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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 20, No. 19): November 9, 1866

Maxham & Wing

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BY F. B. HARTZ.

Have you heard the story that goes on?  
Of John Burns of Gettysburg?—No? Ah, well!  
Brief is the story of poor John Burns;  
He was the fellow who won renown—  
The only man who didn't back down  
When the rebels rode through his native town;  
But held his own in the fight next day,  
When all his fellows ran away.  
That was in July, sixty-three;  
The very day that General Lee,  
Flower of Southern chivalry,  
Battled and beaten backward reeled  
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how but the day before;  
John Burns stood at his cottage door,  
Looking down the village street,  
Where in the shade of his peaceful vine  
He heard the low of his gathered kine,  
Or felt their breath with incense sweet;  
Or might say, when the sunset burned  
The milk that fell in a babbling run  
The milk that fell in a babbling run  
Or how he faced the foe in the trees  
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.  
But all such fanciful thoughts as these  
Were strange to a practical man like Burns;  
He had no time for such idle dreams;  
Troubled no more by fancies fine,  
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine—  
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact;  
He signed the quietude to his flock;  
He was the reason, as some folks say,  
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right  
Reared for hours the heavy fight,  
Thundered the battery's double bass—  
Difficult music for men to face;  
While on the left—where now the graves  
Ere like the quietude of the place,  
That all day unceasing swept  
Up to the pits the rebels kept—  
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,  
Sown with bullets, raptures and blades;  
Shattered fences here and there  
Tossed their splinters in the air;  
The very trees were stripped and bare;  
The barns that once held yellow grain  
Were heaped with harvest of the slain,  
The cattle bellowed on the plain,  
The turkeys screamed with might and main,  
And brooding hens left their nest  
With strange shrill bursting in each nest.

Just where the file of battle turns,  
Ere and lo! stood old John Burns.

How do you think the man was dressed?  
He wore an ancient long buff vest,  
Yellow as saffron—but his best;  
And, buttoned over his manly breast,  
Was a bright buff coat with a rolling collar,  
And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar—  
With tails that country-folk called "swallow."  
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,  
White as the lilies of the field;  
Never had such a sight been seen since  
For forty years on the village green,  
Since John Burns was a country beau,  
And went to the "quitting" long ago.

Close at his elbows, all that day,  
Veterans of the Peninsula,  
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away.  
And striding, downy of lip and chin—  
Clarks that the Home Guard mustered in—  
Glanced, as they passed at the hat he wore,  
Then at the rifle right hand bore,  
And hailed him from out their youthful lore,  
With scraps of a slangy word:  
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"  
"Your head's level," and "Bully for you!"  
Called him "Daddy," and begged he'd disclose  
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,  
And what was the value he set on those;  
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,  
Stood there picking the rebels off,  
With his long brown rifle and bell-crowned hat,  
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

"I was but a moment, for that respect  
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;  
And something the willow's modest nod—  
Spoke in the old man's strong right hand,  
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown  
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;  
Until, as they gazed, there came an awe  
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,  
In the antique vestments and long white hair,  
The First of the Nation in battle here,  
And some of the soldiers since decline  
That the gleam of his old white hair  
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,  
That day was their oriflamme of war.

Thus raged the battle. You know the rest:  
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,  
Broke at the first charge and ran.  
At which John Burns—a practical man—  
Shouldered his rifle, raised his brows,  
And then went back to his bees and cows.

This is the story of old John Burns;  
It is the moral the reaper leaves;  
In taking the battle the question is, whether  
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather.

## THE SPINNING WHEEL.

[CONCLUDED.]

The next morning Hester looked up all the old spelling books in the house, and with many kind words of advice and encouragement, prepared the children for school. They departed in the highest spirits; and you must not suppose that Hester repined at her own lot, when I tell you, that closing the door upon her loneliness, she wept long and freely. They were natural tears, which were soon dried in the light of a cheerful spirit.

In a few days her task commenced, and many blameworthy Wilson for permitting his daughter to undertake it, in addition to the cares of the family. They knew not the strong affection, the yearning anxiety for the welfare of her brothers and sister, which prompted and supported her. Not a household duty was neglected; not one of the thousand nameless attentions to the comfort of her father omitted; but the board was as duly spread, the fire shone as brightly on the clean hearth, and no children were so neatly clad, or so punctual at school as those of Stephen Wilson.

If Hester's cheek grew a shade more pale with such continued exertion, she felt herself well repaid when, in addition to the remarkable progress of her brothers, she had the pleasure of hearing little Molly read a chapter in the Bible for the first time, and knew that through her means the hitherto sealed fountain of eternal life was opened to the precious child. But though animated by a noble purpose, and never for a moment regretting the choice she had made, Hester had her trials, and sore ones, too, for a young girl. Every morning, just as she had finished the work of the house, and was sitting down to her daily employment, Jimena Eldridge came by on her way to school, looking so fine, so happy—and Hester fancied that of late she had assumed airs of superiority over her old friends. At night, too, Jimena was sure to stop, in just to rest a minute; and some how or other she could talk of nothing but the schoolmaster, his beauty, his learning, his gentle manners, and interesting ill-health; and how she could not find out where he came from, or anything about him, a mystery which greatly enhanced his importance in her eyes—always ending by pitying poor Hester's hard fortune in having to stay at home. Twenty times a day did Hester blush to find herself thinking of the schoolmaster, whom she had not yet seen, and no wonder if she felt a little flurried when the children informed her that Mr. Avery, in his progress of "boarding round," would be their guest the next week. It was a new era in the life of Hester Wilson, for except her father and the good old minister, she had never spent an hour in the society of a gentleman. Not that Hester had not plenty of rustic admirers, but a certain dignity of manner had compelled them to rest content with rendering the homage of their eyes. Notwithstanding a natural grace that would have adorned any station, she was bashful to a painful degree, and would gladly have dispensed with the established usage; but it was not to be thought of, so she set herself resolutely to prepare for the reception of her expected guest.

The small parlor, which in those days, even in better houses than Mr. Wilson's, was often used as a sleeping apartment, was cleaned, the whitewashed fire-place filled with evergreens, and the well-stocked bed supplied with snowy linen. Two whole days were spent in preparing for his substantial entertainment, and "last, though not least," in the scale of importance, her slender wardrobe was examined, and a good deal of womanly indecision manifested, as to which of her two best dresses was the most becoming, the blue or the pink calico. At last the dreaded day arrived, and with it Edward Avery. Hester thought all her bustle and anxiety thrown away on one who seemed so dignified, so proud like, that he did not notice anything around him. He did not praise the pumpkin pies, apple tarts, or dough nuts, on the manufacture of which she had exhausted her skill; she would not have been pleased had he done so, yet she felt dissatisfied, and never was prisoner more rejoiced to escape from his thrallhold, than was Hester at nine o'clock to retreat to her little room. If it be true that our last waking thoughts flow on in dreams, you easily guess what visions haunted the pillow of Hester Wilson that night.

The next morning she cared less about it, and in a few days Edward came and went in his quiet way, seeming so like one of the family that she wondered how his presence could ever have disturbed her. The last evening of the week came, and Hester felt sad; perhaps she was thinking how much she should miss the interesting books Mr. Avery read aloud every evening, or that her father would be lonely when there was no one to talk with him, or—but whatever her thoughts were, her eyes were filled with tears, and she turned her wheel with renewed energy. At a small table near her st. Edward Avery, shading his eyes with his hand, seemingly absorbed in a book, but in reality studying with intense interest the half-averted face of the unconscious Hester.

He knew why she toiled early and late, when other girls of her age in the village were going to school, for Jack, in the ardor of his brotherly love, had revealed it. He had seen her affectionate and dutiful conduct as a daughter, her solicitude and untiring exertions for those who looked up to her, and as he gazed on her, so young, so devoted, with her slender figure bending gracefully as she pursued her humble occupation, he felt that he loved her, and every principle of his nature assented to the deep, fervent affection that had sprung up in his heart for the virtuous being before him. It was true she was poor and humble, but would not his excellent and pious mother welcome to her bosom, as a kindred spirit, one so amiable? And his lady-sisters, fashionable and refined though they were, would they not be proud of one so rich in personal attraction? He knew them too well to doubt it, and he longed to ascertain if he had created an interest in that innocent bosom. But Edward Avery was not governed by impulse, and resolved to study thoroughly the character of her whom he hoped to find ever worthy of his love.

"That must be a pleasant employment of yours, Miss Wilson," he said, laying down his book. "It seems to occupy a good deal of your time."

"I shall be candid enough to acknowledge that I do not pursue it for amusement," replied Hester, "pleasant as it may seem. It is necessary, and I do not regret the time it consumes."

"Perhaps, then, you would prefer devoting your evenings to study."

"It would be unwise to encourage desires," said Hester, averting her face still more, "which you must be aware, Mr. Avery, I have not the means of gratifying. It—" But a choking sensation prevented her from completing the sentence.

"Hester—for so I must call you—" said Edward, drawing his chair nearer to her side, "will you permit me to come sometimes, and bring a few books I have, with me?"

I never knew exactly what reply Hester made, but from that time Mr. Avery was a constant evening visitor at the cottage of Mr. Wilson, a circumstance in no way pleasing to his young lady scholars. Especially did it offend Jimena Eldridge, whose growing penchant for the handsome schoolmaster had rendered itself quite conspicuous. She was a coarse-minded girl, whose parents in their desire to accumulate wealth, had neglected her moral education, until she scrupled at no means by which she might attain her object.

Poverty, in her eyes, was one of the deadly sins, and never doubting that others thought likewise, she took every opportunity to speak of the unfortunate circumstances of Mr. Wilson, affecting to pity Hester, whom she represented as being exceedingly proud, and suffering the keenest mortification, because she could not hold up her head with other girls in the village. To all this Edward deigned not the slightest reply, and she proceeded to hint that Hester was voluble in her friendships, and heartless, besides being so vain of her good looks as to suppose they would one day procure her the situation in life to which she aspired.

Her malicious insinuations felt powerless on the ear to which they were addressed; and Jimena Eldridge, with her affected airs of gentility, became his utter aversion. Finding the evening visits of Edward still continue, she changed her attacks to a more vulnerable quarter.

"Do you know," said she to Hester, as she called one morning at Mr. Wilson's, "what folks say about you?"

"About me? Nothing bad, I hope," said Hester, looking up in surprise, from an apron she was making for little Molly.

"Bad enough, I should think," retorted Jimena, "when they say that it is very imprudent in you to allow Mr. Avery to visit here so often, and you a young girl without a mother or an elder sister. And I am sure Mr. Avery don't think any better of you, for this morning he wrote in little Mr. Ly's copy book, 'Familiarity breeds contempt,' as if on purpose for you to see it."

Poor Hester covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Now, don't cry," said her tormentor, rejoicing in her heart that she had at last touched the right chord, "or I shall believe what they say, that you are in love with Mr. Avery."

She shut the door and left Hester writhing in all the agonies of wounded pride, and the humiliating belief that Edward thought lightly of her.

The fact was, Jimena had invented and uttered a wilful falsehood, for "they say"—whose authority she quoted—was just nobody at all; but Hester, who was the truth itself, believed all she heard. "I have indeed been imprudent in seeing him so often," she exclaimed; "I have listened to his voice too long, and, fool that I was, I sometimes thought—Oh! I am wretched—wretched!" And she wrung her hands.

"But he'll find I did not let the weak, vain girl be intrigué. I will see him no more."

That day the book they were reading was returned to Edward with the message, verbally delivered by Jack, "that she stood in no further need of his instructions."

But oh! how long were the days to Hester as she sat at her monotonous toil, uncheered by the anticipated pleasure of the evening; and how dull, and intolerably tedious were the evenings! Weeks passed on, and rumors of the schoolmaster's attention to Jimena not infrequently caused her heart to sink in her bosom.

Yet, what to her was Edward Avery! And a quick blush would spread over her features. To crown her trials Mrs. Eldridge called one day and requested her to take great pains with her spinning, for she had determined to lay by the linen for Jimena. "You know," Hester gets no time to spin, now that she is so taken up with learning; indeed, we do not wish her to do such drudgery—we can well afford to hire it done; but as to this piece of linen—to be sure Jimena is close enough on the subject, but if one can believe what other people say, there is no telling how soon she will want it. Mr. Avery, you know, boards altogether at our house now; and though he never even speaks to Jimena when I am by, I've no doubt it's done on purpose to blind me—you people are so sly. Mr. Avery is a nice young man, though I can't say but Jimena might do better." And there she fairly stopped for lack of breath.

For a long time after Mrs. Eldridge departed, Hester sat motionless by her wheel, with her hands crossed on her lap, while the palest of pale thoughts stole over her features told of a struggle going on, deep, deep beneath the placid surface. From that time the utmost care was bestowed upon her work, for was it not to grace the table of Edward?

The winter came to a close, and so did the time during which Edward had engaged to fill the office of schoolmaster. Hester had so often more at least to know why I sent him such a message, that she had almost persuaded herself she had just cause to be quite angry, and was really vexed with herself that she thought of the subject at all; but the more she strove to banish it, the more constantly it occurred to her mind. When the day came which she knew was fixed for his departure, she asked herself again and again, "Will he not come to bid us good-bye?" In the words of the old song,

"How could she think of spinning?"

So she put up her wheel, and looked up the road in the direction of the school-house, though she knew he was not there, and down the road in an opposite direction. All day she hurried about the house, arranging and re-arranging everything in it; but it grew dark, and he had not come. No! he was not coming. Why should he wish to see her? She had spoken to him so distantly and coldly when they met at church, or by accident in the street, that—

but just then came a gentle tap at the door, and Edward entered. Hester raised her eyes; how pale he looked, and sad too, very sad, as if some great trouble weighed on his mind. Her heart smote her, and it was with difficulty that she requested him to be seated while she called her father.

"Hester," he said, "it is I wish to see. Will you listen to me a few moments?"

Hester could not speak but she sat down, and Edward continued.

"I scarcely need tell you, Hester, that I love you. You must have seen it during those long evenings that we read and conversed together. When I heard of all your goodness, and saw you, so young and beautiful, devoting all your energies to your family—when I sat by you, evening after evening, and discovered new and rich treasures of intellect which had lain hidden gems till I drew them forth, and compared the pure freshness of your feelings with the hackneyed world in which I have mingled—

—is it strange that I loved you? But I spoke not of it—I dared not—until—pardon me, Hester, if it was presumption—until the eye that dropped beneath the glance of mine, the blush, the trembling voice, encouraged me to hope.

On the very day that I determined to place my happiness at your disposal, I received that cruel message. Ah! Hester, it was not like you. It wounded me deeply, for I perceived at once that an enemy had gained your ear. I was too proud to intrude on you unbidden, and should probably have left the village without seeing you; but last night I heard the whole from one, who, I am pained to learn, has been harboring for me a warmer sentiment than it is in my power to return. I pity, I forgive her the injury she would have inflicted on my peace—shall I say yours, Hester?"

He took a hand that was not withdrawn, and as he bent to kiss it, warm tears fell upon his face—such tears as are only shed when the heart is too full for utterance.

It was late that night when Edward tore himself away from the cottage of Mr. Wilson, and early the next morning he left the village for his own distant home, while Hester, serious and thoughtful, yet with a deep, calm joy at her heart, moved about the house in the performance of her customary duties.

Every week during the long summer that followed, a letter arrived at the post-office, directed, as the post-master said, in the most beautiful hand, but which he would deliver to no one but Jack Wilson, who regularly called for it, at the same time dropping into the box a small, neat packet, bearing the name of Edward Avery.

A knowledge of this circumstance converted the last drop of kindness in the heart of the ignorant, conceited and disappointed Jimena Eldridge into gall, which she vented in the bitterest invectives against the innocent Hester. Her temper was soon after still further soured, for her father, on making his quarterly payment at Mr. Johnson's store, discovered that his daughter had purchased, without his knowledge, articles of dress, or rather useless finery, to a large amount. Although he could easily have paid for it, he resolved to punish her, and insisted that the beautiful bird's-eye table linen,

which was laid by for her, should go to pay the debt; and she had the still greater mortification of hearing Mrs. Johnson say she should keep it for her own use, as she had never seen a piece of linen so fine and beautifully white, and that Hester Wilson deserved a premium for her work.

Summer too, passed away—and one bright frosty morning in early autumn, when the bright yellow leaves of the large walnut tree by the door came pattering down like rain, a plain yet handsome carriage was seen descending the hill, at the foot of which neared the village. Hester's heart beat quicker and quicker, as it came nearer. Yes, it has stopped and a gentleman springs lightly out. It is certainly Edward Avery, and yet how different! The threadbare suit of rusty black, which composed the outer man of the whilom schoolmaster, had been superseded by garments of the finest material and modern fashion, but the change in his personal appearance was still more striking. His truly noble countenance, beaming with health and happiness, seemed to Hester at least, more interesting than the pale, melancholy features of the invalid schoolmaster.

"May God bless you, Hester!" said Mr. Wilson, as a week afterwards she stood by the same carriage, leaning on the arm of Edward, habited in a neat riding dress, and looking, as Jack declared, for all the world like a born lady. "May God bless you, and make you a blessing to your husband as you have been to your father. Do not cry, Hester," he continued, his own tears falling fast; "Mr. Ly is now large enough to fill your place. Come soon and see us." And amid the weeping farewells of those to whom she was so dear, the carriage drove off.

How lonely did the house appear when Mr. Wilson, after closing the shutters to keep out the sun, sat down by the hearth, and felt that the light and joy of his dwelling was gone. Nothing but the prospect of her happiness could have consoled him for the loss of his good and dutiful child. Molly went to the little room which she had shared with her sister, threw herself on the bed and wept till she fell into a sleep, from which she awoke determined to be to her father and brothers what Hester had been, and if she did not always succeed, it was not because she forgot the example. Henry strolled away into the fields, but Jack marched into the village, where he talked about his brother-in-law, Edward Avery, Esq., and told how he was the only son of a rich widow lady, away off in some city, he forgot where; how he studied so hard to become a lawyer that his mother feared he was in consumption, and the doctors said he must give up his books and go into the country; so merely for the exercise, and because he could not be idle, he had taught their school. "And you see," said Jack, "that if he was to travel over the United States, he could not find a better nor a handsomer wife than our Hester. But I must go home, and see if Molly knows how to get supper." And away he ran to conceal the tears which he thought might be considered a disgrace to his manhood.

Hester was indeed the wife of a talented young lawyer, and the virtues which raised her from a humble station, ennobled and adorned the higher ones she afterwards filled. Her husband became a wealthy, influential man, and with his consent, she bestowed many benefits on her family. The wheel that had been the instrument of effecting so much good, was preserved with an affection almost amounting to veneration. One of the daily lessons of Molly, who lived with her after the death of her father, was taken on the spinning-wheel, and it was given to her by Hester, on her wedding-day, as a token that industry is the surest road to respectability and happiness.

Hester is gone, and Molly, a white-haired woman, alone remains waiting in patient hope for a meeting in that world where "the weary are at rest," while she cherishes with the gratitude of a younger heart the memory of a sister's love.

What I have related, my dear girls, is strictly true, for Hester Wilson was my own, almost idolized sister, and you will no longer wonder that I love to sit and spin on this wheel which is the very same she used so many, many years ago. The aged may well be excused for some old-fashioned ways, when they are all that connect them with the past, like a staff on which memory leans as she retraces the devious path of life."

Night had thrown her sable veil over the silvery locks of the aged, and the fair curls of the young, Mrs. Mason concluded; and bidding them good-night, she closed the door of her sleeping apartment, and besought him who giveth the increase, that the seed she had sown might bring forth fruit, even an hundred fold.

WHAT IS AN OLD MAD?—Never be afraid of becoming an old mad, fair reader. An old mad is far more honorable than a heartless wife; and "single blessedness" is greatly superior, in point of happiness, to wedded life without love. "Fall not in love, dear girls,—beware!" says the song. But we do not agree with said song on this question. On the contrary, we hold that it is a good thing to fall in love or get in love, if the loved object be a worthy one. To fall in love with an honorable man is as proper as it is for an honorable woman to fall in love with a virtuous and amiable man; and what could be a more gratifying spectacle than a sight so pure, so approaching in its devotion to the celestial? No; fall in love as soon as you like, provided it be with a suitable person. Fall in love, and then marry; but never marry unless you do love.

That's the great point. Never marry for a "home" or a "husband." Never degrade yourself by becoming a party to such an alliance. Never sell yourself, body and soul, on terms so contemptible. Love dignifies all things; it ennobles all conditions. With love, the marriage rite is truly a sacrament. Without it, the ceremony is a base fraud, and the act a human desecration. Marry for love, or not at all. Be an "old maid" if fortune throws not in your way the man of your heart; and though the wildest may sneer, and the jester may laugh, you still have your reward in an approving conscience and a comparatively peaceful life.

For well-to-do old bachelors we have no sympathy. They ought to be taxed nine tenths of all they are worth, to support women and children.

[Phrenological Journal.]

A FEW OF MY THOUGHTS.—I heard a remark at the breakfast table this morning that has set me to thinking. A lady, yes, a wife—said, in the presence of a number of people, that she did not know what she would do if she had to get her own meals; she believed she would starve. Just think of it! a woman of forty, stout and hearty, with the ordinary number of external senses, starving for want of knowledge to cook a potato or broil a beef steak! I have no idea the lady would starve, even though reduced to the extreme necessity of preparing her own meals; but I do think it pitiful that a woman should confess her own ignorance without a blush when there is no necessity for the ignorance or for the confession of it.

To be ignorant is bad enough; but to boast of ignorance is contemptible. There is a class of silly, idle girls and women who think it genteel to be ignorant of all those arts that tend in any wise to make them helpful to themselves or others. It is genteel to learn to play upon an instrument that a girl seldom uses after her school days are over; but it is exceedingly vulgar to know how to cook a dinner that might bring health and comfort to a household.

It is education to study chemistry and botany, and mental faculties with combinations and affinities without practical application; but it is degradation to understand the compounds that constitute the wonderful laboratory of human life—the elements that supply bone and muscle—the agencies that control physical, mental, and spiritual life.

I do not say that a woman should spend a large proportion of her time in the kitchen and larder; but she should know what is there, and how to prepare the materials for wholesome use. Knowledge is time as well as power. How long, for instance, would it take a woman to instruct her child in the art of cooking a bit of steak properly, provided she knew how herself?

The mistress need not always stand over the gridiron, but she should know the difference between a gridiron and a frying-pan, and under what circumstances they should be used. She should not allow her servant to make dyspepsia of a whole family by converting a tender soup into a detestable piece of sole leather, which would require the gastric power of an ox to digest. Knowledge of every-day wants and necessities need not make a lady less elegant in the parlor and drawing room, while such knowledge well directed in ordering the arrangements of a household would redeem time for the cultivation of mind and heart that is now spent in deprecating the stupidity of incorrigible Biddies.

In this country, the mistress must either have wisdom to direct properly the affairs of her household, or suffer the results of ignorance and stupidity. She may hire Biddies, but she cannot hire brains; indeed, I doubt whether brain is any longer an article of foreign importation. If Biddy works mechanically, her mistress must direct intelligently; and brain is a very essential element in the preparation of a wholesome, digestible dinner.

If some of the women that I know would spend half the time in wisely and skillfully directing their servants that they now spend in growling about them, methinks there would be many happier households, and more refinement and intelligence among the inmates.

Mothers are much to blame for the misery that is found in many homes. They do not educate their daughters to practical intelligence and self-helpfulness. They in too many instances make dolls of their daughters and slaves of themselves; and as a consequence, when the daughter marries, she finds herself overwhelmed with cares and responsibilities which she is totally incapable to meet; and the marriage relation, instead of being that beautiful and poetic existence which maiden fancy had pictured, becomes simply a wretched life of conflicts with servants, and an interminable wail about the miseries of housekeeping. Mothers allow their daughters before marriage to exhaust their nervous energies in the elaborate preparation of a wedding trousseau, while they remain utterly ignorant of the combinations required for making an ordinary pudding or a decent loaf of bread.

I have heard over-indulgent mamma say: "They would shield their daughters as long as they could; that trials and cares would come soon enough, when they would be obliged to learn." But why make the cares and responsibilities of life doubly irksome and burdensome by allowing them to come all at once without any previous training or preparation for them?

I have recently read a very excellent book by Mrs. Warren, an English lady, that meets my hearty approval. It is entitled, "How I Managed my Children from Infancy to Marriage." It is full of practical wisdom and interesting personal experience, and possesses a rare fund of valuable common-sense. It shows how children may, by judicious management, be made practically intelligent, self-helpful, useful and happy.

I would recommend this very pleasant and suggestive little volume to the thoughtful attention of every mother and woman in our land.

[THE BOUNTY.]

THE GUARDS OF JEFF DAVIS REMOVED.—The parole granted Jeff Davis some time ago, giving him the privilege of the fortress during the day, has been extended through executive clemency, in removing all surveillance of him and the guards from his room in Carroll Hall at night. Instructions to this effect have been sent from Washington to Gen. Benton, commanding the fort, thus depriving his imprisonment of anything like severity, and paying the way, as is generally presumed, for a final parole and release. All the guards over him, both during the day and night, being removed, he now enjoys every possible means of comfort and pleasure. It is said he has expressed great satisfaction at this action of government, and already contemplates visiting Carroll Hall and taking up his residence with Mrs. Davis in apartments assigned her shortly after her arrival here.

A DOUBLE MURDER.—A horrible murder was committed at Coldwater, Mich., recently. Mrs. Ebenezer Leach and George O. Brown, a young lawyer, were shot dead while walking together in the street. The murderer is the husband of Mrs. Leach, and has been arrested. Jealousy is supposed to be the cause.

A clergyman, in struggling to explain the warning, vivifying influence of divine love in the heart of man, at last said: "Why, love is the elementary principle of warmth and life, as may be seen by the fact that on the coldest winter day a loving young couple will be all aglow in a room in which a prosy old bachelor would freeze to death."

READING ALOUD.—"I think it is much to be regretted that this charming accomplishment is not more cultivated by ladies. You see half a dozen girls in a family, whether they are musical or not, doomed to hours of practice of the piano, which is in fact often so many hours of precious time wasted. How few ever play sufficiently well to be listened to with pleasure; and many of those who do play decently give it up as soon as they are married. I am not speaking against music—let those who have a real taste for it devote themselves to it, but certainly it is not to be viewed as an educational necessity, like geography or history. Now there are few people who cannot be taught to read well, and there are a thousand ways in which a good reader can give pleasure. When fathers and husbands come home tired from their professional duties of the day, how pleasant it is to have the paper, or some good review read aloud by wives or daughters. But to do this well it is certainly difficult of study is requisite; first of all it is necessary to acquire a habit of sustaining the voice; then one must learn to modulate the tones, to attend to punctuation, and, above all, the reader must have a fair appreciation of the author's meaning. This involves a study of general literature, which is sadly needed by most young ladies who are supposed to have finished their education. It is impossible to estimate sufficiently the importance of reading aloud in the family circle. Children are wonderfully impressed by hearing poetry; their tastes are formed, and their minds stored with knowledge, often far beyond their years, if they have been brought up where English classics are read and talked about. And in after life how often, amidst turmoil and trouble, some scrap of poetry or prose comes back to us in the tones in which we heard it read. Some noble sentiment—some pure thought—is thus forever associated with the tender grace of a day that is dead, and with the sound of a voice that is still." It has always struck me that true refinement of mind is more shown in this simple accomplishment than in almost any other.

KEEPING AND SETTLING COFFEE.—The following appears valuable: "For one pound of coffee, take one egg and beat it well. When the coffee is nicely browned and cool enough not to cook the egg, pour the egg over it, stirring it until every kernel is coated with a varnish, and let it stand a few minutes in a warm place until it dries. This will prevent the escape of all aroma, is not effected by moisture, and the egg helps settle the coffee when it is ground and steeped."

[American Agriculturist.]

MORE HOME-MADE INK RECIPES.—Put two ounces each of gum arabic, extract of logwood, powdered nut-galls, and copperas, in a stone jug with a quart of hot water; set the jug in a kettle of water upon the stove, for 12 hours. Shake it up occasionally, and it will be fit for use in about a month. Frost does not injure it. I have used this for 18 years. Another.—Dissolve in one gallon of rain water, 10 1/2 ounces powdered nutgalls, 3 1/2 ounces gum arabic, and 3 ounces copperas. Shake frequently, and in two or three weeks it will become good. Keep closely corked. It will endure for centuries.

[American Agriculturist.]

Andy Cummings, who used to live down in Connecticut, was a cute "down easter"—a real live yankee, hard to beat. He was once in a country bar-room "down South," where several gentlemen were assembled, when one of them said, "Yankee Cummings, if you'll go out and stick your penknife into any thing, when you come back I'll tell you what it's sticking in." "Yer can't do no such thing," responded Cummings. "I'll bet ten dollars on it," answered the Southerner. "Wal, I rather guess I'll take that er bet. Here, captain," turning to the landlord, "hold stakes, and jist make half a saw-horse in less than no time." The parties deposited an X apiece and C. departed on his mission, but in a short time he returned, saying, "Wal, neighbor, what's it sticking in?" "In the handle," replied the Southerner, holding out his hands for the stakes. "Guess not jist wait a minnit," said the Yankee, holding up the handle of his knife minus the blade. "I kalkilate the blade can't be in the handle when it's driv clean up in an old stump aside of yer road out thar." Cummings, of course, won the wager, and the Southerner sloped for parts unknown, amid roars of laughter.

A correspondent of the New York Times, travelling in Bavaria, on foot, sees some things not met with in Yankee land.

A QUEER TEAM.—I marched on till toward night without finding any "items." At last I came up with a team that attracted my attention, and I journeyed alongside of it to inspect it somewhat. It was a little donkey—the smallest I ever saw—hitched in a drag as large as you see in New York, the shafts of which were so wide apart that the donkey might have stooped cross-wise between them. Between them and behind the donkey was a man who had a rope over his shoulders as if he would pull, but at first I could not see that the donkey could make any use of him at all. But, finally, the drag went down a slight hill, and I found that it was his business to "hold back" and the donkey's to draw up the hill. I had seen a pair of cows often enough in a team, a mule and a horse, and a cow and a mule hitched together, and hundreds of dog wagons, but never before had I seen a man and a donkey working together between the same shafts.

WOMEN PLOWING.—I left them and walking on, I saw in a field of potatoes what I had never expected to see, at least in a land pretended to be civilized, to wit: women harnessed to a plow! You may not believe me, but if I did not see them so employed—two of them dragging a plow between two rows of potatoes and a third holding it—then may the hair of my head turn to wool and may I eat grass the remainder of my days! In that one afternoon, walking fifteen miles out from Munich, I saw no less than a hundred times, poor, weary women, ready to drop under their enormous loads of marketing or wood, trudging patiently along towards Munich, or from it, while the swinish beasts—I will not call them men—marched serenely beside them, carrying no pound of anything save their own bloated and beer-soaked bodies; and never offered to touch the burdens with so much as one of their fingers.

The captain of a whale-ship tells us that he could not refrain from expressing his sincere pity to a native of Spitzbergen, for the miserable life to which he was condemned in that inhospitable climate. "Miserable!" exclaimed the indignant savage. "I have always had a fish bone through my nose, and plenty of good fish to eat to drink. What more could I possibly desire!"

A clergyman, in struggling to explain the warning, vivifying influence of divine love in the heart of man, at last said: "Why, love is the elementary principle of warmth and life, as may be seen by the fact that on the coldest winter day a loving young couple will be all aglow in a room in which a prosy old bachelor would freeze to death."



## Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . NOV. 9, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. H. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 57 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the *WATERVILLE MAIL* and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

R. H. PETERSON, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 10 State street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

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

**TEN HOURS A DAY.**—No fact can be stated in relation to the intelligence of the factory operatives of this country, so degrades them, as that they are held to unreasonable hours of labor against their will. Indeed, the whole truth is more than this; they are held to this unreasonable servitude against the example of nearly all other classes of laborers. Even a worse feature still is found in the fact that this obvious wrong is opposed to the best moral convictions of all classes, not only of laborers but employees,—excepting, by courtesy, the small but powerful clan by whose golden fetters the oppression is enforced. When the government at Washington demands but six or seven hours of its well-salaried clerks, these capitalists hold their laborers to nearly double this time of much harder work. Well may the slaveholder apply the term slave to those who are not permitted an hour of the twenty-four for recreation or intellectual culture. If all classes of laborers were held to the same bonds, there would soon be no freemen but such as were able to live without work.

Every few months the public are reminded of the existence of this great wrong, by an outcry from the operatives of a factory here or there, who are struggling to break their chains. But a short time since it was heard from Lewiston. The degrading truth thus came out that eleven or twelve hours of close confinement to labor, in the greasy atmosphere of the factory, was required by manufacturing companies that had been reported as dividing from twenty to forty per cent. profits! The substance of the argument against the operatives was, that a reduction of time would reduce the profits.

Just now the cry is a strike at Fall River. The operatives cry out under their burden, and ask that ten hours may be considered a day's work. They are put off with a promise that their request shall be granted after January 1st, and with a threat that all who attempt to make less than the required time will be considered as leaving without notice. They persist in demanding a reduction now. So the matter stands; but it is the strong against the weak—the rich against the poor—and it is easy to see which will have to yield.

It is high time that public sentiment should demand that no class of capitalists in this country shall be permitted to create, by their just for gain, a class of ignorant and degraded men, women and children, such as exist in the old countries. The present system, if allowed to continue, will speedily reach this result. Ten hours is even more than factory operatives should be required to work.

**"PRETTY WELL UP."**—The American Agriculturist adorns its first page with a fair picture of the Spanish Merino buck, "Golden Fleecy," which took the first prize at the late New England and Vermont Fair at Brattleboro, Vt., and for which its owner has been offered, as the Agriculturist says, the pretty price of fifteen thousand dollars. This picture, by the way, is only a sample of the hundreds of similar attractions for which that valuable monthly is so much esteemed. No wonder that over a hundred thousand copies are regularly circulated among the farmers of our country. It has put millions of money in their pockets. Its price is but \$1.50, and it is so completely adapted to meet all classes of readers, from the child to the grandfather, that those who once subscribe for it can never afford to do without it. Some of its pictures in natural history are worth framing; and in botany, horticulture, machinery, and almost anything else, its pictures are both useful and beautiful. It is only by its immense circulation that it can be published at so low a price.

**THE CATTLE MARKETS** this week were well supplied—3400 cattle being reported, with 13,000 sheep, 4000 hogs, and ten tons of live poultry. The prices of cattle, says the Boston Advertiser, remained unchanged, but pork and poultry were lower. Maine contributed 410 cattle and 313 sheep. D. Wells sold young cattle for beef, five for 40c, 40 sh.; three at 11c, 40 sh.; five at 12c, 38 sh.

**A SOCIAL LEVEE** will be held at Hodgdon's Hall, Hunter's Mills, Clinton, on Thursday and Friday evenings, Nov. 15th and 16th. All the concomitants of a good time are set down in the bills.

**THE ELECTIONS.**—The result of the various State Elections on Tuesday, is fully up to the fashion set in September. The congressional elections show a loss of two members in N. York city, but a gain of the same number in two other districts. Fenton, the republican candidate for governor, is elected by over two thousand majority.

Massachusetts shows but little more than a respectable "scattering" vote against the republican ticket. Delaware and Maryland have gone with the rebel States, as was expected; though the latter was accomplished only by the treachery of the disloyal voters. In New Jersey the republicans gain one member of Congress, and secure a United States Senator, in the place of Wright, democrat, by a large majority in the legislature. Michigan elects all republican Congressmen, and a governor of the same stamp, by fifteen to twenty thousand majority. Michigan vetoes My Policy by over 25,000 majority. All the republican congressmen are elected by increased majorities.

Illinois gives us a rousing republican victory, with twelve out of the fourteen members of Congress as before, and an estimated popular majority of 40,000, against 30,476 in 1864. Last year there was no election.

Wisconsin.—The report is of heavy gains all over the State—five out of six Congressmen, as now,—a popular majority of 15,000 to 18,000.

Minnesota.—The State is carried by about 7000 majority—a gain of 3500 over last year. Both Congressmen republican.

From Kansas but few returns, but all looking well.

In Missouri, the radical ticket is elected by a large majority without doubt. The relative strength of the two parties will probably not be changed in the House of Representatives, but in the U. S. Senate, the true Union men will gain two.

**A CENTENARY MEETING** of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be held at the Congregational Church next Sunday evening, Nov. 11th, commencing at 7 o'clock. Rev. Charles Munger will deliver an address, and other speakers are expected to be present. It is expected that Rev. Mr. Munger will preach at the Unitarian church next Sabbath forenoon.

**DEFERRED.**—Dr. Sheldon's third evening lecture, on the subject of Unitarian belief, will be deferred one week, on account of the Methodist Centenary exercises, which take place at the Congregational church on Sunday next.

The Unitarian Hymn Books have arrived and may be had on application to Henry Taylor.

**CHANGE.**—The Unitarian Levee will be on Monday and Tuesday evenings, Nov. 19 and 20.

Rev. Dr. Wilson baptized two persons at the Bay, last Sabbath morning, to whom he afterward gave the right hand of fellowship as members of the Baptist church.

REV. J. W. PARKER, of Stockbridge, Mass., who has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Baptist church in this village, will enter upon his labors next Sabbath.

**THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES** of the late Major George C. Getchell, whose body arrived on Friday, were held at the Baptist Church in this village, last Sabbath afternoon. Rev. Dr. Champlain, whose pupil he had been in College, paid a warm tribute to his worth as a man and a soldier. Wrapped in the flag, under which he had so faithfully served, his remains were borne to the church by the members of Waterville Lodge of Freemasons, and afterwards deposited in Pine Grove Cemetery, with the usual ceremonies of the Fraternity. "Sweet sleep the brave who for their country die."

We are requested to say that the President of the College will receive proposals till the 1st of December for hauling the stone for the new building during the winter, from the Eaton Lodge, by the yard. As it is to be hauled as fast as quarried, two smart double teams will be required. There will be about seven hundred yards.

We are under obligations to Hon. J. G. Blaine, for several public documents, including the second volume of the Census Report. We would count it a favor if some one would send us the first volume, devoted to population.

**GOOD TEMPLARS.**—At a regular meeting of Faithful Lodge No. 72, Kendall's Mills, Nov. 6th, the following officers were duly installed for the quarter ending Feb. 1st:—  
S. H. Blackwell, W. C. F.  
Miss E. J. Witherell, W. V. F.  
J. S. Chase, W. S.  
J. M. Noyes, W. F.  
J. R. Foss, W. F. S.  
C. Fowler, W. C.  
C. Manter, W. M.  
Mrs. J. S. Chase, W. I. G.  
J. S. Noyes, W. O. G.  
Mrs. Maria Mayo, W. D. M.  
W. A. S.  
Miss Abbie R. Neal, R. H. S.  
Miss Louise Lewis, L. H. S.  
S. Connor, P. W. C. F.

The Portland Advertiser says the French style of roof is generally adopted on the dwelling houses going up in that city. Singularly enough, there is not, as yet, even one specimen of this style of roof in our town, but we noticed two or three in Norridgewock, one of which is on the new Eaton School building, and makes a very good appearance.

**WATERVILLE CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.**—Members of the High School and all other persons, who wish to attend the Institute the last half of the term, should begin on Monday, the 12th inst., if they would secure the whole half term.

## OUR TABLE.

**THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW** for October has the following table of contents:—  
The Irish Church; The Apostles, by Ernest Renan; The English and their origin; The Abbe Lanennan on Dante; The Canadian Confederation and the Reciprocity Treaty; The Dog—His Intelligence; Our North Pacific Colonies; The Forest of Fontainebleau; Contemporary Literature.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 38 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any of the two Reviews, \$7; any of the three Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$12; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

**BEADLE'S MONTHLY** for November contains the opening chapters of a new romance by Mrs. M. V. Victor, entitled "Who was He?" the conclusion of the thrilling story of "The Romance of the Green Seal;" an illustrated article on the "Second Ascent of Mount Shasta;" and another on the Sea Serpent; with many other interesting articles, the whole making a very attractive number of this popular monthly.

Published by Beadle & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

**MERRY'S MUSEUM** for November contains another chapter of "Wild Oats," by Sophie May, a popular juvenile writer of our own State; a great many other good stories, poems, lively chat, &c., prettily illustrated.

Published by E. H. Fales, New York, at \$1.50 a year.

**THE LADIES' REPOSITORY** for November has two embellishments:—Lauterbrunnen with the Staubbach (Switzerland), and a handsome portrait of Eugenie the Empress of France. The number is full of excellent religious and miscellaneous reading.

Published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$2.50 a year.

**BUNKER'S PLAN.**—Calling upon that good republican, E. G. Pratt, Esq., of Kendall's Mills, a few days ago, we found him superintending the preparation of a large field of corn on the method practised by Daniel Bunker, Esq., for many years. Mr. Pratt had tried it in a small way, last season, and was so well satisfied with the result that he was induced to repeat the experiment on a larger scale. This method, which was described at length in our paper some years ago, is to prepare the land in the fall, furrowing out and applying the manure in the hill, and covering it, leaving nothing to be done in the Spring but to drop and cover the seed. The farmer's work always crowds him in the Spring, and a method of cultivation that will enable him to do a portion of it in the Fall, will of course find favor.

**COL. ZEMRO A. SMITH**, of Ellsworth, is mentioned for Secretary of State under Gov. Chamberlain; and if a change is to be made it is conceded that he is the man for the place. Those who, like the Colonel, did good service in the field, should be remembered in the distribution of the officers of profit and honor.

**"OPEN COMMUNION."**—This is the title of a neat pamphlet of seven pages, by Rev. Henry A. Sawtelle, formerly of Waterville, and late pastor of the Second Baptist Church at San Francisco, Cal. Mr. S. has resigned the pastorate of his church on account of a change of his sentiments on this subject. He is known here as a candid and earnest christian, whose views upon any subject are likely to be sustained by as good arguments as can be found; and, without touching the merit of the question it discusses, we venture to say that he handles it with much ability, and that his essay will command a wide and careful perusal, especially among those who know him.

**HARPER'S WEEKLY.**—This handsomely illustrated paper, an advertisement of which will be found in another column, we can heartily recommend to public patronage. Its editorials are upon the right side and ably written, and some of its illustrations are powerful arguments for truth and right. Its stories, too, are of the better class, and generally such as are profitable to read.

**LOOK OUT FOR CHICKEN THIEVES!**—Mr. Brackett, on the Seavey farm, just above the village, lost twelve nice turkeys and about twenty-five hens and chickens one night last week.

**RODNEY COLLINS**, Esq., of North Anson, as we learn from the Advocate, was instantly killed, on Friday last, by being drawn into the machinery of his gristmill. He was about sixty-two years old, a much esteemed citizen of the town, where he for many years held the office of Postmaster. He was buried with Masonic honors.

**THEATRE!**—On Saturday evening, for the first time in several years, a well-endorsed theatrical company will perform at Town Hall. "The Corsican Brothers," a play of great interest, in which the well-known and popular actress, Miss Helen Western, takes the leading part, is doubtless attraction enough to fill the hall; and those who secure seats will have to stir lively.

**BATES COLLEGE**, as we learn by a neatly printed catalogue from the Journal office, Lewiston, returns a total of 48 students, and the Seminary numbers 176.

**MR. J. D. GARDNER**, an old and well known resident of Gardiner, died very suddenly in an apoplectic fit, on Thursday last.

A movement is on foot which promises to be successful, to connect Wisconsin with the Kennebec valley by railroad.

Two colored men have been elected to the Massachusetts Legislature, and the sun still continues to rise and set.

**A WARNING.**—Two lads of our village were bound over for trial at a higher court, on Thursday, for breaking into Mr. Thorne's Restaurant recently, and stealing articles therefrom.

**DENTIST.**—Dr. Burgess has taken the rooms over Alden's Jewelry store, Main St., for the practice of Dentistry. With several years experience, in Maine and at the West, and the commendation of well known gentlemen of Augusta and other places where he has made himself known in his profession, he will doubtless be able to secure at least his proportion of the patronage of the ladies and gentlemen of Waterville and vicinity.

[See his advertisement in another column.]

**THE BAPTIST MINISTERIAL INSTITUTE** will commence a session of a week or more, in this village, on Tuesday next.

Col. Roberts has issued a stirring address to the Fenian Brotherhood, calling on them to form themselves into military companies at once. "The neutrality laws," he says, "will not prevent them, and British influence will no longer be allowed to rule this country to your injury and Ireland's. Strange events are in the future, and you know not how soon you may be called upon to strike again for Ireland. Let not the occasion or call find you unprepared." He treats them to work. Instructions requiring secrecy will be sent to the circles.

Gen. Grant's famous order of last July, directing the military authorities to take action in criminal cases which were not prosecuted by the civil authorities, appears to be very generally neglected in the South. Though regular charges against all the principal actors in the New Orleans massacre have been filed at the military headquarters, no action has been had thereon, and the only action taken by the civil authorities has been to indict members of the convention for rioting. The president of that body, Mr. Howell, has just gone South to stand his trial on this charge, and it is said that the plan is to convict him and fine him less than \$300, so as to preclude all appeal. This will enable the administration to say that the conventionists have been judicially declared to be the rioters. The manner in which the civil authorities administer justice in portions of the South is well illustrated in the case of Judge Cooley of the District Court of Louisiana, who lately held a session of his court in Rapides Parish. There were nineteen cases of murders of freedmen and union men on the docket, all of them perfectly clear cases of deliberate murder. In the first six cases, at the end of each trial, the jury, without leaving their seats, returned a verdict of not guilty. At the close of the sixth case, Judge Cooley broke up his court and left the parish satisfied that the civil authorities would not punish rebels for crimes against union men or negroes.

The Supreme Court of Indiana recently decided by a unanimous vote, that the 13th Article of the State Constitution, called the "Black Article," which forbids negroes coming into the state, to be in conflict with the constitution of the United States, and void.

The Queen of Spain has made an offer to the Pope of a residence at Granada, and Spanish vessels of war are placed at his disposal in case of an emergency.

The almshouse in Falmouth, Me., was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 21 inst. Three inmates were burned to death.

**NEW COUNTERFEIT.**—A new counterfeit \$1 greenback is flooding the country. It is well executed and calculated to deceive. The chief points of difference from the genuine \$1s, are in the wrinkled and battered condition of Chief Justice Chase's physiognomy, and the lathe work around the large figure 1.

**A SECOND CHARLES THE FIFTH.**—It is rumored that Franz Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, is about to abdicate his throne, like his ancestor, Charles the Fifth. His misfortunes and the taint of religious melancholy which has been in the blood of all his race from Joan the Mad down, and which is known to sadden the disposition of the young Emperor, have doubtless caused him to determine upon abdication, if the rumor is true. It is also said in this connection that the Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico, will succeed his brother as Regent during the minority of the heir to the throne. Maximilian would abandon Mexico for such prospects under any circumstances.

From year to year the Falls of Niagara gradually wear away—but it is hardly perceptible. But within the past two weeks the American Fall has undergone a very great change; huge masses of rock have caved away, giving this part of the fall quite as perfect a horse-shoe shape as that on the Canadian side of the river.

"Be these chaste as ice and pure as snow, though shalt not escape using unhealthful compounds in your food," was a true maxim, until Herrick Allen's Gold Medal Saleratus came to our relief. Since using it, we feel that there is one article in the way of Saleratus that all can use with healthy results. We have almost cured our dyspepsia, and thanks to the Gold Medal Saleratus for it. Try it, and you will say with us, that perfection has been obtained, and the inventor has immortalized his name forever. Most of the merchants have it.

The trade name adopted by Messrs. Leathe & Gore by which to designate their various brands of hard soap, is "The Steam Refined Soap." Consumers in want of the very best article made, will do well to call for this, and to decline taking any other.

As far as our experience goes, we have found that in every family where the J. Monroe Taylor Gold Medal Soap has been tested, it is found to be among the indispensable. We are very glad to find that it is in constant use in every household where its merits have become known. The ladies find it a safe and reliable article for cleaning paint, etc., as well as in washing the finest fabrics. It is appropriately called the Queen of Soaps, and stands at the head of its class.

Having occasion a few days since to visit one of the principal drug stores of this city, I noticed with surprise several cases of Dr. Lauro's Sarsaparilla Compound, a remedy well known in New England, and highly appreciated by many who have tested its virtues. I learn that here where so large a proportion of the people are hereditarily scrofulous, it is considered a sovereign remedy for all impurities of the blood, and has an immense sale.

[Para Correspondent of the Boston Atlas.]

The color-bearer of the 22d Wisconsin Volunteers, who had a leg shot off in the fight at Peach-Tree Grove, was recently offered the place of postmaster at Geneva. He promptly refused it, saying, "I lost one leg in the service of my country; I don't propose to sell the other to the enemies of my country, and throw in my principles."

**THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.**—Advices from the Rio Janeiro to the 18th of October, by way of London on the 5th inst., state that there was a great battle at Curupaty, Paraguay, on the 22d ult. The gunboats engaged the fort there, and the allied storming columns amid showers of musketry and grape nobly took the first line, but failed at the second, and retired with a loss of nearly 5000 men. Several gunboats were disabled in the fight.—Flores had gone back to Montevideo with the rest of the army. There was a great excitement. Operations are suspended for the present.

A despatch from Milledgeville says that Alexander H. Stephens thinks that the Georgia legislature should reject the proposed amendment of the Constitution. There is little doubt that the tenor of Mr. Stephens's views upon this subject underwent a marked change after his release from Fort Warren. One of the worst evils of Mr. Johnson's policy has been its seductive influence upon men like Stephens, who were ready enough to accommodate themselves to the new state of things, until the President inspired them with the belief that their old ideas might yet be realized by this help.

Judge Tapley has refused an injunction in the case of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad bondholders, who applied for injunction to enjoin the Grand Trunk Railway Company and employees from preventing bondholders from taking possession of the road.

**NEGRO TESTIMONY IN MARYLAND.**—Judge Magruder, of the Maryland Circuit Court of Appeals, has decided that a negro cannot testify in a case where a white man is concerned. This decision will have the effect of overruling the decision of the district courts. In Calvert county there are no schools, all the colored children being held as apprentices, and the parents have no control over them. Numerous complaints continue to be made by parents who wish to recover children apprenticed illegally.

**THE YANKEE COLONY IN PALESTINE.**—Letters have been received in town from Capt. Mayo G. Smith, who is one of the colony that sailed from Maine in August, for a settlement in Jaffa—the ancient Joppa—in the holy land. They had a good passage of 42 days, and landed Oct. 4, the Turkish government favoring the project, and allowing them to land their merchandise free of duty. The colony consists of 156 men, women and children. They have carried their church, school house, saw-mill, store, etc., and have a charming site for their settlement. [Newburyport Herald.]

The Bates College, Lewiston, is erecting a fine building, 80 feet long by 48 wide, with 32 posts, for a gymnasium. It is to have a basement, in which there are to be bowling alleys, etc.; thus they are to combine exercise with pleasure. It is to be finished by spring.

**PORTLAND, ME., Nov. 8.**—The Casco National Bank was robbed to-day of a package containing \$1100 in gold, mostly in double eagles. It was taken from the counter of the bank.

Two men named John V. Brown and Joseph Brown, of Cape Elizabeth, one of them keeper of the poor house there, have just been shot through the breast by a young man unknown, who is still at large. The affray occurred on Free Street, at the head of Portland pier.

A despatch from Washington says that a letter received by Minister Romero from Vera Cruz states that Maximilian, on the 23d inst., resigned verbally in favor of General Bazaine, and, with 800 Austrians, set out by an indirect route for Vera Cruz. It is stated that the Captain of the Austrian frigate will sail the moment Maximilian arrives. General Castelnau soon afterwards reached Mexico, and assumed the control of affairs.

The Farmington Chronicle says Edgar Goodrich of that town, a young man of eighteen years, died Sunday evening 28th, from the effects of poison, swallowed by mistake. Intending to take cough syrup, he got a bottle of corrosive sublimate, and only discovered his mistake by reading the label, after taking a large swallow. He lived one week, suffering intensely during the time.

**FOREIGN.**—Preparations to counteract a probable rising in Ireland are in progress. The vote in Venetia on the question of Union with Italy was almost unanimously affirmative.

**HOUSEHOLD FRIENDS.**—Coe's Cough Balm and Coe's Dyspepsia Cure—they should always be in the house ready for immediate use; they are the most reliable remedies known. The one always handy and speedy in cases of sudden attacks of croup amongst the children, or for curing the most stubborn coughs and colds, is excellent for sore throat and all lung difficulties; the other—Coe's Dyspepsia Cure—is certain to cure dyspepsia, no matter of how long standing, indigestion, and all diseases that originate in a disordered state of the stomach and bowels.

Through the energy of Mr. Stanton, the Annapolis Lake, Winthrop, has become a popular pleasure resort. There have been four thousand persons there this year against six hundred last year. The increase has compelled Mr. Stanton to enlarge the Island House, and put in bowling alleys and other means of amusement. A new barge is to be built, holding from three hundred to five hundred persons. [Ken. Journal.]

Horace Greely compares the demand of the rebel States for unconditional restoration to their old position in the Union, to Benedict Arnold, coming back after the revolutionary war and claiming his rank as General in the Continental army and his back pay, on the ground that he had no right to succeed and join the British, and that as his treason was illegal, it was therefore null and void. The comparison is apt and accurate.

**GEN. LOGAN ON COPPERHEADS.**—The following is an interrogatory put by a copperhead to Gen. Logan during one of his speeches in Indiana, and the answer:

Cop.—"A few years ago, when you was a Democrat, the Republicans called you 'Dirty Work Logan'; are you doing the dirty work for the Republican party now?"

General Logan.—"Yes, sir; I am skinning Copperheads, and it is the dirtiest work I ever did; but it has got to be done."

Subjects for conundrums being nearly exhausted, one desperate joker has gone back to their parents, and inquired "Why was I not afraid of the measles? Because she'd Adam."

It has been discovered that Othello had a legal as well as a military office in Venice. He was a lawyer-General.

Corra Leavitt Hatch, the noted spiritualist medium, is a candidate for the Illinois State Legislature from the city of Chicago.

James Thompson and all his children—three little boys—were drowned Friday by the upsetting of a boat at Orléans, Maine.

Rev. S. L. Penrose, formerly one of the Secretaries of the American Board, has received an appointment in the State Department at Washington.

Mr. Reagan, who had charge of the post-office department under the rebel government, has published a letter strongly advocating the granting of negro suffrage and every other right enjoyed by white men.

The people of Victoria, Vancouver's Island, have petitioned Queen Victoria to allow the colony to withdraw from the British and annex itself to the United States government.

Speaking of sending Morrisey to Congress, the Washington Republican says he would be a shrewd voter if not a great speaker, for he is known to discriminate closely between the eyes and nose.

**Pianoforte Tuning.**  
C. Q. NOPTON, from Chickering's Factory, will remain in town a few days, and desires to get the Pianos of this place to tune, by the year or otherwise.  
Orders may be left at the store of TRATES & MARSTON.  
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed in every case.

**NOTICE! DENTISTRY!**

**ZENNO E. TAYLOR.**  
At the old stand of Dr. Edwin Danbar on Main Street, would inform the citizens of Waterville and vicinity that he is prepared to execute all Surgical & Mechanical Dentistry, in the best and most skillful manner.

**The Best in the Market.**  
**THE ODESSA PATENT COLLAPSING SKIRT.**

Is the greatest improvement of the age, and the following advantages are claimed for it:—  
It can be altered in an instant into any shape or size the wearer may desire.  
It will never become out of fashion.  
It is warranted to be the best material and made in the strongest manner.  
With all these advantages, the price is as low as any other first class goods.  
Ladies are invited to call and examine it at the Dry Goods Store of  
D. M. GALLERT,  
Corner Main and River Sts.

**D. C. BURGESS, DENTIST.**  
Over Alden's Jewelry Store,  
MAIN STREET, WATERVILLE.

**LOST!**  
IN the Village of Waterville, or in Windsor, between the Bridge and Mr. Wall's, a fine, mixed, gray, single shawl, with deep fringe, entirely new. The finder will be suitably rewarded on leaving it to Mr. ADAMS.

**Tionie Bridge.**  
The annual meeting of the Stockholders of Tionie Bridge Corporation will be held at Tionie National Bank, Monday 19th, at 2 o'clock P.M.

**FOUND.**  
ONE day this week, in Windsor, between Tionie and Windsor bridges, a roll of thick wollen cloth. The owner can have the same, by paying charges, on application to  
EVANDER WOOD,  
Windsor, Nov. 8, 1866.

**HARTFORD**  
Live Stock Insurance Company,  
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

This Company is now prepared to issue Policies on LIVE STOCK against both DEATH and THEFT, at moderate rates of premium, based on an English experience of over 60 years. Good, energetic, reliable Agents wanted in all towns and principal towns of Frank, or Oxford, Somerset and Kent. Counties.

**D. V. B. ORMSBY, Gen'l Agent,**  
37 North Street, Portland, Me.  
Nov. 8, 1866.

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Paid for Round Hogs,  
by  
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"A necessity in every household."—Boston Transcript.

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1867.

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