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Maxham & Wing

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GOD'S WAYS.

How few that from their youthful day
Look on to what their life may be,
Planting the vision of the way
In colors soft and bright and free.
How few who to such paths have brought
The hopes and dreams of early thought!
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

The eager heart, the soul of fire,
Who pant and toll for God and man,
And view with eyes of keen desire
The upland way of toil and pain;
Unseen with soon they think of rest,
Of holy calm, of tranquil breast,
But God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

A lowlier task on them is laid,
With love to make the labor light,
And then their beauty they must shed,
On quiet homes and lost to sight.
Changed are their visions high and fair,
Yet calm and still they labor there;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

The gentle heart, that thinks, with pain,
Of peace and rest, of quietude,
And is doted ita life to scan,
Would ask but pathway low and still;
Then such lowly paths have brought
To act with power beyond its thought;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXIV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1870.

NO. 19.

THE BOOK OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

By Berthold Auerbach, Author of "On the Heights," etc.

CHAPTER I.

A MASQUERADE ON THE RAILROAD.
At the railway station, in a mountain district of Central Germany, in the shade of a spreading beech-tree covered with the fresh foliage of spring, stood a handsome open carriage, drawn by two white horses. In the carriage, lined with damask, sat at her ease a young lady in a gray suit, with her arms crossed, and her large dark eyes fixed upon the range of hills, whose curving lines were represented in beautiful relief against the sky.

Now she threw back her head, on which was a sort of fashionable Tyrolean hat with green waving feathers, rose from the seat, took from a pocket of the carriage a large portfolio bound in gray lichen, and began to draw, casting now a rapid glance upon the landscape, and now fastening her look upon the paper before her. The expression of her countenance became grave, and earnest, and a slight flush spread over her face, which was somewhat long, and had lost the freshness of its youthful bloom. Her finely cut mouth, whose upper lip showed a slight down, was closed, as if in vexation; she did not seem satisfied with her work; she put it aside and resumed it more than once, shook her head, and at last shut up the sketch-book. Then nodding, as if encouraging herself, she opened it again, proceeded with her work, and her features gradually assumed a calm, almost a satisfied, expression.

The laying out of a railroad had given a view of the beautiful landscape which probably had never been observed before; for it is a marked characteristic of our time that every thing is presented under a new visual angle. The lady became more and more engaged in her drawing; and notwithstanding it was only a moderately warm spring day, she seemed to be heated. She hastily took off her hat and laid it aside. Her dark hair, smoothed down in front, was put up in two thick braids behind; and in the middle of her forehead, not remarkable for height, deep lines were drawn whenever she was engaged in thought, whose trace did not wholly disappear in her ordinary mood. The whole countenance plainly showed that the seriousness of life had inscribed upon it a lasting memorial.

Mingling with the lark's song high up in the air, and the finch's note in the tree, there was now heard the long, shrill whistle of a locomotive. The lady made, hastily, a few more strokes of the pencil, then shut the book, put it away in the carriage, and crossed her arms in an attitude of quiet, expectant waiting. A servant in brown livery stepped up to the coachman, who was holding the reins, and, lifting his hat, on which was a brown cockade, said to the lady, whom he addressed as Fraulein, that the train had been signaled. He opened the carriage door, and made a movement to help the lady out, but she said, as she looked into the air, without directing her glance toward the servant, "I shall not get out; you may bring Fraulein Von Kornbeck here." In her voice there was an authoritative tone, and possibly also a slight expression of vexation.

Louise Merz, for this is the lady's name, was expecting an old friend, with whom she had formed an intimacy at boarding-school, generally so short-lived, but in this instance well kept up. It would almost seem as if the expected friend occasioned the restlessness, which she never failed to bring with her; for Louise stood up and sat down, appearing to consider whether she ought not to receive her as she alighted from the train; but as she now perceived that the railway employees on the platform at the station were looking toward her, and pointing her out to others, she remained quietly where she was. People should not see that she had a friend of such a lively temperament, who, no doubt, would be very much excited and make a sensation. The whole country round should understand that Louise Merz had settled down into a staid and matronly demeanor.

The horse-drawn carriage, which by the head of the train rushed so near to them, a white handkerchief waved from a second-class car. Now the train stopped, and a lady carefully handed out and placed in the arms of the servant what seemed a child closely wrapped up, and then alighted from the car. She was of slender form and gayly dressed; she nodded once more back to the car, and also greeted her friend waiting under the tree. All her movements were quick and lively and she looked about her, and looked into the faces of people, as if she was always wanting to ask whether there was nothing she could laugh at. Valises and hand-bags were speedily deposited on the ground. The newly arrived passenger took the wrapped-up bundle, which seemed to be a child, from the servant, handled it tenderly, and hastened with it to her friend. The servant followed with the luggage, and even the depot-master carried one of the valises, for he knew the person who had just arrived, whose father had formerly been his captain.

When she reached the carriage in which her friend was sitting she cried, in an animated tone, "Louise, what do you say to my bringing with me a child?"

And before the amazed lady could give any reply, she opened the wrappings, and out jumped a brown child spotted with white, which shook its long ears, as if it had just come out of the water, leaped this way and that, looked up into the face of its mistress, who did not vouchsafe a single glance, but who, amidst the laughter of the bystanders, was saying, as she turned now to the depot-master and now to Louise: "Isn't this a clever child, under ten years of age? The stiff old gentlemen of the railway wouldn't permit me to take my well-educated friend Schreck into the car. Well, tyranny makes people cunning. I disguised Schreck as a child, and I have had the merriest kind of adventures.

The fashion of only having for tenants in houses persons without children extends also to railways. In several cars which I wanted to get into they cried out, in a very friendly, and humane tone, 'The seats here are all taken,' and when I, pretty angry, at last succeeded in getting a seat, the ladies wished to get sight of the child, and a quite good-looking widower, to whom I was obliged to confess that I had no husband, almost offered himself to me. Herr Depot-master," said she, turning to that gentleman, "I hope you are no Philistine, to make me pay a penalty." And as the dog, who seemed to know that he was the subject of conversation, sprang up to his mistress, she said to him, "Yes, you were very clever; you have human understanding."

The railway employees and all the passengers who had stopped at the station were standing near, and joined in the laugh; and even the waiters of the refreshment saloon came up, and the cook appeared at her door to look at the group, not being able to absent herself from her realm on account of her attire. The dog seemed to divine that yonder was a heart well disposed toward him, for he suddenly disappeared.

Louise looked on all this merriment with considerable vexation, and begged that they would make haste to drive away. This free and easy pleasantry of her friend was distasteful to her. Trunks, valises, and bags were stowed away, and when they were all ready to drive off, Schreck was missing. After being repeatedly called, he came from the cook's dominions, still licking his chops; casting one look back upon his benefactor, he jumped into the carriage with his mistress. The servants found it very hard to stop laughing. The carriage rolled off on the highway, and the people at the station continued for a long time looking after it. The depot-master told those who were less acquainted with the neighborhood who the two ladies were. The keeper of the saloon and his wife gave supplementary information, but there were many things that they were ignorant of.

CHAPTER II.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE PARLIAMENT.
OPINIONS differ, some asserting that Louise was fifteen, and others that she was eighteen years of age when her father, the rich manufacturer Merz, was first chosen deputy ten years previously, and removed, with his only child, to the capital. As an independent, practical, and cultivated man, Herr Merz was a prominent member of the liberal majority, which had a ministry of its own character. This ministry did not proceed, indeed, from the majority by any special constitutional arrangement, but was rather the choice of the prince; and there prevailed a peculiarly elevated sentiment, as they were acting in harmony with the government, which was in essential harmony with the general tendency.

Herr Merz had encountered nothing worthy of being called an opposite party; and he accepted his authorized position so much the more readily, as he was not by nature fitted to be in continual opposition, but was glad that he could be faithful to his principles and loyal at the same time. It was no easy thing for him to leave his large manufacturing business in the charge of an agent, however trust-worthy he might be; but he hoped, by a change of scene and new interests, to overcome and to forget for a season his deep affliction in the recent loss of a wife with whom he had been most happily united.

He hired a house in the capital, and his mother-in-law with his daughter constituted a pleasant household.

Herr Merz made no speeches in the Chamber of Deputies; but he was so much the more industrious in committees, and zealous executed those labors which, like the foundations of a building, make no show, but sustain the superstructure.

Louise and her grandmother frequently sat for half a day in the gallery appropriated to the friends of the deputies. The gentlemen in the hall below would often look up at the worthy matron and the beautiful girl by her side, who looked so interesting in her mourning dress. And frequently, in intervals of business and during some tedious details, one and another of their more intimate acquaintances among the deputies would join the ladies in the gallery and engage with them in conversation. Louise was generally silent; but what she heard constituted a peculiar element in the formation of her character.

Spring, when the session closed, was hailed as a deliverance; and when they returned to the manufactory it seemed to all as if they had just come into the free air out of the sultry atmosphere of the Chamber. Louise at once seemed to enjoy new life. And when she returned in the autumn with her father and grandmother to the capital, her mourning now laid aside, she was welcomed by a large circle as an old acquaintance. Some other deputies had brought with them their wives and daughters and they formed a circle of their own, whose special charm consisted not only in the fact that choice spirits from all parts of the country came together, but that, while away from home for months at a time, they could have all the peculiar advantages of a home.

The third year there was an inspiring novelty. A boarding-school friend of Louise, Marie von Kornbeck, had come with her father to the capital. The two girls had been good friends at the school, but their friendship had not been of that kind that pledge them to its continuance after their separation. But it seemed now as if they had been from most intimate terms; there were the common youthful recollections; they had much to say about their schoolmates scattered in every part of the world, about the pedantry of their teachers, and about that teacher of history with whom all the pupils were in love. And the very difference in the characteristic qualities of the two girls seemed to constitute a special attraction. Marie had a sort of soldier-like promptness of speech, was never at a loss what to say, and looked at life as a merry game; Louise, on the other hand, was rather of a reflective turn, was not quick at small talk and repartee, listened quietly and with attention, and when she expressed herself it was always in fitting and well-arranged words. Their fathers, too, formed a friendly intimacy; and as a liberal ministry was uppermost, and the party of Herr Merz seemed to be its main stay, Major Kornbeck was not disinclined to terms of friendly intercourse with a politician of decidedly liberal tendencies. Marie von Kornbeck had very soon entered into the social pleasures of the capital, and became ac-

quainted with the best dancers and the most amusing old gentlemen; while the young Ensign Von Brickenstock, who was a distant relation, was permitted to call her cousin, was her obedient admirer, and also showed himself devoted to her friend.

Louise was soon drawn into the whirl of winter dissipation. The saloons of the minister and the best social circles were thrown open to the deputies and their families, and through many a dancing-hall Louise and Marie promenaded arm and arm, while many eyes spectated and unobserved were directed towards them.

There was also some talk of suitors of Louise, but she was uniformly friendly to every one, and showed no particular preference for any. She was an enlivening element in the society of men, combative and positive in her replies; and she had not been a listener to the debates for several sessions, sometimes siding with one speaker, and sometimes with another, without perceiving that she lacked independence of judgment, and that it needed to be cultivated.

An entirely new life was opened to her when she and Marie entered the painting-school, which a celebrated artist had opened for girls. Marie could draw human figures well, but she liked far better to make caricatures; Louise had a decided talent for landscape. In the studio Marie was the chief speaker, and knew everything that was going on at the capital, especially in military circles. As was to be expected, Louise was regarded as possessing the soundest judgment; and when her opinion was asked, she gave it with such reasons, and such a consideration of objections, that she received very naturally the title of 'Daughter of the Parliament.'

Marie was extremely good-humored and cheerful, and particularly merry with the father of Louise. After his wife's death he had resolved to devote himself exclusively to his child and to the general good of his country; but before the close of the first winter he found himself so greatly cheered and enlivened by her daily intercourse in the family that his determination became somewhat shaken. Marie was not indisposed toward him—was, in fact, quite confidential; and her father, the major, bore himself toward Herr Merz in a manner that said: "Why are you so faint-hearted, old boy? The affair could be all settled with two words."

For weeks Herr Merz heard nothing of the debates going on in the House of Deputies—he was listening to the debates within himself, and these were so stormy, and the parties contended in such an unparliamentary way, that the president, in the shape of calm reason, had frequently to call them to order.

Herr Merz closed up every avenue by which these commotions of his heart could be reported to the public, but they did not escape the notice of his mother-in-law. While every one else was in raptures with Marie's cheerful disposition, father and daughter vying with each other in her praise, and while her absence seemed to leave a void—the old lady would shake her head and say, "What a great pity! Fraulein Von Kornbeck would make a first-rate actress!"

Herr Merz put a restraint upon himself, and was careful to say before Marie, as well as in her father's presence, that he had unconditionally given up every thought of changing his own way of life, and placed all his dependence on Louise. He hoped that his child would soon find the man who would appreciate her rich heart and mind and her solid qualities. Louise, too, was ready enough to confess that she was not unwilling to be married; but year after year passed, Louise was in friendly relations with some of the best men, and said at first jokingly, and at length in deeper earnest, that it seemed as if married men were the only ones who conducted themselves toward her in a sensible or straightforward manner; she always found the bachelors either foppish or sentimental, and sometimes she was inclined to believe that one and another were attracted to her on account of her expected wealth.

During the summer a letter was received from Marie, in which she wrote that her father was dead, and that she was left alone and destitute. Louise wanted her father to receive her into the house, but he positively refused, although, in general, every wish of his child was to him a law. He maintained that Louise, by means of such an association with her friend, would fail to gain an individual reliance upon herself; she ought not to get rid entirely of the desire to have an independent household of her own; but secretly he had a dislike to Marie, which strangely enough, proceeded from the compulsion he had put on his inclination. Marie wrote soon afterward that she had concluded to be the companion of an old lady on a journey.

Herr Merz, who desired to devote himself more and more to political life, and regarded it as a duty that men of independent position should give their whole attention to it, sold his manufactory. He wanted to live the whole year at the capital, but he yielded to Louise's urgent entreaty, and retired to an estate which he possessed in the mountains. But that very year in which he had become entirely at leisure to devote himself to public life he failed of an election. After the first pain of disappointment he consoled himself by saying—and with him it was not a mere form of words—that there were a great many clever men who could represent the various interests of the country. He would often say: "One must obey her call, but one must also wait, if he is not called, until the right time comes."

At the same time there occurred a change in political matters, which made it desirable to a man of his temperament not to be obliged to belong to an opposition where party lines were strictly drawn. He was not one of those combative natures who enjoy a sharp antagonism; he loved comfortable quiet, so far, of course, as was consistent with the maintenance of his principles.

Now could he peacefully await in his ark the deluge which the chaos seemed about to usher in? The newspapers were the doves which brought to him news of the height to which the flood had risen in the world. He read very diligently the proceedings in the Chamber of Deputies; he had telling and well-arranged speeches in his head, which now, alas! there was no opportunity of delivering. He devoted himself energetically to the affairs of the community and the neighborhood, but he felt a

continual void, and hoped for some new interest in life only through the marriage of Louise. But she was now more, than twenty-five years old, and openly asserted that she had definitively closed up her account with life, and would devote herself exclusively to her little talent.

Marie had now returned from her journey, which had lasted several years, and was living with the old lady in the pension city. On her first visit to the country house of Herr Merz, when she was alone with him, she at once perceived his embarrassment, and said, in the liveliest way: "Ah, Herr Merz, why did you not marry me years ago? It is too late now, I am engaged."

"May I ask to whom?" inquired Herr Merz.

"No; that is a secret."

Since that first visit they had not again seen each other. Now Marie had been invited to visit them, as they wanted to be together a few days before Herr Merz and his daughter set out on their journey to Italy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE DULL OX."—It is a common notion that oxen are rather stupid animals. But the Gloucester Advertiser tells of an old ox, which belongs to the Granite Company down there, which certainly is not a very dull animal, and should be classed with the horses and even the dogs for sagacity and reasoning faculties. It is the occasion which develops the man, and so, clearly, it is with animals. It seems that, of a yoke of oxen which had long borne the heat of the Granite Company's work, one had become too lame for further usefulness; and in consideration of past faithful services, the team were made emeritus oxen of the company which they had so long served, and were turned out to grass. A few days since the lame ox was seen limping towards the blacksmith's shop where he had often been shod, and making his way into the shop, he took his place in the shoeing frame, and held up his crippled foot to the curious smith, who watched his singular movements. As this, though passing strange, was very intelligible language to the blacksmith, he immediately examined the foot, and to his great satisfaction and to the joy of the animal, discovered the secret of the lameness and the significance of the animal's intelligent actions: A small stone had got crowded under the shoe, and pressed on the foot in a way to produce the lameness. The stone was removed, and the animal was sent away, no doubt, rejoicing in his ox-heart that there was at least one man who could understand the ox language sufficiently well to relieve ox suffering. Philosophers may call this instinct, or what they will; we call it reasoning—good, clear, satisfactory, shrewd, syllogistic reasoning—from cause to effect—from premise to conclusion.—[Boston Traveller.]

LUXURY OF EASY DRESSES.—Very few ladies know how to appreciate an easy, healthful dress. They think their dresses are loose, when a man or a boy put into one would gasp for breath, and feel incapable of putting forth any effort except to break the bands. Ladies are so accustomed to the tight fits of the dressmaker, that they "fall to pieces," when relieved of them. They associate the loose dress with the bed or lounge. To be up they must be stayed up, and to recommend a comfortable dress to them is not to meet a conscious want of their's. It is a great pity none the less. If they could once more know what luxury it is to breathe deep and full at each respiration, to feel the refreshment which the system takes in by having the blood enlivened and sent bounding through the veins, to have the aids to digestion, which such process gives, to have their own strong, elastic muscles keep every organ in place, and themselves erect; if they could for a good long while know this blessed luxury, and then be sent back into the old, stiff, straight jackets, they would fume and fret and rave in very desperation if they could not get rid of them. As it is, they prefer to languish and suffer dreadfully, and die young, and leave all their friends, and their husbands, and their little children; and I do not see any other way but to let them be sick and die till they are satisfied. If only the sinners were the sufferers, there would not be occasion to make a great ado about it; but the blighting of future innocent lives, which must follow, renders the false habits of our women in the highest degree criminal.—[Laws of Life.]

CERTAIN statistics brought before the Prison Reform Congress, recently held at the West, curiously show that mere education—that is, a knowledge of reading and writing, which leads to all intellectual improvements—is not a preventive of crime. Industrious and intelligent occupation is shown to be a much safer safeguard. Of 100,000 prisoners, from 15 prisons, 85 per cent. were laborers and servants (without trades), and only 10 per cent. artisans. Mere schooling, without the formation of capacities and inclination for habits of labor, will not direct the feet from paths of vice and wickedness. The lesson of which is that trades may be acquired with moral profit by those who have no need to pursue them for a livelihood; but certainly should be learned by every one who has no prospect ahead but the work of the head and the hands.

A decision of considerable interest and importance was made by Chancellor Zabricki, in the Court of chancery, in Trenton, N. J., a few days since. A pair of foolish young people got married at a social party, just for the fun of the thing. But after the fun came an alarm; for the man who married them was a justice of the peace and the bridegroom and his friends insisted that the marriage was legal. But to this the bride and her friends dissented. The justice of the peace was unable to decide this delicate question, and the case accordingly came into chancery; where it was decided that a marriage to be valid, must be solemnized with the full consent of both contracting parties, and he therefore declared the marriage null and void.

Mr. Sumner lectured on the war recently. He thinks France began the war without excuse; both parties should have ceased fighting at Sedan; Germany has a right to seek guarantees for the future, but not indemnity. And the only suitable guaranty will be the disarmament of France, to be followed by a general disarmament and the abolition of war.

OUR TABLE.

OLD AND NEW for November is full of articles of interest and value. Mrs. Howe's story, "Pink and White Tyranny," is continued, and so is Ralph Kewler's experience, "Six Months on Five Cents." Among the other articles are: "The French Army," by Edouard Laboulaye; "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," by Shakespeare; "The Science and Teaching of the Vedic Theology," by J. H. Quaker; "Chemistry," by J. H. Quaker; "The Tea Table," by Julia Ward Howe; and "Nora Perry," by a poem in the number and the departments of the Examiner and Record of Progress are full of interesting articles. The publishers announce that they will issue, early in December, "The Christmas Locket," a Christmas number of "Old and New," which will contain articles by H. W. Bellows, J. Freeman Clarke, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Edward E. Hale, Eliza Pollock, and other popular contributors to this magazine—embracing Christmas Stories, a Christmas Carol, by Mendelssohn, a Christmas Hymn, a Christmas Sermon, etc.—and forming a connecting link between the Old and New Years. It will be mailed, postpaid, for 25 cts. Old and New is published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, at \$4 a year. All new subscribers for 1871 will receive the Oct., Nov., and Dec. numbers of 1870 free, and also "The Christmas Locket," noticed above, and this last will also be sent to all old subscribers who renew before December 1st.

THE SCHOOLMATE for November has its usual variety of original matter, including a dialogue and also a selected speech, marked for declamation. The publisher announces that "Paul the Peddler, or the Adventures of the Young Merchant," will be the leading continued story for 1871, and as this is by Horatio Alger, Jr., author of the famous Ragged Dick stories and drawn from life, every boy and girl in the land will want it. Those who subscribe now will have the Oct., Nov., and Dec. numbers of the present year free. Published by Joseph R. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

HUMBUGS.—The American Agriculturist, a paper which makes a specialty of looking after humbugs of all kinds, makes this sweeping assertion, as the result of its observation in the large cities:—

We have one infallible rule, and we know it is a correct one—and we speak not at guess, nor from imperfect knowledge, nor from unfounded prejudice: Every one of these advertising doctors, whether by circular or in newspapers, whether an ear doctor, a lung doctor, a consumption curer, or the curer of any other human ailment, is a quack—who is without any standing among reliable, honest physicians; and no persons should put any confidence in him, or intrust their lives or health in his hands, or hold any parley with him by letter or otherwise. This is our answer to a drawerful of letters asking about this, that, and the other one of these great name "doctors." There are good map publishers, and we admit such to our advertising columns, but it is well to give a wide berth to those who make great offers pretty well mixed together.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.—Have you ever heard of the great clock of St. Paul's in London? At mid-day, in the roar of business, when carriages and carts and wagons, and omnibuses go rolling through the streets, how many never hear the great clock strike until they live very near it! But when the work of the day is over, and the roar of business has passed away—when men are gone to sleep and silence reigns in London—then, at twelve, at one, at two, at three at four the sound of that clock may be heard for miles around. Twelve! one! two! three! four! How that clock is heard by many a sleepless man! That clock is just like the conscience of the penitent man. While he has health and strength and goes on in the whirl of business, he will not hear his conscience. He drowns and silences its voice by plunging into the world. But the day will come when conscience will be heard, whether he likes it or not. The day will come when his voice will sound in his ears and pierce him like a sword. The time will come when he must retire from the world, and lie down on the sick bed, and look death in the face. And then the clock of conscience, that solemn clock, will sound in his heart. (The whole of this is a beautiful sermon by Rev. Mr. Rogers.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF LEARNING A TRADE.—Why is it that there is such a repugnance on the part of parents to putting their sons to a trade? A skilled mechanic is an independent man. Go where he will, his craft will bring him support. He has literally his fortune in his own hands. Yet foolish parents—ambitious that their sons should "rise in the world," as they say—are more willing that they should study for a profession, with the chances of even moderate success heavily against them, or run the risk of spending their childhood in the ignominious task of retailing dry-goods, or of toiling laboriously at the accountant's desk, than learn a trade which would bring them manly strength, health, and independence. In point of fact the method they choose is the one least likely to achieve the advancement aimed at; for the supply of candidates for positions as errand-boys, dry-goods clerks, and kindred occupations, is notoriously overstocked; while on the other hand the demand for really skilled mechanics, of every description, is as notoriously beyond the supply. The crying need of this country to-day is for skilled labor; and that father who neglects to provide his son with a useful trade, and to see that he thoroughly masters it, does him a grievous wrong, and runs the risk of helping, by so much, to increase the stock of idle and dependent, if not vicious members of society. It is stated in the report of the Prison Association, lately issued, that of fourteen thousand five hundred and sixty-six prisoners confined in the penitentiaries of thirty States, in 1867, seventy-seven per cent., or over ten thousand of the number, had never learned a trade. This fact conveys a lesson of profound interest to those who have in charge the training of boys and girls too for the active duties of life.—[Manufacturer and Builder.]

A Missouri genius has just patented a contrivance for closing the entrance to bee-hives at night, so the bee-moth cannot get in, and opening them in the morning, so the bees can get out—the whole to be accomplished without the intervention of human agency or oversight. Adjacent to his bee-hive he builds a poultry roost, so contrived that when the fowls mount to roost upon their pole their weight depresses it, depressing also a gate which shuts down over the entrance to the adjacent bee-hive. In the morning, when the fowls leave their roost, the pole and the gate rise, and the entrance to the hive is open. (The whole is a beautiful contrivance.)

Mr. Sumner lectured on the war recently. He thinks France began the war without excuse; both parties should have ceased fighting at Sedan; Germany has a right to seek guarantees for the future, but not indemnity. And the only suitable guaranty will be the disarmament of France, to be followed by a general disarmament and the abolition of war.

SCHOOL GIRLS.—Gail Hamilton makes some pretty severe strictures upon school girls, in public conveyances. She says: In connection with our public schools, there is springing up a school of ungracefulness and indelicacy. Groups of girls travel daily from the country villages, three, five, ten miles from steam and horse railroads, to normal and high schools of the city, and return at night. These girls sometimes conduct themselves very rudely. Typical American girls, pretty, gentle-faced, intelligent looking, well-dressed, will fill a car with idle, vulgar, boisterous clatter. Out of a rosy, delicate lip come the voices of draymen. I was about to say but that is not true; for the voices of these girls are like nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath. The only quality of womanliness they possess is weakness. Without depth, richness or force they are thin, harsh, inarticulate. They do not so much fill the space as they penetrate it. Three or four such girls will gather face to face, and from beginning to end of their journey pour forth a ceaseless torrent of giddy gabble; utterly regardless of any other persons than their own. They will talk of their teachers and schoolmates by name, of their parties and plans of their studies, their most personal and private matters, with an extraordinary, as it were, indelicacy, with an intelligence and consciousness of phraseology which is disgraceful alike to their school and to their homes, bearing without flinching the eyes of a whole carriage load of passengers.

Not all can have musical voices, but upon pain of death, I would have girls taught to speak low. Training can do much in way of melody and sweetness; but a voice that is softly modulated cannot be violently disagreeable. And if a girl's tongue is incorrigible let her be disposed of altogether. Such girls somehow become common. They cheapen themselves. They lose, if they ever possessed, they destroy before they are old enough to feel, the divinity that should hedge a woman. They fall into—I can hardly dignify it with the name of flirtation—but into a sort of bantering communication with unknown men—a traffic which is fatal to dignity of woman, and inspires no reverence in man. And this passes for liveliness and attractiveness, or at most, perhaps it is being a little wild. But it is a wildness which girls can afford to. Delicacy is a thing which cannot be lost and found. No art can restore to the grape its bloom. Familiarity without love, without confidence, without regard, is destructive to all that makes woman exalting and ennobling.

INTERNATIONAL QUESTIONS.—A certain king it is said, sent to another king, saying: "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—"

The other in high dudgeon at the presumed insult, replied:

"I have not got one, and if I had—"

On this weighty cause they went to war for many years. After a satiety of glories and miseries, they finally bethought them that, as their armies and resources were exhausted, and their kingdoms mutually laid waste, it might be well to consult about the preliminary articles of peace; but before this could be concluded, a diplomatic explanation was first needed of the insulting language which formed the ground of the quarrel.

"What could you mean," asked the second king of the first, "by saying, 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else some other color, but,' retorted he, 'what could you mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had—'?"

"Why, of course, if I had, I should have sent it." An explanation which was entirely satisfactory; and peace was concluded accordingly.

NOT TO BE SYLLOGIZED WITH.—Mrs. Stowe, in her "Old Town Folks," relates the following anecdote:

Ezekiel Scranton, a rich farmer, enjoys the celebrity of being an atheist, or rather values himself on the distinction. The parson had privately prepared a string of questions which he was quite sure would drive Ezekiel into straight quarters. So he meets him the other day in the store.

"How is this Mr. Scranton?" they tell me that you're an atheist."

"Well, I guess I be, parson," says Ezekiel comfortably.

"Well, Ezekiel, let's talk about this," said the parson. "You believe in your own existence, don't you?"

"No, I don't," said the atheist.

"What do not believe in, your own existence?"

"No, I don't. Then, after a moment,—"tell you what, parson, I ain't going to be twitched up by none of your syllogisms."

MANAGEMENT OF BROOMS.—If brooms are wet in boiling suds once a week, they will become very tough, will not cut the carpet, last much longer, and always sweep like a new broom. A very dusty carpet may be cleaned by setting a pail of cold water out by the door, wet the broom in it, knock it to get off all the dust, sweep a yard or so, then wash the broom as before and sweep again, being careful to shake all the drops off the broom and not sweep far at a time. If done with care, it will clean a carpet very nicely, and you will be surprised at the quantity of dirt in the water. The water may need changing once or twice, if the carpet is very dusty. Snow sprinkled over a carpet and swept off before it has time to melt, and dissolve, is also nice for renovating a soiled carpet. Moistened Indian meal is used with good effect by some housekeepers.—[Michigan Courier.]

The Lewiston Journal reports, on the authority of Mr. Brydges, that application was made to the legislature this winter for a charter for an extension of the Grand Trunk railway to Lewiston. This extension, the Journal argues, will be especially desirable on account of the change of gauge on the Maine Central, which appears to be now accepted on all hands as inevitable.

Some one thinks that burdock is an "excellent medicine for horses." It should be cut and cured before blossoming, as the blossoms and seeds are too prickly to be used without steeping. Let a well-cured burdock be placed within reach of a sick or stupid animal, and his instinct will tell him to eat it, and he will be cured. The seeds may be dried, steeped, and poured on to their food. Slobbering horses are cured by eating a few burdock leaves.

It appears that the Portland and Kennebec railroad is not yet out of litigation. A writ of error has been filed by the stockholders, we are told, and the case will be carried before the Supreme Court of the United States for a final decision.

A fiery volcano of large proportions has suddenly appeared in the interior of Mexico. Whether its appearance had anything to do with the recent earthquake in this quarter the scientists have not informed us.

One thing is clear to me, that no indulgence of passion destroys the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness.—[Geo. MacDonald.]

WATERVILLE... NOV. 4, 1870.

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Elections in twenty-seven States will occur next Monday and Tuesday, at which 134 members of the U. S. House of Representatives will be elected, and Legislatures chosen which will elect several Senators.

THE WAR


New York "reporters" are coming to grief in the United States Court.

OUR TABLE

The Charleston Courier says that a young widow of that place has just celebrated her wooden wedding by marrying a blockhead.

The covered bridge built last summer over Sandy river in Newry near Joel Foster's was completely upset during the gale last week. The new toll bridge at Bethel was moved on the centre pier about eight inches.

THE presence within the bar of a court in Rockford, Ill., of a female law student, on the 22d of October, is said to have had a remarkable result. Fewer boot soles were observed to be resting upon tables and railings, and there was less lounging in uncouth attitudes, while it was noticed also that the young attorneys paid more than ordinary attention to the arrangement of their black hair.



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GILBERT KNOX

has a record at Narragansett Park, Providence, of 1 half mile in a race 1.10 1-4, quarter 34 1-2 seconds.

His oldest colt **HOMER JOHN**, won the 4 years old purse at Waterville.

His 3 years old colt "Knock-them-all," sold for five thousand dollars.

"MAINE HAMBLETONIAN"

grandson of "Hyadth's Humbletonian."

See pedigree

