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FLOGGING THE MASTER.

In the Atlantic Monthly for February is to be found a truthful description of one of the large inland village schools with its sixty inmates, among whom are six or eight of each sex who are nearly or quite men and women grown, and possess on the part of the boys that unobscured disposition to be disorderly, noisy, and obstinate, which, if not vanquished by the superior capacity of the teacher, renders the school worse than worthless.

This school is located at Pigwacket Center, and there had been a good deal of trouble with teachers. The first one, Master Weeks, had learned enough, but he was physically little and weak. So when he attempted to flog Abner Briggs, Jr., a great hulking, villainous fellow, who had a great reputation as a rough and tumble fighter, he got flogged, and driven out of the house. The next teacher kept two weeks, suffered numberless insults, and finding he had lost seven weeks of flesh, he was driven out. The third man hired was Mr. Bernard Langdon, whose experience is well told in the columns of the Atlantic.

The advent of Master Langdon to Pigwacket Center created a much more lively sensation than had attended that of either of his predecessors. Looking good ways all the world over, and though there were several good-looking people in the place, and Major Bush was what the natives of the town called a "handsome man," that is, big, fat, and red, yet the sight of a really elegant young fellow, with the natural air which grows up with carefully bred young persons, was a novelty. The Brahmin blood which came from his grandfather as well as from his mother, and the frugal board of his ancestry, with his own habits of study, had told upon his color, which was added to something more of a delicate than one would care to see in a young fellow with rough work before him. This, however, made him look more interesting, or, as the young ladies at Major Bush's said, "interesting."

When Mr. Bernard showed himself at meeting, on the first Sunday after his arrival, it may be supposed that a good many eyes were turned upon the young schoolmaster. There was something heroic in his coming forward so readily to take a place, which called for a strong hand, and a promptness to guide it. In fact, his position was that of a military chieftain on the eve of a battle. Everybody knew everything in Pigwacket Center; and it was an understood thing that the young rebels meant to put down the new master, if they could. It was natural that the two prettiest girls in the village, called in the local dialect, as nearly as our limited alphabet will represent it, Almira Cutter, and Arvilly Braowne, should feel and express an interest in the good looking stranger, and that, when their flattering comments were repeated in the hearing of their indigenous admirers, among whom were some of the older boys of the school, it should not add to the amiable disposition of the turbulent youth.

Monday came, and the new schoolmaster was in his chair at the upper end of the school-house, raised platform. The rustic looked at his handsome, thoughtful, peaceful, pleasant, cheerful, but sharply cut round lips and proudly lifted about the eyes. The ring-leader of the mischief-makers, the young butcher, who has before figured in this narrative, looked at him stealthily, whenever he got a chance to study him unobserved; for the truth was, he felt uncomfortable whenever he found the large, dark eyes fixed on his little, sharp, deep-set gray ones. But he found means to study him pretty well—first his face, then his neck and shoulders, the set of his arms, the narrowing at the loins, the make of his legs, and the way he moved. In short, he examined him as he would have examined a steer, to see what he could do and how he would cut up. If he could only have gone to him and felt of his muscles, he would have been entirely satisfied. He was not a very wise youth, but he did know well enough that, though his arms and legs were very good things, there is something besides size that goes to make a man; and he had heard stories of a fighting man, called "The Spider," from his attenuated proportions, who was yet a terrible fighter in the ring, and had whipped many a big limbed fellow in and out of the roped arena.

Nothing could be smoother than the way in which everything went on for the first day or two. The new master was so kind and courteous, he seemed to take everything in such a natural, easy way, that there was no chance to pick a quarrel with him. He in the meantime thought it best to watch the boys and young men for a day or two with as little show of authority as possible. It was easy enough to see that he would have occasion for it before long.

The school-house was a grim old, red, one-story building, perched on a bare rock at the top of a hill—partly because this was a conspicuous site for the temple of learning; and partly because land is cheap where there is no chance even for rye or buckwheat, and the very steep hill nothing to nibble. About the little porch were carved initials and dates, at various heights, from the stature of nine to that of eighteen. Inside were old, unpainted desks—unpainted, but browned with the number of human contact—and backed by innumerable jack-knives. It was long, since the walls had been washed, as might be conjectured by the various traces left upon them, wherever idle hands or sleepy heads could reach them. A curious appearance was noticeable on various higher parts of the wall, namely, a wart-like eruption, as one would be tempted to call it, being in reality a crop of soft moldiness, which, adhering in considerable numbers, and hardening after the usual fashion of paper mache, formed at last permanent ornaments of the edifice.

The young master's quick eye soon noticed that a particular part of the wall was most favored with these ornamental appendages. Their position pointed sufficiently clearly to the part of the room they came from. In fact, there was a nest of young mischief-makers just there, which must be broken up by a coup d'état. This was easily effected by redistributing the seats and arranging the scholars according to classes, so that a mischievous fellow, charged full of the rebellious impudability, should find himself between two non-conductors in the shape of small boys of studious habits. It was managed quietly enough, in such a plausible sort of way that its motive was not thought of. But its effects were soon felt; and then began a system of correspondence by signs, and the throwing of little scraps done up in pellets, and announced by preliminary winks, to call the attention of the distant youth addressed. Some of these were boundary documents, devoted to the schoolmaster to the lower divinity as a "stuck-up dandy," as a "put-up-and-shut-up," as a "right too big for his shoes," and holding him up in a variety of equally forcible phrases to the indignation of the youthful community of School District No. 1, Pigwacket Center.

Recently the draughtsman of the school got a caricature in circulation, labelled, to prevent mistakes, with the schoolmaster's name. An immense bad-tempered, fat, and long, pointed, yellow-tinted coat showed that the artist had in his mind the conventional study

as shown in prints of thirty or forty years ago, rather than any human aspect of the time. But it was passed round among the boys, and made its laugh, helping of course to undermine the master's authority, as Punch takes the dignity out of an obnoxious minister. One morning, on going to the school-room, Master Langdon found an enlarged copy of this sketch, with its label pinned on the door. He took it down, smiled a little, put it into his pocket, and entered the school-room. An invidious silence prevailed, which looked as if some plot were brewing. The boys were ripe for mischief, but afraid. They had really no fault to find with the master, except that he was dressed like a gentleman, which a certain class of fellows always consider a personal insult to themselves. But the older ones were evidently plotting, and more than once the warning of a hand was heard, and a dirty little scrap of paper rolled into a wall shot from one seat to another. One of these happened to strike the stove funnel, and lodged on the master's desk. He was cool enough not to notice it. He secured it, however, and found an opportunity to look at it, without being observed by the boys. It required no immediate notice.

He who should have enjoyed the privilege of looking upon Mr. Bernard Langdon the next morning, when his toilet was about half finished, would have had a very pleasant gratification. First he buckled the strap of his trousers pretty tightly. Then he took up a pair of heavy dumb bells, and swung them for a few minutes; then two great Indian clubs, with which he enacted all sorts of impossible feats. His limbs were not very large, nor his shoulders remarkably broad; but if you know as much of the muscles as all persons who look at statues and pictures with a critical eye ought to have learned—you would have a good show of them, beneath the white satiny skin of Mr. Bernard Langdon. And if you had seen him, when he had laid down the Indian clubs, catch hold of a leather strap that hung from the beam of the old fashioned ceiling and lift and lower himself over and over again, by his left hand alone, you might have thought it a very simple and easy thing to do, until you tried to do it yourself. Mr. Bernard looked at himself with the eye of an expert. "Pretty well!" he said; "not so much fallen off as I expected." Then he set up his bolster in a very knowing sort of way, and delivered two or three blows straight as rulers and swift as winks. "That will do," he said. Then as if determined to make a certainty of his condition, he took a dynamometer from one of the drawers in his old venerated bureau. First he squeezed it with his hands. Then he placed it on the floor and lifted, steadily, strongly. The springs cracked and creaked; the index swept with a great stride far up into the high figures of the scale; it was a good lift. He was satisfied. He sat down on the edge of his bed and looked at his cleanly shaped arms. "If I strike one of those boobies, I am afraid I shall spoil him," he said. Yet this young man, when weighed could hardly turn one hundred and forty two pounds in the scale—not a very heavy weight surely; but some of the middle weights, as the present English champion, for instance, seem to be of a far finer quality of muscle than the bulkier fellows.

The master took his breakfast with a good appetite that morning, but was perhaps rather more quiet than usual. After breakfast, he went up stairs and put on a light frock, instead of his usual dress coat, which was a close fitting and rather stylish one. On his way to school he met Almira Cutter, who happened to be walking in the other direction. "Good morning, Miss Cutter," he said; for she had been introduced to him on a former occasion, in the usual phrase of polite society, in presenting ladies to gentlemen—"Mr. Langdon, let me make you acquainted with Miss Cutter; let me make you acquainted with Miss Braowne." So he said, "Good morning," to which she replied, "Good morning, Mr. Langdon. How's your health?" The answer to this question ought naturally to have been the end of the talk; but Almira Cutter lingered and looked as if she had something more on her mind.

A young fellow does not require a great experience to read a simple country girl's face as if it were a signboard. Almira was a good soul, with red cheeks and bright eyes, kind hearted as she could be, and it was out of the question for her to hide her thoughts, or feeling like a fine lady. Her bright eyes were moist and her red cheeks paler than their wont, as she said, with her lips quivering—"Oh, Mr. Langdon, those boys'll be the death of ye, if you don't take care!"

"Why, what's the matter, my dear?" said Mr. Bernard. Don't think that there was anything very odd in that, my dear, at the second interview with a village belle; some of these woman-tamers call a girl a "my dear," after five minutes acquaintance, and it sounds all right, as they say it. But you had better not try it at a venture.

It sounded all right to Almira, as Mr. Bernard said it. "I'll tell ye, what's the matter," she said, in a frightened voice. "Abner's got to car his dog, 'n' he'll set him on ye, sure 'n' alive." 'Tis the same creature that half cut up Eben Squire's little Jo, a year or two ago. "Now the last statement was undoubtedly over-colored, as little Jo Squires was running about the village—with an ugly scar on his arm, it is true; where the beast had caught him with his teeth, on the occasion of the child's taking liberties with him, as he had been accustomed to do, with a good tempered Newfoundland dog, who seemed to like being pulled and hauled round by children. After this the creature was commonly muzzled, and as he was fed on raw meat chiefly, was always ready for a fight when anything stout enough to match him could be found in the neighboring villages.

Tiger, or more briefly, Tig, the property of Abner Briggs, junior, belonged to a species not distinctly named in scientific books, but well known to our country folks under the name "Yaller dog." They do not use the expression as they would say black dog or white dog, but with almost as definite a meaning, as when they speak of a terrier or spaniel. A yaller dog is a large canine brute, of a dingy old fannel color, of no particular breed except its own, who hangs round a tavern or a butcher's shop or trots alongside of a team, looking as if he were disgusted with the world, and the world with him. Our inland population, while they tolerate him, speak of him with contempt. Old Meredith Bridge, used to sit on the sun for not shining on cloudy days; swearing that, if he hung up his yaller dog, he would make a better show of

daylight. A country fellow, abusing a horse of his neighbor's, vowed that "if he had such a horse, he'd swop him for a yaller dog," and then about the dog.

Tig was an ill conditioned brute by nature, and art had not improved him by cropping his ears and tail, and investing him with a spiked collar. He bore on his person, also, various not ornamental scars, marks of old battles, for Tig had fought in him, as was said before, and as might be guessed by a certain bluntness about the muzzle, with a projection of the lower jaw, which looked as if there might be a bull dog stripe among the numerous bar-sinisters of his lineage.

It was hardly fair, however, to leave Almira Cutter waiting while this piece of natural history was telling. As she spoke of little Jo, who had been "half cut up" by Tig, she could not contain her sympathies, and began to cry. "Why, my dear little soul," said Mr. Bernard, "what are you worried about? I used to play with a bear when I was a boy, and the bear used to hug me, and I used to kiss him, so!"

But that was all; it was a sudden impulse; and the master turned away from the young girl laughing, and telling her not to fret herself about him—he would take care of himself.

So Master Langdon walked on towards his school house, took his seat and began the exercises of his school. The smaller boys recited their lessons well enough, but some of the larger ones were negligent and surly. He noticed one or two of them looking toward the door, as if expecting somebody or something in that direction. At half past nine o'clock Abner Briggs, Junior, who had not yet shown himself, made his appearance. He was followed by his "yaller dog," without his muzzle, who squatted down very grimly near the door, and gave a wolfish look round the room, as if he were considering which was the plumpest boy to begin with. The young butcher, meanwhile, went to his seat, looking somewhat flushed, except round the lips, which were hardly as red as common, and set pretty sharply.

"Put out that dog, Abner Briggs!" the master spoke as the captain speaks to the helmsman, when there are rocks foaming at the lips, right under the lee.

Abner Briggs answered as the helmsman answers, when he knows he has a mutinous crew round him that mean to run the ship on the reef, and is one of the mutineers himself. "Put him about 'yself," he said, "I ye a'n't afeared of him!"

The master stepped into the aisle. The great cur showed his teeth, and the devilish instincts of his wolf ancestry looked out of his eyes, and flashed from his sharp tusks, and yawned in his wide mouth and deep red gut.

The movements of animals are so much quicker than those of human beings commonly are; that they would avoid blows as easily as one of us steps out of the way of an ox cart. It must be a stupid dog that lets himself be run over by a fast driver in his gig; he can jump out of the wheel's way after the tire has already touched him. So, while one is lifting a stick to strike, or drawing back his foot to kick, the beast makes his spring, and the blow or the kicks come too late.

It was not so this time. The master was a fencer, and something of a boxer; he had played at single-stick, and was used to watching an adversary's eye, and coming down on him without any of these premonitory symptoms by which unpractised persons show long beforehand what mischief they meditate.

"Out with you!" he said fiercely, and explained what he meant by a sudden flush of his foot that clashed the yellow dog's white teeth together like the springing of a bear trap. The cur knew he had found his master at the first word and glance, as low animals on four legs, or a smaller number, always do; and the blow took him so much by surprise that it curled him up in an instant, and he went bounding out of the open school house door, with a most pitiable yelp, and his stump of a tail shut down as close as his own neck ever show the short stubble blade of his jack knive.

It was time for the other cur to find who his master was.

"Follow your dog, Abner Briggs!" said Master Langdon.

The stout butcher looked round; but the rebels were all cowed, and sat still.

"I'll go when I'm ready," he said; "I guess I won't go afore I'm ready."

"You're ready now," said Master Langdon, turning up his cuffs so that the little boys noticed the yellow gleam of a pair of sleeve buttons, once worn by Colonel Percy Wentworth, famous in the Old French War.

Abner Briggs, Junior, did not apparently think he was ready, at any rate, for he rose in his place and stood with clenched fists, defiant, as the master strode toward him. The master knew the fellow was really frightened at all his looks, and that he must have no time to rally. So he caught him by the collar, and with one great pull, had him out over his desk and on the open floor. He gave him a sharp fling backwards, and stood looking at him.

The rough-and-tumble fighters all clench, as everybody knows; and Abner Briggs, was one of that kind. He remembered how he had flogged Master Weeks, and he had just "spunk" enough left to him to try to repeat his former successful experiment on the new master. He sprang at him, and struck, but very hard, and just in the place to tell. No doubt, the authority that doth hedge a schoolmaster, added to the effect of the blow; but the blow was of itself a neat one, and did not require to be repeated.

"Now go home," said the master, "and don't you let me see you or your dog here again. And he turned his cuffs down over the gold sleeve buttons.

This finished the great Pigwacket Center school rebellion. What could be done with a master who was so pleasant as long as the boys behaved decently, and such a terrible fellow when he got "riled," as they called it? In a week's time, everything was reduced to order, and the school committee were delighted. The master, however, had received a proposition so much more agreeable and advantageous, that he informed the committee he should leave at the end of his month, having in his eye a sensible and energetic young college graduate, who would be willing and fully competent to take his place.

THE LIBERTY OF HIS BOUQUET.—The Gazette de Thurgovie says that not long ago a bouquet was thrown to a danseuse in one of

the theatres at Venice, made up of the three colors of Italian independence, red, white and green. She picked it up and kissed it. For this she was summoned before the police authorities, and ordered thenceforth to trample on all bouquets which might be thrown at her. This order got abroad, and next night there was thrown a bouquet of the Austrian colors, black and yellow. In obedience to the order of the police she trampled it under her feet, while the house was shaken by acclamations of applause.

Cutting Robbie's Hair.

BY MARY E. BRYAN.

And so this little household flower of ours must be shorn of some of its superfluous beauties. Even roses and geraniums must be pruned sometimes, and these uncut, silken ringlets, the golden sunshine of three summers' entangled in their meshes, must make the acquaintance of scissors at last. Grandpa says so, and adds that if it is not done shortly, the low plum boughs will make another Absalom of Robbie, sometime, when the blue eyed gander is in hot pursuit.

There is no denying that the curls need trimming; they are too many and too thick, and they make the little head droop uneasily to one side, like a half-blown moss rose-bud under the weight of its own moss and straggle sometimes into the mouth and eyes. Yes; they must be cut; but it seems such a pity! Little curls that we have twined around our fingers when all wet from the morning bath; little curls that we have played with while singing the evening lullaby; little curls that our tears have fallen upon when the baby eyes were shut in sleep! ah! only mothers know how dear such curls are to mothers' hearts.

Here are the scissors. Robbie must sit very still, now, while his hair is being cut. Why, air, why do you smile and look at me so dreamily with your blue eyes? How do you know that I am not going to cut off that saucy head of yours with these great, sharp, cruel scissors? Oh, holy faith of childhood!—If we could only trust our God, as implicitly as babes do their mothers! "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven."

Be very still, now, while I comb out these threads of shining floss. The mother is the first barber to her boy; no other fingers can perform the sweet office so gently; but when fifteen or twenty years have flown, rougher hands will comb and cut these locks, all bronzed by suns and winds, and clustering above the brow of manhood. The white-aproned, clean-shaven barber will then arrange them in the latest style of trimming; pomading, perflu—no; my boy you will not be a dandy; by these strong limbs and the sturdy look in those eyes—no.

But to think the dawn of manhood will gather on this cherry upper lip and on chin and cheek, dimpled as though by the touch of an angel's finger. To think that this round neck of babyhood will be choked up with a man's necktie, and these lily-bud feet will wear high heeled boots, and—Faugh! I will not think of it. I cannot realize that this fair baby of mine—but three summers out of Paradise, can still smiling in his sleep, remembering what an angel said there—shall ever be so metamorphosed.

And yet the boy's babyhood is rapidly fleeting, and the severing of these ringlets seems like cutting the golden thread that links his infancy to his childhood. O Robbie, I can call you "baby" but little longer. You blue-eyed elf, you are already rebelling at being treated as one. You had rather run, now, after your painted wagon, than lie in your rose-curled crib, and hear me sing of the baby whose cradle was the tree-top, and whose nurse was the wind. You will not wear your curls, because grandpa says they are for babies, not for me; you had rather hunt for hens' nests than play to-beep; and when I hold out my arms to you, as you stand in the doorway, twisting your hat, you turn your head on one side, like a half-tamed bird, a perch on one's finger, while your dancing eyes seem to say, "You'll see, you'll see! I'll soon take flight!" Pretty soon you will not believe in the wolf that talked to Red Riding Hood, and will lose faith in Santa Claus.

I cannot keep the bud in its sheath; I cannot stay the little bark that slips so rapidly down the hurrying stream of life. Soon the rill will broaden into a river, and the realm of roses and sunny skies be passed. And the gold of these ringlets shall be dimmed by time, and the roses perience drop from these pretty cheeks, and sorrow and sin, it may be, cloud the clear, blue heaven of these innocent eyes.

There I am crying. How grandpa would laugh if he caught me, and say it was because I wanted the curls to stay and make a girl of the boy. See! there are tears glistening in these golden blossoms of hair, like dew drops, and your eyes are looking to me with wide opened wonder, and your red lip beginning to quiver with ready sympathy. O Robbie, I wish if the worst should come, and I should have to lay this bright head with its locks of undimmed lustre under a coffin-lid, and see the grass grow between my darling and the bosom he once slept upon, I should still thank God for having crowned my life with the holy blessing of motherhood; for it is such little arms as these around our necks, Robbie, that makes us feel strong to do and to suffer; it is drawing such little heads as these close to our breasts, that keeps the hearts of some mothers from breaking.

There! that is grandpa's step upon the stair—and the task is just completed—the little lamb is shorn. Look at this bright head of glistening silk, such as Persian looms never weave into richest fabric. Here is "golden fleece" for you, such as never the lover of Medea sought. You did not know that such a glistening wealth grew on your little head, did you, blue-eyed baby?

No, you must not clutch it with those destructive fingers. Go, grandpa is calling you, let him see his little man; but leave me these, the first curls cut from my baby's head. I will put them away to remind me in other days, of his sweet, lost infancy.

[Southern Field and Fireside.]

THE CHILDREN'S GOOD NIGHT TO GRANDFATHER.—It would seem as though brighter and sweeter spirits of childhood, if such there are, sometimes borrow their young lips to teach us concerning the dead. The night after his grandfather died, G. and F., of some three

and four years, were dismissed as usual with their good-night kiss, in the hall at the foot of stairs, to go to their trundle bed. We listened as they passed the chamber, where the remains lay, one of them said, "Let us go in and bid dear grandpa good night." "God may let him hear us." So they opened the door, and by the distant hall lamp went up to the bed, uttered their sweet good-night, and went happily to their rest. Could the boasted oratory of any age have power so to flood the heart and suffuse the eyes until they ached from very fullness of blessing, as did those simple words of childhood?

[Monthly Religious Magazine.]

HINTS TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN.—Don't give up your seat in the cars, when you are tired out with your day's work, to a pert young miss who has been amusing herself with a little shopping, she won't even thank you for it; and if a man is going to sacrifice his comfort, he has a reasonable right to expect, at least, a little gratitude. No use being polite to some ladies. There's an old proverb about casting pearls before swine—what's their names?

Don't submit to be crowded off the pavement into a muddy gutter by two advancing balloons of silk and whalebone. Haven't your newly-blackened boots as good a claim to respect as their skirts? Look straight before you, and stand up for your rights like a man, the ladies can contract themselves a little if they see there's no help for it!

Don't talk of literature and the fine arts to the pretty girls of your acquaintance until you are sure they know the difference between Thomson's Seasons and Thomson's Arithmetic. And if they look particularly sentimental, then you may know they don't understand what you are talking about!

Don't ask a nice little girl about her dolls, unless you are very certain she hasn't "come out," and been engaged in two or three flirtations already.

Don't say complimentary things to a young lady at a party without first making sure that her "intended" is not sitting behind you the whole time.

Don't accept a lady's invitation to go shopping with her, unless you have previously measured the length of your purse.

Don't stay later than eleven o'clock when you spend the evening with a pretty friend—the wisest and wittiest man in Christendom becomes a bore after that hour.

Don't believe any woman to be an angel.—If you feel any symptoms of that disease, take a dose of sage tea and go to bed—it is as much a malady as the small-pox, and it is your business to get over it as quickly as possible. An angel, indeed! If you don't find out pretty soon that she lacks considerably more than the wings, we are mistaken.

Don't make up your mind about any creature in a belt-ribbon and velvet rosettes without first asking your sister's advice. Depend upon it, one woman can read another better in five minutes than you can in five years!

And, above all, don't imagine that you must keep your lady-talk and gentleman-talk in separate budgets, labelled and sorted, unless you want the girls to laugh in their sleeves at your wishy-washy sentimentalisms. Talk to them in a frank, manly style, as you would to an intelligent gentleman. Don't suppose, because they are women, they don't know anything.

Remember all this advice, sir, and you may make rather less of a fool of yourself than you would otherwise.

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WILLYS.

WHAT AILED HIM.—The last number of the Knickerbocker has a good anecdote of a man who rarely failed to go to bed intoxicated and disturb his wife the whole night. Upon his being charged by a friend that he never went to bed sober, he indignantly denied the charge, and gave the incidents of one particular night in proof.

"Pretty soon after I got into bed, my wife said, 'Why, husband, what is the matter with you? You are strangely.'"

"There's nothing the matter with me," said I, "nothing at all."

"I'm sure there is," said she, "you don't act natural at all. Shm! I get up and get something for you?"

And she got up, lighted a candle and came to the bedside to look at me, shading the light with her hand.

"I know there was something strange about you," said she, "why, you are sober."

"Now, this is a fact and my wife will swear to it, so don't you slander me any more by saying that I haven't been to bed sober in six months," said I, "because I have."

TRANSPLANTING TREES.—We have had large experience, extending over many years, in transplanting young trees; and having learned a method, which is almost invariably successful, we propose to communicate it fully and clearly to our readers, very large numbers of whom are interested to a greater or less extent in the matter. Out of the first hundred trees that we bought, we lost thirty, and since that time we have transplanted several hundred in a season without losing a single one. This is our plan:—Dig a hole two and a half feet square, and ten inches in depth, leaving the sides perpendicular and the bottom level, or with the edges a little lower than the middle. As the dirt is thrown out, have it beat up fine with the back of the shovel. Set the trees into the hole so that the roots will lie in their natural position without being bent, and if the hole is too deep for the tree, let a shovel-full of earth be thrown into the middle to raise the tree to a proper height. Let such parts of the hole as are not occupied by the roots, care being taken to avoid bending the roots, or having them considerably covered with the soil. Now let two pails of water be poured into the hole, and while the tree is held upright position, let the assistant lift the fine dirt from his shovel into the water.—While this process is going on, the person who holds the tree should change his position to different sides of it, by which means he will be able to get it perfectly perpendicular. After the tree has stood for half an hour it may be examined, and if it leans at all, it may be brought to an erect position by pressing it over with the hand, and at the same time pressing the earth with the foot against the proper side at the roots. This method deposits the earth upon the roots in a manner somewhat analogous to electrotyping, embedding them more perfectly than can be done by any other mode. It also avoids the necessity of supporting the tree with stakes. When the tree is first set in the soft mud, it may be pushed

over with the little finger, but after two or three hours, it feels as firm in its new position as if it had grown there.

If the ground is not very rich, plenty of manure should be mixed with the earth about the tree; and in poor soil we have found it very advantageous to prepare a rich border for the tree during its early growth, by digging a hole four or five feet square and two feet deep, and filling it with manure and soil from the surface. It is also a good plan to mix manure with the water which is used in setting the trees. We think as highly as Mr. Downing did of mulching the ground, or covering it with straw to the depth of two or three inches and for a space of four or five feet around the tree. It is just as important to cultivate the ground about young trees as it is about cots.

Two weeds should be suffered to grow, and a tree might as well be put into the fire, as to be set in grass land. All young orchards should be highly manured and cultivated. We once saw two acres prepared for a nursery for apple trees in Illinois. The virgin soil was covered three or four inches deep with strong stable manure, and the ground very deeply and thoroughly plowed and harrowed. The grafts (consisting of a scion three inches long, spliced to a bit of root four inches in length) were placed in this genial soil, and the ground through the season was thoroughly cultivated, not a weed being allowed to grow. As the grafts were so deeply inserted that only one eye was above the ground, when they were first set in the Spring, a person would not notice that there was anything in the field, but in the Fall, five months afterwards, if a tall man walked into the nursery he was so completely hidden by the trees, that it was impossible to see him; so rapid had been its growth.

Large trees also are benefited by an abundance of manure. In Smithfield, N. H., there is a famous apple tree which has yielded 40 bushels a year for several consecutive years, and the secret of its great fecundity is found in the fact that a flock of turkeys have rooted in its branches. But the most important thing for trees either young or old, is to keep the ground free from weeds and grass. It is true if the land is very rich indeed, it may bear part of a crop of grass and a moderate yield of fruit, but as a general rule the most unsatisfactory of all efforts of husbandry is the attempt to obtain both fruit and grass from the same field. Plant potatoes or corn, or anything that requires plowing and cultivation, and the trees will be benefited by it, but let them grow amongst grass, and they will present a most money, wrinkled and sickly appearance, they will make a very slow growth, and bear very little fruit.

[Scientific American.]

DROWNING THE SQUIRREL.—When I was about six years old, one morning, going to school, a ground squirrel ran into his hole in the ground before me, as they like to dig holes in some open place, where they can put out their head to see if any danger is near. I thought, now I will have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole until it would be full, and force the little animal up, so that I might kill it. I got a trough beside a sugar maple, used for catching sap, and was soon pouring the water in on the squirrel. I could hear it struggle to get up, and said, "Ah, my fellow, I will soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me.—"Well, my boy, what have you got there?" I turned, and saw one of my neighbors, a good old man with long white locks, that had seen six winters. "Why," said I, "I have a ground squirrel in here, and I am going to drown him out."

Said he, "Jonathan, when I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day just as you are, drowning a ground squirrel, and an old man came along and said to me, 'You are a little boy; now if you was down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come and pour water down upon you to drown you, would you not think I was cruel?' God made the little squirrel, and life is as sweet to it as you, and why will you torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?" Said he, "I have never forgotten that, and never shall. I never have killed any harmless creature for fun since. Now my dear boy, I want you to remember this while you live, and when tempted to kill any poor innocent animal or bird think of this, and mind God don't allow us to kill his pretty little creatures for fun."

More than forty years have since passed, and I never forgot what the good man said, nor have I ever killed the least animal for fun since that advice was first given, and it has not lost its influence yet. How many little creatures it has saved from being tortured to death I cannot tell, but I have no doubt a great number; and I believe my whole life has been influenced by it.

WOMAN'S TURN AT GIVING ADVICE.—In the Newburgh Daily News we find the following "letting off of steam" by an angry woman:

"We have been lectured long enough, and now it's our turn. We'll read a series of 'Hints to the gentlemen,' be particularly appropriate. Think how nice it would sound now?"

"Do be a little sensible in your fashions—wear that stove-pipe hat of yours so that it will protect your head and cover your ears, what is the use of that miserable little concern perched on the top of your head? And as for the ridiculous way you have, which fashion sanctions of course, of going with your chest unprotected, except by a thin shield of starched linen, when all the rest of you is snugly encased in warm broadcloth, we can't find words strong enough to denounce it!—Of all unmanageable brutes, a sick man is the worst. We'd rather have charge of a wild hyena—Van Amburgh's big elephant is hardly more difficult to get along with. Exercise, gentlemen! Don't sit curled up over your ledgers and law papers all day long. Help your wife about the sweeping, chop the kindling wood, get out and dig in the garden. Don't you see how much healthier your man Patrick is than you are? Patrick never has the dyspepsia! Patrick never complains of feeble health. Then we might go on at the same rate for half a dozen columns, and say nothing but the truth either. Now, isn't it very evident that you need lecturing as much as we do, and does not the cap fit remarkably well when it is turned and the other side out? At any rate, there is no necessity for your troubling yourselves so very much about our welfare. Pray, don't take the pains to lavish advice on us when we go out and when we come in. We're getting tired of it. And we should think, after so much experience, people would have discovered that we generally do about as we please!"

A CHILD'S SYMPATHY.—"I ONLY ONCE WITH HER."—A poor widow, the mother of two little girls, used to call on them at the close of each day, for a report of the good they had done. One night the oldest hesitated to reply to her mother's question, "What kindness have you shown?" and timidly answered, "I don't know, mother." The mother, touched with the tone of the answer, resolved to unravel the mystery; and the little sensitive thing, when reassured, went on to say, "On going to school this morning, I found little Annie G., who had been absent some days, cry-

ing very hard. I asked her mother, why she cried so, and that made her cry more, so that I could not help leaning my head on her neck, and crying too. Then her sobs grew less and less, till she told me of her dear little baby brother, whom she had nursed so long, and loved so much; how he had sickened, grown pale and thin, whining with pain, until he died, and they put him from her forever. Mother, she told me this; and then bid her face in her book, and cried as if her heart would break. Mother, I could not help putting my face on the other page of the book, and crying too, just as hard as she did. After we had cried together a long time, she wiped her eyes, and then she hugged and kissed me, telling me I had done her good. Mother, I don't know how I did her good, for I only cried with her; indeed I did nothing but cry with her. That is all I can tell, mother, for I can't tell how I did her good.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... MAR. 1, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 115 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

S. B. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer.) Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as required by above.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

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

Some of the papers are complaining that Stephen Whitney of New York, has left a property of fifteen millions, and not a penny is given to any charitable or literary institutions; only to his own rich survivors. Probably he died without finding time to make a will, as most men would if required in one short life to gather up and take care of such an enormous pile of filthy lucre. In this case the law, which knows not charity even by name, takes the place of the best of men, and leaves the men who made the law to fret about charity, even, perhaps, till they have not time to make their own will, and so charity suffers again. There have been charitable rich men, but charity is too christian to be within their reach save through the needle's eye. Who, since the world began, ever knew a charitable man to have left fifteen millions? It is slender to the very face of charity. Let it go to his already rich children. He may have been foolish enough to think they would be the better for it. If they don't scatter it where charity can reach some of it, their children will. Charity, in this country, will make friends with the third and fourth generation of the richest and meanest man that ever lived. We venture to say the grandson of Cæsar was a spendthrift, and if he did not die poor it was because his greedy old grandfather had secured him from poverty by will or entailment. Don't let us fret about the money of rich men; they enjoy who get money, rather than they to whom it is given.

"FESTIVAL OF THE GRACES."—Mr. Marsh is preparing a class of young ladies and Misses of this village for producing this beautiful and popular musical entertainment. It is commended in very high terms by the press, in places where it has been performed under the charge of Mr. Marsh; and we predict for it a flattering reception here. Notice of time and place will be given.

Surprise.—Rev. H. C. Leonard was not a little surprised, on Tuesday evening, to find his house in possession of a hundred of his parishioners and neighbors, who came prepared with all the materials for a good time. They seemed to be welcome to use the parsonage in their own way, which they did at their own expense, passing coffee (and such coffee) and other choice refreshments, with liberal hands, till the multitude were fed. If there were not more than "five baskets" left, we must have miscounted what came in at the door. Among the remnants left behind when the company retired, were an elegant carpet and rug, a beautiful and costly arm chair, some small chairs, center table, a barrel of flour, &c.—not to mention a few stacks of cake, and a little pile of money. No offence seemed to be taken towards the unbidden guests, and at a proper hour the best little parsonage was left to the control of its genial and happy occupants.

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.—All who wish for a first class agricultural journal—good and cheap—will do well to read the advertisement of this excellent paper, in our advertising columns. We shall be pleased to show our copy to any one that will call at the Mail office.

Limestone has been discovered in the vicinity of Lewiston, which it is said will be valuable for working. And this reminds us to mention that limestone is found in the neighborhood of Benton, which may prove to be valuable. An experimental burning was made last fall, and though the trial was hardly a fair one, owing to the lack of experience on the part of those who made it, yet the results were such as to give promise of ultimate success.

The editor of the Clarion has got the influenza, and says his "head feels as though it was an iceberg of the largest dimensions, anchored somewhere in the region where St. John Franklin's men were lost." Aye, ponderous brothers, and a vast number of other things have "gone down" just under that great frozen thing you speak of.

Dr. Morse, on his visit to this place last Thursday and Friday, was thronged with visitors all through the day and evening. The confidence of the public, so widely secured by his success in this section, will doubtless induce him to continue his visits here.

HARKER.—The March number is specially interesting for a finely illustrated article upon lumbering, as carried on in Maine. For sale at Carleton's.

OUR TABLE.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The following is a list of the articles contained in the February number of this rare old monthly: Part 2 of Norman Sinclair, an Autobiography; the Diffusion of Taste among all Classes a National Necessity; Part 2 of St. Stephens, Lord Dundonald's Memoirs; Robert Burns; Part 12 of the Luck of Lads; Ode for the First Week of January to Messrs. Galen and Gleaner; A visit to the Columbia River, and a Cruise round Vancouver's Island; Part 4 of Fleets and Navies—England; Mr. Bull's Second Song—The Sly Little Man; France and Central Italy.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription.—For one volume of the four Reviews \$3 per annum any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discounts to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage on any part of the U States will be but 24 cents a year for Blackwood, and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

CHEAP MUSIC.—Now that we have a piano in every house, music for that instrument is in great demand, and it is well to know where it can be had the cheapest. We think that in this respect there is no publication that successfully competes with "Our Musical Friend," which furnishes 16 large quarto pages of music weekly, at \$5 a year, or 15 cents a single number. The last issue, No. 65, contains the following pieces:—

Theme from Sonata. Op. 11. Mozart.

The Operatic Lancers. C. Field.

Quatre Polka. Charles D'Albert.

Do they think of me at home? G. W. Glover.

Oh! wert thou in the chilly blast? (Liechtenweber)

Alles. Carl Kroll.

Address C. B. Seymour, 107 Nassau street, New York.

WAVELEY NOVELS.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers, the enterprising Philadelphia publishers, issue an edition of the celebrated novels of Sir Walter Scott, which is

afforded at so low a price that it is very aptly and truly styled—reading for the million. Think of it! all of these world renowned stories, complete, for Five Dollars! Or they may be had singly for 25 cents a number, of which there are 26 in all. At this rate who cannot afford to own Scott's Novels? Or rather who can afford to do without them? Address T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 396 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—In addition to many interesting stories and sketches, amusing anecdotes and pretty poems, there will be found in each number of this nice little juvenile, a piece for declamation, accompanied by full directions for its effective delivery, and an original dialogue for the use of schools. The embellishments, which are numerous, are always very fine. In the March number, just published, Paul Cretton commences a series of sketches, entitled "Homeward Bound," which we know will be interesting to all readers, old and young. One dollar, sent to Robinson, Greene & Co., of Boston, will ensure the monthly visits of the Student and Schoolmate, for a whole year.

CHARLES DICKENS'S WORKS.—Everybody wants to read and every body wants to own the works of Charles Dickens, or "Bos." Well, the person of the most moderate means has now the opportunity to possess himself of a complete set of these unapproachable works of fiction by ordering "Peterson's cheap edition of the Million," issued in weekly numbers. Twenty-eight numbers will complete the set which can be had for 25 cents each, or the whole set for Five Dollars—forwarded free of postage to any part of the United States. Address T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The March number is handsomely embellished, and abounds in good reading. It is one of the few magazines which may be safely taken into the home sanctuary, where it will not fail to exert a refining and elevated influence. Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

SOLO MELODIST.—The following is a list of the contents of No. 7 of this new musical work:—

Waltz, by Strauss; March from "Moin," by Rossini; Rose Leaf Schottische, by C. Frädel; Kitty Tyrrell, by C. W. Glover; Will you love me and then as now? The Land of the West, by G. W. Glover; St. Patrick's Day, The British Grenadier, (Huntman's Chorus) from "Der Freischütz," Auld Robin Gray, Austrian National Hymn, There was Luck, Rousseau's Dream, Waltz from "Der Freischütz," The Last Rose of Summer, Hearts and Homes, Sol Margine.

All the above, neatly printed, to be had for 10 cents. The Solo Melodist is issued semi monthly, in numbers of 12 pages each, filled with the popular melodies of the day, at \$2.50 a year. Address C. B. Seymour & Co., New York.

LADIES' RECREATION.—The embellishments in the March number are—The Grave of McCormick, and a fine portrait of Mrs. Frances S. Osgood. The reading matter of the number is unusually interesting. Published by Swormstedt & Poes. Cincinnati, at \$2 a year—which makes it the cheapest magazine in the country.

What a perverted individual is our friend of the Maine Farmer! He says that we charge him with uttering language that fall in relation to the loss of the State Ag. Society in 1858, that did not square with the truth. No such thing, neighbor; we ventured to inquire how that language squared with certain statements of Mr. Farley, recently made in the Senate. But those statements are not correct, says the Farmer. Very well; then your quarrel is with the honorable Senator, and not with us. Admitting, for the moment, as you assert, that his figures lie, suppose we should say that his statements and your language harmonize perfectly—would that leave you looking or feeling any better?—We think not. Honest Degory failed to be "written down an ass," with all his claims to the title; and why should you be gratified with the brand of a fool dogger, even though you tempt us to apply it by granting a dispensation in advance? We shan't knock that chip off your shoulder, sure.

EASTERN ARGUS.—This old political bruiser—which one party is always ready to swear by, and the other is continually swearing at—comes to us bigger and saucier than ever. It has lately enlarged its borders, and now claims to be the biggest paper in the State—its politics as well known, as of the blackest stripe of modern democracy, but it has ever been a hard fighter—the pride and comfort of its friends, and a sad thorn in the side of its enemies. With great admiration for our venerable hundred-eyed friend, and the best wishes for its financial prosperity, it will give us great pleasure to see it, and the party whose cause it advocates, soundly thrashed this fall.

THE GENESSEE FARMER.—The March number of this sterling agricultural journal is received. As usual, it is brimful of practical information on all subjects interesting to the farmer and fruit-grower. Its able review of the markets is alone worth the price of the paper. No farmer should be without an agricultural paper, and we would again commend the Genessee Farmer to our readers. Price only 50 cents a year. Send the stamps to JOSEPH HARRIS, Rochester, N. Y.

WEATHER.—A warm rain is playing the mischief with our sleighing.

Legislature of Maine.

Both branches have accepted the invitation of Portland, and visit that city this day to partake of a social dinner in the new city building.

An order has been introduced directing inquiry into the expediency of prohibiting by law the intermarriage of blood relations within the sixth degree (second cousin.)

The Bill to establish the County of Knox, passed to be engrossed in the House on Friday, after rejecting by a large majority a proposition to submit the question to the people, and after rejecting all amendments. The bill makes Rockland the shire town.

A bill an act relating to recording agreements for sale of domestic animals, passed to be engrossed in the House, on Saturday.

The bill authorizing the city of Augusta to loan its credit in aid of the Free Bridge Company, was called up in the Senate, on Monday, and amended so as to require only a majority vote, and passed to be engrossed. On the same day the bill providing for inquests in cases of suspected incendiarism, passed to be engrossed.

A lively debate on the Lewiston Branch Railroad bill occurred in the Senate, on Tuesday, between Dr. Dr. Lyford, and others.

PRINTER EJECTED.—The contest for printer, which has been in progress in the House ever since the election of speaker, terminated on Monday in the election of Gov. Ford, of Ohio, by a majority of one vote.

Mr. Frank Simmons, the young Lewiston artist, has just completed a bust of Governor Morrill, which is highly spoken of as a work of art.

KANSAS.—The bill abolishing slavery in Kansas, which was vetoed by Gov. Medary, has been passed, over his veto, by a vote of 30 to 70.

WATERVILLE FARM CLUB.—In consequence of the unfavorable weather and bad traveling, no meeting was held last week, and the same causes will prevent one this evening. There will be a meeting next week, however, at the house of Daniel Holway, Esq.

The Shoemakers' Strike, in Massachusetts, gave rise to some scenes of violence, and so threatening was the aspect of things in Lynn that the authorities were compelled to call in the aid of the Boston police. Matters are more quiet now, however—the sober second thought of the strikers having counselled milder measures.

No further reliable intelligence from the wreck of the Hungarian. The number of passengers, as reported, varies from thirty-five to three hundred and thirty-six—but more or less, every soul on board probably perished.

A new division was instituted at E. Pittsfield, last evening, by Mr. L. T. Boothby, of our village. "Friendship, No. 189," is the name by which this new body will be known.—Dr. J. C. Manson, W. P., and C. A. Farwell, R. S. 25 were initiated at this first meeting.

Little Alice A., dressed and prepared for a walk, was skipping back and forth through the entry, waiting for her mother to get ready to go out. Her little cousin said he was going out, too.

No! said Alice, 'you can't go, you are not dressed up!'

Her Uncle laughingly remarked that 'the pride stuck out quite early.'

No, answered Alice, 'it isn't my pride, it's my new morning skirt that sticks out!'

The Pittsburg Christian Advocate, the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church North, in Western Virginia, had a hearing before one of the magistrates of Raleigh county, Va., last week, and the evidence being deemed conclusive, was condemned to be burned. The sentence was forthwith carried into execution.

A correspondent of The Rockland Gazette, writing from Bremen, says: We doubt whether the following, which is true of Bremen, can be said of any other town in New England—it has neither minister, lawyer, doctor, college, nor post office! And yet, paradoxical as it may seem to many, its people are moral, intelligent, healthy, and by no means litigious.

SUBS FOR LUCK.—The editor of the Bath Times has been used by Mr. Edwin Noyes, of Bath, for an alleged libel. The damages are laid at \$10,000. The editor takes the infliction humbly. He will probably have as much fun out of it as any body.

The last number of the Aroostook Pioneer contained the valedictory of J. B. Hall, Esq., who started the paper and has ably conducted it thus far. Circumstances beyond his control have compelled him to retire from the paper. W. S. Gilman has succeeded Mr. Hall as publisher of the Pioneer. No change will be made in the policy of the paper.

SHRUBBING A LEGISLATURE.—The Maryland House of Delegates sent a Committee to Governor Hicks to ascertain if he had congratulated Mr. Washington on his election as Speaker, thereby placing Maryland in a false position, whereupon the Governor returned the following curt response:—

"I cannot admit the right of the House of Delegates to make any such inquiry of me; and the respect which, in my opinion, ought to be observed by each Department of the Government towards every other, precludes me from returning any answer to such a message, other than the acknowledgement of its receipt."

LEARN THE VALUE OF MONEY.—A silver dollar represents a day's work of the laborer. If it is given to a boy, he has no idea of what it has cost, or of what it is worth. He would be as likely to give a dollar as a dime for a top or any other toy. But if the boy has learned to earn his dime and dollars by the sweat of his face, he knows the difference. Hard work is to him a measure of value that can never be rubbed out of his mind. Let him learn by experience that a hundred dollars represents a hundred weary days' labor, and it seems a great sum of money. A thousand dollars is a fortune, and ten thousand is almost inconceivable, for it is far more than he ever expects to possess. When he has earned a dollar, he thinks twice before he spends it. He wants to invest it so as to get the full value of a day's work for it. It is a great wrong to society, and to a boy, to bring him up to man's estate without this knowledge. A fortune at twenty-one, without it, is almost inevitably thrown away. With it, and a little capital to start on, he will make his own fortune better than any one can make it for him.

REMINISCENCES OF DEFOE.—While Addison, in the early part of the eighteenth century, was doing what no man could do or ever has done better, and was engaged upon the famous eighth volume of the Spectator, there appeared a proclamation in the London Gazette, charging a seditious pamphlet upon a 'middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark brown hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose; a sharp chin; gray eyes; and a large mole near his mouth, owner of the brick and pantile works near Tilbury fort in Essex.'

The spare man was found, and sentenced to stand in the pillory; and stood there—while the crowd cheered him, and drank his health, and threw flowers at him. He was a man whom we might hardly have loved. He seemed peculiarly made for his own time, rather than for all time. The mention of his name excites no special tenderness; like the names of Steele and Goldsmith, of Fielding and Scott, his mere name is not half so famous as Addison's, and yet he has written the most permanently popular book in English literature.

He lost in the game of politics, in which Addison won; yet he was not a politician in any mean sense. He was a tough Presbyter and London tradesman, who had been a grim moral gladiator all his life: one of the stalwart Englishmen who, at every period of English history, have transmitted the torch of civil and religious liberty unimpaired and brightly burning. King William valued no councillor more, and had no more faithful friend. But having lost—having at the age of fifty-four, to begin life anew—Daniel Defoe descended from the pillory, wiped from his brow the sweat of his long and bitter struggle, and did begin life anew by writing 'Robinson Crusoe.'

It is a story without a heroine, and without the usual resources of the novel. There is no love-making—no sentiment—no philosophy—no moralizing in it. But Dr. Johnson asks, in the name of the world, if there was ever anything else written by mere man that was wished longer by its readers. Other literary philosophers and critics say that, of all works of fiction, it is perhaps the most interesting and instructive; Forster calls Defoe the father of the English novel; and not only does the French boy, and the German, and the Spanish, and the Italian, and every European and American child, know 'Robinson Crusoe' well, but the traveller Burkhardt says that he heard it told in the cool evening by the wandering Arabs of the Desert.

Why try to say anything of this immortal story? Like the beauty of flowers, its charm is beyond account. It is not a study, but a picture. It founded a school, and the 'Swiss Family Robinson' prolongs the echo of 'Robinson Crusoe' even to our own day. It is in the detailed development of real life, and the influence of character upon circumstances and fate, that 'Robinson Crusoe' is so superior to any book that had then appeared. There is not a touch of what we call 'the ideal' in it, as there is in 'Peter Wilkins' and the many other stories of the school. Every boy feels, in reading it, that 'Robinson Crusoe' did nothing that he could not easily do, and therefore it is like the best history.

[Harper's Magazine.]

GENTILITY.—There is a dreadful ambition abroad for being 'genteel.' We keep up appearances, too often at the expense of honesty; and though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be so. We must be 'respectable,' though only in the meanest sense—in mere vulgar outward show. We have not the courage to go patiently onward in the condition of life in which it has pleased God to call us; but must needs live in some fashionable state to which we ridiculously please to call ourselves, and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial gentel world of which we form a part.

There is a constant struggle and pressure for front seats in the social amphitheatre; in the midst of which all noble self denying resolve is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy, come from this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways—in the rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in their ruin.

Mr. Hume hit the mark when he once stated in the House of Commons—though his words were followed by 'laughter'—that the tone of living in England is altogether too high. Middle class people are too apt to live up to their incomes, if not beyond them; affecting a degree of 'style' which is most unhealthy in its effect upon society at large. There is an ambition to bring up boys as gentlemen, or rather 'genteel' men; though the result frequently is, only to make them gentils. They acquire a taste for dress, style, luxuries, and amusements, which can never form any solid foundation for manly or gentlemanly character; and the result is, that we have a vast number of gingerbread young gentlemen thrown upon the world who remind one of the abandoned hulle sometimes picked up at sea, with only a monkey on board.—[Self Help.]

NOT POSTED IN RELATION TO UNCLE SAM'S DOMINIONS.—The idea which some of the Europeans have of our country is either rather limited or not a little distorted. The popular Florence correspondent of the Providence Journal thus alludes to the subject:—

Following their French contemporaries, the Italian journals are turning the rhetorical flowers of our President's message into 'not less poetical language of this country.' These flowers, one may be confident, do not lose their fragrance, or their bad smell, as the case may be, by the change. Intelligent Italians, who have been accustomed to see important State documents written in sober, prosaic phrase, regard with no little wonder the poetical flights now and then indulged by our elderly President. If they had ever heard of Gov. Wise of Virginia, they would be inclined to rank our federal chief magistrate in power, of sublime verbosity, second only to that windy functionary. But these foreigners are inclined to put as high an estimate upon the importance of the annual message of our President, as we do ourselves. From year to year they read in it the history of our progress. Many people here have few or no other means of knowing anything about our political condition, except what they learn from time to time from this important document. While there is an eagerness to know about us, the means of information are still limited. The newspapers generally do not print much intelligence from the United States. One sees occasionally a division of a column headed America; but instead of learning from it anything about what is doing in the great republic, the real America, the intelligence furnished is from some obscure country in the southern portion of our continent. Many here, and even intelligent persons, have a very imperfect idea

of the geographical position and relative importance, or rather overwhelming preponderance, of our country on the western continent. You converse with a person for the first time, and learning that you are an American, the chances are altogether in favor of his asking you if you are from Brazil or Peru. Of course he is quite sure you are from New York, for the name is as familiar to him as London or Paris; but the difficulty, not to be got over, is the finding a place for it on the twenty thousand miles of coast which fringes the western hemisphere. In thinking of America, the names of countries settled by the Spaniards, or those of his own race, first occur to him; and he can bring his tongue more naturally to pronounce Mexico, Chili, or Buenos Ayres, than he can Massachusetts, Connecticut or Kentucky.

WINE VS. INTERPERANCE.—Simon Brown, editor of the New England Farmer, in speaking of the importance of the culture of the grape, urged the manufacture of wine as a means of promoting temperance and preventing drunkenness. A friend, he said, had travelled in France, and had seen but few intoxicated, and that results were similar elsewhere. We have a high respect for the opinions of our friend of the 'New England Farmer,' but we think that here he has been induced to favor an error. It is true he is not alone in this opinion; several other distinguished cultivators have adopted the same; and it may therefore be proper to state briefly a few facts relative to the subject. Public statistics are more reliable than private opinion, or partial observation. A careful examination of many jails and prisons, has shown that about nine-tenths of the crime is caused by intemperance. Yet it has been found a few years ago that crime was increasing in France six times more rapidly than the population. A distinguished banker in Paris has given the returns of the quantity consumed by that city. The amount was 130 bottles of wine and 6 of ardent spirits, consumed on an average by each inhabitant, within the walls. Outside the walls, there was no excise, and the amount was much larger. The amount consumed in France was 1,058,797,854 gallons of strong drink of all kinds—over a thousand million gallons—an average to each person of forty-two and a half gallons a year—equal to four and a half gallons of pure alcohol to each. In the United States, at the same time, there was only a gallon and an eighth of alcohol consumed by each person. Some travellers pass rapidly through France, Italy, and other countries, visit the cities and splendid streets, see nothing behind the scenes, and then return home and report 'no drunkenness in wine countries.' But others who have examined more thoroughly have told a different story. J. Fennimore Cooper said some years ago, 'A residence of six months in Paris changed my views entirely. I have taken unbelievers with me into the streets, and have never failed to convince them of their mistake in the course of an hour. On one occasion we passed thirteen drunken men in an hour.' An eminent French general stated that 'the ration to each soldier was a bottle of wine a day—the use of that bottle only stimulated the appetite for more, and their small pay was usually squandered to purchase it—that want of inebriation in the army could be traced to wine; and most of the crime and poverty, especially in the districts, to the same cause.' When Louis Philippe was king he expressed his conviction to a distinguished American 'that total abstinence was the only true temperance, and that the drunkenness of France was on wine.' His son made a similar remark, and added that 'it would be a blessing to France could all the grape vines be destroyed, except so far as they furnish food.'

We find a corroborating statement on this subject made at this same Boston agricultural meeting, by Mr. Fay of Lynn, who said he had never seen so much intemperance in New England, as he had within sight of the Pyrenees. He thought drink much more harmless. Yet the writer of these remarks has seen a man drunk for three weeks on cider alone—and another, a notorious drunkard, clothed with rags, and his family in wretchedness, who scarcely ever resorted to anything but cider. If wine is worse, we have some doubts of its efficiency in promoting temperance. We should prefer the remedy adopted by the eastern New England State, where during a season of nearly two weeks last autumn, and meeting with many thousands of people, we never saw an intoxicated person, nor any one who appeared to be a habitual drinker. But after passing from that region, the cases were numerous.

We have said more than we intended on this subject, because we often heard advocated by fruit-raisers what we regard as the mistaken view, and because we cannot help regretting that pomology should be brought in to extend and patronize a great evil. Let it stand alone on its own merits.—[Country Gentleman.]

THE LONG CHAIN.—In one of his sensation sermons, Spurgeon relates the following parable:—

A certain tyrant sent for one of his subjects, and said to him:—

'What is your employment?'

He said:—

'I am a blacksmith.'

'Go home,' said he, 'and make a chain of such a length.'

He went home; he occupied him several months and he had no wages all the time he was making it. Then he brought it to the monarch, who said:—

'Go and make it twice as long.'

He gave him nothing to do it with, but sent him away.

And he worked on, and made it twice as long.

He brought it up again to the monarch, and he said:—

'Go and make it longer still.'

Each time he brought it there was nothing but the command to make it longer still. And when he had brought it up last, the monarch said:—

'Take it, and bind him hand and foot with it, and cast him into a furnace of fire.'

These were his wages for the chain. Here is a meditation for you to night, ye servers of the devil your master, the devil, is telling you to make a chain.

Some of you have been fifty years welding the links of the chain, and he says, 'Go and make it longer still!'

Next Sunday morning you will open that shop of yours, and put another link on; the next Sunday you will be drunk, and put another link on; next Monday you will do a dishonest action, and so will keep making fresh links to this chain; and so when you have lived twenty more years, the devil will say, 'more links on still!'

And then at last it will be, 'Take him and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into a furnace of fire; for the wages of sin is death.' There is a subject for your meditation. I do not think it will be sweet, but if God makes it profitable it will do you good. You must have strong medicine sometimes, when the disease is bad. God apply it to your hearts.

The St. Louis Democrat says the exodus of slaves from Missouri continues as brisk as ever, and that among a party of forty-seven, which recently went down the river, was a beautiful young girl of thirteen, nearly white, her hair straight, complexion blooming, and her bearing gentle and attractive. She is the daughter of a Missouri river merchant, whose well-known intention was to emancipate her; but he died, and his executor, or heirs, thought it would not do to bring up together any longer this girl and her white sister, the merchant's other daughter, therefore she has been sold away into the South.

CHECKERED.—Col. Fremont has had his downs and ups in life as strongly contrasted as any other man. In July last his financial affairs were such a bad aspect that his butcher discontinued his supplies of meat, but now he is unmistakably the richest man in America, the Supreme Court of California having confirmed his title to Mariposa county, thirty-three miles square, which is full of mountains of gold-bearing quartz. It is said the gold can be ground out of the rocks in any part of the county, and the supply could not be exhausted in forty-nine hundred years. Fremont is now pushing forward with all his energy the construction of water sluices and quartz mills in Mariposa.

We wish some sensible person would open a school to teach ladies how to go down stairs in a crowd. With skirts six yards wide or more, they will very carefully lift the front of the dress, while the rear drags upon the third step behind them, not only gathering all the dirt and filthiness, but making an excellent movable rug for gentlemen to wipe their feet on. If they would let the front of the dress take care of itself, and take hold of the rear bringing it around forward, there would be less danger of their being disrobed in the crowd by the weight of heavy feet upon their trains.—[Bath Times.]

Read the following paragraph from the Wo burn Budget and take warning:—

One night last week, Mr. Joshua Stoddard, of this town, awoke about one o'clock, with a feeling of pain in his lungs, and on rising found he was too weak to stand. He revived, after inhaling fresh air, and found that a lamp in which he burns coal oil had been left burning with so small a flame that it gave out considerable gas and smoke, the inhalation of which would in a short time have proved fatal.

KILLED BY WHISKY.—Mrs. Julius Smith, of Concord, Mass., died on Tuesday last, in consequence of taking whisky instead of chloroform to render her insensible to the pain of the extraction of teeth. She was advised by a physician not to resort to it, but she said she feared the effects of ether or chloroform.—She drank two and a half gills of whisky, mixed with sugar, in the space of an hour. The operation was then performed. For ten or twelve hours she presented no symptoms beyond those of intoxication, and about an hour after taking the whisky she vomited freely without pain or unusual difficulty. About midnight, however, symptoms of apoplexy were discovered, and she soon expired without having shown signs of consciousness or suffering.

THE REUNION OF THE RACES.—The discussion in Darwin's 'Origin of Species' of the blending of different varieties of plants and animals to produce new forms, and the perpetuation of the best varieties on the principle of 'natural selection,' suggests some curious speculations as to the re-union and continuation of the various races of men. That this process is going on any one may see who will use his eyes, and it never was so rapid as at the present day, when the increased means of intercourse and locomotion are bringing all nations and tribes of men into intimate relations with each other. In Europe the distinctions of race are already obliterated, and the Celt, the Frank, the Teuton and the Anglo-Saxon are combined so that only in some few isolated districts do we find a pure breed of any of these human varieties. In the East Indies less than two centuries of connection with the Anglo-Saxon race has produced a new and quite numerous race called the Eurasians, in which the white and Indian blood are combined. In Canada we have a similar instance of the union of French and Indian blood in the French Canadians, or Canucks. In a century or two, the polygot races now occupying the United States will be so thoroughly commingled that there will be few specimens left of any pure blood. In South America the mixture of races, Spanish, Indian and negro, goes on more freely, and although the various hybrid races produced have not as yet vindicated the wisdom of the combination, who shall say what the new race will be a thousand years hence, when the combination is perfected?

