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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 14, No. 02): July 19, 1860

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## NORA'S REWARD.

'Oh, you are the dullest child in the world; here have I neglected my work and wasted nearly half an hour, trying to teach the difference between three and five; I am entirely out of patience with you, Edward; I don't know what is the reason, but I am afraid you are never going to be a fine scholar; I am completely discouraged about you!' exclaimed Mrs. Jones in a petulant tone, as she turned from the little and swollen face of her child, and lifted the work from her basket.

She had had a severe trial with the restless little fellow, who was too much engrossed with thoughts of play to have any taste for the tasks she rendered, irksome by her manner of teaching.

Mrs. Jones had been a school teacher in her younger days, and one of the most rigid disciplinarians, and a firm adherent to prescribed forms. She had always given good satisfaction to her patrons, who fancied that the child must be dull indeed, that did not make progress in the orderly school room of so systematic a teacher. She did not believe in making play of work, not she; and never troubled herself to investigate any of the new methods of teaching, by means of which lessons are made attractive to the pupil, and the school-room loses its horrors for the free, glad heart of childhood.

And now that she had been out of practice for a few years, and with delicate health and the perplexity of domestic cares, had grown more nervous and irritable than ever; she was—though she knew it not, wholly unfitted for the task she had determined to perform; that of educating her little son.

The child walked mournfully to the window and stood for a long time gazing out upon the dreary landscape, occasionally heaving a quivering sigh. There was a dejected expression upon his naturally bright face, and his little heart seemed struggling with troubled thoughts. But, as his attention was arrested from time to time by some passing object, his feelings seemed to regain their wonted buoyancy, and at last he ventured to turn around, and stealing up to his mother's side, he said, 'Mamma, I am so sorry I can't learn easier; I am going to try very hard next time. May I go down to the kitchen now?'

'Yes, go where you like; you would rather be with the ignorant servants any time than with your kind mamma who works so hard to do you good and teach you what you ought to know. Go chatter with Nora. I don't want any naughty little boys about me!'

'God bless the child!' exclaimed the warm-hearted Irish girl, as the kitchen door opened softly, and the boy entered more quietly than was his wont—and what ails the sweet eyes of yee? has yer mother been taising ye over the miserable old books again?'

'Oh, Nora, you mustn't talk to me so about my mamma, she's the goodest lady in the world but I can't please her in my tasks, and she feels so sad about it, and she gets tired with me and calls me stupid; and I suppose I must be very naughty, but I can't help it. Oh, I wish I could love my books.'

'No wonder ye don't, darlint, when ye never look in one but to cry before ye's shut it. I wish I was mistress here awhile, and I'd stick the bad things in the fire. And she set down the flattery with a thump, and leaned over the table to plait a fill that she had been smoothing.

'Oh, you wouldn't do that, would you?'

'Indeed I would thin, Master Eddie, and you should have nothing to do the live long day but toss your ball and roll your hoop, or whatever else you liked; and at an evening, I'd hold ye on my knee and tell purty stories, and sing ye purty songs; that's the way I'd do, if I was a rich lady with such a blessed boy as you for my own.'

'Oh, you're a dear good Nora, wouldn't we have fine times if you was mamma?' laughed the child, but immediately growing grave again he continued—

'I suppose though that I should not grow up a great and good man in that way. Mamma says that I am so dull that she is afraid I never will be a fine scholar, and I know it must be something dreadful to be as I am, for she called me Edward when she said it, and you know she always says Eddie, unless I am very naughty. Oh, I do wish I could learn, but when I try ever so hard I can't love to spell and count and answer mamma's hard questions; and I can't help thinking about my play; and then I forget what she has been telling me, and get scared, and something goes up and down in my breast, and something whirls in the top of my head, and I just cry and shake, and the more I try the worse I feel, and mamma cries and gets very angry too, sometimes, and I feel so ashamed and sad; it is dreadful. Why Nora, I cannot remember how late—let me see, it's something about three and five. I don't know what, but mamma said I was very stupid.'

He finished with a sigh and stepped back from the table to survey the mimic rail fence he had half unconsciously made of Nora's clothes pins.

'And was it about three and five, ye was bothered? It's Nora McFlynn can tell you all that, I'm thinking. Now put three of them clothes pins down there.'

'There they are.'

'Well, now put five over yonder. That's it, now see how many there'd be to put them all together.'

'Six, seven, eight.'

'Shure and there is, now give me two of them same. How many have you got?'

'Six.'

'Of course, me chicken! Now play every one's a rail, and I come and borrow them of ye to fence in my haystack with. I must put the petays for dinner now, and this dish of pink eyes is the haystack.'

'Yes, and I'll be the hired man too, and haul the rails for you; the flattery stand is my sled. Whoo! haw!'

'Oh, please Master Eddie, can I get some rails of you to fence in me stack wid, the neighbor's cattle are staling all me hay; just give me one for this time!'

'Yes, ma'am, here it is and there are five more in this pile, shall I haul them to you?'

'No, not all at once; bring me three the next time, three from five will leave you another load.'

'Oh, that's it. That's what mamma was trying to teach me; three from five leaves two, why, that's easy!'

'To be sure it's easy, but bring me some more rails before me stack is aiten up titirely by the cows.'

Thus they continued at their sport, Nora all unconscious in her efforts to amuse her favorite, that she was imparting more valuable arithmetical knowledge than he would receive as the pupil of Mrs. Jones in many tedious recitations.

'Mamma! I can tell you that now; the difference between three and five is two!' shouted the happy boy, as his mother entered the kitchen just as Nora declared she could not play any longer with him, and he had returned the clothes pins to their place.

'That's it, darling, you won't forget it again, I'm sure,' was the gentle reply as she stooped to kiss his gentle face.

Mrs. Jones had overheard a portion of their

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mathematical game, and gained some valuable hints by listening a few moments upon the stairs. She changed her tactics from that day, and was never afterward heard to complain of her son's stupidity.

'Now Kathleen, darlint, don't tease me any more, you'll break the heart of me if ye go on in this way. I'd work my fingers to the bone, child, to give ye the fine larnin ye pine for, but since the roomatis has rusted up the hinges of my ould shoulders, I must give up the washing, and thin where's the livin for yourself and yer poor ould mother to come from, if ye don't be content to be an honest washerwoman that aims her livin by the sweat of her brow.'

'I know it, mother, dear, but oh it is so hard to leave school now, and never learn any more about the things I have just got a glimpse of and I have built so many castles, as the young ladies say, about getting wise enough to teach when I get old enough; how happy I should be and how comfortably you should live, with never a need for you to lift a finger over the ugly work that has stiffened your joints and made you old too soon. Oh, dear, it seems to me I must have an education!'

'Hoot, away wid yer fine lady flittings! Come swate, wash yer red eyes and smooth yer pretty curls, and tie on yer clean sunbonnet, and then take home the gentleman's clothes.'

'We hit it coming here, Kathleen; we'll git plenty of washing from the seminary, and may be you can earn enough to buy some of the young ladies cast away books, and you're smart and quick like, you'll pick up the knowledge alone. There darlin, be spy and I'll have a braw supper ready when you git back!'

And Nora, for it was her, dear reader, though time has traced his lines on her once blooming face, gazed with pardonable pride upon the retreating figure of her fair, young daughter.

'God bless the child,' she murmured, as she turned within her tearful gaze, and proceeded to lay the cloth upon the little round stand which had served her for a table since her widowhood. She could not sit down to the table that Mrs. Jones gave her with her setting out; it made her feel so sad she said, to see Anthony's place vacant, and the stand brought Kathleen and herself so 'near like.'

'It is a pity,' she continued, measuring out the tea. 'She's as fair and as clear headed as any of those seminary girls, but bless me!' and she crossed herself. 'It is I, Nora McFlynn, that's finding fault with the Lord's will! I don't doubt He'll care for the widdy' and the fatherless. It goes to my heart to discourage Kathleen, but if she's to be only a poor washerwoman like her mother, the sooner she learns to be content with her lot, the better for her peace of mind. I wonder what kapes her so long; she continued after musing awhile; but the hours rolled away and the girl did not return; the tea kettle puffed and splattered its spray over the stove, as if impatient at the delay, and Nora had been to the door repeatedly, and was getting quite nervous in her lonely anxiety, when the quick patter of feet was heard upon the little path, and all breathless with haste, and tidings, the nature of which could be easily read in the animated face and dancing figure, as bonnet in hand, with curls tossed back all damp with the exercise, she had taken, Kathleen bounded into the room.

'Oh mother, mother! God be praised! Oh, what do you think? When I had left all of my packages but one, and that was the bundle of shirts made of the finest linen, and which I knew belonged to one of the teachers, I found the number of his room, and tapped at the door, and one of the dearest, kindest voices ye ever heard, told me to come in. I entered, and there was such a nice gentleman sitting at a desk writing down sums. He put down his pencil, and came to meet me, and spoke so kindly, and asked me to sit down, and wanted to know what the bill was for the washing, and asked me if I could figure how much a dozen pieces would be at eight cents a piece; and talked so funny, and so kind, just as if I was one of the young ladies, instead of his washerwoman's child, that I felt free to talk with him; and before I knew it, I had told him how I loved my books, and how I wanted to go to school more, how I had been to the public schools before we came to live here, but that my mother had the rheumatism and I had to do the washing of late, and he asked me all about you; and when I told him who you was, he almost cried, he seemed so glad, and said he used to know you well, and then he sat down and wrote on this piece of paper. Let me read it to you,' and opening the note she read as follows:

'My dear old friend Nora—I have not time to call on you this evening, but will soon do so. I am pleased with your daughter, who manifests a desire for knowledge, unusual in one of her class. I think I can be of service to her. I shall make arrangements to have her enter as one of the day scholars in the preparatory department, and see that her tuition fees are paid.'

Twenty years ago, you gave me a lesson in practical arithmetic, which I have never forgotten; you was a faithful servant to my mother, who still lives and will be rejoiced to hear from you. I am able to help those who desire to help themselves, and I shall insist on helping you occasionally, and aiding Kathleen in getting a good education. Here is a trifle for you as a token of friendship from 'Little Eddie,' as you remember him—now.

Edward R. Jones.

It was so; and the dullest child in the world had proved a superior scholar, and after graduating at—college, was installed as Prof. of Mathematics in one of the best female seminaries in the land.

WHAT BUTTERFLIES ARE GOOD FOR.—Utilitarians may, perhaps, inquire the use of butterflies, what they do, make, or can be sold for, and I must confess that my little favorites neither make anything to wear, like the silk-worm, nor anything to eat, like the honey-bee, nor are their bodies saleable by the ton, like the cochineal insects, and that, commercially speaking, they are just worth nothing at all, excepting the few paltry pence or shillings that the dealer gets for their little-dried bodies occasionally; so they are of no more use than poetry, painting and music—than flowers, rainbows, and all such unbusiness-like things. In fact, I have nothing to say in the butterfly's favor, except that it is a joy to the deep-minded and to the simple hearted, to the sage and, still better, to the child—that it gives an earnest of a better world, not vaguely and general-

ly, as does every 'thing of beauty,' but with clearest aim and purpose, through one of the most strikingly perfect and beautiful analogies that we can find throughout that vast creation, where 'all animals are living hieroglyphs.'—The butterfly, then, in its own progressive stages of caterpillar, chrysalis, and perfect insect, is an emblem of the soul's progress, thro' earthly life and death to heavenly life.

[W. S. Coleman.]

MR. BANCROFT ON THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—Mr. Bancroft contradicts the late Mr. Rufus Choate point blank, and in words which are curiously responsive to those of that advocate; for Mr. Bancroft says distinctly that the Declaration 'avoids specious and vague generalities.' Again, those who have been misled by the indignant repetition of the phrase 'higher law,' will have ample opportunities of exhibiting their virtuous horror when they read that Mr. George Bancroft has written 'The bill of rights which [i. e. the Declaration] promulgates, is of rights that are older than human institutions, and spring from the eternal justice that is anterior to the State.' He must possess very rare powers of distinction who can find any substantial difference between 'the higher law' and the 'rights that are older than human institutions'—rights that 'spring from the eternal justice that is anterior to the State.' But Mr. Bancroft goes still further; nor can we forbear the pleasure of quoting his own admirable words. 'Two political theories,' says he, 'divided the world: one founded the Commonwealth on the reason of State, the policy of expediency; the other on the immutable principles of morals. The new republic, as it took its place among the powers of the world, proclaimed its faith in the truth and reality and unchangeableness of freedom, virtue, right. The heart of Jefferson in writing the Declaration, and of Congress in adopting it, beat for all humanity. The assertion of right was made for the entire world of mankind, and all coming generations, without any exception whatever; for the proposition which admits of exception can never be self-evident.'

Moreover, and in illustration of the universal application of the glad tidings, Mr. Bancroft says: 'The astonished nations, as they read that all men are created equal, started out of their lethargy, like those who have been exiles from childhood, when they suddenly hear the dimly remembered accents of their mother tongue.' Mr. Bancroft, it will be seen, does not speak with the fashionable timidity of dyspeptic students. He does not mander about races, nor take refuge within the cheap defenses of ethnological scotism. His political philosophy 'makes the circuit of the world; his political morality is applied to the entire world of mankind, and all coming generations, without any exception whatever.' After all Mr. Cushing's pilferings from encyclopedias, and stereotyped nonsense about white and black and yellow races, after the intolerable conceit, ignorance, and inhumanity of his imitators; after the inconclusive conclusions of text-splitting and text-twisting Doctors of Divinity; after all the ignoble efforts of fools and of knaves to extenuate a moral wrong by appeals to physical distinctions, it is pleasant to find a man like Mr. Bancroft adhering to a simple and sensible construction of the adages and axioms of honest and fearless republicanism. These trimmers; these torturers of plain words of plain morality into tenth century sophistications, have now their answer, and they have it from very high, if not from the highest quarter.

ELEVEN MODES OF SUICIDE.—1. Wearing thin shoes and cotton stockings on damp nights, and in cool, rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clothing, and especially upon the limbs and extremities.

2. Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels. Going to theatres, parties and balls in all sorts of weather in the thinnest possible dress.

3. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home without sufficient over garments, through the cool, damp air.

4. A surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners. Eating in a hurry, without masticating the food, and eating heartily before going to bed every night, when the mind and the body are exhausted by the toils of the day and the excitement of the evening.

5. Beginning in childhood on tea and coffee, and going from one step to another, through intoxicating liquors. By personal abuse and physical and mental exercises of every kind.

6. Marrying in haste and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental excitement. Cultivating jealousy and domestic broils and being always in mental ferment.

7. Keeping children quiet by giving paragonics and cordials, by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them raisins, nuts and rich cake. When they are sick by giving mercury, tartar emetic and arsenic under the mistaken notion that they are medicines and not irritant poisons.

8. Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to health. Following an unhealthy occupation because money may be made by it.

9. Tempting the appetite with bitters and nectaries when the stomach says no, and by forcing food into it when nature does not demand, and even rejects it. Gormandizing between meals.

10. Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing. Giving way to fits of anger.

11. Being irregular in all our habits of sleeping and eating. Going to bed at midnight and getting up at noon. Eating too much, too many kinds of food, and that which is too highly seasoned.

ARE WE FREEMEN?—It is doubtful. Too much liberty has made us slaves, slaves of appetite, and panderers to appetite. In a word, New York has sold herself, to rum. Rum is king and master. Rum makes and breaks our laws. Rum elects our rulers. Rum robs our treasury. Rum piles up our taxes. Rum fills our prisons and our almshouses. Rum is our ruin. Official reports inform us that 80,000 out of the 32,172 persons arrested for crime during the past year were 'intemperate!' They tell us that 85 per cent. of the sick paupers were more or less intemperate, and that

61 per cent. were habitual drunkards. They tell us that the total of the pauper army in this city exceeds 100,000—larger than the Sardinian army, when on a war footing—and that it has increased 27,011 within a single year. Rum's doings again.

[N. Y. Tribune.]

## Miss-taken.

A railroad car, above all others, is the place to witness 'evening.'

Not long since, at a railroad station not a hundred miles from our place, we were the innocent observer of a little occurrence that impressed us deeply.

As soon as the train had halted by the crowded platform, a young lady of really prepossessing appearance, and one who evidently belonged to the 'upper circles,' sprang lightly and expectantly up the steps, and glided into the car. Having cast her eyes down a row of a dozen passengers, her countenance lighted up, a half-suppressed exclamation of joy escaped her girlish lips, and the next instant she was standing beside a seat at the further end of the car, occupied by a gentleman and lady of very respectable and even elegant appearance. The gentleman appeared considerably young and somewhat diffident—the apparel of his companion bespoke the bride.

No sooner had the young lady reached the pair, than, throwing her white arms around the young man's neck, she impressed a hasty kiss on his bearded lip, and exclaimed, 'Why, Fred, how do you do? And this is the dear little wife you wrote us about?'

Right here we plainly discerned a blush mantling the young man's cheek, mingled with a look of unparalleled surprise, and the countenance of his companion betokened a juvenile thunder storm. But the feminine discoverer, not to be discouraged by any amount of coolness, continued—

'But why don't you get off the train? don't you know that you've got home?'

Young man trembled with emotion; companion began removing her glove, all the time looking menacingly at the curl-covered head of the fair intruder. Reporters scribbled with commendable desperation; and passengers ceased laughing and began to sympathize. Just here the terrified young man, almost smothered by the ringlets of the almost sobbing girl, mustered courage to stammer—

'Really, Madam, you are mistaken in the person; my name isn't 'Fred,'—and I live in Chicago!'

The sensation produced by this announcement, 'can be imagined,' as the novelists say. Young lady started like one possessed, incredulously scrutinized the features of her 'late relative,' and after a word of explanation and apology, bounded gaily to the platform, laughing heartily at her blunder, and followed by an explosion from the passengers within.—Young man drew a long breath of relief; companion replaced her glove, and smothered the young thunder storm; reporters stuck their pens behind their ears with a look that said 'Item!' and we individually settled back in the seat just as the train started, in wardly wishing that we, too, had resembled 'Fred.'

THE GOOD NEWSPAPER A TEACHER.—The newspaper is the great teacher of the day, furnishing no small fund of information to those to be denominated self-made men of every year. Thousands of our little obscure boys in the school-room, the street and the domestic circle, are storing away a great variety of facts and events of vast importance, which will aid them in reaching an eminence of distinction when they shall launch upon the stage of public life.

These faithful chroniclers are conveying to them intelligence which the accumulated volumes of years cannot furnish. They are stimulating a taste for reading, where a library of books would be unnoticed and unknown. They are creating a thirst for knowledge and wisdom while the armies of vice, idleness and corruption would be multiplied without them, and our mighty armor of safety destroyed.

Once let this grand source of occupation, physical and mental, be suspended, a multitude of unemployed boys would riot in the streets—the haunts of crime would occupy the places of industry and morality, and discord become the order of the day. Thankful should we be that this powerful bulwark of safety, the potent instrument of the good newspaper, is adapted alike to rich and poor. No man, woman or child in the land need be without it. Nay, none can afford to lose its advantages. It is the only equalizer of society.

It aims to defend the laborer, point out his rights and the honest road to renown. It is his friend, and warns him against a multitude of imposters striving to profit by his ignorance and credulity. It shows the wealthy the superiority of the mind over money, and urges the importance of intellectual endowments and the folly of costly household ornaments.

To the statesman and sage it is a companion and co-worker, communicating much that was previously unknown, and much with which we are acquainted practically. The newspaper controls in no small degree, the sentiments of a people, and should be a welcome visitor in every true American home.

WARNING AGAINST BARBARISM.—The Polynesian, a paper published at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, prints an account of a tragedy that occurred in a court room in one of our South-western States, and warns its readers against lapsing into similar barbarism.

The seriousness with which it discusses the shocking state of society in the United States, and the self-complacency with which it compares the peaceful and harmless life of the Sandwich Islanders, are very amusing. It is but a few years, says the Springfield Republican, since we were giving our money and prayers to convert these heathens, and already they begin to preach to us. Next they will be sending missionaries to convert us from our barbarism, and serve us right too.

There is a club in Paris, in the Rue Lepelletier, called the 'United States Circle.' It is said that the members stake and lose a great deal of money. It is not rare to see the sons of respectable families win or lose a hundred thousand francs of an evening. An American loafer, who was passing a few days in Paris, succeeded in getting himself introduced at the club, and made himself at home with wonderful coolness. Having lost what little money he had about him, he turned to his neighbor and said, 'My dear friend, you will oblige me by

lending me ten louis.' 'My dear friend,' replied his neighbor, in the same tone, 'I am willing to do so provided you can tell what my name is.' The loafer was nonplussed. 'You see, my dear friend,' continued the other, 'that if I should lend you ten louis, you would be very greatly troubled to find me out and repay me.' It is needless to say that the adventurer failed to raise the pecuniary accommodation he requested.

FACTS ABOUT THE BODY.—There are about two hundred bones in the human body, exclusive of the teeth. These bones are composed of animal and earthy materials, the former predominating in youth, the latter in old age, rendering the bones brittle. The most important of these bones is the spine, which is composed of twenty-four small bones called vertebrae, one on top of the other, curiously hooked together and fastened by elastic ligaments, forming a pillar by which the human body is supported. The bones are moved by the muscles, of which there are more than five hundred. The red meat or beef, the fat being excluded, is the muscular fabric of the ox. There are two sets of muscles, one to draw the bone one way, and another to draw them back again. We cannot better describe the muscles than by comparing them to fine elastic thread bound up in their cases of skin. Man's muscles terminate in tendons, which are stout cords, such as may be seen traversing the back of the hand, just without the skin, and which can be observed to move when the hand is open or shut. Every motion we make, even the involuntary one of breathing, is performed through the agency of muscles.

In adults there are fifteen quarts of blood each weighing about two pounds. This blood is of two kinds, arterial and venous. The first is the pure blood, as it leaves the heart to nourish the frame, and is of a bright vermilion color. The last is the blood as it runs to the heart loaded with the impurities of the body, to be there refined, and is of a purple hue. Every pulsation of the heart sends out two ounces of arterial blood, and as there are from seventy to eighty beats in a minute, a hoghead of blood passes through the heart every hour. In fevers, the pulsations are accelerated, and consequently death ensues if the fever is not checked.

The stomach is a boiler, if we may use such a figure, which drives the human engine.

Two sets of muscles, crossing each other turn the food over and over, churning it up in the gastric juice till it has been reduced to the consistency of thin paste. This process requires from two to four hours.

Emerging from the stomach the food enters the small intestines, where it is mixed with the bile and pancreatic juice and converted into chyle. These small intestines are twenty-four feet long, closely packed, of course, and surrounded through their whole length with small tubes which are sockets, and drawing off the chyle, empty into a large tube named the thoracic duct, which runs up the back and discharges the contents into the jugular vein, whence it passes to the heart to assist in forming the arterial blood.

The lungs are two bags connected with the open air by the windpipe, which branches into innumerable small tubes, all over the inside of the lungs, each terminating in a minute cell. The outer surface of these air cells is full of small capillaries, infinitely small veins, a thin membrane only dividing the air from the blood.

The impure portion of venous blood is carbonic acid, which having stronger affinity for air than for blood, passes through this membrane to a gaseous state, combines with the air in the cells, and is expelled with the next respiration. Meanwhile the oxygen of the air unites with the blood, and becomes purified; then passes into the heart, being mixed with the chyle, it is forced through the body as life giving and arterial blood.

The skin serves an important purpose in carrying off the impurities of the system. It is traversed with capillaries of the body. It is also perforated with countless perspiration tubes, the united length of which amounts to twenty-eight miles, and which drains away from three to four pounds of waste matter every twenty-four hours or five-eighths of all the body discharges.

The nerves are another curious feature of the animal economy. They are, however, but little understood. They act as feelers to tell the wants of the body, and also as conductors to will the muscles to act. They branch out from the brain and spine over the whole frame infinitely fine fibres, like branches or twigs to trees.

READ ONE BOOK.—Don't read too many books. Doctor Nott, of Union College, observes, that he can always tell the young men in college who are to make their mark in the world, if he can only see them return from a visit to the College Library, which is only open once a week. If, says he, 'I saw a man leaving the library with five or six books under his arm, I would say to myself, there goes a mental glutton, he will read, mark, but not inwardly digest, and the consequence is, he is very likely to have mental dyspepsia; he mind endeavoring to acquire too much, strains itself and becomes weakened.' On the other hand, he says, 'If I see a young student taking but a small book from the library, and that he does not return there for some time, I am satisfied that he will saturate his mind with the intellect of the author, and not only gain all the knowledge in the book, but sharpen his perceptions and invigorate every faculty. Nothing makes a man so well as being a little hungry all the time; and nothing improves the mind so much as reading one good book thoroughly, and making every fact your own. The mind is thus never cloyed nor weakened.'

Lewis and Sam D.—a couple of residents of Long Island, who loved rum and hated snakes, some years since went down to the salt marsh to mow. They hung their scythes and were about to commence work, when Lewis proposed to Sam that they should take a drink of the quart provided for the occasion. Sam agreed, of course, and as it was a hot day, and a hard task was before them, they concluded to rest awhile under the shade of a tree, and then take another drink in order to get readily on. The bottle had passed two or three times, when Sam said to Lewis 'Let's drink the darned stuff up, and we won't be hankering after it.' It was a bargain, and betwixt the two the balance was soon disposed of. A pause ensued; Lewis rose to his feet,

threw his scythe over his shoulder, declaring, 'I'll be darned if I'll mow without rum.'—'Darned if I will either,' says Sam, and with that they shouldered their duds and trudged home without cutting a swath.

SAVE UP SOMETHING.—It unfortunately happens that as no man believes he is likely to die soon, so every one is much disposed to defer the consideration of what ought to be done, on the supposition of such an emergency; and while nothing is so uncertain as human life, so nothing is so uncertain as our assurance that we shall survive most of our neighbors. But it may, indeed, occur to any that the chances are very nearly balanced as to his dying at forty, and his reaching the uncertain age of forty-five! and that even five years may make a considerable difference in the amount of savings he may bequeath to his family. The determination to lay by often creates the power to lay by, and the first effort is the most difficult. Let it always be remembered that in putting by something for a rainy day, a man purchases a certain amount of moral tranquility and thus he may actually extend his life by providing against the results of his death.

WE PITY HIM.—Whom? 'Why, Wiggins?' 'What do you pity Wiggins for?' 'Listen, and you shall be told. Last fall Wiggins married a nice young lady, one every way worthy of his heart and hand. They commenced keeping house; he working in the shop, and she looking after the interests of their cottage home. By and by, Wiggins had a pain in his side, and thought it might be that it was hard work at the bench which caused it; and so he rests occasionally. Only a few minutes at a time, and during that time he runs across the street to a saloon, and dodges behind a green blind that stands on the floor.

'Don't know what is behind that blind, but every time Wiggins goes behind there, something goes pop! like a cork coming out of a bottle. We pity Wiggins, we do; and Mrs. Wiggins, too. There is a shadow on Mrs. Wiggins' face, and a more fearful one around her heart!'

Reader is your name Wiggins? Hope not; but if it is, do be careful of that thing which goes pop! behind that little green blind. We are afraid that it will hit you. Be careful! [Christian Freeman.]

CUSTOM HOUSE EXTRAVAGANCE.—Gov. Anthony of Rhode Island said in the Senate a few days before the adjournment:

An examination has satisfied me that millions of dollars are squandered annually by retaining in the public service Custom House Officers, Consuls, and other agents whose services are not needed. In 1857 nearly four million dollars were expended in collecting revenue from customs. I find, by the official report of the Secretary of the Treasury in answer to a resolution of the Senate, that in 1827 the whole amount of revenue collected at Wilmington, Delaware, was \$2004, and that eight Custom House Officers were employed in the collection of this sum, at a cost to the government of \$15,844—being a loss to the government of \$12,844.

At Annapolis, Maryland, there were collected the same year \$374; four men were employed by the government in collecting this sum, at a cost to the government of \$983. At Oronoke, North Carolina, there was collected in the same year \$82; seven men were employed in its collection, and it cost the government \$2801. At Buffalo, N. Y., there was collected the same year \$16,896 \$1. At Monterey, California, there was collected the same year \$42, and it required three men to collect it, at an expense to the government of \$7050. At Port Oxford, Oregon, there was collected the sum of \$5 85; two men were employed to collect it at an expense of \$2702. I might multiply instances of this kind, but these will suffice to show the loose manner in which this administration manages the affairs of the people.

In the report of the Secretary of the Treasury I also find a statement showing the amount of salaries paid to, and fees received from, the consular officers of the United States, for the year ending December 30, 1858. At Simoda the consul collected \$1 56 in fees, and the salary paid him by our government was \$5000. At Tangier no fees were collected by the consul, but the sum of \$3000 was paid him by our government. At Tunis the consul collected \$1, and was paid by our government \$3000. At Candia \$1000 was paid our consul, and no fees collected. At Gaboon, the same. At Satein \$1000 was paid, and only \$2 collected. The total amount paid to 133 consular officers was \$255,540 85. Total amount of fees returned by them, \$98,383 41. Amount paid over and above fees, \$157,156 44.

THE APPRENTICE.—A young man, whose father was in easy circumstances, was desirous of learning the printing business. His father consented, on condition that he should board at home and pay weekly for his board out of the avail of his special perquisites, during his apprenticeship. The young man thought this rather hard; but when he was of age, and master of his trade, his father said, 'Here, my son, is money paid to me for board during your apprenticeship. I never intended to keep it, but have retained it for your business.' The wisdom of the old man was apparent to the son; for while his fellows had contracted bad habits in the expenditure of similar perquisites, and were now penniless and in vice, he was able to commence in business respectably, and he now stands at the head of the publishers in this country, while most of his former companions are poor, vicious and degraded.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—A Mrs. Page died at the Almshouse in Pittston, on the 3d inst., at the very rare age of one hundred and six years. We are informed by Mr. J. W. Crowell, who learned the fact while taking the census of that town, that this statement of her age is undoubtedly correct. She must then have been born in 1754,



## The Eastern Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JULY 19, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.  
S. M. PETTENHILL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 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. R. 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 us.  
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."

## Attend the Convention.

"Look well to your primary meetings," was the injunction of an honest politician, and one who knew well where the demagogue fixed his point of attack. Preliminary caucuses and conventions have become an admitted necessity, and the only ground of danger is that of neglect by the class of voters who have no selfish objects to attain. A party that honestly looks for permanency from a conviction of right, should guard well this point. The most free and unbiased expression of the will of the great mass of the voters, is not only the best security of success but the best safeguard against wrong views and unrighteous "platforms." An honest party aims to secure this freedom, and the influence of demagogues, and the selfish efforts of scrupulous men, are the great dangers to be watched and thwarted.

All over the State, and all over the nation, these preliminary mass meetings of voters are now taking place, and the best interests of the country are secure just in proportion as they are well attended. This is true republican doctrine—true democracy.

On the first day of August, the republicans of this congressional district meet at this place to nominate a candidate for congressmen. The man there nominated is unquestionably to be elected. The approaching presidential election and the almost certain change of the party character of the government, renders this nomination—and consequent election—one of unusual importance. Upon one point the freedom of this district cannot disagree, that the present incumbent of the office, with his long experience in the national legislature, would give them great advantages over a new and inexperienced man. Even those who look merely to the distribution of the spoils of victory, will admit this. Mr. Morse has been tried and found faithful to the best principles and most exalted sentiments of the people he represents. In all his course no fault has been found, and of his high integrity there is no doubt. The question to be settled, then, by the coming "preliminary meeting," is whether he shall be exchanged for a man of less experience, and wholly untried in the post to be occupied. We care but little how this question is settled, if settled by the majority of the voters—though we confess our conviction that the fairly expressed and unbiased will of the freemen would give the present incumbent of the office two thirds of the votes of the party. And yet in the face of this fact, we admit our fear that the convention will nominate another man. This question don't go to the ballot box. Let this be remembered! The ballot box is a safe-test, we know, for all questions that reach it; but the "preliminary meeting"—the convention of August 1,—settles this question, and the ballot box follows only as a matter of form. Who don't know this!—and who don't regret it!

Measures are in active operation, all thro' the district, to secure delegations in the several towns who will go for a change. In every town this is done with the utmost industry, though in some cases with great secrecy. We know this is too common to be matter of complaint; and we do not, in fact, complain of it, but only pass it over to the judgment of the people. Once within their reach, the result shall have our emphatic amen! We only want the freemen of the district to open their eyes to what is going on, and take such part in it as belongs to them. The convention is the place for this, and if not done there it will not be done at all. Let each town have a full attendance at its caucus, and see that delegates are appointed who will enact the will of the majority. If this is done, and to the utmost farthing, then the dismissal of our present able, honest and well tried representative in congress, should it be decided upon, will meet our approval; if not, we shall deplore it as the work of selfish men.

We admit no man's claim to an office, till he can best subserve the public interest. If he has served his party, he has the same reward as others who have done the same. It is not what a man has done, but what he may do, that is a reason for his election to office. No man's "turn" comes for past services merely; so no man's experience and better qualities are to be sacrificed for him. No bargain or previous rule can rightfully interfere with the freedom of the voters to select the man best adapted to the time and circumstances. With these views we care not a straw who may be the man to meet them. If the preliminary meetings did not fix the action of the ballot box they might be less carefully guarded; but while such is their power, and great interests, as in this case, are at stake, a party whose motto is "principles, not men," and that would secure its permanency through its integrity of action, should by all means guard itself against bringing its caucuses into hostility to the wishes of the majority of its voters. Such collisions are always ruinous in the end, and it is because we believe the republicans, as well as other partisans, are exposed to this danger, that we thus call the attention of the voters to this point; and not because we would aid in nominating this or that man without reasons in harmony with the public interest. Let every

town have full delegations to the convention named, chosen to represent the majority of their republican vote, and with fair and open-handed action we can trust the result.

TELL US WHAT TO DO!—Can it be its "neutrality" that makes the Mail so venomous? At home, and among its regular readers it is regarded as good natured, a little merry, and harmless; and it is only when it steps abroad for amusement that it seems to be marked with hydrophobia. For instance, the slightest wink towards the city of Augusta, the great capital and ruling power of the State, brings down upon its sinless head that lusty engine the Farmer, with its learned Doctor and wise board of councillors, as though the great emporium was in danger of being chewed up and spit to the winds. And there is the harmless little nestling under her wing, the innocent city of Gardiner, falls into the same spasm, and goes to protesting her purity as though we had charged her with total depravity. To an outsider she makes herself a little pet poodle, and the Mail a surly mastiff "prowling round" for a chance to shake her out of her skin. What can it be, exclaims brother Heath, that gives the Mail such an "antipathy to Gardiner!" And not last or least, his "portinger" is measured, is the gigantic Moses; who at the slightest tickle we give him, falls to howling as though an invisible imp were sticking him full of hedgehog quills. He mutters "Mail" as one mutters "bugaboo" in a nightmare; and cries out for sympathy as though we threatened to swallow him, pumpkins and all. Now, we protest this injustice, as though a dozen thunder claps broke upon their collected ears! Let them quail and take warning—as the mother subdues her whimpering booby—"if you don't stop whining you'll get something to cry for." If we can't have a little pleasant sport with you, one at a time, then we'll fight you all in a lump, though as many as the "rogues in buckram." If we can't be taken for the honest, kind, funny and gentle "Mail" we claim to be, we will at once, and done with it, become the "terrible critter" you try to make us. Now hear and tremble; for you are a cowardly trio, as ever simpered "brother" between your eye teeth! Take up that glove if you dare!

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—Officers of Ticonic Div. No. 13, S. of T. for the ensuing quarter, from July 1st, 1860:

G. A. L. Merrifield, W. P.  
O. T. Gray, W. A.  
C. S. Newell, R. S.  
Joshua Nye, A. R. S.  
Sam'l Haublen, F. S.  
F. S. Chase, T.  
E. R. Drummond, Chaplain.  
G. C. Eaton, C.  
Henry Town, A. C.  
Hiram Fish, I. S.  
F. O. Smiley, O. S.

Aurora Lodge No. 11 I. O. of G. T. was instituted at Camden, July 6, by Rev. W. M. K. Bray, of Orono, assisted by a large delegation from Orono Lodge No. 10. Officers: Col. Nicholas Berry, W. C. T.  
Miss S. Cleveland, W. R. H. S.  
Miss Ellen Norwood, W. L. H. S.  
E. Freeman, W. V. T.  
Wm. E. Norwood, W. R. S.  
Miss Cynthia Adams, W. A. S.  
Miss N. McFarland, W. F. S.  
C. W. Polansbee, W. T.  
Rev. W. L. Brown, W. C.  
H. P. Easton, W. M.  
Miss Bella Estabrook, W. D. M.  
Miss Caro Cushing, W. I. G.  
Miss G. S. Cobb, W. O. G.  
G. W. Richards, P. W. C. T.

THE ECLIPSE.—Smoked glass "was at a premium, yesterday morning, and at the close of the exhibition the number of empty chins and noses to be met with on the street attested the interest Young America takes in astronomical phenomena.

ATTENTION!—Our wide awake neighbors at West Waterville are arranging for a Republican demonstration, next week. The time cannot be fixed with certainty at present, but the meeting will probably take place on Wednesday or Thursday evening. Gov. Morrill, and J. G. Blaine, Esq. of the *Kennebec Journal*, are to be present, and there will no doubt be other speakers. Whoever attends may safely count on a pleasant time.

We had a copious shower on Monday night, last, attended by severe thunder and lightning. The electric fluid visited the earth in several places in our vicinity, but happily with no great damage. It made its mark upon a pine tree on the brow of the hill in Winslow, near the end of the Ticonic Bridge, and the house of B. C. Paine, of the same town, was visited without much harm being done. The death of a poor old hen, who had her habitation and roosting place beneath the telegraph wire, near the lower depot, in this village, is charged to the same subtle agent, but whether justly or not we cannot say with certainty, there having been no post mortem examination. Two lengths of fence were prostrated, near the house of Deacon Marshall, on Temple Street, and a rail deftly split from end to end, but whether this was done by the "sword of the archangel" or was the work of some enthusiastic, imitative Republican, deponent saith not.

We learn, verbally, that on the same night, the house of Mr. P. Wheeler, near Pishon's Ferry, was badly shattered by lightning. It was a new building, just completed, but very fortunately Mr. W. had not taken up his abode in it.

Will our neighbors of the *Maine Farmer* be kind enough to inform the public whether the Kennebec Dam Corporators are taking advantage of the present low pitch of water in the river to construct that "fishway." Of course, while complacently congratulating themselves upon their superior increase of business and population, our neighbors would not be guilty of hindering the prosperity of others, particularly if, in so doing, they neglect a positive duty and violate a law of the State.

FIRE.—The house of Mr. Ezekiel Page, between Silver and Summer Streets, and below Sherwin Street, in this village, was destroyed by fire, with the most of its contents, on the afternoon of Saturday last. The alarm was given about three o'clock, while the steam fire engine was on its way up Maine St., from its place of trial at the Bay. This was immediately taken to the vicinity of the fire, with our two engines—the Ticonic and Waterville 3—and the flames would have been speedily extinguished had there been a supply of water, notwithstanding a brisk breeze was blowing and the fire had attained good headway. Waterville 3 was first taken to a well near the burning building, but this was a waste of time, for there was little or no water to be had from it; and when the engines, including the steam machine, were finally arranged, so that by playing into each other water was brought from the reservoir on Sherwin Street, little remained to do but to protect the buildings of Mr. Hudson. The relief came very opportunely, however, for as the burning building went down, there was a perfect shower of blazing materials blown directly upon the adjoining buildings. The house being an unfinished one, the fire made quick work of it, and in little more than half an hour from the first alarm, the family of Mr. P. found themselves in the street, with nothing left of their pleasant home but a heap of smouldering embers. A claim on the property was partially covered by insurance, but there was none for the benefit of Mr. P., and the sympathies of our citizens being at once aroused in behalf of his houseless family, a plan was devised for providing them with a new home, which we are pleased to see promises to be successful.

A sad accident occurred during the progress of the fire, in the injury of Mr. James Ray, an aged and worthy citizen, who while assisting in taking Waterville 3 past the burning building, fell and was run over by the engine, which broke several of his ribs. We are glad to learn that he is now doing well and is as comfortable as could be expected.

Being a man of "unbounded stomach," nothing edible seems to come amiss to the editor of the *Clarion*; and as his kind neighbors are well aware that he is a valiant trencherman, and careless of the quality so that there be no limit of quantity, his big porringer is kept well supplied with coarse fodder adapted to his taste. The weekly enumeration of these frequent gifts forms no small share of his editorial department, and his *feeling* remarks in this connection are often truly eloquent. Just now he is particularly jubilant over the tail end of a confectionary shop, which somebody, anxious to "close a concern," as the advertisements say, has recently turned into his capacious dish—pine apples, oranges, peanuts, cherries, green apples, broken candy, molasses gingerbread, &c., &c. Such a mixed diet might be injurious to some people, but our brother seems to thrive upon it.

Dr. J. J. Wetherbee, one of the best dentists in Boston, cautions the public against an article employed by some of the profession for filling teeth, which passes under several names—"Osteoplastic," "Os Artificial," "Diamond Cement," "Adamantine Enamel," &c. He pronounces it worse than useless, being highly injurious to the teeth. For filling teeth, we believe no reliable substitute for gold has ever been discovered.

STEAM FIRE ENGINE.—One of these machines, manufactured at the Novelty Works in N. York, was exhibited in this place on Saturday last by Mr. Malony, the engineer. Its performance gave great satisfaction to our fire department. Four men manage it, two of them acting as pipemen. It threw a stream very steadily about 210 feet. Its workmanship was very fine, and the quiet manner in which it accomplished its work was admirable. It was witnessed by a large number of our citizens, and the frequent inquiry was made with a meaning, "How much does it cost?" Three thousand dollars was said to be the price. It is nicely calculated to break up the "two forty" fever among firemen, and in this respect one of them would be a paying concern in Waterville.

DANCING.—We call attention to Mr. Barry's advertisement. Mr. B. has good endowments, many of whom are his acquaintances among our own citizens, leaving no doubt of his qualifications to do justice to his pupils.

A LITTLE AHEAD.—Mr. John Palmer who lives near the Fairfield line, on the Kendall's Mills road, brought us, yesterday, full grown cucumbers—the first we have seen raised in this vicinity the present season. Mr. P. is one of those thrifty and enterprising farmers who will not be found behind in any honest and honorable competition.

DR. SKELDON will preach at the Universalist Church next Sabbath.

Nicholas G. Norcross, Esq., one of the great lumber kings of that name, died in Lowell, Mass., on the 14th inst., of heart disease. His age was 64.

The effort is being made to get the stock taken for another cotton factory in Augusta.

FRENCH CITRONELLE LUSTRAL.—This article of the toilet, said to be an unfailing remedy for dandruff, can be found at C. G. Carleton's. Call there and learn further of its virtues.

In the Supreme Judicial Court at Portland, on Thursday, Tenney, C. J., presiding, the opinion of the Court was given in case of State vs. Noyes. The Conductor of the And. & Ken. Railroad was indicted for not conforming to the law of 1858, Sec. 5th, and detaining the train twenty minutes to afford passengers, who choose, an opportunity to change and be transported in the other train. The Court held that the law was in contravention of the rights of the Directors to regulate the running of their trains, this right being expressly given them by their charter—hence the law was ruled to be unconstitutional, so far as it relates to that railroad and similar charters. The Court also held that the Legislature had control over

all that relates to the safety, but not that which pertains to the convenience of the travelling public.

CAPITAL-OWNING LABOR.—During a speech made by Herschell V. Johnson, (now candidate for Vice President,) in Philadelphia, on the 17th September, 1856, he defended the system of slavery in this wise:

"We believe capital should own labor; is there any doubt that there should be a laboring class everywhere? In all countries and under every form of social organization there must be a laboring class—a class of men who get their living by the sweat of their brow; and then there must be another class that controls and directs the capital of the country."

The *New York Post* remarks of this. "This philosophy, it will be perceived, does not restrict the owning of the laborer by the capitalist to any special class of laborers. Mr. Johnson does not speak of races at all; he does not say that the negro workman only should be the property of the white man of wealth; but he lays down a general proposition which includes all classes of laborers. There must be, he argues, in every condition of society, a class of laborers, a class that earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, and there must be a class of capitalists; but the true relation between these is not the relation which obtains in Europe and the Northern States of this Union, but the relation which obtains on the cotton and rice plantations.—Capital ought to own labor everywhere, to render the services of either effective. That is the doctrine.

It will not commend Mr. Douglas to the laboring masses of the north, that his confederate entertains opinions that would reduce them to a level with slaves. The hardy fishermen of New England who gather the richest harvests of the seas,—the mechanics of our great cities, mainly built by their hands, and the yeomanry of the great West, who convert the soils of the prairies into the subsistence of many nations, have formed other opinions of the dignity and worth of their vocations. They do not regard themselves as mere machines engaged in the task of production. They make a difference between their own labor and that of the cattle upon the farms. Labor, in their estimation, and in its true sense, is a high social function, connected not only with the prosperity, but with the peace and very existence of society. The great triumphs of civilization have been effected by its means, and those who perform it properly take their places in the gratitude of mankind, among the number of the world's benefactors."

TEACHERS' CONVENTION.—A voluntary teachers' convention, will be held in Athens commencing Monday, August 20, 1860, at 2 o'clock, P. M., and continue through the week. Lectures are to be delivered by J. H. Sawyer, A. B. of Harmon; C. F. H. Green, Esq. of Athens; Rev. R. Jones, of Parkman; H. A. Wyman, Esq. of Skowhegan, and others.

France has recently established a precedent for which our adopted citizens should be grateful, and the more so as it is one which other European governments will be likely to follow. Michael Zeiter, a native of a French province, emigrated to America, and became a naturalized citizen of the United States. His name was on the registry of the French conscription, and as he did not answer, he was placed upon the condemned list. After some years residence in America, he went back to his native province, and was at once imprisoned. An appeal in his behalf was made to the American Minister, who at once addressed the French Government, claiming Zeiter's release on the ground that he had become a citizen of the United States, and owed no further allegiance to France. The plea was acknowledged as valid and Zeiter released.

An eccentric American was lately visiting an English nobleman at his seat in the South of England. Our fellow countryman has a habit of saying, "how very appropriate!" by way of commendation to almost everything he approves of, whether appropos or not. The statutory around the grounds received this favorable notice so frequently that the host became nettled, and determined to non plus his guest. So stopping before the family burying vault, he pointed to a figure on horse-back and said, "how do you like that statue of General Jackson?" "How very appropriate!" was the ready answer. "How do you make that out?" "Oh, Gen. Jackson was always at home amongst dead Englishmen," was the ready answer. The host subsided.

AN AGREEABLE CHANGE OF FORTUNE.—All will remember the Sophia Werner murder, sometimes called the "barrel mystery," which took place at or near Chicago, some time ago; Henry Jumptrey, being tried twice for the murder, and coming twice almost in sight of the gallows, was finally acquitted. He went to St. Louis, ruined in purse and broken in spirits, yet followed by the kindness of a very few fast friends.

The other day the Prussian Consul of New York sent to Chicago a letter making inquiries for him; it appears that he has become one of the joint heirs to a great estate in Germany.

COME DOWN TO YOUR CIRCUMSTANCES, and when you have succeeded in effecting the difficult but in no wise dangerous descent remain there. The cool air of the place will not hurt you. On the contrary, it will do you a world of good. The fever and heartburn which affected you, you will feel no more, when once you have actually 'come down to your circumstances.' But what's a man to do that has but three or four dollars a week to live on? sounds out in a dissatisfied answer to our injunction. You must live inside of four dollars, if that is all you have. If you don't do it, the debts that will accumulate will kill the courage all out of you. If you do it, the very minute that you can manage to obtain higher pay, you will begin to enjoy the feeling which plenty begets. Nobody knows how good six dollars a week seems, so well as he who has for a long time contrived to live on four or even less. The chief affliction and misery of poverty is the tormenting desire to have more than you can get, and the shame there is in owning that you must deny yourself many things that all about you possess. To those who care chiefly for externals, this is a very great trouble; but do not let your life consist in the abundance of the things that you possess, nor your destruction be the lack of the goods of this world. Work faithfully and patiently; get ahead as fast as you can, and as you go, be careful to keep down to your means; and, soon or late, honor and happiness will be yours.

A Canadian bishop, finding, after examining one of the candidates for holy orders, that he was grossly ignorant, refused to ordain him. "My lord!" said the disappointed aspirant, "there is no imputation upon my moral character—I have a due sense of religion, and I am a member of the Propaganda Society." "That I can easily believe," replied the bishop, "for you are a proper goose."

## Execution of Hicks the Murderer.

HIS CONFESSION, &amp;c.

New York, July 13. The sloop E. A. Johnson, on which the murders of Capt. Burr and sons were perpetrated by Hicks, was anchored but a short distance from the gallows upon which the murderer was hung to-day, and in full view of the culprit. It had a large flag with her name upon it, and a sailor at the mast-head waved his hat and cheered as Hicks ascended the gallows.

Hundreds of the Battery ruffians were in boats, swearing and shouting "hang the thief!" "string him up!" &c. The Red Jacket, which carried Hicks and his attendants to Bedloe's Island, presented a singular spectacle. Rum was sold openly on deck while the priests were praying with the murderer below. Excursion steamers were crowded with spectators of the scene, and the Battery was crammed with people anxious to see Hicks hung. It is estimated that there were fully 10,000 people in the Bay and on the Battery, comprising nearly all the worst classes of society. Hicks died easy.

Hicks had been engaged, at times, for some weeks past, in making a "confession" of his many crimes. These have been taken down by a person officially employed for the purpose. We make extracts from it:

I can stand it no longer. I had hoped that I should carry the secrets of my life with me to my grave. I never thought I should sit here in my cell crying like a baby, over the remembrance of the past, or that my heart would flinch at meeting any fate in store for me.

I fancied I bore a charmed life, and that having heretofore escaped so many dangers, I should find some loop-hole through which to creep now, or that something would turn up in my favor which would aid my escape from the mesh into which I had fallen.

I have long felt as though I were the Devil's own, and that though he had served me so many years, I must at last be his; yet I imagined he would not claim me yet, but allow me to do his work for a time longer. He has stood by me all my life, on ship and on shore, amid the howling storms of the ocean, where every moment the waves threatened to engulf me; he has snatched me from their deadly embrace on the battle-field, in many a hand-to-hand fight; he has seemed to stand by my side protecting me from danger; and when I have been in the hands of my enemies, and escape has appeared impossible, he has, until now, invariably opened the way for my release. But at last he has deserted me; in vain I call upon him, he will not answer me; and I dare not call upon God, for what pity should he show a guilty wretch like me?

For years conscience has slumbered; I have not heard her voice at all. No deed of desperation has seemed too dark or bloody. My soul seemed dead to all remorse of dread, and fear has been a feeling which, until now, I have never known.

But in this lonely cell, away from all the excitements which have always been the support of my restless nature—within these solemn walls, where I see none but those who guard me, or those who come to look at me, as upon some wild beast; here, where no sounds fall upon my ear but the footsteps of the keeper, as he paces with measured tread the long corridor outside, or harsh, discordant creak of heavy doors slamming, or the grating of bolts and the creaking of hinges—conscience, so long dead, has at last awakened, and now stings me with anguish, and fills my soul with dread and horror.

I look back upon my way of life, and see the path marked with blood and crime, and in the still midnight, if I sleep, I act the dreadful scenes anew. Again I imbue my hand in the red blood of my victims; again I rob the unsuspecting traveler, or violate the most sacred sanctities of life, to satisfy my greed of gold, or headstrong, unchecked passions; and if I wake, I seem to see my victims glaring at me through the gloom of my cell, or hear them shriek aloud for vengeance on my guilty head.

The past is one great horror! The future one dread fear. A heavy, insupportable weight is on my heart, and I feel as if, did I not reveal its fearful secrets, I should go mad.

He then proceeded to state that he was born at Foster, R. I., in 1820, and gives some details regarding his family, and his occupation, until he was fifteen years of age. Then he ran away from home, and commenced his career of crime by stealing a package of goods from the railroad depot at Norwich, Conn. Having been arrested and committed to jail, he escaped and shipped on board a whaler, and finally reached the Pacific coast. He arrived at San Francisco after many adventures, and became quite noted there for several daring robberies. He was also in the mining districts, and speaks of having robbed miners' camps and trains of emigrants, and of having as much stolen gold at one time as he could lift. The police eventually got on his track, and he sailed for Rio on board a schooner. He says:

"Nothing of particular interest occurred on our voyage to Rio, but after staying there six or seven weeks, and spending nearly all our money in gambling and debauchery, we took the road between Rio and Montevideo, where we robbed all worth robbing, and murdered all who resisted us."

There is many a whitened skeleton bleaching by that roadside now, on the same spot where he rides along, sees many a place where the grass grows taller and greener than that which surrounds it; but he little dreams that his roots are enriched by the blood shed by me. If I should travel that road now I should have plenty of ghastly company, for though dead men tell no tales, and are but dead to all the world beside, to me they are now living horrors, and will insist on keeping company with me.

I remember one day that, a few miles from Montevideo, we attacked a man and three women, all of them being on horseback. We robbed them, and should have killed them all, but the women were beautiful, and for once I allowed my heart to yield to the soft feeling of pity, and we did not murder them."

He refers also to the numerous murders committed by himself and comrade between Santiago and Valparaiso, the details of which are given. He was on board the ship *Anne Mills*, a slaver, and being in danger of being captured, he says the slaves on board were all tied to a cable, and the anchor thrown overboard, dragging them after it.

Hicks next makes confessions in relation to the murders on board the sloop *E. A. Johnson*, for which he has justly been hung. After detailing the circumstances of engaging to sail, maturing his plans for the murder, &c., and having some conversation with Watts, his first victim, who was at the helm, he says: "He turned his head, and peered through the darkness in the direction I pointed, and as he did so, I struck him on the back of the head with the ax, and knocked him down."

He fell! Thinking I had not killed him, I struck him again with the ax as he lay upon the deck. His fall and the sound of the ax made some

noise, which, added to that caused by my running across the deck, attracted the attention of the captain who came up the companionway, and putting out his head, asked what was the matter?

I replied, "Nothing," and then asked him, as I had the younger Watts, "Is that Barnegat Light?"

Capt. Burr replied, "No, you will not see it for two hours;" and as he spoke he turned his head from me.

The ax swung in the air, and, guided by my sinewy and murderous arm, came down.

The edge crunched through his neck, nearly severing his head from his body, and killing him instantly.

The body fell down the companionway.

As I turned to leap after it, and dispatch my remaining victim, I looked forward, and—Oh, God, how I shudder to think of it now!—he whom I thought I had already killed, had risen, and was coming aft, his hand outstretched towards me, and the blood running in two dark streams over his pale face, from two ghastly wounds on his head.

For a moment I stood undecided, but as he still came on, I ran toward him, but ere I reached him he fell about midships, and rushing on him, I struck once! twice! thrice! with the ax, and finished him.

Running aft, I jumped down the companionway with the bloody ax in my hand.

There lay the elder Watts in his berth, and close beside him the ghastly, bloody corpse of the captain.

I stood a moment looking at him, and dashed at him, and struck out with the ax.

He leaped out of his berth, and sprang at me, all red with the blood of the captain whose body had fallen past him, covering him with gore in his fall.

He tried to grapple with me, but stepping back, I gave the fatal ax a full swing, and struck him again, again and again, once upon the head, once on the back, and once more upon the head, which felled him to the floor, and he lay dead at my feet, side by side with the captain.

My bloody work was done!

Dead men tell no tales.

I was alone. No eye had seen me, and now I was free to reap the reward of my work.

I did not feel the slightest regret for what I had done, and went about removing the bodies, as coolly as though they had been so much old lumber.

I took a rope and bent it on to the feet of the elder Watts, hauled him on deck, and threw him over the quarter. I then hauled the captain out in the same manner, and threw him over; and then going midships, I lifted the body of the younger Watts from the deck, and plunged him into the sea by the starboard.

I then threw the ax overboard, and as soon as I had done this I changed the course of the sloop, and ran in close to the Hook.

My intention was to run the sloop up the North River, and then fire her; but I came near running her on the Dog Beacon, abreast of Cony Island and Stater. Island lighthouse, after which I fouled with a schooner, and carried away the bowsprit, so I put the money and such other articles of value as I could pick up into the yawl, and then sculled ashore, three miles, landing just below the fort on Staten Island.

My movements after landing are well known; and when I look back upon the fatality that seemed to dog my steps, it seems as though the fiend who had so long stood by me in every emergency, had deserted me at last, and had left me to my own weakness.

But I never thought of this until after my arrest. I had no shadow of a presentiment that I should be checked so suddenly and brought to justice, and on my return to New York, made arrangements to go away with my family as coolly as if nothing had occurred which should counsel me to use caution.

But on that fatal night when I awoke from a deep sleep to find the officers of the law standing by my bed, for the first time fear overcame me, and I grew faint and weak as a baby. Great drops of sweat started out on my forehead and all over my body, and then I realized that at last the master whom I had served so long had really deserted me and abandoned me to my fate.

But to all outward appearance I choked these feelings down, and none who saw me dreamed of what was passing within.

My task is done. I have related all the awful details of my life with as much minuteness as I can, and now nothing is left me but to prepare to die.

I ask no sympathy, and expect none. I shall go to the gallows cursed by all who know the causes which will bring me there, and my only hope is that God will in his infinite mercy, grant me that spirit of true repentance which may lead to pardon and forgiveness in the world to come.

KIDNAPPING IN ILLINOIS.—Three negroes have been carried into slavery in Missouri, from Clifton, Illinois, by a party of kidnappers. A letter says:

"What makes the affair the more diabolical is the fact that one of the men carried off never was a slave, and one had been freed by his master; the third one might or might not have been a slave, but little was known of him. In addition to the nine kidnappers, who were doubly armed with revolvers and bowie knives, the section men who work on the track of the railroad company, for about fifteen miles distant, numbering about twenty-five, were in attendance, apparently to render assistance if needed—all stout, able-bodied Irishmen.—Three of the alleged kidnappers have been held in \$500 bail each.

WHITEWASHING TREES.—If made from good fresh lime, and put on quite thin, so as to penetrate crevices in the bark, and not to form a scaly coat, whitewashing is beneficial to the bark of trees, and tends to destroy the eggs of insects; but the unnatural whiteness spoils their appearance. We prefer a moderate solution of potash, soap suds, or ashes and water.

THE WEST.—Accounts from nearly all parts of the great West agree in saying that the harvests in that section are very abundant this season, even beyond what was anticipated a month since. The wheat crop is very good almost everywhere, and the oats, barley and hay will correspond with it.

This news is important to the East as to the West, for it has been considered settled for two years that nothing was wanting to restore prosperity to the West but one good harvest. In that respect for two years past the hopes of the farmers have been disappointed, the crops each season being only half of the proper average. Prosperity in the West once more will not only place that rich country again on the progressive road, but will restore prosperity to other parts of the country now suffering from Western indebtedness, and give to trade and business the confidence which have for four years been lost, and kept everything related to or connected with that country in a state of paralysis. With better times and prudent care the West can soon be made as rich and prosperous as any other part of the country.







