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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1852.

NO. 2.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

MAXHAM & WING,

At No. 31-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street.

REPL. MAXHAM. DAN'L R. WING.

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If paid within six months, 1.75
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Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

BY INEZ.
"From the midnight waves I gaze on thee,
O lonely ocean star,
And thy trembling rays float down to me
Like music from afar."
"Through the hallowed night hours, peacefully
Thou seem'st to sit at rest,
For thou, too, art a watcher, thou
Art watching o'er the sea."
"I am weary of my dreamings,
Weary of this starless night,
And too calmly for my spirit
Gleams on me thy quiet light."
"O, I would that there were magic
In thy never changing rays,
That my soul from this dark ocean,
On thy light might soar away."
"That my spirit, like thy radiance,
Over land and wave might fly,
And no longer listen only
To the sea's deep melody."
And the sailor, tired with watching,
Sought no more the flickering flame,
But the far gleam of the lighthouse
Clearer to his vision came.
And he said its light was changing,
Wild and fitful as the sea,
And he could not hear the low wind,
Nor the ocean's solemn tone.
Strangely bright that one ray glittered,
And there he was no more
Gazing from the deck so weary,
Out upon the distant shore.
But he felt the mystic radiance,
Like a shroud upon his fall,
And the cold waves closed around him,
And their darkness was his pall.
Borne beneath the waters, sinking
Quietly as if at rest,
Sinking quietly and peacefully
Far beneath the ocean's breast.
And all the time was gleaming
With a clear and burning glow,
The far lamp of the lighthouse
Into the depths below.
And still his form was sinking
"Neath the cold and voiceless wave,
But he thought not of his coldness—
Thought not of his ocean grave—
Only of that fairy splendor
Which, descending on his breast,
Lulled him in his billowy cradle,
To a soft and gentle rest.
But at last the light faded,
Suddenly it ceased to glow,
And he was no longer sinking
In the waters deep and low.
He lifted up his weary head—
The waves were dashing free,
And he knew he had been dreaming,
In his night watch on the sea.

MISCELLANY.

THE RED OAKS SCHOOL.

BY MARION DIX SULLIVAN.

A merry jingle of small bells—a clatter of horses' feet upon the hard snow—the joyous bark of a large dog—the ring of an iron bell—boot on the pavement—and the lines were thrown back with steady hand. Clifford! See to him, Juba! and Tom Bolder dashed in at the street door, spring up stairs in just five leaps, and with a loud rap burst into Harry Somers' room, before the latter had time to brush away about half a dozen tears from his bright, boyish cheeks, which he did in haste, and before Fanny Somers had time to put down her apron full of kittens and run to the window, where she found the boy coddled, standing quite still, and Juba, the large dog, sitting down close before him, and leaning his head against Clifford's breast, with an expression of eye which plainly said, "Never you fear, my young friend! there is no danger; if there were any, I should see it first, and should defend you to the last."

Fanny held up a kitten to him, but he did not seem to think it large enough to growl at, merely winking nervously at it with the other eye, while the tiny kitten made a high back at him through the glass, and then turned and scratched Fanny.

"And you are really going, Harry! I all packed up and strapped; flute and violin locked in their cases. The latter instrument must be unpacked immediately," continued Tom, looking sedulously around at everything except the traces of Harry's chagrin; for mother and Hetty, and Hatty and Jenny, and Ben and Jim, are impatiently waiting for me to bring your mother, Fanny and yourself, to spend a jolly evening with us. Wait a moment, while I put on Clifford's blanket, by way of informing him that he is to wait half an hour, and then speak to your mother about it."

Sp saying, he went down stairs, at three leaps. The tears came into Harry's eyes again. "Oh, if I were as tall and strong as he!"

Presently arose the hum of voices from below; mother insisting that she could not spend Harry's last evening away from home, and Tom and Fanny persuading her that it would be much better for them all. Tom came up flushed with victory, exclaiming:

"We've won! we've conquered! In half an hour they will be ready. Clifford is nodding in his blanket, and Juba is asleep in the sleigh with the lines in his mouth. You are all ready and now let us sit down and talk freely of whatever makes you glad or sorry."

"I will," cried Harry. "I am obliged to keep on my best before mother and Fanny; the parting with me is sorrow enough for them. I can trust you, Tom; you will not betray me. I know I must teach a school, if I keep on at college. I do not like to compel mother and Fanny to such rigid economy for the next two years, as they have practised during the last two. But this school teaching is my own particular aversion. Tom, if I were as strong as you! if I were as tall as you! Look here, Tom, said he, pulling him up to the large mirror—see! I am only up to your shoulder."

"And that," rejoined Tom, "is as high as any good looking boy of eighteen, and a sophomore, ought to be. Look, and pity me, Harry—a big, clumsy six-footer of eighteen, with frowzy,

yellow hair, and sky blue eyes, as inexpensive as those of the owls on Aunt Ann's sampler. Everybody thinks I am a man, and ought to know everything; while I am so awkward that I do not know where to put my immense paws, or how to keep out of anybody's way at a party, or hide myself from everybody's gaze at church. If I could only exchange conditions with you; your figure is perfect symmetry; your brown eyes express everything kind and beautiful that was ever dreamed of; and your hair falls in bright chestnut curls—"

"Bah! I know it," cried Harry, in excessive disgust; "I look just like a girl."

"Not at all; you have all manly accomplishments; you can ride, drive, fence, and shoot. Besides, you are growing; you could expect to recover all at once from that terrible sickness. But what, pray, made you feel so very small all at once?"

"Why, Uncle Sol has just been in here, and—"

"Captain Solomon Gibbins!" exclaimed Tom, rolling up his eyes, and laying his finger solemnly beside his nose. "Doubtless ye are the people, and wisdom shall perish with you." Don't tell me what he said; I know every word of it. Now, Harry, I am going to confide in you something that cost me bitter tears of shame. Brush those away from your cheeks, my boy; they can't shine by the side of those I shed—You are the first person I ever told; but you'll not expose me. 'Twas last winter, when I went down east a hundred miles—I wish it had been a thousand! I wish it had been to Timbuctoo! However, I don't care now. Indeed, after I have left college, I don't care who knows it. Well, 'twas a year ago, I was about starting to my school, as big as I now am. Capt. Solomon called in.

"Well, my boy," said he, "you are about taking command of a small ship; and, as I have commanded a large one, I am going to give you a little advice. Be the master. Hold your ferule always in your hand, and hit every one that gives you a saucy look, or answers back, or moves slowly to obey you. Lay down strict rules at first, and make severe examples of all who break them. This is the only way."

"Well, Captain Solomon ought to know," thought I.

On the way, I arranged and wrote down twelve rules, strict as possible. On the first morning I walked haughtily up to my desk with a big ferule in my hand, and looked defiantly round on fifty scholars—many tall, womanly girls, very large boys, and several young men. I read my twelve severe rules, and expressed my firm determination to punish any deviation from them. I saw that I had not produced an agreeable impression; but they behaved with great propriety during the day, and although I watched nervously, I could find no opportunity to use the ferule. "Never mind," thought I, "to-morrow will be more propitious." I dismissed the school and remained to write some copies. When the house was still, I raised my eyes from my work, and was surprised to see the young men and large boys still in their seats, looking steadily at me.

"You are dismissed," said I.

"We are not ready to go," replied one of the smaller boys; "we have something to say to you first."

"Well, what do you want?" cried I, rising and grasping the ferule.

On this, the speaker, a small boy, not so large as you, Harry, with calm, mild eyes, and a sweet, honest face—stepped out into the floor before me, while all the other boys followed, and ranged themselves behind him. They fixed their eyes on me not impudently, but cool and determined; and their young leader (in everything as in this—his name is George King, or King George, as they call him) said quietly to me:

"Your rules are too severe; they cannot be kept. Your ferule is too heavy; a blow from it might kill us. We do not need a ferule, nor any such rules. We mean to do just right; to treat you well, and learn all we can from you. We will treat you like a gentleman, if you will treat us like gentlemen."

He paused, and they all stood, like brazen statues, gazing on me. I quailed before them. The blood rushed to my forehead. I covered my face with my hands.

"They are right, brave fellows!" said I in my agonized heart; "they are right and I am wrong."

I took my rules and ferule and threw them into the fire; and then, with a strong effort pressing back my tears, as every eye glistened before me, I gave my hand to King George, who grasped it silently. They all crowded round to shake hands with me, but no one could speak, and I left them. A hum of husky voices rose behind me, in which I distinguished the words "Noble fellow!" "We'll stand up for him to the last!" and before I was out of sight they gave three cheers for "Master Bolder." I hurried home, and locking myself in my room, wept, with shame and sorrow, that I had been so misled by Captain Sol, and with joy that I had found such friends.

"How do you like your school?" asked my hostess, that night.

"Very much indeed!" was my reply.

Kind looks, confiding looks, met me on all sides, next morning. More than once I turned to brush away the tears that would start into my eyes. That was my first and last difficulty. There never was a fault which a few gentle words in private—not before the school—would not cure. And now, King Harry, hold up your head; human nature is the same everywhere.

One thing more: at the close of the morning session, I found resolution to say, with a smiling face, and a tolerably steady voice, "My friends, I came here yesterday with twelve strong rules and a strong ferule to enforce them; but, as I learn that they are all superfluous, I have thrown them into the fire. I shall rely upon your good sense and good nature to carry us comfortably through the winter. You are dismissed." Thereupon King George sprang into the middle of the house, and waving his cap above his head, broke into a wild hurrah, in which he was joined by the whole of the boys. The girls clapped their hands, and laughed and cried; then they each came to my desk with a low curtsy and a loving smile, with which they passed out.

"Thank you, thank you, my dear Tom!—You have blown away all my fears and vexations. I don't care if I am small; I don't care for Uncle Solomon; I'll not pretend to more strength and dignity than belong to me. I'll do no flogging, but try kindness and courtesy instead."

"Stop, Harry. What is there in your mind now that you do not speak?"

"Just what is in yours, Tom. Just what good Mary Brown used to teach us at the Sabbath School, when we were five years old—Yes, Tom, you learned it then first; but my mother taught it me when I was only three. Good old Mary Brown used to say, 'Whatever you resolve to do, commit it to the Lord, and trust him to help you with it. If your lesson perplexes you, ask him to assist you. If you are alone, and afraid, pray to him. He is always near those who call on him. Do nothing without a prayer in your heart to the Saviour.' Poor old Mary Brown has long been in heaven; but her words live always in our minds. The habit of mental prayer is as natural as breathing to me, and as constant; and the effect is that, with the Saviour always before me, and a prayer to him always in my heart, I cannot cherish unkindness; I cannot hold to anything which I find to be wrong; I cannot deceive."

"The same precisely with me, Harry; and if I ever have any success in life, it will be owing to this habit."

"How much good you have done me, Tom! I was perfectly miserable when you came—My uncle had been telling me what a bad school I am going to take—how the boys have flogged their teachers, and insulted them in a hundred ways. Now, Tom, you know I am cowardly; but I am gentlemanly; I do not wish to be insulted by a score of stout, hard-fisted country lads, one of whom would be more than a match for a city boy. But now I don't fear. Following good Mary Brown's directions, always looking to God, and depending on him, I shall keep up my courage, and do my best."

"But, Harry, one thing: I speak to you like an old soldier; I have served one campaign—These young people have prodigious spirits. They must laugh, or cry, fight, or frolic, or something. You cannot repress their spirits. They must have some safety valve. I kept three. One was, when they could not keep still any longer, to let them all rise, and clap their hands, and laugh heartily, for three minutes; after which I gave them one minute to whisper, and one to compose themselves before study. The second (oh, how I wished I had your violin!) was, in the bad weather, when they could not play, to let them march all round the house, for five minutes, to some old muster tune,—"Jefferson and Liberty," or "Yankee Doodle,"—which all who could whistle were required to pipe up."

"Your own bright invention, Tom."

"The third one (oh, Harry, how I wished I had your voice, which everybody but me calls an angel's voice)—I'll not flatter even my best friend; but I see you guess the third one."

"Yes, thank you; and I shall practise it in my school."

"Do, and it will be the salvation of your influence."

"But this George King, were those his letters you have read to me?"

"The same. He is an orphan, who supports himself by working on a farm, and studies all his leisure; accepts no pecuniary assistance, and incurs no obligation. He is the smallest and the smartest boy of seventeen that I ever knew—born for a leader. The country will find him out when she is wanting one. Now we must go. Clifford shakes his bells, and Juba is barking. We'll take the violin, and John Bennet will play half the evening. The deacon's family are coming to help make out the dance."

"All ready, Fanny?"

"All ready," said Fanny.

"All ready, mother?"

"All ready," said mother. "Tom, dear, drive carefully."

"Oh, yes, Clifford is always careful."

And away they are all gone, with merry bells, and glad hearts. Wearied with long standing and disgusted with the city noises, Clifford flew, rather than ran; the few miles which brought them to Squire Bolder's, in the nearest country town. Juba preceded him, barking furiously at every creature he met, as much as to say, "Let alone my colt."

Mrs. Somers almost lost her breath, and quite lost all courage. "Tom, dear, is the colt quite safe?" said she.

"Oh, quite safe," cried Tom, confidently. "But, you see, Mrs. Somers, he is just like a child; he is in a hurry to see home again. It seems a week to him since we came in town. I shall bring you home with Old Pompey, whom you know very well."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Somers; "I am hardly acquainted with Clifford yet."

The red twilight had faded, and the candles gleamed from the windows of Bolder Cottage, a grand fabric to bear so modest a name.

There was Tom's twin sister Hetty (Henrietta) and there was Hatty, whom Harry had all his life firmly believed to be the most beautiful, gentle, and sweet-tempered girl in the whole habitable world, but he had never said any such thing, and had been especially heedful that no one should infer it from his looks or conduct.

On this occasion, however, Hatty looked so irresistibly sweet and pensive, and it was such an affecting circumstance that they should be separated for a whole winter, that each of them should be obliged to seek another partner for the dance, another kind listener to their best and gentlest thoughts, it had nearly betrayed them both.

"Said Harry quietly to Tom, 'Uncle Solomon thought I might be in danger of giving offence by making a favorite of one of my school girls; I think there will be nothing to fear on that score, while I retain the memory of your sisters.'"

"I found myself in no danger," replied Tom, glancing towards the piano, where Fanny was playing a gay air.

And now, while they are enjoying themselves at Squire Bolder's, let us precede Harry to the Red Oaks Village, (so called from a grove which has long since disappeared), in the town of B. to see how they are preparing for his reception.

They have just finished the new school house. It is light and convenient, with green blinds. The school room has rows of desks, on each side, and in the centre a large open space for classes to stand for recitation. This space is twenty feet long, and twelve broad. The hall door is at one end, and at the other the fireplace and the master's desk.

Outside, there is the open play-ground, the skating pond, the long, well-filled wood-house, &c., &c.

"Now, boys," said the committee, "you have a nice house, and you shall have a good teacher."

Behave like men, and do not insult your master. Let us have no more trouble. Our school has got so bad a name, that I find it very difficult to induce anybody to take it. I had to go a great distance, and say full as much as was true in its favor."

"I am going to school to learn," said John Beal, who was twenty-one years of age, "I do not wish to play or to make mischief, but if the master insults and ridicules me, it's a wonder if I don't pay him."

"Just so with me," said Will Barry; "I'll treat him well if he treats me well."

"Well," exclaimed Joe Downer, "I have been flogged, and shamed, and worried all my life by masters, and now I am seventeen, and I hate books and lessons. I am, I rather guess, the tallest and strongest one in the school; and I shall drag the master out and thrash him the first time he touches a scholar, especially if it is a girl. My sister Lucy was feruled last winter, when I was away, so that her hand is grown out of shape, and only for whispering to know where the lesson was. I have that to revenge."

"But this man didn't do it," said John Beal.

"No, he didn't, but the first saucy thing he does do, or threatens to do, will bring me about his ears. I hope he is a big, strong man. I can't fight with a little, puny fellow."

"Look there, Joe," whispered Lucy, as they went to church the next Sunday. "That is the new master. Ain't he pretty?"

"What? where?" cried Joe. "What, only that? That nice little girl, in boy's clothes, with dear little curls. That's too bad! No fighting for me; but if he is saucy to you, Lucy, I'll put him in the chip-basket, and carry him out on my shoulder."

The congregation were accustomed to join in singing the hymns, and Harry's voice, not loud and startling, not deep and hoarse, but low and sweet, came to every ear and thrilled every heart.

I have heard that voice. It is an angel voice. This is no fable. The Swedish Nightingale has a sweeter female voice, but this is a clear, manly voice, sweeter even than hers. In the afternoon he was invited into the choir, where he modestly took the least conspicuous place. At eight o'clock on the next morning, one hour before school time, most of the young men and boys assembled on the hill before the school house for coasting. Harry was only a few minutes behind them. He met them all coming down, and stood aside for them to pass, bidding them a kind good morning. He walked slowly, for them to overtake him on their way back, but as they did not seem inclined to do so, he turned about and went to meet them.

"I could not resist the sport this morning," said he to Will Barry, who was the leader of the returning procession. "I used to coast when I was a smaller boy than I am now, but I believe I have forgotten how to manage a sled; if I can learn again, I shall get somebody to make me one."

"Won't you take a turn on mine?" said Will Barry; "it's a pretty large one."

"Thank you," said Harry. "I shall be very glad to do so." So he and Will Barry led off the procession, amidst the hurrahs of the astonished boys, whose previous teachers had never compromised their dignity by taking any notice of their amusements. As they came up the hill, Harry assisting to draw up Will's large sled, a little boy ran to meet them, carrying a large, heavy ferule, which he presented to the master with a low bow.

"My father sends this to you, Sir, with his respects; he says you'll have plenty of use for it, and you must not spare it. He'll send you another when this is worn out."

Harry stopped and took the ferule, while the boys all gathered round him. "It is a very handsome one," said he, "and I am exceedingly obliged to your father. I shall have plenty of use for it, but it seems to me it would be more convenient for ruling copy books if it was just half as long. If you would cut it in two for me," said he to Will Barry, "I will give you the other half for your trouble."

"Oh, it's not to rule copy books," cried the small boy; "we have the ruled books."

"Then what is it for?" said Harry, with an expression of wonder.

"Why, it's to ferule the boys and girls with." "Not the girls!" exclaimed Harry. "I should be ashamed to strike a girl; and as to the boys, why they are most of them larger than I, and the small ones are, very likely, stronger. No, no; I came here to teach, not to flog. I'll do my best to teach all that wanted to be taught, but those that want to be feruled, must get some bigger man to do it for them. Come boys, we have time for another coast before nine o'clock."

When they entered the school-room, the boys watched to see him put on the awful dignity which they supposed inseparable from the office of school-master, and which many of them were so anxious to upset; but he did not put it on. He went about speaking good naturedly to each one, examining their books, &c. The ferule he put into his desk, saying it would make a very good bed when they had a game of ball.

Everything went on very smoothly, and the boys were let out for their morning recess—As they were about starting for a coast, Harry came running out, with his cap in his hand, and laughing.

"I declare," said he, "I am afraid to stay with so many girls, you must take me with you."

The boys raised a shout of merriment and offered him a dozen sleds on the moment. He accepted the one belonging to the most savage and morose-looking boy, in the school, Clare Maris, the son of Mr. Maris who had sent Harry the ferule. He and his three brothers were constantly scolded and beaten by their father, who though in other respects a very good and sensible man, believed it to be his duty to punish every offence severely, and so managed them, that little love or kindness was left in their hearts. Clare had been beaten on that very morning, for threatening to "come it" over the little new master. He had come to school with bitter and irritated feelings, but Harry's reception of the ferule had softened him at once, and he never felt kinder and happier than when he took the good natured master on his sled, while the others respectfully waited for them to lead off. Harry set up a grand hurrah as they went off, in which he was joined by the entire troop.

"You have a capital sled, and I am very much obliged to you," said Harry to Clare as he assisted him to draw up the sled.

"You are welcome to the use of it any time," said Clare, laughing, "and I'll take a flogging for pay."

"Just think of it now," said Harry; "I am

hardly so large as you, and not half so strong. How old are you?"

"Fourteen," replied Clare.

"Only fourteen, and so tall! I am really ashamed to own that I am eighteen years old."

"Now I will own to you, sir, that I am ashamed to be so big and so ignorant," said Clare, blushing.

"Well, then let us shake hands. You help me in coasting, and I'll help you in your lessons."

"Thank you, sir."

"The girls must take their turn now."

"I believe they are taking it, sir."

And so they were,—having a sort of wild gipsy dance, with gipsy music; but when the master entered, he found them all in their seats, flushed, but still, and apparently absorbed in study.

On that evening Mr. Maris called on the master. He was exceedingly grave and distant. Harry received him very cordially saying to him:

"You have some fine boys in the school. I like them very much, and hope they will like me, too."

"They tell me," said Mr. Maris, sternly, "that you will have no punishments. That will never do. Boys must be flogged."

"If they behave well?" asked Harry.

"They never behave well, sir."

"Indeed, Mr. Maris, if I had been watching, I could not have found any occasion to-day, to punish any one."

"But you will have, and must flog them.—We hired you—"

"To teach the school, which I shall do, to the best of my ability. But most of them are larger than I, and there are many of them more than a match for me. Will you come and help flog them if they need it?"

"With great pleasure," cried Mr. Maris.

"Thank you, sir, I will certainly send for you when it is necessary."

But Mr. Maris, greatly to his surprise, was never sent for.

"Well, how do you like the little man, Joe?" asked John Beal, as they returned into the Library road. You seem to be watching him."

"Yes," replied Joe Downer, "I have watched him all day, but I don't make up my mind till I see how he treats Julien. That poor fellow is as smart as anybody; but just because he is brown as an Indian, which he can't help, every block-head of a master takes it upon himself to knock him about, and call him Cuff and Pompey, or at best, Julius Caesar. The poor fellow had made up his mind not to come to school this winter, but I persuaded him, and promised to see that he was well used. He'll be at school to-morrow, and I'll be there too—and then the master must look out."

Harry had remarked Julien Seaver at church and inquired his name. He was first attracted by his sweet alto voice, and then interested by the deep melancholy, almost despair, in his beautiful features, and then astonished that so sombre a veil should spread over so fine a face. He was glad to see the boy at school, and as soon as the reading was over, he went directly to his desk, which was next to Joe Downer's, the latter having secured it for him the day before, in order to protect him from insult.

"Good morning, Julien," said he kindly; "I am glad you are coming to school. I heard your voice at church. You have a very fine alto, and we are going to have singing in the school—not only sacred music, but songs and glees. I shall depend on you for the alto."

Julien's dark face brightened with pleasure, and the tears started into Joe Downer's eyes. He hastily brushed them off, and began to study very hard, as Harry continued:

"But we must not neglect the more important matters. Will you let me see your books?"

Julien was proud to show them. They were quite clean, and his progress was not exceeded by that of any one of his age in school.

Harry left him with a few kind and encouraging words; and as he departed, Julien turned with a look of delight to Joe; but Joe was using his handkerchief, and his face was not visible.

"Tim, mind you," cried one of the small, bad boys, "the master leaves his big ferule at home, and he don't dare to whip anybody. Let us cut a few shins, now."

"So we will," said Tim. "Let's rub his desk over with charcoal!"

"And I'll pin a newspaper on his coat tail!" cried Jerry.

"And I'll make faces at him!" said Bill.

"Hallo, you young rascals!" cried Joe Downer; "look at me! I rather guess I'm pretty big and strong. If I am not, I rather suppose I could get some help." (Looking round.)

"I rather guess you could," said Will Barry.

"Shouldn't wonder," said Tom Parsons.

"Well," continued Joe, doubling his fist and shaking it in the faces of the astonished rebels, "I tell you this, one and all of you; the first one that begins to cut up a shine, or to insult the master in any way—mind, in any way—shall be knocked off this coasting ground, and expelled, flung by me, every day for one week or more." The rebellious party shrank away in terror, and the subject of shins was never again alluded to.

"Mr. Downer," said Harry, as they came out of school that night, "have you time to walk a little way with me?"

This happened to be the first time Joe had ever been called Mister, and it pleased him mightily. He was gratified that somebody had at last discovered that he had arrived at manhood, and was candid enough to own the fact.

"Certainly sir," he replied.

"I want to ask you about the boy who came with you to-day. He is not a negro?"

"Oh no sir; though the people here call him so, and think very ill of us because we treat him like one of the family. They take no notice of him. He is so miserable because he is black. He says he would gladly be skinned all over, if he could by that means become white."

"Poor fellow! it is really sad."

"Yes sir. We want to keep him until his education is finished, but he thinks he must go home directly."

"Where is his home?"

"The Sandwich Islands, or one of them. His mother was a native, and she married an officer of a French ship which was stopping there. She was related to the royal family. Her husband called himself Julien Seaver, or Julien Sive, as my uncle says it should be. He went

away with the ship, promising to return within a year; but he never came."

When Julien was old enough to walk alone, he used to go to all the vessels that came in, to inquire for his father, but he never could hear of him.

When he was ten years old his mother died; and as he could not persuade any one to take him on board a vessel, he managed to get into my uncle's vessel just as she was about sailing, and conceal himself for several days, till they were far from land, when he came out, almost starved. My uncle heard his story and pitied him very much.

He brought him home to be educated, and he says he shall be treated like a prince and a gentleman, as he is—at least he should not be shunned on account of his color. But you cannot force people. They say he is a negro, and the only one in town. He is never invited anywhere with the other boys. Uncle did get him into the singing school. He reads music as he would a story, but he won't sit in the singing seats, because he says every body stares at him."

"Who is your uncle, Mr. Downer?"

"Oh, he is the Committee, Captain Downer."

"Indeed! Well I thought that man must have a noble heart. I thank you for this information. We must talk again about it. Will you come in sometimes, in the evening, to see me?"

"Thank you, sir. Good night, sir."

It was a mild, January morning. After the children were assembled in school, it began to rain heavily, and continued pouring. The recess was unavailable. Nobody went out further than the hall. Harry heard an extensive rustling, and looked up from the sum he was correcting. The small children were thrusting themselves into all imaginable attitudes, in order to obtain relief from the pain produced by continuing too long in one posture.

They looked miserable and ill-natured, as though a fight or a whipping would be preferable to the cramped and wearisome situation in which they were held.

"Poor children!" said Harry, compassionately; "you cannot keep still any longer. Are you tired of sitting, Tommy?"

"Is sir," said the little child, just beginning to cry.

"Well, stand up, all of you; walk across to the door; now come back; go again once more; come back; clap your hands; laugh as loud as you can."

This they did, all the school bearing them company.

"There, now—do you feel better, sir?"

"Is, sir," said Tommy. "Is, sir," said they all.

"It seems to me you all look tired, and this is really a very tedious morning. We have such a large room, we might as well have a little exercise in doors, seeing it is too damp to play out. You may all of you—that is, all who wish to—come down into the floor and march a little. I have my fule in my pocket, and all the boys who can, may whistle. Please range yourselves two by two; first

of that year. The contract is said to have been

NURSERY.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish, on the most liberal terms, all kinds of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, shrubs, plants, &c. The following list embraces some of the most approved varieties—
Apples—Early Harvest. Red Astrachan. Late F.

Dough, William's Favorite, Matthen's Bush, Porter, L. Pippin, Fall Harvey, Graevestem, Hubbardston, New Pippin, Spitzenberg, Baldwin, Ladies' Seeding, B. Red, Yellow, Green, and many others. The following are low Bellifair, Northern Spy, N. L. Greening—and all other varieties that may be wanted.

Pears. Dwarf and Standard—Bloodgood, Beardless Beauty, Doyenne du Commerce, Bourgeois Diez, Flambeaux, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Seckel, Urban's D'Arenberg, Glout Moreau, Fasse Colmar, Vic. Melis, Vieux Has, etc.

Plums. Yellow Gage, Washington, Green Gage, Blue Gage, Imperial Gage, Smith's Orleans, Jefferson, Huling's Superb, Lombard, Sharp's Emperor, Coe's Group, Brewster's Parfait.

Cherries. May Duke, Riton, Honey Heart, Bl. Eagle, Davenport's Early, Downer's Late, &c.

Quince.—The Orange, hardy, and will flourish here as well as the Sweet.

STRAWBERRIES.—Hovey's Seedling, and almost other varieties that may be wanted.

THE FRAXINOSA RAPESTRUT—the best variety this climate affords.

GONKASCHKE'S—Houghton's Seedling—the best this region—and other varieties.

ALL ARTICLES ORDERED WILL BE PROMPTLY PACKED FOR THE CUSTOMER.

All kinds of Shrubs, Plants, Balloons Roots, &c., shipped at the lowest prices in any quantity or variety.

All articles ordered will be suitably packed for transit, and delivered by express, free of charge. No duties or packings, without extra charge except for material used in packing.

West Waterville, April 1, 1892. 37

DOOR, SASH AND BLIND FACTORY.
 JAMES BLOOM & CO. Manufacturers, 111½ Main Street, Boston, Mass.

Orders for planing, or for Window and Door Frames, Mill
lamps, China Pumps, etc., promptly attended to.
- Kendall's Mills, June 24, 1862.

New Lime.
JUST from the kiln,
At C. H. REDINGTON & CO.'S
Waterville, March 25, 1892. No. 4, Ticonderoga

NEW BONNETS & RIBBONS.
MR. & MRS. BRADBURY have the pleasure to announce to their former liberal Patrons, and to the Ladies generally, that they have just received a large and beautiful assortment of new Bonnets and Ribbons, which they are now opening out, and which they are prepared to sell at the most reasonable rates.

that they have now on hand a very large assortment of

MILLINERY GOODS,

including the Spring style of BONNETS, RIBBONS, &c
together with their usual unequalled variety of

SUPERIOR NEEDLES, THIMBLES, WOVBETS, GLOVES AND
HOSIERY, EMBROIDERIES, MOURNING ARTICLES,
WHITE GOODS, &c. &c. &c.

Our Stock will be replenished by very frequent additions of the most fashionable and desirable Goods; and we trust our long experience in the business, and our determination to sell the best articles at the lowest possible prices, will

Straw Bonnets Repaired, Bleached & Pressed
In the most perfect manner, and all kinds of Fashionable
Nery and Dress Making executed to order in the best
workmanship.

All persons INDEBTED to us are respectfully requested to call and settle as soon as possible. To avoid the repetition of this offer FIRST pay, and to save the trouble and loss of the system, we shall hereafter sell for CASH or READY PAY.

MR. and MRS. BRADY
Waterville, April, 1862.

GEO. S. C. DOW & CO.,

AT STORE NORTH OF RAILROAD DEPOT
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
FLOUR, CORN, LIME, SALT, CEMENT
AND GROCERIES GENERALLY.
Waterville, May 18, 1862. 45

FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY.
BAY State Office, Boston.
 Chelsea Mutual, Boston.
 American Mutual, New York.
 United States Stock and Mutual, N. York.
 Risks taken at fair rates upon the Stock or Mutual fire
 by application to G. B. C. DOW, Agent.
 Waterville, July 3, 1861.

Bounty Land for Soldiers

OF the War of 1812,—of the Florida and other Indian since 1790,—and for the commissioned officers of the with Mexico,—who served for one month and upwards, and received no land,—(and if dead, for their widows or children,) obtained under the new law by THOMAS W. RICH, Att'y and Counsellor at Law.

Office in Beutelle Block, over J. R. Elden's store.

Waterville, Nov 11, 1880. 1st

EXTRA FLOUR

25 BBLs. "Hopeton" Extra Flour, equal to the best Brands, and at a **LOWER PRICE**, this day received New York. — Also,

200 BARRELS

Eagle and Empire Mills, good Common Flour, and

Dec 16

0 Barrels Gardiner Flour,
For sale by J. R. S.

Boarders Wanted.


A FEW Boarders can be accommodated, by application to the subscriber, at the PARKER HOUSE.

ALSO

A TENEMENT in the same House will be let on reasonable terms.

terms. April 19, 1862. 40 C. A. RICHARD

Full Blood Ayrshire Bull.

 A BEAUTIFUL ANIMAL of this breed, four years old, will be kept by the subscriber the whole season; at the farm-yard of John T. Bottelle, distance from the Depot. Farmers in the vicinity are invited to examine some young cattle of this breed, at the same place.

W
aken
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that

they are believed to possess excellent qualities for the de
GEO. WENTWORTH
Waterville, April 12, 1862.

Kossuth Hats.
O C. TOZIER has for sale a beautiful style of KOS
HATS, at his store on Main street, Waterville.
Feb. 11, 1862. 50

Extra Flour.
HIRAM SMITH Brand. SPAULDING do; with all
 brands. For sale by **PEARSON &**
 Waterville, Apr. 28, 1852. **41**

NOTICE.
LADIES wishing to buy **DRY GOODS** at **Low Prices,**
 will call at **W. H. BLAIR & CO.'S,** where a

beautiful Stock of

SPRING GOODS

have just been received, and are selling at prices that will
satisfy all those who are fond of good bargains.

April 19, 1862.

DR. P. BARTON, WATERVILLE
RESIDENCE on Elm St., 2 doors below Hancock's

y of **Room in C. J. Wingate's Building.**
 part- Offer to Dr. John Hubbard, Hallowell, Dr. Isaac
 North Anson.
 June 9, 1892.

Summer Style Hats,
WHICH for beauty and durability cannot be surpassed
 at sale at the lowest prices by **FELLOWS &**
 47 **at the East Over,**

**RAIN WATER CISTERNS,
and Rat Proof Cellar Floors.**

WM H MARSHALL is now ready to receive orders for the construction of his well known PATENT RAIN CISTERNS and CEMENT CELLAR FLOORS. All work is warranted to give good satisfaction. Fresh Cement, and White Lead, Sand, Colored Plaster and hair. Kent, for

FANS.
A LARGE assortment, at all prices from 6 1/4 cts. to
for sale by **FELLOWS & C.**
47 Main St., opposite the Post

prop-
"BE YE CLOTHED."
Fresh Arrival of Spring & Summer Clothing
O. C. TOZIER,
At the old stand, next door to J. M. Crooker, on Main
has just returned from Boston with his Spring & Summer
com's

His assortment is large and choice, embracing everything pertaining to a gentleman's wardrobe.

Overcoats, Frock & Dress Coats,
Polka Coats and Frocks, Sacks, Pants, Vests,
Booms, Collars, Hdkfs, Cravats, Scarfs,
Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery, &c.

Those who contemplate such improvements of the
man as the opening season dictates, will do well to contact
O. C. TOZIER,
May 12, 484f Main st., W
Lime, Cement and Potash,
ALWAYS on hand, at the Long Store above the Depot

of Octo-	A	48	DOW
AMS.			
49			
		SALT.	
	640	BUSHELS LIVERPOOL.	
		320 " TURKS ISLAND.	
	For sale at		DOW & COB.
	May 19.	44	Above th
		FLOUR.	

100 BARRELS GENNESEE MILLS, this day
for sale by **DOW & CO.,**
June 16 45 Long Store, above the
CASH FOR CALF SKINS.
THE HIGHEST PRICE, in Cash, paid for Calf Skins
WM. L. MA
Waterville, April 19, 1868. 4047

*** Closing up Business.**
HAYING made arrangements for closing his business in Waterville, the subscriber requests all persons having unsettled accounts with him to call and arrange the same previous to the 12th day of July, at which time he will leave the necessity of leaving his demands with an attorney. Those having demands against him are requested to present them for payment. As he wishes to settle all his

self, pleasantly and without cost to any, he hopes to
will have prompt attention.

PETER DEROC

Waterville, June 24, 1862.

