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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, JAN. 20, 1853.

NO. 27.

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EPIH. MAXHAM. DAN'L R. WING.
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If paid within the year, 2.00
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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PRISONER'S BOY.

BY DR. E. W. LOCKE.

Passing through Broad street, Boston, a few years ago, one cold December afternoon, I encountered a sorrowing lad, not more than ten years old, shivering with the cold, weeping that he had no home, and withal one of the most pitiable objects I ever beheld. After questioning him as to the cause of his weeping, and learning that he had a father in Charlestown and a mother in the city, said, "My son, why do you not go to your father or mother? they will take care of you." These words opened a fountain of tears. Said he: "Mother has gone to work for a rich family; she could not take me and little sister, so she took little sister and left me to take care of myself. They went away yesterday morning, and I do not know where they are." But why do not you go to your father? or he come to see you? "My father, sir, is a prisoner. He cannot come to me, and once mother carried me to see him, but a strong man with a great key in his hand pulled us away from him. The children tell me that father is a bad man, and that mother and I are bad because he is; and often I hear some say, who cares for that boy? his father is in a state-prison."

The winter sun is going down,
The shades of night appear;
The sky has on its darkest frown;
No home or friends are near;
Who'll find a beggar boy a bed,
And fire his limbs to warm,
A pillow for his aching head,
And shelter from the storm.

I've wandered till my weary feet
Are sore and freezing cold,
And oft in many a lone street
My simple tale I've told:
Alas! alas! my homeless life!
The world thinks me a defiled
For father is a prisoner's wife,
And I am a prisoner's child.

O ye who have no frost or snow,
Around the well-warmed hearth,
Who heedless hear the cold winds blow,
And sweep the snow from the door,
Unbar your doors and take me in,
The snow is falling fast;
My hands are numb, my quivering skin
Is freezing from the blast.

O take me in; your generous deed
Shall be forever blessed;
For he who helps a child in need
Shall find the giver's reward;
My mother's lips, most fervently,
Shall bless you many years;
And when again my father's face
He'll bless you with his tears.

WATERVILLE, Jan. 10, 1853.

MISCELLANY.

MILLY GREY.

BY MARY A. DENNISON.

"Oh, ever let the aged be,
As sacred angels unto thee."

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried gay Bell Grosvenor,
"see yonder country gawky; as I live he is
beckoning the coachman. Now, if he gets in
there'll be fun for I do love to plague these
green ones. Why, Milly, how do you open
your great blue eyes; you ain't frightened, are
you? Look at her, Annie—ha, ha, ha, just
look at her."

"But you are not in earnest, Bell," said
Milly, timidly shrinking back into her seat;
"you would not be so impolite, so—"

"Our politeness is reserved for the city,
dear," broke in Annie. "We consider such
fellows as that, nobodies, and if they don't want
to be laughed at, why they must take an out-
side place with the coachman, that's all."

"Then you won't catch me sitting on the
same seat with you," exclaimed Milly, with a
look of alarm, springing away from her cous-
ins, and encircling herself in a seat opposite.

"So much the better," cried Bell, with a
merry laugh; "we can have a good time with
both of—hush! here he comes. Oh, Annie,
what a fright!"

The young man unbuttoned the coach door
himself, for the horses were going up hill, and
springing over the steps rather awkwardly, on
account of a large portmanteau he had, seated
himself on a seat near Milly. Bell and Annie
exchanged looks and bit their lips. Milly
hugged the back of the coach, blushing crimson
with shame for her cousins, and the country
greeny, who were a very much soiled coat and
a shocking cap, over which a light thin hand-
kerchief was thrown and fastened under his
chin, looked up at them demurely. Once, he
could not but notice that the object of their
mirth was himself, and he suddenly put his
hand on his throat as if to untie his uncouth
cap-string—i. e., the ends of his handkerchief—
but, pausing, he seemed to change his mind,
and let them alone.

"Won't you have my vinaigrette, Milly,
dear?" said Bell, with an arch smile, and a
side glance at the stranger.

"You do look pale," chimed in Annie, toss-
ing back her thick curls; and, restraining her-
self no longer, she burst into a loud laugh, for
the poor girl's cheeks were distressingly flushed.

"Take my fan, coz," exclaimed Bell, proffer-
ing it; "the air is really overpowering;" and
she placed her delicate pocket-handkerchief to
her face.

"I thank you," said Milly, with as much
dignity as she could assume, while her lips
trembled, "I do not need it."

"She certainly is faint, Annie," said Bell, in
a low tone. "Come, Milly, you had better sit
between us where we can support you—you
have n't quite room enough on that side."

The thoughtless girl started, for a blazing
black eye flashed upon her; it was only for a
second, though, that quick, piercing glance with
the fire of fifty outraged dignities concentrated
within it.

"If you please, cousin Bell," said Milly,
with more spirit than they dreamed she pos-
sessed, "don't annoy me any more. I am bet-
ter pleased with my seat than your rudeness;"
and the pretty lip trembled again, and the pretty
face looked as if it was going to cry.

The young man turned quickly. The hard
expression that had gathered around his mouth
melted into something akin to a pleasant smile,
while the two rebuked cousins were very an-
gry, any one might have seen.

numerable hand-boxes and bundles, most of
which he insisted on carrying into the coach
with her. Here was plenty of material for the
morriment of the thoughtless sisters. Bell de-
clared that the hand-boxes must have once con-
tained Mrs. Noah's best bonnet, and Annie
persisted that, if so, that identical bonnet must
now be before them.

No sooner was the coach door opened than
out sprang the stranger, and taking sundry
things from the old lady deposited them care-
fully in the inside, all but one, about which
she seemed very choicely; but just as she per-
formed the laborious feat of stepping within
the door down rolled the paper with a crash.
Something was destroyed, and Bell and Annie
enjoying her real distress at the accident burst
into another impetuous laugh. The old lady
could not avoid looking toward them, and as
her hair was a little awry, and her spectacles
crooked, she presented a sight appearing to
them so ludicrous that they hid their faces, al-
most convulsed with laughter.

"Are these your sisters, sir?" she asked
mildly, turning to the gentleman.

"I hope not, madam," he answered, in low
and measured tones; "my sisters respect age;
to them gray hairs are too sacred for trifling."
He did not wince in the least under the angry
glance of the mortified girls, now completely
silenced; but Milly had thrown her thick veil
down, and was weeping all to herself.

"I am going to the house of Dr. James; do
you know him, sir?" asked the old lady, after
a few moments of silence.

"I should know him, for he is my father,"
said the stranger with a smile.

The flushed cheeks of Bell grew instantly
pale—her eyes met those of her companion, on
whose face a similar reaction had taken place.

"My son, Professor L—," lectures in
Tauton, to-night, and as I have seldom the
pleasure of listening to him, he is so often away,
I thought I would make an effort to visit your
house. I am glad he is your father, young man,
you do him honor;" she continued, with a
gratified look, "you have his eyes and his
forehead—I should know them"—the stranger
had lifted his cap, taken off his handkerchief,
and was wiping the moisture from a magnifi-
cent brow, above which the jet black curls
hung thick and silky. "I shall have also the
pleasure of meeting my son at your house,
and acquainting him with your politeness to-
wards a strange old woman, who was the subject
of some not very flattering remarks."

She did not glance this time towards the
young ladies, if she had she would have pitied
them; they sat cowering down completely crest-
fallen. It was, indeed, a pretty kettle of fish
they had prepared for themselves. They, too,
were going for the express purpose of hearing
Professor L—, one of the most brilliant
lecturers of the day, and who had almost been
bewitched by the sparkling beauty of Bell
Grosvenor, when a guest at her father's in the
city; so much so that he had been heard to de-
clare he knew not another woman who appeared
to possess so many desirable qualities for a
wife. And strangely enough they were going
to the very house of the man they had so grossly
insulted; for they never could have dreamed
the "gawky" to be the only son of their
mother's friend, the rich and influential Dr.
James. They knew, indeed, that he had been
for some time expected home from his tour in
Europe; but his travel-stained attire, and his
silence had completely deceived them.

Meantime Milly recovered a little from her
trouble. The envious veil was thrown back,
the two glowing lips restored to their equanim-
ity, the glad, merry eyes, all the brighter for
the little wash of tears, rested or rather danced
over the beautiful prospect of fields, and trees,
and rose-lined paths; she, innocent heart, had
nothing to reproach herself with, and gladly
would her cousins have changed places with
her.

They sat silent, trembling and almost faint-
ing, the stage drew near the broad entrance
into the Doctor's grounds; they were still un-
decided when the coachman said, "The young
ladies are to stop here, I believe;" and un-
strapped the trunks from the huge tongue.

Henry James, after a moment's embarrass-
ment, stepping back to the door, and with a
bright smile at Milly, said, as if nothing un-
pleasant had transpired,—

"Will you allow me to assist you out, young
ladies?"

How daintily he conducted Milly to the
ground! but as the others descended there was
a chilling reserve in his manner, and a painful
confusion in theirs; that told how indelible
would be the recollection of that unfortunate
meeting.

Bell Grosvenor and her sister returned the
next day. They could not endure to meet Pro-
fessor L— in the presence of his mother;
but they have learned a lesson which they will
probably treasure for life, not to judge by ex-
ternals, and to treat old age, even in rags, with
a reverence as holy as though it moved about
in golden slippers.

"But I am a portionless orphan, Henry."

"But you are the same Milly Gray that sat
in the back seat of the old stage, and nobly
resisted the influence of wealth and fashion,
when those rude, proud girls would have laugh-
ed down the uncouth countryman. From that
moment I loved you; and still more so when I
perceived your delicate attentions to my fa-
ther's friend. Believe me, Milly, no true man
would trust his happiness with one who would
insult gray hairs. There is little heart in such
a one, however faultless the exterior, and I
have such extreme reverence for the aged, that
a loathing, impossible for me to express, came
over me when I witnessed the behavior of
your cousins. They may be wealthy, highly
educated, fascinating, but I would no more wed
one of them than I would play with a rattles-
nake. There! God bless you, Milly—look
up, love, and let me tell you that in my eyes
you are worth millions, nay, more than all the
world."

Bell and Annie Grosvenor are both wedded,
but neither of them has Professor L— or
Dr. James for a husband. They are, however,
very gay and fashionable, if that is any com-
pensation. But Milly, sweet Milly, lives in a
beautiful villa in a country town, as happy and
devoted a wife and mother as can be found in
the wide, wide world.

LITTLE FOLKS, DON'T WAIT.—A little boy
borrowed a tool of a neighbor, promising to
return it at night. Before evening he was
sent away on an errand, and did not return un-
til late. Before he went, he was told that his
brothers should see the tool returned. He

was much distressed to think that his promise
was not fulfilled, and was finally persuaded to
rise up early and carry it home. By daylight
he was up, and nowhere was the tool to be
found. After a long and fruitless search, he
set off for his neighbor's to acknowledge his
fault. But how great was his surprise to find
the tool at his neighbor's door; and it appear-
ed from the prints of little bare feet in the
mud, that little Henry had got up in his sleep
and carried the tool home, and went to bed
again, and knew it not. Surely, a boy prompt
in his sleep was prompt when awake. He liv-
ed respected, had the confidence of his neigh-
bors, and held many offices of trust, and died
lamented.

The Want of a Love for Home.

Mrs. Sarah C. Harris writes from Galena, Ill., the fol-
lowing sensible letter to the Ohio Cultivator:

MY DEAR FRIENDS OF THE CULTIVATOR:
—I would send an appeal in behalf of home
and the homestead. I do not mean at present
to speak of a homestead exemption law, which
would simply waif off the creditor's claim.—
Oh, no; the sacred hearthstone has in our day
and in our land, a more terrible enemy by far
than the sheriff's warrant.

We are a locomotive people—we live upon
railroads; we walk by steam; we talk by light-
ning. The things we used and admired yester-
day, we fling aside to-day, as out of date and
out of fashion. The spot which was our habi-
tation last week, has become old and tiresome
to us this week. The friends of last month
weary us with the monotony of their society
this month. Our brief summer is too old be-
fore it is vanished, for we have grown weary
of our lace hats and tissue dresses, and we long
for the new fashions of the winter, to say noth-
ing of the intermediate changes of spring and
autumn. Then we tire of our plumes and furs,
and are impatient for the new "arrivals" of
our merchant's summer goods. We buy new
furniture as often as we can afford the expense,
and shift the old to make a change when we
cannot.

Some of your readers, especially those hav-
ing such sweet homes as I have seen about Mt.
Pleasant in your State, may think these re-
marks exaggerated, and only applicable to
eastern cities, but I assure you it is not so. I
write from the Great West, the region of the
Mississippi. We have a glorious country and
a glorious people here, but of our merits I
shall defer speaking until some other day. One
of our great defects is at this moment strongly
pressed upon my vision—we scarcely know the
name of home. I am not speaking of inland
places now; I cannot speak advisedly of them,
for ever since I came to this region, I have
been in some portion of the territory absorbed
in the trade of the Mississippi.

From St. Louis to St. Anthony, Minnesota,
it is all the same, and this has been the extent
of my field of travel and observation. In that
range are many beautiful cities; they are very
gay and fashionable places. The ladies are
truly Solomon's "Lilies of the field." One
lady will wear enough upon her person at a
ball to pay for a comfortable home. Half the
time they may be seen migrating to spend their
summers East, and their winters South. Whole
families, babies and all, are birds of passage.—
The enterprise of the country seems all con-
centrated upon trade and speculation; farming is
too slow and tame a business by far, for the
genius of our region, and is mostly left to un-
educated foreigners. We have a few excep-
tions to this rule, but the business men think
farming a stupid occupation—they could never
wait to see the wheat that is sown this autumn,
harvested next summer. They would be off
to California before it was half grown. Our
young men are almost all gone to California or
to Oregon. This country is grown too old for
them.

We are proud of our generosity; eastern
people flatter us upon that point; but I hope
you don't guess how extravagant and careless
we are. We love new things so much, that
the sooner we can destroy the old ones, the
better. We must be fine and new, no matter
what the cost. A young lady with no known
means of support, save the charity of a distant
relative, will dress as fine as a princess; and a
young man, whose salary is no more than four
dollars a week, will spend that all on Saturday
to take some curly-headed school girl buggy-
riding. Oh, we are very extravagant! We
don't think of home and the rainy day; and we
are very destructive—too destructive by far to
know anything of real neatness. And what do
we restless beings care for home? True, we
love to build a fine house, and astonish the na-
tives, with our grandeur; but in order to be
able to do this, we will live in a hovel three-
fourths of our time, without a tree to shade us,
or yield us its delicious fruits. 'Tis not the
home we care for; we'd much rather have fine
clothes.

Ah, I do love progress; I love activity and
life; I love the strides of human genius tow-
ards improving human surroundings and means
of elevation. I am far from clinging to "old
error as better than new truth." But, oh! "my
ear is pained, my soul is sick." We American
people are a glorious people, (at least in our
own estimation,) but must we, in our over-
whelming rage for progress, trample under foot
all the holiest affections of the heart? Must
that love of home, which is justly ranked as
next to love of God, become an obsolete pas-
sion—a forgotten thing? Must all those cher-
ished objects, so closely knit up with this love
as portions of the household altar, be set up at
vendue, to give place to new French fashions?
Must "the old oak" be cut up as fire-wood to
make room for some foreign tree of puny,
showy growth? Must the old family Bible be
resigned to rats and mice in the garret, that a
splendidly embellished and gilded copy of the
Holy Bible may lie upon the table? "The old
arm-chair," in which our grandfather sat,
and our mother breathed her last, must this be
thrown aside and broken into fragments as an
ugly thing?

Oh, I love refinement, I love art and ele-
gance, but give me a home, aye a home where-
in to rest my weary soul. Let us hear the
dear old clock tick from the same corner where
my grandfather used to look through his glasses
to see if it was yet the hour for meeting; let
me see the contented cat upon the hearth, and
the house-dog in the dog-yard. Let some of
the neat, home-made rag carpets be laid, to tell
of the thrift and tidiness of those we loved;
let the comfortable oaken furniture still invite
our wearied limbs; let the old orchard still
yield its golden store.

If we have not old homes, homes made sa-
cred by those whom we have loved, and who

have passed away, let our new homes be homes
and not show-houses. But of this more in fu-
ture. My letter is too long already.

A Sailor's Adventure in London.

It was in the fall of 18—, that the ship to
which I belonged, after a voyage of four months
in the northern Atlantic, hove in sight of the
Scilly Islands, and as we were bound for Lon-
don, shaped our course up the channel, and in
a few days were anchored in the Downs. Hav-
ing been short of provisions for some time back,
we were obliged to stop and replenish. The
next day, however, we were towed up the river,
and entered the Commercial Dock on the
18th of October, 18—. It was a grand sight
to me, for I had never been in London, and
the city seemed like the world, in comparison
to my humble village in the west of England.
We were to be paid on the morrow, and I de-
termined, as soon as I was at liberty, to take a
stroll and see some of the sights about which
I had so often heard. At twelve the next day
all hands proceeded to the office in Leaden-hall
street, and received, severally, the amount due
them. There were just ten pounds coming to
me, and I started off to see how I could best
make it conducive to my pleasure. I had been
strolling round for some time, looking at the
Tower, and other places of note, and finally
walked into one of the parks, to see what I
could of the London fashions. I was leaning
against a tree, watching a party which attract-
ed my attention, when I was suddenly accosted
by a female, apparently about eighteen or
twenty, neatly dressed, and with an expression
which, although pleasing, seemed somewhat
sad.

"What is it you wish, my good lady?" said
I. She looked at me a moment, and said:

"You are a sailor, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been in London?"

"I arrived yesterday."

"Have you been here before?"

"Never."

Well, then, perhaps I can be of some as-
sistance to you. Suppose we take a cab and
drive out to Vauxhall this evening?"

I hesitated a moment, for, I thought to my-
self, she no doubt thinks I have plenty of mon-
ey, and wishes to obtain a share. But then,
again, I thought, it makes no difference—I'll
spend it anyhow—and consented. She called a
cab, and in a short time we were at Vauxhall.
I pulled out my purse to pay the driver, when
she anticipated me, and said:

"Never mind, sir—I have plenty. Besides,
I invited you here—therefore I bear all ex-
penses."

I was astonished, for I had never doubted
but that my money was the principal attraction,
and I was puzzled to think what could be her
object. After ordering some refreshments, of
which she ate and drank very little, but which
she insisted upon paying for, we strolled round
the garden, listening to the music, until toward
evening, when I remarked it would be best to
return.

"Yes, it will soon be dark, and we had bet-
ter go. But," said she, "you are a stranger in
London, and it would be folly for you to look
for a hotel to-night—and, besides, it would be
ungenerous in me to allow you to. I reside in
—street, and, if you will accept a room in
my house, you will be welcome, and my hus-
band who is fond of company, will be glad to
see you."

While hesitating, she called a cab, and we
went off in it. When the cab stopped, we got
out, and I found myself in a narrow street,
dimly lighted, and before a large brick house,
with iron railings in front. She opened the
door, and asked me to sit down a moment,
when she went into a room close by, and re-
turned almost immediately, and said:

"My husband has retired—I'll introduce you
to him in the morning. Here is a light—take
the room at the head of the stairs. Good night."

I went up stairs to the room she had point-
ed out, opened the door and went in. It was
furnished, you may say, richly. The bed stood
in the further corner, with blue damask cur-
tains in front. I undressed quickly, as I was
somewhat tired by my day's adventure, walk-
ed to the bed and drew aside the curtains, and
there lay a man, weltering in his blood, with his
throat cut from ear to ear. It would be vain
to attempt to describe my feelings. I imme-
diately dressed myself, with a presence of
mind which I have never been able to account
for. I then tried to open the door, which, to
my horror, I found was locked. Glancing
round the room my eye fell upon the iron in
the fire place. I snatched one up, and, with
one stroke broke the lock and opened the door.
Running down the stairs, I found the front
door fastened also. Having nothing to break
the lock with, I darted into the first room I
came to, and jumped from the window into an
alley on the side of the house, and had mere-
ly time to conceal myself, when I heard the
people round crying murder, and saw the very
woman that I came with, followed by several
of the police, enter the house, thinking, I sup-
pose, of course she would find me there. I
left, as soon as the crowd gathered round, and
passed out unnoticed.

The next morning I was reading the paper,
and almost the first thing which attracted my
attention was a notice of a bloody murder in
—street, with the reward of fifty pounds
for the apprehension of the murderer. It went
further, and in the description of the supposed
person; described me better than I could have
done myself—even to the manner in which I
wore my beard. The first barber's shop re-
ceived that, gratis; and, changing my clothing,
which was also minutely described, I went
down to the docks, and the bark — being a
hand short, I shipped in her for New York,
and have never since, nor ever wish to, spend
another night in London!—[N. O. Delta.]

HANDSOME WOMEN.—You put this ques-
tion, how comes it to pass that the greater part
of your handsome women are exceedingly igno-
rant and childish in their manners? I be-
lieve I can account for it. It is not believed
that nature has been less kind to their minds,
because lavish to their bodies; nor that they
are born with less capacities than others, but
because they neglect to cultivate their minds,
and to improve their mental faculties; and they
are vain, and desire to be admired. An ill-fa-
vored woman knows that she cannot be loved
for her face; this induces her to endeavor to
draw attention by her intelligence and wit. She
applies her mind to books, and bends the
whole force of her attention to her improve-
ment; and in spite of nature and all her un-

kindness, she becomes agreeable. The beau-
ty, on the contrary, has only to make her ap-
pearance to please; her vanity is gratified; as
she never reflects, she never thinks that her
beauty is only for a season. She is besides, so
taken up with dress, with the care of being at
every assembly, to appear with advantage, and
to hear herself praised, that she has no time for
the cultivation of her mind, however con-
vinced she might be that it was necessary.—
Thus of necessity she becomes a fool, taken up
with childish tricks, the vain frippery of dress,
shows and sighs. This may continue to tri-
fity, at most forty years of age, if the small pox
or some other disorder, does not tarnish this
beauty. When youth is over, the time for im-
provement is gone; then this young lady, once,
now no longer, a beauty, continues in igno-
rance all her life long, though nature has given
her as great an advantage as any other; where-
as the homely looking young woman who has
now become very amiable, defies old age and
sickness that can take nothing from her.—[Mrs.
Jameson.]

A Bull-Fight and a Moral.

"Ralpho" tells the following tale in the
Halifax Nova Scotian. It solves the long
mooted question of "who pushed the bull off
the bridge."

"I remember, when a lad at school, of once
seeing a fight between two bullfrogs. I never
shall forget it, although I could not have been
more than eight years of age at the time. It
happened in this wise:

Close by the school-house—a very unpret-
ending edifice it was—ran a deep and narrow
river. Across it had been thrown a high wood-
en bridge, the hand-railings of which, time,
and the winds, and the weather had entirely
destroyed. It was one bright summer day—
I remember it as if it was yesterday—the hour
of noon had arrived, and a frolicsome, romping,
fun-loving company of lads were let loose for
an hour's recreation. The land on the oppo-
site side of the river was owned by different
persons and farmed by them respectively. The
bellowing and roaring of two bulls that had
broken out of the inclosures on each side of the
river, and were approaching each other along
the highway, at a rate which would cause them
to meet about the center of this high bridge,
beneath which, at some thirty feet, ran a deep
and sluggish stream, between high and deep
banks, attracted our attention.

The more daring of us gathered near the
bridge, lining the fences to see the fight, and
we were not disappointed. Nearer and nearer
approached the proud, pawing combatants to
each other, and Bashan never produced two
fiercer looking brutes than those I now describe.

They tore the ground with their feet—they
kneaded down occasionally, trying to gore the
earth with their horns; they lashed their sides
fiercely with their tails, but unobservedly of
each other, for the high bridge obstructed their
view. Presently, as they simultaneously as-
cended the respective abutments, they came in
full sight of one another. The roar was mu-
tual and actually tremendous. Every urchin
of us sprang into the field and ran; but gather-
ing courage in finding that we were not pur-
sued, we as hastily retraced our steps, and
there they were, both of them front to front,
their horns locked together, fighting as bulls
only can fight! It seemed to be an even
match. Now one would press back his oppo-
nent a few paces, and his adversary would be
pressed back in return. The struggle was hard,
was long, was savage.

They began to wheel—in another moment
they were faced at right angles with the old
bridge, which shook, and creaked, and rocked
again with their tramping, and the effects of
of the terrible strife.

It was the work of a single moment. One
of the beasts—I never could tell which of them
did it—one of them, however, as if conscious of
his position, made a desperate, a terrible lunge
forward, he pressed his antagonist back—back
—back—there was but another step of plank
behind him—between him and nothing—back
still further he was pressed, and over he went
headlong. Such a sight I never saw—I never
again shall see—a bull off a bridge, falling at
least thirty feet, over and over. He turned
once or twice, probably—I thought he turned
over fifty times. There seemed so much horns
and feet, and tail flying through the air—but
down he went, the water was deep, and he dis-
appeared.

The other bull didn't laugh, merely because
bulls, we supposed, could not. But we laugh-
ed. There he stood, looking directly down in-
to the deep abyss below, and into which he had
hurled his unlucky foe. He stood, however,
but a moment, as if frightened at the prospect
before him. He commenced to step backward
—back—back—back—with his head in the
same pugnacious attitude as when in combat
—back—another step, and over he too went on
the opposite side of the bridge, performing just
as many and exactly as ludicrous somersaults
as his adversary had done a minute before. It
beat all I ever saw.

In about five minutes both bulls might be
seen, their tails trailing in the sand, dripping
wet, and scratching up the steep, gravelly
banks, each on his own side of the river.

There are bulls won't never fight no more;
said a boy behind me. I turned around; it
was red-haired Bob, as we used to call him,
and every hair on Bobby's naked head looked
as if it was in spasms. But Bobby was right.

There are two political parties in Nova Scot-
ia; I wish they had seen the fight as I saw it
—that is all I have to say for the present."

THE DUTY OF FATHERS.—Fathers! plead
as you will, that you are full of care and la-
bor to support your families. Say it over and
over, till you really believe it yourself, if you
please, that when you come home tired, at
night, you cannot be crazed with the clatter of
children's tongues. You want to rest and be
quiet. So you do, and so you should—but
have you any right to be so perfectly worn out
with business, that the voice of your own child
is irksome to you? Try, for once, a little,
pleasant, quiet, instructive chat with him. En-
ter for a few moments into his feelings, and
pursuits, and thoughts—for that child has feel-
ings that need cherishing tenderly, for his own
future comfort. He has pursuits, and he
wants to be one to talk with him about them,
and kindly tell him which are useful, and which
he would do better to let alone. He has
thoughts, and who shall direct the mind aright
which must think forever, if not the author of
his being? Ask of his school, his playmates,
and see if your own spirit is not rested and

refreshed, and your heart warmed by this lit-
tle effort to win the love and confidence, and
delight the heart of this young immortal, who
owes his entrance into this weary world to you,
and to whom you are under the most solemn
obligation to strive to prepare to act well his
part in it. Do not say this is his mother's
business. Has the Bible laid any command up-
on mothers? Would it not seem that He who
formed her heart knew that she need not be
told to labor in season and out of season for
her beloved offspring? But to you is the
strange command, "Fathers, provoke not your
children to wrath, but bring them up in the
nurture and admonition of the Lord!"

Mothers, do you not reap a rich reward for
curbing your

