and consulted with Superintendent Kennedy in the matter. Mr. Kennedy promised all the assistance he could give. Mr. Sargent laid his case out before Detective Elder of the Central office, and Capt. Jourdan of the Sixth Precinct, and the three went to work in the case with a will, their knowledge of desperadoes of that class being so extensive, and the description so accurate, that they were not long in fixing on the men they wanted. Word was then sent to Bowdoinham and Portland to have such persons as could identify the burglars come on to New York. The cashier was not able to come in consequence of the dangerous illness of his wife, but the stable keeper and several other persons who had seen the suspected men, visited New York and were shown the burglars without the knowledge of the latter. They were positively identified as the men who had been seen in the village in the early part of the evening, and who hired the team at Portland. The witnesses went back to Maine, and made affidavits in the local courts against Simms, Bartlett, and McGuire. The burglars were duly indicted, and Governor Cony issued a requisition on Governor Fenton of New York for their surrender.

Armed with this document, Mr. Sargent repaired to New York, and Superintendent Kennedy, aware of the desperate character of the men with whom they had to deal, detailed three of his best men, officers Haggerty, Dolan and Dunn, in addition to Jourdan and Elder. The party sailed forth on Friday morning, and met Bartlett and McGuire in Eighth avenue. The arrest was made in Abington square, whither they were followed. The burglars made a desperate resistance, and McGuire drew a dirk knife, with the intention of stabbing officer Dolan, but he was quickly disarmed and secured. At about nine o'clock Friday evening the same officers met Simms at the corner of West Houston and Varick streets, in company with a crowd of notorious thieves. Fearing that if they delayed his arrest, Simms would have the aid of his accomplices and make his escape from the city, the officers resolved to take him into custody in the presence of his comrades. This was done, but a desperate effort was made to rescue him. Revolvers and knives were drawn, and only the pluck of the officers of the law prevented the escape of the prisoner. Simms was pretty roughly handled and finally surrendered. He was taken into a Sixth avenue car, when another dash was made by his friends, and but for the aid of two policemen of the precinct, he would probably have got away. As it was, he was safely taken to the next station house.

In order to avoid the trouble of answering to a writ of *habeas corpus*, which was said to have been issued, the prisoners were taken up to Harlem in a carriage, and an arrangement made for the Boreon express train to stop for them there. Thinking it quite possible that a rescue might be again attempted, Messrs. Elder, Jourdan, Dolan and Dunn came on to this city with Mr. Sargent. Elder and Jourdan will go through, and the other two New York officers will return home.

All of the prisoners are professional burglars. Bartlett is about fifty years of age, and was born in the United States. He has served twenty-one years and six months of his life in State Prison, on convictions of burglary, as follows:—Clinton Pri on N. Y. six years; Charlestown, Mass., six years; and two terms—one five and one four and a half years—in Sing Sing prison. Two years ago he was engaged in a burglary at the corner of McDougal and Amity streets, New York, when Francis W. Cooper was robbed of thirteen thousand dollars' worth of diamonds and silver ware.

McGuire is about twenty-eight years of age, and was born in the United States. He served four years and six months in Sing Sing in company with Bartlett. He was recently arrested on a charge of having robbed the Adams Express Company, and is now under heavy bail for trial at Danbury, Conn. It is supposed that the Bowdoinham fund was drawn upon in this case.

Simms is a native of New York, and is about thirty-two years of age. He has served three years and six months in Sing Sing for burglary. In February, 1865, he was convicted of having shot at officer Johnson of the Thirtieth precinct, while trying to arrest him. Simms pleaded guilty of assault with intent to do bodily harm, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for one year. He served two months, when he escaped. Mr. Sargent describes him as the most desperate ruffian he has ever met in a long experience.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—A correspondent of the Watchman and Reflector gives the following statistics of this institution:—

"The number of graduates in the forty-five years since the first class in 1822, is 479, of whom 376 are still living. 110 of the graduates have taken the degree of M. A., 7 that of L. L. D., and 8 that of D. D. The last time has been conferred on four Waterville graduates by other colleges. About 150 of the graduates of this college have been ordained ministers of the Gospel. One has been United States Senator, and two Representatives in Congress. One is Judge of the Supreme Court in Maine, four have become Presidents of colleges, and 16 Professors. The class in which there was the smallest number of graduates was the first, 1822, when there were only two, and the class in which the largest number graduated was that of 1862, which contained 24. The Faculty consists of the President, Rev. J. T. Champlin, D. D., and five other professors, all of whom, except the President, are graduates of the college. The prospects of the college are now very encouraging.

The Hair Restorer that gives the best satisfaction is Pastiche. Used and sold everywhere.

## OUR TABLE.

PATRIOTISM AT HOME, or THE YOUNG INVINCIBLES. By the author of "Fred Freeland." Boston: William W. Spencer.

This is an interesting story of life during the war, showing that patriotism may be exercised at home as well as on the battle field, and that courage, fortitude and principle are as desirable in the one place as in the other. It is a good book for the juveniles, who will read it with pleasure and profit. A few illustrations will give it additional value with the young folks.

It comes to us through Lee & Shepard, of Boston, and is for sale by Hendrickson, at the New Bookstore.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The following is a list of the articles in the November number, with the names of the authors:—

Rhoda, by Ruth Harper; Passages from Hawthorne's Note Books, XI.; On Translating the Divine Comedy, Fourth Sonnet, by H. W. Longfellow; Five Hundred Years Ago, by J. H. A. Bone; Katharine Moray, Part I., by the author of "Herman"; Proteoform, by Gen. H. B. Sargent; The Progress of Prussia, by C. C. Hazewell; On Spanish Inquisition, by Charlotte L. Hawley; Griffith Hunt, or Jealousy, XI., by Charles Reade; Gurovski, by Robert Carter; The President and His Accomplishments; Marshall's Portrait of Abraham Lincoln; "Griffith Hunt," about which so much noise has been made, is concluded. Additional attractions are promised for the coming year in this "exponent of the best American thought and literature," prominent among which will be a serial novel by that old favorite, Dr. O. W. Holmes, which will deal with the New England of the present; Mr. James Parton will also furnish a series of biographical papers and of industrial articles on American manufactures; James Russell Lowell will write regularly during the year both in prose and verse; Bryant Taylor, who is about to visit Europe, will send forth there a series of sketches of "The By-Ways of Europe." Regular contributions from other well known able writers will help to keep this magazine in the proud position it has held since its birth, and make it in the future, what it has been in the past, the favorite of the best class of readers in the country.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November which closes the thirty-third volume of this favorite monthly, contains for illustrated articles, "The Elder Mill," a New England poem; a paper describing the New York World on Blackwell's Island, "Venice," a poem with a picture by Gustave Doré; Mr. Abbott's historical essay on the part taken by Florida in the war; an account of blue-fishing on the New Jersey beach; and a humorous brochure, exquisitely comical, on "The Little Black Dogs of Berkshire." In addition, there will also be found half a dozen good stories, several essays, a paper on the New York Central Park, a couple of poems, and the usual Monthly Record, spicy Editorial Department, etc.

In the next volume, which will commence with the December number, Porto Grayson's Personal Reminiscences of the War will be continued; Mr. Harrington's story, "The Virginians in Texas," will appear; and able and popular writers will labor, as heretofore, for the instruction and entertainment of its readers. There will be no flagging in the efforts of the publishers to sustain the character and reputation of this old favorite of the American public, and it will continue to present the strongest claims for patronage. As an inducement to patrons to order the volume directly of them, the publishers announce that they have recently perfected a system of mailing, by which they can supply it promptly on its publication, and the postage is but 24 cents a year.

Harper's Magazine is published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York, at \$4.00 a year; six copies for \$20.00.

THE GALAXY.—The number for November 1st, has the following table of contents:—

The Claverings, by Anthony Trollope; Arcturion, by R. W. Day; with the Knave, by James Franklin Fitts; Surf, by Edmund Clarence Steadman; A Woman, by Mrs. W. F. Palmer; On the Lake, by John Fleetwood; "E. Pluribus Unum," by E. J. Nelson; The Confusion of Tongues, by George Wakeman; Archie Lovell, by Mrs. Edwards; The Ethics of Suicide, by L. J. Higgins; Nubia, by the Editor.

The Galaxy is published fortnightly by W. C. & F. P. Church, 35 Park Row, New York, at \$6 a year. It is rapidly growing in popularity.

HOURS AT HOME.—The November number, the first of a new volume, has a fine steel engraving and the following table of contents:—

De Rebus Ruris, No. 5, A Country House, by Donald G. Mitchell ("J. K. Marvel"); The Colosseum and its Associations, by J. S. Housen, D. D., author of "Life and Times of St. Paul," "E. Pluribus Unum," by E. J. Nelson; Mount Washington, a poem, by Ray Palmer, D. D.; Memories of Mrs. Hemans, by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Art Journal; Why and How the Federal Capital Was Established on the Potomac, No. 2, by Hon. C. T. Hartburn; Home Visions, a poem; Rambles among the Italian Hills, No. 3, by an American Lady, resident at Rome; At Greenwood Cemetery, by W. Gilmore Simms; Business Thoughts, by an Outsider; Leading Upward; Further Discoveries in Arabia, by L. P. Breckett, M. D.; Hugo Van Geste, a tale of the Netherlands, translated from the German for Hours at Home; The Christian Statesman of America, No. 8, Rufus Cilento, by Rev. Charles A. Stoddard; Over the Way, by Claude Liss; The Great Eruption of Vesuvius in 1631, translated and condensed for Hours at Home, from the Scientific Report of M. H. de la Roche to the Royal Academy of Belgium, with original Notes; October Days, by A. Abernethy Cowley; Pasturing Children, by Dr. J. G. Holland; Books of the Month.

In the next issue two serials will be commenced—one entitled "Marcella of Rome," by the author of "Geoffrey the Lollard," and the other a domestic tale, by Miss Pritchard, whose stories have charmed so many readers of our current periodical literature. Mr. Mitchell will continue his fascinating pictures of country life, and Dr. Holland and Dr. Bushnell, with other able and popular writers, will furnish contributions.

Published by Charles Scribner & Co., 651 Broadway, New York, at \$3 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—The November number of this delightful juvenile is brimful of good things for the little folks, amusing and instructive, including a poem by the late Miss Cummins, a story by Bayard Taylor, and explanations of some mysteries in magic by "P. H. C." The illustrations are numerous and of unusual excellence, even for this work. In addition to many fine wood cuts, there will be found a handsome chromo-lithograph, accompanying a German fairy tale and a full page engraving, in tint, drawn by Hopkin, illustrating "Leslie Goldwaite."

Among the attractions promised for the next volume is a serial story by Rev. Elijah Kellogg, giving a picture of juvenile life in the last century. Liberal prizes are offered for procuring clubs; and as everybody wants this charming magazine for their children, there is a good opportunity for those who wish to solicit subscriptions.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$2 a year.

HOME CONCERT.—Under this modest title, a musical entertainment for our citizens is advertised by posters, to take place at Town Hall, on Wednesday evening of next week, Oct. 31st.

The singing will be by Miss Lucy S. Carroll and Miss May A. Hawes, and Mrs. H. S. Blanchard will preside at the piano. If these sweet singers and accomplished musicians were about to appear before strangers we should cheerfully and heartily commend them as they deserve; but as they are already known to the audience they will have, with whom they are great favorites, we do not consider it necessary to add any thing to the announcement of the fact. Our citizens need no urging to give them a full house.

CORRECTION.—Through misinformation there were some errors in our statement of the accident at Kendall's Mills last week. The horses belonged to Mr. Charles Fogg, and not to Henry Fogg & Son, and although one of them was killed, as we stated, the other, the owner assures us, escaped without injury.

Messrs. Editors:—On the evening of the 14th inst., a delegation in behalf of the Catholics of this Parish visited the residence of their worthy pastor, to present him with the sum of \$400, collected by his congregation towards purchasing him a horse to replace the valuable one, "Bruin," which he recently lost.

It is but little over a year since Father L'Hiver came to reside in this parish. His zealous devotion to the cause of religion, and the interest he takes in the well being of those entrusted to his care, temporal as well as spiritual, has endeared him to us all. The sincere hope of his flock is that his stay in our midst may be long and prosperous. A CELT.

The Empress of Mexico, distracted by the troublous condition of things in Maximilian's kingdom, has become insane.

HON. W. A. BURLEIGH, a native of Waterville, has been re-elected delegate to Congress from Dakota. His opponent, Brookings, was also from Maine.

GRAND DIVISION S. OF T.—The officers of this body, for the ensuing year, were elected and installed at Richmond yesterday, as follows: Benj. F. Tallman, Richmond, G. W. P.; Albion J. Potter, Bath, G. W. A.; H. K. Morrill, Gardiner, G. S.; John S. Kimball, Bangor, G. T.; L. J. Fletcher, Bath, G. Chap.; C. B. Clagdon, G. C.; S. C. Archer, G. S.—The session was very fully attended, and a lively interest in the cause prevailed.

DEATH OF THEODORE DWIGHT.—Theodore Dwight was accidentally killed on Tuesday at the Jersey City railway station. He was a nephew of President Dwight and a son of the former editor of the old Hartford Mirror. Mr. Dwight was one of the founders of the American Ethnological Society, and was its secretary at the time of his death. His works were chiefly notes of travels, and among them were "The Tour of Italy," "The Northern Traveller," and "Summer Tours." He was for a long time editor of Dwight's American Magazine.

At the Cattle Show for Sagadahoc county, held at Brunswick, a colored man from Bath, carried off the first premium as the best gentleman rider. A good item for P. V. Nasby, to dilate upon.

Among the lost on the Evening Star was Wylie Harding, the man who resigned his commission in the United States Navy to marry Belle Boid.

The officers of the Freedmen's Bureau have recently invested the circumstances attending the camp meeting riot near Baltimore, some weeks since, and report that from a careful reading of the whole testimony it is impossible to resist the conclusion that a riot was premeditated, and that its object was an attack upon the colored people, and the breaking up of the camp meeting because of the alleged anti-slavery sentiments of the ministers and members of the church holding the meeting.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE. A fire occurred on Thursday night last in Portland in a row of wooden tenements between Fore and Commercial streets, occupied by six families, were destroyed. A man named Edward Slavin and his son aged nine years, perished in one of the burning buildings. The fire is supposed to have been the work of some incendiary named Mark Sullivan, who has been arrested.

BELFAST, ME., Oct. 22.—In the action against certain parties for destroying the Bangor Democrat office in August, 1861, which has been on trial in the Supreme Court in this city for a fortnight, the jury this evening, after being out for seven hours, returned a verdict of \$916 against John Taber of Oldtown and Samuel A. Mann of Bangor, and of not guilty as to the remaining fourteen defendants. The assessment of damages was to cover the property destroyed unnecessary for publishing the newspaper. The case goes to the full court upon exceptions.

POLITICAL DIFFICULTY IN MARYLAND. A serious collision of authority is apprehended in Baltimore between Gov. Swann and the Police Commissioners of that city. The trouble grows out of the enforcement of a law passed by the Legislature during the war, excluding all persons implicated in the rebellion from the polls, and establishing a rigid registration of voters for that purpose. The Police Commissioners are empowered to appoint the Judges of Elections in Baltimore, and it is understood that they have appointed officers who will enforce the law. Charges have been made against the Commissioners of alleged violation of the law, and Gov Swann has summoned them before him for trial. The Commissioners deny his jurisdiction and refuse to respond to the charges. Hence the apprehended collisions, which may result in violence and bloodshed. Gov. Swann is supported by the disfranchised rebels of the State, and the Commissioner by the loyal and legal voters.

The official returns in Pennsylvania show a republican majority of 17,709 in a vote of 600,000; and in Ohio the republican majority is 42,696 in a vote of 469,908.

We have seen hair changed to a pale sea green and a dirty brown by the use of "Hair Restorers" of various kinds, but we never saw it changed to its original auburn, brown or black, except by the use of "Dr. Knights' Oriental Hair Restorer," which is without question the only reliable preparation for the purpose. We counsel our friends to prove our assertion by giving this article a trial.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS reward will be paid by Messrs. C. G. Clark & Co., for a medicine that will cure coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, or relieve consumptive cough as Coo's Cough Balsam.

Let all our readers know that Coo's Dyspepsia Cure will stop cure the worst cases in existence, will start pain after eating as soon as you take it, and is a most excellent article for all diseases of the stomach and bowels.

We usually decline endorsing articles advertised in our columns; but make an exception in the case of the Steam-Refined Soaps of Messrs. Leathe & Gore. We are confident that all making trial of these, will find them very superior articles, and afforded at a reasonable price.

Having frequently expressed our opinion in these columns of the superior qualities of the J. Monroe Taylor Gold Medal Soap over any, and all others in the market, it appears unnecessary to occupy space to reaffirm that opinion. No eulogy can now add to its reputation, and no disparagement can detract from its merits. The secret of the universal favor which this Soap receives, lies in its invariable purity and excellence. It is one of those articles that returns to the consumer many times the cost.

## SQUIRREL HOLE.

There was a jolly fellow; not often happy so, Met at the Continental to eat and drink; How much they could do for him, I do not know, But 'twas no trifles you may safely think.

Among the rest a Paddy came To take his glass and sing a frostal league; We went give him now his real name, And will suppose his name was Teague.

Now, says Teague, for the needful to obtain, We each will ask a question from his noddle, And he who asks one that he can't explain, 'Tis for the public well he'll bestow his bottle.

To this proposal we will all agree, And if you have no serious objection, I will for asking foremost, do you see, And leave the answer to your self reflection.

You have often seen where squirrels dig their holes, What is the reason they are digging there? Why, answers one, that troubles not our souls, You asked the question, now you solve the doubt.

Well, says Teague, they being a crafty creature, They don't begin to dig as doth a mole, Being of a nature vastly nearer, They first begin at 'tender end the hole.

Stop, stop, says one, whose eyes did brightly stare, Whose brain dyspeptic, filled of digestion, How came your words, working mischief there? In truth, cries Teague, that's your own wise question.

Now here's a question not hard to digest, For with the public mind you'll all agree, That my molasses is cheaper and best, At fifty-five, than Rodington's at sixty-three.

Now, he may advertise and puff and blow, Do the best he can, and that for all his soul, I'll run him in the ground so quick, you know, That you may never find the little hole.

Sure I would advertise before I'd starve, My cupboard full of victuals, and my shelves, And a box of Gosnell's noted salve, To cure the horses that now have the scratches.

If you have things to sell, call in without delay, And I will buy and pay the highest price, For butter, cheese and eggs and hay, If you can recommend them fresh and nice.

WATERVILLE.

## NEW GOODS.

A full and well selected assortment of NEW STYLE MILLINERY GOODS

will be found at the

MISSES FISHER'S, Corner Main and Silver Streets.

West India Goods and Groceries.

I. MARSTON

SOLELY IMPORTER OF THE ABOVE GOODS, and proposes to keep constantly on hand a full assortment of first class

West India Goods and Groceries, embracing a full variety, such as will meet the wants of all classes of customers. With the best efforts to give satisfaction, both in the quality and price of his goods, he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. Store under the Mill Office. Waterville, Oct. 26, 1866.

P. S.—Not having any elephant to run, or poetry to write, or wife and family to support, he thinks he can sell goods at a lower or higher price than any other store. Call in and see his motto is, "Live and let Live."

NOTICE.

SOLE SEWERS, a very useful article, adapted to all Sewing Machines, for sale by MRS. FAIRB, over Thayer & Marton's. Please call and examine.

JET CHAINS and Jet headed Bolt Pins can be found at the MISSES FISHER'S.

VELVET BUTTONS—all colors; Crocheted Buttons, at the MISSES FISHER'S.

VELVET KIMBOS,







