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## THE WORST BOY IN SCHOOL.

'Is that one of my scholars?' Miss Merton, the new teacher, pointed to a lad just outside the garden fence. 'He was ragged and dirty; barefooted, too, and wore an old straw hat so much in pieces that his tangled locks stuck up every which way through the holes. He was throwing stones at robins' nests that hung high up in a cherry tree, and screaming all the time in a way that made one involuntarily clasp his hands to his ears.'

'I am sorry to say that it is,' replied Deacon Gray. 'The worst boy in school, too, and the one that will make you the most trouble. Indeed, I do not believe that you will ever be able to do anything with him. He's as strong as a giant, little fellow as he is. He flogged the teacher last winter, and left him for dead. He's the worst boy, take him all in all, I ever saw.'

'Has he parents?' 'No; his mother died when he was a baby, and his father, a hard working man, had not time to see to him, and the child, I expect, had a very hard time of it, with one old maid and another for housekeeper. When he was five years old, his father died, and since that he has been tossed from pillar to post. He's naturally a bright boy, and if his mother had lived, he might have been somebody, for she was one of the most patient, loving women you ever saw in all your life; a Christian woman, if ever there was one.'

'Poor boy!' Miss Merton spoke tenderly. 'What a pity somebody don't adopt him, and take him into their home and heart.'

'That's just what I've told father many a time,' said Mrs. Gray, looking up from the bread she was kneading. 'I've always said if some one would only take him in and do by him as they would do by their own born child, it would be the salvation of him.'

'When he wanted I should take him this spring when he was out of a place, but I told her it was too risky. If I hadn't any children, I might perhaps, but to have such a rough, tearing, swearing, mischievous boy here all the time with my three girls, learning all sorts of business to that youngster there, pointing to a two-year old boy who sat on the floor, playing with kiddy; I couldn't risk it no way. Yet I'm really sorry for him.'

'That's what everybody says,' continued his wife. 'They are all sorry for him, but no one is willing to try and reform him, and if it ain't done soon, it'll be too late, for just as sure as he goes on the way he is now, he'll be in the penitentiary before he's twenty-one.'

'I wish you had taken him,' Miss Merton spoke earnestly.

'You won't wish so a month hence,' said the deacon, 'just wait till you've seen him cut up.'

'But if I do think so four weeks from now, will you take him? Say yes; please do, and she laid her hand confidently on his arm.'

'Well, yes; if after that time you think you can do anything with him, why I'll try him awhile. But he's a hard case.'

Miss Merton looked out of the window again. The boy had clambered over the paling and was now starting up the tree. She went out quietly into the front yard. There were not many flowers in bloom yet, only a few daffodils, a bunch of *Scilla maritima*, and a box of violets. She gathered a few of the latter, and sauntered leisurely down the gravelled walk, pausing now and then to look at the annuals just peeping out of the moist ground. By and by she reached the cherry tree, on whose lowest branch the boy still stood, for he had not advanced a foot since she came out, having been closely eyeing her.

'What are you trying to get, little boy?' She spoke pleasantly, and a lovely smile played around her lips.

'A robin's nest, ma'am.' He was no liar, with all his faults.

'Oh, I wouldn't. Her voice had a grievous tone. 'It would be such a pity, when the birds have just finished it. Are there any eggs in it?'

'I don't know, I'll see, and he clambered rapidly to the nest. 'Yes, ma'am, four.' He did not touch them, but came down again to the lowest bough.

'There'll be little birds, soon, then, and it will be so pleasant for me to watch them. I wish you wouldn't touch them.'

'I won't, ma'am. I don't want it for myself, but poor little Tommy said last night he wished he had a string of bird's eggs to look at.'

'Tommy is lame, ma'am, and cannot get out much, and he gets lonesome, and wants some thing to play with. So I thought I'd get him some.'

'Is Tommy your brother?'

'No, ma'am. I never had any brother or sister, either.' His voice softened as he spoke.

'He belongs to the folks where I stay.'

'I'll send Tommy something as pretty as bird's eggs. See here, and she broke off a bunch of lilacs and handed him the purple plumes. Carry this to him. Put it in a pitcher of water, and it will keep fresh a number of days; and here are some flowers for you, and she gave him the little bunch of violets she had gathered. 'Run quick with them now, or you will be too late to school. You're going to school, ain't you?'

'Yes.'

'I'm going then; I'll be there in time, and he ran off.'

Now only the night before, he had declared up and down to Tommy that he would not go to school. It was no use. He never could be anybody, and he was tired of being flogged and beaten and boxed. He wouldn't stand it from a woman teacher. And if they sent him to school he'd play 'hooky,' he would. Yet the very next morning he was in a hurry to go, fearful that he would be late. Who will dare say there is not magic in kind words?

Miss Merton went early to the school house. The worst boy was already there.

'Ah,' said she, kindly, 'you have beat me. But I am very glad you are here, for I want to learn something about the school. What is your name?'

'Bill Hendrickson, ma'am.'

'Say William, or Will. Bill is not a pretty nick-name.'

'Is what I've been called ever since my father died, and he sighed.'

'Then your father is dead, poor boy.' She spoke tenderly. 'And your mother—'

'She's dead, too, ma'am. She died when I was a little baby. I cannot even remember how she looked, and new tears gathered into his blue eyes.'

Courage, thought Miss Merton. A boy who weeps at the mention of his dead mother, cannot be all bad. And she laid her hand carefully on his brown hair, and said softly, 'I know how to feel for you, Willie, for I, too, am an orphan.'

That gentle touch. It melted the poor boy's heart entirely, but with the better feelings that surged over his soul came a feeling of shame, too, and for the first time in his life, he blushed for his matted hair, and his dirty face and hands.

'I believe,' he said, after a moment's thought, 'I'll run down to the brook and wash myself; I forgot it this morning. No I didn't, either,

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disdaining the falsehood. 'I was too mad to do it, but I'll wash now.'

'Do, Willie, that's a good boy. I love to see my pupils neat and tidy. Here is a towel for you to wipe on. I always bring one with me to school, for the little ones most always need washing after dinner. And here is a pair of pocket combs—brand new ones—I'll give them to you if you will promise to use them every day.'

Willie ran to the brook and made such a dexterous use of the towel and the combs, that he hardly seemed like the same boy when he returned.

'Why, you're real handsome,' Miss Merton spoke involuntarily, but she spoke the truth, for he was a handsome little fellow, with a high, fair brow, and a wealth of nut-brown hair, clustering about his temples in soft, silky curls.

'I shall not have much time to talk to you, for I hear the children coming,' and as she spoke, little snatches of musical laughter came ringing through the open door; but one thing I must say—I need your help, Willie.'

He looked up and his blue eyes dilated in wonder. His help! What could he do to help her?

'She continued. 'I need your help, Willie. You are probably one of the oldest pupils I shall have, and the little ones will look up to you as an example. If they see you quiet, orderly, manly, faithful to your studies, and prompt in your recitations, they will strive to emulate you, and I shall have but little difficulty in governing the school; but if, on the contrary, you are noisy, forward, rude, negligent of your lessons, and dilatory in coming to your class, they will imitate you, and I shall go home every night sad and weary. Willie, you are cut out for a good boy, and she moved her hand over his now glossy hair. 'Your head is a good one. If you only guide it with your heart, it will make a good, and perhaps a great man of you. Can I trust you, Willie? will you help me make this school a credit to the district?'

Willie had never been talked to in that manner before. He hardly knew what to make of it now, but he did not hesitate to say at once, 'I will help all I can. Perhaps I shall forget sometimes, and act bad, because I am so used to cutting up, that it will go hard to be good at once, but if I do, just look at me, and I will give up.'

The other scholars came in just then, and looked surprised enough to see Willie there in earnest conversation with the teacher. They hung back bashfully.

'Tell me their names, Willie,' said Miss Merton, kindly, and as he spoke to each one, she took them gently by the hand, stroking the heads of the little boys, and kissing the cheeks of the little girls.

School opened. The scholars watched in vain for Willie to begin his antics, but, proud of the confidence reposed in him, he never, that morning, violated a single rule.

'You have done nobly,' said Miss Merton to him. She opened her dinner pail. 'Bless me, but Mrs. Gray must have thought I had a wolf's appetite. Can't you help me devour some of this generous dinner?' The boy, used to scraps and crusts, took eagerly the nice, white bread, the thin slices of pink ham, the fresh hard-boiled eggs, the seed cake and rhubarb pie.

'Are there any cowslips in the brook?' she asked when the meal was finished.

'Oh, yes, ma'am, plenty of them.'

'I wish you would bring me five or six pretty ones. I am going to make a herbarium, and I want some of all the early flowers.'

The boy did not know what a herbarium was, but he brought flowers quickly, and looked on while she analyzed one of them, and then, after consulting her Botany, carefully arranged the remainder in the shape of a crescent, and placed them between the leaves of the large blank book that she took from her desk.

The other scholars gathered around her, and the little girls asked what she did that for.

Miss Merton explained, and then carefully turning the leaves, showed to them a page on which lay pressed the delicate stars of the trailing arbutus, and another on which lay the shell-tinted bowers of the anemone, and another where the pretty spring beauties lay clustered.

'I am desirous of making a very large and beautiful collection, for I wish to present it when finished, to an invalid friend of mine; a lady whose lameness prevents her from getting out into the fields and forests to see the flowers. Do you know, Willie, whether there is any bloodroot grows about here? I don't know but it is too late for its blossom, but I hope not, for I want some of them very much; they are so beautiful; such a snowy whiteness to the flower.'

'I know where there's plenty, ma'am. I have helped dig it many a time. Old Granny Whitworth, where I used to live, always wanted some to put in spirit every spring. I'll get you some to-morrow.'

'Do, Willie, and any other wild flowers you may find. I shall be so glad of them, and in return, I'll teach you Botany, at noons and before school in the mornings, and give you a book like mine to place your specimens in. Wouldn't you like to have a herbarium?'

'Oh, yes, ma'am, I guess I would,' and the blue eyes were very bright. Early the next morning Willie was at the school house with six beautiful specimens of bloodroot, and several other spring flowers which had peeped out of the moss and underbrush of the forest. And Miss Merton laid the new herbarium, with William Hendrickson written on the cover, and a beautiful piece of poetry on the first page. She divided all the flowers and gave him half, showing him how to analyze them, and how to press them, and writing under each in her own fair cursive the name, class and order, the spot where it grew, its peculiar characteristics, its medicinal qualities, if it had them, and also an appropriate quotation from some poet, and the language the florists have given it.

The week passed on. Friday night came, and Willie, instead of being the worst, had become the best boy in the school. He was a bright little fellow and now that his mind and heart were engaged, he did fair to outstrip his mates. Miss Merton shared her dinner with him every day, removing thus one cause of the boy's restlessness and disobedience, for every one knows that a full stomach, not an overloaded, but a comfortably full stomach, disposes one to be more gentle and orderly than an empty one

possibly do. Indeed, we have often thought that if the city missionaries would carry a good dinner first to the poor sinners, and afterwards a tract, the chance of converting them would be much greater.

They walked home together, Friday evening, the school ma'am and the little, ragged, barefooted, and almost hatless pupil. She made the way pleasant to him, talking to him of the beautiful world they lived in, and pointing out the various interesting things that were all about them; the old grey mountains in the distance, with the purple shadows of evening drooping over them; the dim forest with its cathedral aisles, stretching far into the distance; the blooming orchards, with their snowy promises; the little brooklet with its singing waves; the brown and golden birds, filling the air with their golden notes; and lastly, the scarlet west, with the amber currents of sunshine playing over it in gorgeous tides.

And when she knew that his heart was interested and full of unutterable feeling, she said quietly, 'What a good God! to place us in a world so fair. Would you not like to know more about him, Willie? Would you not like to study that holy book of His, which He has given mankind, to show them the way to heaven?'

'Oh, yes, ma'am,' and the boy spoke devoutly.

'I thought you would, and so I asked you. I am going to have a class in the Sabbath school, and shall open it next Sunday. You will come, Willie, and be one of my scholars?'

'I'd like to, ma'am.' Then he glanced at his bare feet and his ragged clothes, and sighed as he added, 'but I don't see how I can. These are all the clothes I have to wear.'

'I've thought of that, Willie, and if you will come to-morrow to the deacon's and let me have your jacket awhile, I'll mend it for you, and here is a quarter I will give you to go to the store and buy a new hat; you can get a good straw one for that, can't you?'

'Oh, yes. Dear me, how good you are to me. I don't see what makes you so. Everybody else frets and scolds me, and says I'll go to the penitentiary yet. I'm so bad.'

'I love you, Willie, and that is why I treat you as I do. An orphan myself, I can feel for your lonely life. Heaven only knows what I might have been, had not good friends cared for me when my father and mother died and left me alone in the wide world. Willie, I have great hopes for you. You are capable of making yourself a great name in the world. You will do it, too, I know you will. Don't you believe it?' and she looked hopefully into his eyes.

'I want to; oh, if I only could! I'll try. I'll study hard every day, and I'll go to Sunday school every Sunday. And if I grow up to be good, I'll lay it all to you, for no one else ever cared for me. They even grudge me my victuals. Oh, but I've seen hard times, and tears trickled down his cheeks.

'Do not think of them, Willie. Look forward. There is a sunny future in store for you. Good Night. Don't forget to bring the jacket.'

'What under the sun have you got in your hands, Miss Merton,' said Mrs. Gray, the next morning, as the school ma'am entered the kitchen.

'Why, it's Willie's jacket. I have promised to mend it for him, so that he can go to Sunday school to-morrow, and I have come to beg some patches.'

'More on me, you can never mend that ragged thing.'

'Oh, yes I can. Where can I find some patches?'

'Why, there is lots of them in the loft over the wood shed. I store them up there for carpet rags all through the winter, and in the spring take them down, and wash them and sort them over; but dear me, you can never do anything with that old thing.'

'You will see,' was the cheerful response, and the school ma'am mounted up the ladder to the loft and selected some suitable patches. Sitting down by the window, she ripped both sleeves above the elbow, cut off the rags and pieced them down, sewed up the seams again, put in fresh lining and made new cuffs. Then she cut off the torn button-holes, pieced out the sides and made new ones, and darned here and there till there was not a single hole.

'Has the school ma'am turned tailress,' said the deacon, as he came to dinner, 'what wages do you make?'

'Oh, good ones, I tell you. Ain't I a good hand at patching?' and she held up the neatly mended jacket. 'And then before she could speak further Mrs. Gray told the deacon whose it was and how it looked when she brought it in.'

'You must have some hopes of the boy, Miss Merton, or you would not take so much pains with him.'

'I have great hopes of him, Deacon Gray. And she detailed the experience of the week.

'Ah, but one swallow does not make a summer.'

'I know it, deacon, but one swallow is the harbinger of summer. It gives us hope of a seed time and harvest. It tells us there is warm weather somewhere. Deacon, I have studied the boy this week, and I am satisfied that he only needs kind treatment and encouragement to place him far above the average of men. Oh, if you would only let him come here now, I will answer for his good conduct.'

The deacon hesitated, but Miss Merton pleaded and eloquently too, for she felt that a soul's salvation lay in the answer she should receive to her proposition.

'You would make a good preacher, Miss Merton, and he drew his hand over his eyes. 'It is hard resisting you. In fact, I guess I'll have to yield. If mother is willing he may come to-night.'

'You will never repent this good deed, deacon, never, never. The boy must be good in such a home as this; so neat, quiet, and well arranged. I will answer for him.'

'Where are those pants I laid off last week, wife? those gray ones? They are pretty good yet—only this about the seat and out at the knees. I guess between you, you could get a decent pair out of them.'

'Oh, yes, indeed, father, I could cut them over and turn the fronts to the back. Yes, indeed; I will get them as soon as I do up the dinner work.'

Just at evening Willie came for his jacket, and words cannot express his joy at learning he was henceforth to live under the same roof with his idolized teacher.

'Oh, I'll be so good,' he said. 'Do tell me what I could do for you, Mrs. Gray, and without waiting for an answer, he ran out to the shed and brought in the night's wood, split the kindlings, drew the water and filled the kettle, fed the pigs and brought in the eggs.'

'Can you milk, Willie? The deacon generally does, but he's late tonight, and will be tired when he comes in.'

'Oh, yes, ma'am, I guess I can, and he soon brought the swimming pails into the dairy.'

The snow-white biscuit, the quivering custard pie, the mellow cider apple sauce, the golden butter and the fragrant tea, were just placed on the neatly laid table, when the deacon's step was heard.

'Waiting, said he, 'well sit down, I must do my chores first.'

'They're all done,' said Willie, respectfully, 'I did them.'

'Ah, you did them, did you? Well, then, we'll have tea.'

Mrs. Gray had placed an extra plate by the side of the school ma'am, and now motioned Willie to sit there.

'I can wait; I always do,' said he, hanging back.

'Nobody waits at my table when there's room,' said the deacon. 'Sit down, boy, and remember that is your place hereafter.'

It seemed to Willie that he had suddenly stepped into another world; everybody so kind—everything so free.

Sunday morning came. Willie was up before sunrise, doing the necessary chores, and then Mrs. Gray hung up an old blanket in one corner of the wood shed, and gave him a pail of warm water, some soap, a sponge and towel, and told him to strip himself to the skin, and wash himself thoroughly, and then, just when the boy was holding the dirty, ragged shirt in his hand, and hesitating to put it on, a sweet voice said kindly, 'You will find your clothes just outside the blanket, Willie, and then light footsteps ran away.'

He peeped out. Sure enough, there was a brand new shirt, the gift of Miss Merton, which she had made evenings; the deacon's pants, the mended jacket, a pair of neatly darned socks, some of the deacon's shrunken, and a pair of good stout shoes; the last a present from the deacon, who had told Miss Merton and his wife he wouldn't do things by the halves, he'd test the boy thoroughly.

There were happy little faces in the church that Sabbath morning, but none brighter or more cheerful than Wm. Hendrickson's, and no boy behaved himself better in meeting either, reading from the same book with Miss Merton, kneeling by her side, and reading the beautiful words of the hymns as her voice joined with the chorus of the choir.

Weeks passed on. The summer time was gone, and with it the dear school ma'am.

'I may never see you again, Willie,' she said tenderly, as she held his hands at parting, 'but I hope to hear a good report of you. The deacon has promised to write me occasionally, and I shall expect to hear from you in every letter. I shall never forget you. I shall remember you in my prayers, night and morning. Willie, you will not disappoint me.'

Through his tears he sobbed out, 'no, no; if you could always be with me.'

'I leave you with a friend who never forsakes, Willie; God is with you.'

She was gone, and it seemed to the poor boy the heavens had shut its door upon him forever. But he manfully struggled for himself, and thought it was not near so easy to do good under the new teacher that came; but he was good, ever remembering his promise.

I would like to follow his career, step by step, but my story is growing long, and I can only tell you the results of his long continued efforts after knowledge and goodness. He came so near to deacon Gray, that when he was sixteen he adopted him, his only little blue-eyed son having been called to 'the other side of the river.'

He went first to the academy, then to college, then to the theological school, and then to the pulpit. Yes, he whom the country people all said was bound to go to the penitentiary, preached the gospel of Christ. And the dear teacher, now an aged matron, with silvery hair, now listens to him and learns from him. The pupil has become the pastor; the worst boy in school, is now one of the most eloquent preachers, and what is better far, one of the best of men. Verily, 'as ye sow, so shall ye reap.'

Excuses for Tyranny.—The excuse for tyranny has always been the lack of sense in the masses to govern themselves. The excuse for Slavery is the same. Tyrants would never accord Freedom to their subjects, on the ground that they would not know enough to govern them. Masters talk the same way about their Slaves with just as little sense. Slaves, whatever their color, have the same relish, and the same capacity for the enjoyment and the improvement of the blessings of personal and political freedom, that any race have when first relieved from the yoke of oppression.

It will not be pretended, nor would it be expected, that the Russian serf, raised at once to the dignity of political freedom, would take to his new inheritance as naturally as an American citizen. As little and even less, could it be expected that the Southern Slave would take to the same inheritance, naturally, at once. Time would be required to accustom him to the investiture. He must be educated for emancipation, as we educate our children for citizenship; each naturally require it. In regard to our children, the law asserts the necessity; they only become citizens at twenty-one.

It is idle to talk of the incapacity of the colored race in the Slave States for freedom, while they are Slaves. It is equally unreasonable to expect that the black man here, even in a state of personal freedom should show himself as prepared to improve his advantages as the white man in the first hundred years that follow the emancipation of his race. He is black, the color carries with it a Slave memory which will be long in finding oblivion.

The village of the Saxon even yet casts a twilight shadow of degradation on the English laborer. Our ancestors crossed the sea to get out of this shadow. This was pouring lethean waters on the remembrance of ancestral degradation. But many centuries passed between the abolition of villanage in England, and the apotheosis of labor at Plymouth Rock. When the black race has been free as long as ours has—when the avenues of Education, and all avenues of labor, have been open to them as long as they have to us—it will be fair to indulge in inferences as to the capacity of the

colored race to enjoy freedom. Our own protracted experience, as a race, should make us largely charitable.—[Somerset Whig.]

The Origin of Species.

It has been nearly impossible to take up a Review or Magazine for the past three or four months without meeting at the first glance with some notice of this subject, grounded upon the new volume issued by Prof. Charles Darwin of London, a man of 'long standing and well earned scientific eminence,' as even his most incredulous critics confess, who has just broached a theory, to quote from his title page, of 'the Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection; or the preservation of favored Races in the Struggle for Life.'

We by no means propose to enter upon any discussion of a question involving such profuse expenditure of language, especially in the midst of the Dog-days, but it seems almost due to our readers, that we should at least give them at least a hint of what all the learned world are just now, more than anything else, puzzling themselves about, and, in the present instance, we find the means of doing so prepared at our hand in a contribution to the American Journal of Science for the last month, by Prof. Parsons of Cambridge.

The article is one that repays the perusal which its clear and attractive style will command. We can make but brief and scarcely satisfactory extracts, yet such we hope, as to satisfy in some measure the curiosity of the reader unacquainted with the discussion thus far carried on.

In the first of the following paragraphs Prof. P. refers to the novelty of Darwin's Theory, and hazards the opinion that it will at length in some measure be generally adopted; in the second he gives a concise but fair idea of the position Darwin has taken:

'It has frequently occurred in the history of science that some startling theory, which, when first announced, was regarded as the antagonist of received opinions, and became at once the subject of earnest hostility as well as unqualified approbation, has, after much discussion, been importantly qualified and modified, and then reconciled with views which it seemed to contradict; and when thus shorn of its excess and moderated in its demands, has been generally adopted as an important addition to knowledge. It may yet be so with Mr. Darwin's views.'

His theory, stated very briefly, is that all organisms tend to reproduce themselves in a geometrical ratio, and with such exuberance of life, that each one would speedily fill the earth, if not repressed by constant and powerful causes of destruction. Hence but a very small proportion of seeds or ova which are impregnated are able to mature and reproduce. Therefore there must be competition, or as he phrases it, a 'struggle for life,' among all these impregnated germs of life; and if one in a hundred only lives there must be a reason why that one lives rather than the ninety and nine which perish. This reason must again be frequently, or at least sometimes, that it had some advantage in this 'struggle for life,' by a structural or functional difference. That is, it varied from its kindred in such wise that it was somewhat easier for it to live, to grow, to mature, and to reproduce, than for them.—This difference or variation it must, as a general rule, impart to its offspring. When it became established, the same law of struggle, of advantage, of life, and of death, would operate upon this new and improved variety, and would cause another and a farther improvement. As this law is universal, and must always have operated upon all organisms from the beginning, not only are varieties established in this way, but so likewise varieties become species, species become genera, and so also orders, classes, families are formed, and thus finally we may suppose that all the organisms of the earth, living and extinct, animal and vegetable, have proceeded from the simplest original form of life.'

On the other hand Agassiz can scarcely bring himself to argue Darwin's theory with patience. The same journal contains a long and powerful review of it, in which he controverts Mr. Darwin's facts, reasoning and conjectures. The following extract from Prof. A. will suffice as an example:

'The fallacy of Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin of species by means of natural selection, may be traced in the first few pages of his book, where he overlooks the difference between the voluntary and deliberate acts of selection applied methodically by man to the breeding of domesticated animals and the growing of cultivated plants, and the chance influences which may affect animals and plants in the state of nature. To call these influences "natural selection," is a misnomer which will not alter the conditions under which they may produce the desired results. Selection implies design; the powers to which Darwin refers the order of species, can design nothing. Selection is no doubt the essential principle on which the raising of breeds is founded, and the subject of breeds is presented in its true light by Mr. Darwin; but this process of raising breeds by the selection of favorable subjects, is in no way similar to that which regulates specific differences. Nothing is more remote from the truth than the attempted parallelism between the breeds of domesticated animals and the species of wild ones. Did there exist such a parallelism, as Darwin maintains, the difference among the domesticated breeds should be akin to the differences among wild species, and afford a clue to determine their relative degree of affinity by a comparison with the pedigree of well known domesticated races. Again, if there were any such parallelism, the distinctive characteristics of different breeds should be akin to the differences which exist between fossil species of earlier periods and those of the same genera now living. Now let any one familiar with the fossil species of the genera Bos and Canis, compare them with the races of our cattle and of our dogs, and he will find no correspondence whatever between them; for the simple reason that they do not owe their existence to the same causes. It must therefore be distinctly stated that Mr. Darwin has failed to establish a connection between the mode of raising domesticated breeds, and the cause or causes to which wild animals owe their specific differences.'

Reverting once more to Prof. Parsons' article, we find him referring here to the system of Agassiz, and suggesting a means of reconciling views which at first seem diametrically opposite from each other:

'Take first his [Agassiz's] assertion that there must have been, in each geological age, many

new creatures; say, if you please, a hundred or a thousand, and consider this as proved and admitted. Still it leaves wholly untouched the question how these new creatures were created. And be the answer what it may, that answer so far as it is only an answer to this question, leaves the assertion of Agassiz untouched.—But if we bring to the question, how were these creatures created? the possibility of aberrant variation of offspring in the direction of improvement, we bring to it one answer.—For example: suppose the time to have come when there is to be a new creation, and it is to be a dog, or rather two dogs, which will be the parents of all dogs. How shall they be created? We may say of this either of five things. One is, that we do not know, and never can know, and had better not inquire. This does not seem any answer. A second is, that they will be created "by chance." This also seems to me no answer, because chance is a word only, and not a thing. A third is, that they will be created at once and out of nothing, by the absolute will of a creator. This answer does not satisfy me much better. The fourth is, that they will be so created by absolute fiat, out of a proper quantity of earth and water, with the necessary chemical elements in due proportion, which had been summoned to meet together in a proper place by the will of the Creator for that purpose. But this answer does not recommend itself to my reason more than the others. The fifth is, he will be created by some influence of variation acting upon



## The Eastern Mail.

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

WATERVILLE, AUG. 23, 1860.

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## ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper should be directed to 'MAXHAM & WING, or THE EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.'

## Republican Meeting in Waterville.

The Republicans in this vicinity have arranged for a demonstration in this village, on Tuesday next, which, from present indications, we judge will be an imposing one. There will be speaking from the stand, on the Common, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and at 7 in the evening; and the attractiveness of this portion of the demonstration will be realized by everybody, when assured that the following distinguished speakers will be present and address the people:

HON. JOHN P. HALE,

HON. ISRAEL WASHBURN, JR.

HON. FREEMAN H. MORSE,

HON. ANSON P. MORRILL.

A Torch Light Procession of the Wide Awakes—and no doubt our Club will be joined by others from abroad—will close the demonstration. Arrangements have been made for special trains and very low fares on all the roads, and if the weather should prove favorable, a large crowd will be present. A rousing meeting of this sort will do much good in this section; for, confident of our strength, we have been in danger of falling into the hands of 'General Apathy.' We rejoice at the signs, all about us, that the slumbering giant is awaking.

**WIDE AWAKES.**—A Wide Awake Association was organized at Town Hall on Monday evening, and made its first promenade in our streets about 9 o'clock, to the lead of the Waterville Band. It is composed of the true rail-splitting stuff, and promises to do good service in the contest for Lincoln and Hamlin. The following are its officers:

President—S. Heath;

Vice Pres.—E. Noyes,

J. Nye,

E. Maxham,

T. W. Herrick,

Sec. &amp; Treas.—A. A. Plaisted,

Executive Com.—J. R. Elden,

E. G. Mander,

L. E. Crommett,

Captain—Josiah Crosby.

We learn that they are about organizing similar associations at Kendall's Mills and West Waterville; in both of which places there is plenty of the right material. From both places we may expect to see good Wide Awake delegations in the torch-light procession at this place, at the mass meeting on Tuesday next. Come on! ye boys of the water-proof uniform, and show yourselves on the right side in this last struggle between freedom and squatter sovereignty! Let it be seen that the only tracks left by the Little Giant in the Dirigo State are those in which the toes indicate the old song of "Home Again."

**POSTED UP.**—A gentleman who was on his way from Skowhegan to the little town of Lee, tells the following story to his friend, and his friend tells it to us. The stage passengers were amused as well as disgusted by a garulous old fellow of the "squatter" class, who took great interest in the salvation of the glorious Union. They stopped at a house kept by a simple old fellow named Douglas, and had passed it but a mile or two, when the garulous passenger spied an old acquaintance by the way-side, and hailed the driver to hold up. After the usual exchange of "How a ye?" old Garrulous says—

"Well, Cap'n, how do ye stand in politics?"

"All right—I stick to the democrats."

"Yes—but who'd ye go for, Douglas or Breckenridge?"

"Nary one on 'em; I'm goin' demicrat, I tell ye."

"Yes, I know—but aint you for Douglas?"

—yes, I know ye was."

"Look here," says Cap'n, stepping close to the stage door, and looking up with simple honesty, "jist tell me what Douglas this is they are goin' for—it aint this 'ere old feller up here in Lee, is it?"

This was too much for the passengers, and while they burst into a loud laugh, to the great disgust of the Cap'n, the driver cracked his whip, and with a "Git up there, Jimmy!" was soon out of the Cap'n's hearing. Looking back into the coach he said with a wink, "That's one of them demicrats as votes for Jackson—he's posted up, he is!"

**WATERVILLE W. P. ASSOCIATION.**—The Secretary of this Association desires us to say that an account of the late excursion will appear in our next issue.

Our young friend in North Carolina—Mr. F. F. Dunbar—may rest assured that we appreciate his oft repeated favors and kind words, and that our best wishes for his prosperity will follow him wherever he goes, as they do all Waterville boys—and girls, too—who wander off from our common home. If prosperity and success be commensurate with desert, in this rough and tumble outside world, we know that many of our young friends, now absent, sooner or later, will occupy places of profit and honor.

We have been refreshed by copious showers of rain, recently, under the influence of which vegetation all about is receiving a fresh impulse. This watering is especially welcome to corn, potatoes and the parched grass fields; and Nature, with her face washed, has a look much more cheerful than that she wore a little time ago.

## OUR TABLE.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.**—The September number has just come to hand, but as we have only had time to read the monthly instalment of 'The Professor's Story,' and the conclusion of 'Victor and Jacqueline'—each excellent in its way—we do nothing more by way of notice, than to give a list of the articles to be found in it; but even this gives promise of a rich feast for its readers:—Among the Trees; Victor and Jacqueline; On a Magnolia Flower; Some Notes on Shakespeare; The Great Arm chair; The Song of Fatima; Something about History; My Neighbor, the Prophet; The Picture Story; A Day with the Dead; Culture; The Children's Hour; Three Mile Cross; The Professor's Story; Reviews and Literary notices; July Reviewed by September.

The Atlantic is published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year.

**BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.**—The Three Midshipmen and 'Dick Onslow and the Red Skins,' two interesting stories, are continued in the September number; one more handful of 'Wayside Weeds' is presented for examination, from which the little ones may learn another lesson in Botany; 'The Wonders of Natural History' will challenge attention and secure reading; 'Fire-side Fun' will provoke many an innocent laugh; 'Fancy Work' will interest the little girls; and the 'Sphinx' will exercise the wits of all. For seventy-five cents you may have this nice little work for a whole year. Address William L. Jones, 152 Sixth Avenue, New York.

## Letter from California.

FOREST CITY, SIERRA COUNTY, CAL., July 17th, 1860.

**MESSEURS. EDITORS.**—Thinking that some things in relation to this country would be of some interest to your many readers, I avail myself of this opportunity to give you a few items which if you think worthy of publication, you are at liberty to use. Just five years ago I left the beautiful village of Waterville, to seek a fortune in the gold mines of the far West. Of course I thought that I would return after making my pile; but as I have not been so fortunate as to make that pile, I still remain digging for gold in the mountains of the Sierra Nevada, and I assure you gold is mighty scarce and the digging pretty hard, on our claims. However, we remain content, for we are making expenses; and that is better than many of our brother miners are doing, although the diggings in this vicinity (Forest city and Alleghany) are as rich as any in the State, except some few quartz ledges, which may pay better than these. Though, I have known, of sharehold-ers realizing several hundred dollars per month in some of the claims about here, after paying all expenses, and the expense is enormous. As the claims are all drift or tunnel claims, and the miner toils for years before striking pay, you must understand that it is a great work to run a tunnel into one of these mountains, especially where a portion of the rock costs forty dollars per foot to run through. The average length of these tunnels is two thousand five hundred feet, and some five hundred feet beneath the surface. The miner, before starting one of these tunnels, will try to find as good a locality as possible. He must be pretty positive that there is a river's channel beneath; the ravine must contain gold; boiling springs must be gushing from its sides, &c. These are good indications, and if they are so fortunate as to strike the river's bed or channel they are sure of a fortune, if the chance is properly worked. But the miner is not always successful, and millions of money have been spent in this county alone, without obtaining a return of a dollar. I am happy to say, however, that in this vicinity there has been no case of failure. Some twenty tunnels are here and all getting good pay, giving employment to some eight hundred miners, teamsters, carpenters, mechanics, smiths, merchants, bankers, and in fact to the entire community. These tunnels averaged about five years work with a crew of ten men before striking pay. The companies now work some fifty men to each tunnel, and the yearly expense will exceed one million and one half dollars. It takes time and money to develop the mines in California at the present time, I assure you. If you were here, I could take you into the car, and give you a fine ride over a fine track, two thousand feet into a mountain, where you would see as hardy, robust men wielding the pick as ever you laid eyes on. They are good boys, too, and would be accommodating, show you through the different departments or breasts, and if you were so fortunate as to belong to the opposite sex, you could make a raise of a few dollars, for it is customary to give lady visitors a pan of dirt. I have known of their obtaining fifty dollars to the pan, for they always give them the best, to be sure.

Gambling is carried on to quite an extent, but not to such an excess as in gone by days. The boys begin to find out that if they play with the sports and bet on the right card it is sure to be the wrong one.

It was but yesterday, as I was on my way to camp I came across a man just preparing his bed beneath a gigantic pine, which stood with out-stretched arms as if to protect the stranger from the heavy wind that was sweeping over mountain and valley, at the time. I gave him an invitation to go and stop with me, which he accepted, and during the evening he gave me a brief sketch of his California career, which I will give you as briefly as possible. He said he left one of the Southern States for California, in 1850, arriving here in June in that year. He came into the mines, was very successful, in less than one year laying up the snug little pile of five thousand dollars. He thinks of his wife and dear little ones at home, on the other side of the Atlantic, and on one fine morning in the month of June, 1851, about one year after his arrival, he starts to embrace the wife and children he thinks so much of, but alas! he has not seen them yet. Ten long years have passed, and those children have not forgotten their father, and the mother still prays that she may be able to embrace her long absent husband at some future day.

I told you he left here in 1851. Well, he arrived in Sacramento in good spirits, and after taking tea he thought he would walk about a little, and as he was going past one of the gambling halls that were so numerous in that city, he ventured to take a peep behind the

scenes, but oh! what an unlucky step it was—they had such fine music, such sparkling wines, such polite sports, and such beautiful Spanish women dealing the different games. Within the robber's walls he saw men win and lose their thousands; he could not stand the temptation; he must try his luck. He won, of course, as all beginners invariably do. The sportsmen wanted he should place confidence in himself; they knew he had money and they determined to have it, and they did get it of course. He begins to lose; the sporting gen-try play their cards to win, and ere another rising sun he is left with scarcely money enough to pay his passage to the mines. But he found his way back, and here he is. He took me by the hand, this morning, and thanked me for my kindness; I wished him success and a safe return to the dear ones at home, and we bade each other a long farewell, and parted.

Robbing and murdering are carried on to a great extent in the northern part of this country; to such an extent that a man is not safe with money about his person unless he "antes" mighty quick; and if you have the misfortune to be with but a very little, they will take that little and give you a kick for not having more. It was but a short distance from here, a few nights ago, that some miners, detecting a couple of men robbing their sluice boxes of the gold they contained, thought they would arrest them. They procured the proper officers, Messrs. Powder, Ball & Shot-gun, and one of the thieves gave himself up. The other did not pretend to fear the officers, and thought he would walk off, but he did not walk far, before he was brought to the ground mighty quick and without any expense to the county, I assure you. Yours, truly,

S. A. JOX.

[For the Mail.]

## An Institution for the Blind in Maine.

I will undertake to place before the reading community of this State, some of the more important reasons why we should have a school, especially devoted to the education of those without sufficient sight to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by ordinary schools of the State. First, we would have it understood, that the education of blind persons is vastly more important to them in practical life than it can be to those blessed with their full powers, and who are therefore able to obtain a livelihood, in any situation which circumstances may place them. Schools for the blind not only give the pupil mental instruction, but they also teach them such mechanical or other employments as are suited to their physical condition. With a good chance they need to be very diligent, and to work hard, to compete with those having the advantage of sight. But they will do so if an opportunity be given them. When they are brought in contact with those similarly situated as themselves there is a chance for competition, which they feel at once by learning what others are doing and have already accomplished. They soon find out the idea to be a false one that they cannot do anything because they are blind. Almost every one has this idea instilled into them at home, and consequently the feeling of being dependant on friends for everything. But when he is shown he can do for himself, he takes hold with true Yankee courage. That independence is worth what it costs, let it cost what it may.

There are at present more than two hundred blind persons in the State, forty or fifty of whom ought to be at school, besides a large number of older persons who ought to have some opportunity to be taught how to obtain their own living. The State has generously appropriated something to educate a few at the Institution for the Blind in Boston. Ten is about the largest number we have ever had there at one time! generally it has been less than that. Thus you see there is hardly one in twenty of our blind who have a chance for improvement, while some of our sister States give all a chance. In order therefore that they may have such privileges as their wants demand in Maine, we propose to establish a school. But to do this it requires some means; and we ask one half the required amount of the State, on condition that the people who have every chance for an education will subscribe for an equal sum. Will all take an interest in giving our blind a chance to raise themselves from loneliness, want, and despondency? A little from each will make the required amount, and establish the school, which will not only do good at present, but continue to be a blessing for generations to come. We hope to hear from many benevolent citizens through the press,—thus giving us their encouragement and showing their interest in the welfare of the blind. I hope we shall have the interest of the ladies in this undertaking. Will not all who read make up their minds to assist? I shall be very happy to hear from all interested persons who may wish to make any inquiries, or otherwise.

D. N. McLAUGHLIN.

East New Portland, Aug. 20.

**FLIES, FLIES, FLIES.**—Were house flies ever more numerous than they are the present season? Myriads of them swarm everywhere—along and aloft, at home and abroad, in house, office, shop, store, school, and the church even—buzzing, tickling, biting and annoying everybody, saints as well as sinners; and though thousands are killed in various ways, tens of thousands rush in to fill their places. What this visitation promises or portends we know not. Some maintain that we have a sickly season in prospect; while others are equally sure that, as nature's scavengers, the flies are doing much to ward off disease. Who shall decide when even old women disagree? We shall see what we shall see—if we wait patiently.

**SOMERSET COUNTY.**—At the Republican Convention, held at Athens, on Thursday last, the following candidates for county officers were selected:—For Senators, Hiram O. War-

ren, Nathan F. Blunt; Judge of Probate, James G. Waugh; Register of Probate, Stephen D. Lindsay; Sheriff, Abner P. Powers; County Commissioner, Lewis Wyman; Treasurer, Albert Leavitt.

**DANCING SCHOOL.**—Mr. Barry is achieving wonders with his juvenile class, as all will say who witness their evolutions. Step into Appleton Hall, some afternoon, and look at the little sprits; to be a witness of their enjoyment will 'do you good like a medicine.' In addition to this school, he is now giving lessons to a class of older scholars in the evening. Pupils, old or young, we believe are received into either class at any time.

**FIRE FROM THE OLD FLINT.**—A sharp look at the Wide Awakes, as they paraded the streets the other evening, revealed the fact that there were many elderly young men in that crowd; and it was cheering to notice that although some of the heads crowned with the shiny uniform cap were silvered with age, their hearts still retained the fire of youth, and were full of enthusiasm for the cause of truth and right. Let the rising generation of Republicans look to their laurels.

John H. Rice, Esq., of Dover, was nominated as the Republican candidate for Congress, by acclamation, at the Convention on Wednesday. Mr. R. is said to be a fine speaker and will address the people of the district at various places.

The Republicans of Somerset are to have a grand rally on Saturday next. Hon. Israel Washburn and Hon. John P. Hale and other gentlemen will address them. We see it stated that the Wide Awakes of Augusta, Gardiner and Waterville are to be present.

**CONVALESCENT.**—The friends of Mrs. Eaton, who was badly injured by being thrown from a carriage some three weeks ago, will be glad to hear that she has so far recovered as to be out of danger. We are also happy to announce that Miss Seavey, who met with a similar accident on Commencement day, is rapidly recovering.

**NEW ENGINE HOUSE.**—We ought to have mentioned, some time ago, that the old engine house on the Common had been demolished and a new and commodious one for the accommodation of the Ticonic, erected on the 'Powers' lot, on the South side of Silver Street. The site selected is a very good one; it is just at the right point, and on the premises is found an unfailing supply of water for cleaning engine, hose, &c. The lot is owned by the Corporation—it being found much better economy to purchase than to hire; and the arrangements for comfort and accommodation are on a scale so liberal that we know they must prove highly satisfactory to the boys who run with the Ticonic. They only wait a suitable opportunity, to show, by a prompt and cheerful discharge of duty, that these favors are properly appreciated and are not wrongly bestowed.

Rev. Doct. Sheldon will preach at the Universalist Church on Sunday next.

Hon. Bion Bradbury has been nominated for Congress by the democrats of the Sixth District.

Mr. Jefferson Gordon, of Sidney, was found dead in his bed on Saturday morning last.—Coroner McFadden, of this place, was called, but deemed an inquest unnecessary. Supposed to have died of heart disease. He was unmarried and about 45 years of age.

**CANADIAN LESSON FOR THE PRINCE.**—The liberal papers of Canada, while entirely respectful to the Prince, take occasion to remind him of certain ideas of their own. The Hamilton Times, speaking of his intended visit to the United States, remarks:

'A valuable lesson will the young Prince learn from observing the prosperity of that people whom his ancestors proved to rebellion. He will see how little a free and energetic people really depend upon princes—how easily they can be dispensed with, and how wise it is to dispense with them when they misuse the prerogatives which are intrusted to them for the people's benefit.'

**DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.**—Among the nominations made at the convention at Augusta on Tuesday are the following:—Rep. to Congress, B. A. G. Fuller, Esq. of Augusta; Sheriff, D. H. Brown, of Benton; Judge of Probate, E. O. Bean, of Readfield; Register of Probate, Ariel Wall, of Hallowell; Co. Commissioner, Bradford Sawtelle, of Sidney. The Senators, we understand, the same as last year.

**THE FISHWAY, AT LAST.**—Yes, well may the Farmer say 'at last,' in chronicling the commencement of this work at the Kennebec Dam; and well may the Journal, with a sly, self-complacent smirk, congratulate the people upon the prospect of having the thing well done, for the reason that corporators have not been in a hurry, but have taken ample time—twenty years and more—to decide upon the best mode of construction. But we will let it all pass, trusting that we fully appreciate both the benevolent pleasure and the tardy justice of our kind friends below.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry a lightning-rod to attract trouble.

**REBUILDING OF MUNSON.**—We learn from the Piscataquis Observer that the village of Munson, which was so disastrously visited by fire last spring, is now fast recovering from that calamity. New stores, mechanics' shops, and hotels, have already replaced the old ones, or are in process of construction; the new Academy building is nearly ready for occupancy, and the Congregationalists are taking measures to rebuild their church as soon as possible.

**SECRET HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN OF 1812.**—A recent English work makes some curious and important revelations concerning the invasion of Russia by Napoleon in 1812. It is a journal or history of that stupendous campaign by the late Sir Robert Wilson, who joined the Russian army just before the battle of Smolensko, and was soon after appointed British Commissioner at the Russian headquarters, which post he retained

through the vicissitudes of war during the years of 1812 and 1813. Sir Robert was admitted to a close personal intimacy with the Emperor Alexander, and was highly trusted and honored by him. His statements and observations, therefore, have a peculiar value.

Up to the battle of Smolensko, the course of the Russians, under General Barclay, had been one of continual retreat before the advancing hosts of Napoleon, and it was only to pacify the open dissatisfaction of his troops and their indignant clamors, that the Russian General decided to make a stand against the French. He accordingly defended Smolensko, which was attacked by the enemy, and gallantly repulsed them. The French made no impression upon the defenses of the place. The Russian army, elated at this success, and regarding Smolensko, as their holy town with a superstitious veneration, were eager to fight it out. Barclay, however, was unwilling to be drawn into a prolonged contest with the overwhelming numbers of Napoleon. He therefore recommended his retreat toward Moscow, but without another sharp and bloody engagement with the French, in order to extricate himself from a dangerous corner into which he got in consequence of his delay at Smolensko.

The indignation of the Russian army was greatly heightened by this inglorious flight, and the soldiers almost mutinied. To such a pitch had this feeling come among both officers and men, that Platoff, the Cossack leader, presented himself before the Russian commander and said: 'You see I wear but a cloak; I will never again put on a Russian uniform, since it has become a disgrace!' But the discontent did not expire in angry words. The generals determined to have a new chief. To this end they induced Sir Robert Wilson to proceed to the Emperor at St. Petersburg, and in the name of the army not only to request a new chief, but to declare that 'if an order came from St. Petersburg to suspend hostilities, and treat the invaders as friends, (which was apprehended to be the true motive of the retrograde movements,) they would not consider it as the real wish of the Emperor, and would continue the contest until the invader was driven beyond the frontier.'

This delicate mission was duly executed by Sir Robert. The communication of the rebellious generals was received with much astonishment by the autocrat who declared that from no other individual would he have heard such a declaration. He wisely overlooked the audacity of his generals, however, and after a night of reflection announced to Sir Robert that he had determined to accede to the wishes of the generals, but should do it in such a way as to avoid the appearance of yielding to menace. The Emperor soon after despatched Sir Robert back to camp with directions to announce in his name to the generals that he would not upon his honor enter into or permit any negotiation with Napoleon as long as an armed Frenchman remained in the territories of Russia. He would sooner let his beard grow to his waist and eat potatoes in Siberia. He at the same time specially authorized Sir Robert (who was to remain with the Russian army as British Commissioner) to intervene with all the power and influence he could exert to protect the interests of the Imperial crown, in conformity with this pledge, when he saw any disposition or design to contravene or prejudice them.

In the meantime Barclay had been superseded in command by Marshal Kutsoff, who was inclined to follow out the plan conceived by Barclay, but the circumstances of his appointment and the feeling of the army rendered any further retreat, without a general battle impossible. The consequence was the gigantic conflict at Borodino, 75 miles in front of Moscow; 115,000 Russians with 740 pieces of artillery fought 127,000 Frenchmen with 570 guns from the rising to the setting sun.—Eighty thousand killed and wounded men, about equally divided between the combatants, were stretched upon that field of blood.—Neither party was victorious, but the French had gained such advantages, and were in so much better condition to renew the battle, that Kutsoff decided to retire, and before dawn on the following morning started for Moscow, which he reached in about a week. Then, not daring to risk another engagement with the French, the famous evacuation and partial destruction of that city took place.

At Moscow Napoleon paused, expecting proposals of peace from Alexander. They did not come. Time passed on and he grew anxious. The Russians, daily increasing in numbers and efficiency, were posted with admirable skill so as to cut him off from the richest provinces of the empire, while they threatened his line of retreat. Not daring to fall back, he determined to take the initiative in a negotiation and accordingly sent General Lauriston on a secret mission to Kutsoff's headquarters to propose an armistice. He was favorably received by the Russian General, who arranged a private interview with Napoleon, at night, in the road between his camp and Moscow. This arrangement, on becoming known to the Russian officers, caused a new explosion. They again called Sir Robert to their assistance to prevent the proposed interview, urging him to exert the powers confided to him by the Emperor for preserving the Imperial interests. They declared that they would deprive the Marshal of his authority if he did not give up the project. Sir Robert had an interview with him, but he was inflexible. Calling to his aid the Emperor's own, brother-in-law, and aid-de-camp, Sir Robert finally succeeded in inducing Kutsoff to relinquish his scheme, and the midnight interview was given up.

Napoleon delayed his departure a while longer, still hoping for overtures of peace, but at last was compelled to enter upon that memorable and disastrous retreat which has excited the wonder and commiseration of the world.

The Russians, as is well known, followed him on a parallel line, occasionally stoutly attacking his army and destroying a few thousands of his constantly harassed troops. Kutsoff repeatedly had it in his power apparently, to destroy the French Emperor and his army at a single blow, but he persistently refused to comply with the earnest desires of his generals to give battle, and the discordant scenes which marked the Russian camp in its hour of retreat were very nearly repeated during its pursuit of the distressed and fleeing foe. The fact was, Kutsoff did not wish to destroy Napoleon, while he knew the hardships which his army were compelled to endure were accomplishing all that he desired, in reducing and humbling the French. On one of these occasions, when his generals and the English Commissioner were vehemently urging him to take advantage of a highly favorable moment for inflicting a fatal blow upon the enemy, the Marshal made this remarkable reply:

'I don't care for your objections. I prefer giving my enemy a coup d'oeil, as you call it, to receiving a coup de collier; besides I am by no means sure that the total destruction of the Emperor Napoleon and his army would be such a benefit to the world; his succession would not fall to Russia, or any other conti-

mental power, but to that which already commands the sea, and whose dominion would then be intolerable.'

The policy which the Russian commander here avowed, he pertinaciously followed till the last Frenchman had disappeared from Russian territory, notwithstanding the almost mutinous appeals of his officers. He continued to fight and harass the French army in detail, but would not offer battle in a general engagement, though he repeatedly had it in his power thus to crush Napoleon at a single blow. Jealousy of England conquered the Russian General's hatred of Napoleon.

## Aunt Kissy's Notion of Honesty.

AN EXCELLENT STORY, BY MRS. FRANCIS D. GAGE.

'Don't call that man honest,' said Aunt Kissy, looking up at Uncle Zeke over her spectacles, and biting off the end of her thread with a vim that made the snap sound like the crack of a pistol.

'Why not? I never knew Deacon Belt guilty of anything that seemed dishonest in my life, and I have done business with him off and on for twenty years. There is no more honest man than he, though he is as hard as granite in his deal; he will have his own way, but I don't know that he ever takes anything from anybody. If a feller undertakes to get the better of him in a trade, he lets him know it before he gets through with him.'

'I guess he does!' responded Aunt Kessiah, with a toss of her head, as she drew her long thread of Constance's cotton, No. 60, through the eye of her needle with a whizz, and snapped a knot in the end with her left forefinger and thumb, preparatory to hemming the flap of Uncle Zeke's new coat.

'Well, I reckon a man has a right to his own, and stands up for that, and neither gives nor takes, it ain't no more than right, and so I say that Deacon Belt is an honest man, if he is hard on folks now and then. I can stand anything if I know a man is honest.'

'Hard now and then! Zeke! did you ever know anything else but hard?' asked Aunt, with another quick jerk. 'Did you ever into his house, without being robbed? Did you ever meet him in the street, without being poorer after he had passed by? Does he ever meet us in an evening party that he does not defraud the whole company? He cheats his wife, cheats his children, cheats his workmen, cheats his church, and makes every body poorer that comes within the sound of his voice; cheats even the horse that he rides; and—'

'Why, Kessiah, are you crazy? What do you mean? Deacon Belt never cheated anybody.'

'Never did, hey? Did I not hear you say when you was a young man, and worked for him a year, that you would rather work for Mr. Spaulding for nothing, than for Deacon Belt for double wages—that he made you unhappy all the year round by his snapping and snarling, and haggling about a few coppers, or a few minutes' time? Did he not task you and exact of you all that could be crowded into your hours of labor? Did he not rob you of happiness, and cheerfulness, and good feeling—'

'Oh, yes, that's all true, but then he paid me my cash.'

'But cheated you of happiness and comfort. Did you not tell me, the other day, that your call to receive your money of him gave you the blues for a week, because of his moroseness and severity on the neighbors, and did you not tell me that he spoke so harshly to his wife because one of the children made a noise, that she turned pale, and red, and then, almost smothered with suppressed tears, left the room; was he not robbing her of that which was better than money? Did you not tell me yourself that you pitied his children who were never happy in his presence, and dared not give a shout of joy or pass a jest, if he was within half a mile of the house? Is he not cheating them out of the joys of their childhood?'

'Well, I'll own his disposition ain't the sweetest that ever was.'

'Don't call such a man honest, simply because he pays you what he owes, to the fortieth of a cent, or never forgets a contract that involves money, when he defrauds you of everything else. True honesty should be measured by the golden rule, doing as you would be done by.'

Deacon Belt allows no man, woman, or child or beast to be happy, or even cheerful, where he is. Meet him on the road, and while you chat with him, he worries your horse by whipping his own, and cheats him out of a moment's rest. He denies to children amusement, because he does not want it himself. His wife does not venture an opinion because she knows he will contradict it, and perhaps insinuate at the same time that she is a fool.

Call his attention to a beautiful sunset, and he will spoil it to your eyes by some disgusting allusion or hateful sneer. Admire the flower garden, and he will condemn the man for not putting in his time to better advantage, and blacken the beauties of nature by some tale of his neighbor's unworthiness; and so, like a big thief, he goes on from day to day, robbing every one that he meets of something that is better than gold, and making their burdens of life heavier and harder to be borne because he is so honest that he can't afford to be comfortable. Talk as much as you please about honesty, I would rather a man would take my day's earnings, than to pilfer all my good feelings; rob my sunshine of its glow, my landscape of its flowers, childhood of its mirth, and home of its cheerfulness. I have known Deacon Belt to steal all the pleasure out of an evening party in five minutes after he entered a room; aye, and steal every particle of love to God, and love to man, from a whole prayer meeting, and leave in their place only an unholy desire to pitch Deacon Belt out doors.

'Well, Kessiah, after all, he gives more to the church than any other man.'

'What if he does; he takes more from it. Do you suppose that last hundred dollars he put in will pay for all the heart agony he gave poor widow Blake, by turning her and her daughter out of his pew so gruffly; no, Zeke! there are some people so bluntly honest that they are never just or merciful, and the thief that picks your pockets is more true in the sight of God, perhaps, than they. He only takes your cash, while the other takes the light of your life, and the health of your spirit.'

'You're a queer woman to talk, Kissy,' said Uncle Zeke, as he walked under the sugar maple before the door; 'maybe you're right, but people don't measure honesty just that way, now-a-days.'

'Pity they don't,' muttered the good woman to herself, as her hand flew back and forth. 'There is many an honest man and woman I know would be prosecuted for stealing more real good from the community, than all the counterfeiters and pickpockets put together. Just as if nothing was measure but money.'

Snap went Aunt Kessiah's thread, and with it her chain of thought was broken also.



## THE EASTERN MAIL,

An Independent Family Newspaper,

Published every Thursday,

BY MAXHAM AND WING,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,

At Fry's Building, Main Street, Waterville.

E. H. MAXHAM. DAN'L R. WING.

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paid within six months, 1.75

paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—WATERVILLE.

DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Western Mail leaves daily at 10.15 A.M. Closes at 10.00 A.M.

August 23, 10.15, 10.00.

Boston 10.15, 10.00.

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zine, speaking of the general corruption in politics, exclaims, "No, no, young man, don't be an idiot! The dirtiness of politics, but turn to and do your best in cleaning them." This is good advice to both young and old.

**DEATH FROM MORPHINE.** The 4th inst., Mr. Elliptical Tuck, of Fern, Me., by mistake took a large dose of morphine, thinking it to be a cream tartar water, and died. He was seventy years old.

**ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SYRIAN TROUBLES.**—At the monthly missionary concert held in Park street vestry on Sabbath evening, Rev. Dr. Wheeler of New York, who has travelled in Syria, gave an interesting account of the Maronites and Druses, between whom a war of extermination has recently been waged. The Lebanon District is a miniature Switzerland in its natural features, and affords many hiding places for robbers, from which they can rush out and attack the villages, that from the slight nature of the houses, are easily destroyed. The inhabitants are divided into hostile tribes under their respective chiefs, and there has been a constant struggle between them. This war was of a civil nature rather than religious. Neither party are Mahomedans. The Maronites are nominally Latin Christians, and the Druses are fanatics who have no sympathy with Mahomedanism. Neither party have ever acknowledged allegiance to the Sultan. The war was simply a struggle for power in the mountains. Although the Maronites were Christians, they began the war, and were in the wrong; it was suspected that they were instigated by Jesuits. The tables had been turned upon them by the Druses. The Turkish government was not responsible for the war, and intervention by European powers would be no benefit to Christianity.

In conclusion he said he believed that as the result of these troubles, men would be brought to hear the gospel who never did before, and that this commotion was but to prepare the way for a great harvest.

**FIRE-PROOF WASH FOR SHINGLES.**—The following simple application will no doubt prove of great value. We quote from the Albany Knickerbocker: "A wash composed of lime, salt and fine sand, or wood ashes, put on in the ordinary way of whitewashing, renders the roof fifty fold more safe against taking fire from falling cinders or otherwise, in cases of fire in the vicinity. It pays the expense a hundred fold in its preserving influence against the effect of the weather. The older and more weatherbeaten the shingles, the more benefit derived. Such shingles generally become more or less warped, rough and cracked; the application of the wash, by wetting the upper surface, restores them at once to their original or first form, thereby closing the space between the shingles, and the lime and sand, by filling up all the cracks and pores in the shingle itself, prevent it from warping for years, if not for ever."—Country Gentleman.

**AN AMUSING BLUNDER.**—It is reported of Father Richard, a Catholic priest who lived some years since, in Ossau county, Michigan, that he occasionally made some ludicrous mistakes in the use of English, notwithstanding that he was an excellent linguist and otherwise distinguished for his superior scholarship. One day when the Father had selected as his text the words of Jesus: "I am the good Shepherd," he strongly insisted that that was true of every faithful pastor. "I am, your Shepherd," said he; and then proceeding with more reason in relation to what doubtless appeared to be a logical and inevitable conclusion, he added, "and ye are my mutton!" It is said that this argument of the good Father caused a peculiar sensation among the lambs of the flock, and that several old sheep, (who had been closely sheared,) looked around to see if the door of the fold was open.

A young man named John Sullivan, who was shot by James Page, at the Mansion House, in Bangor, a few weeks since, died on Friday last. Page is under bonds to appear at trial.

**THE LAST OF THE GREAT EASTERN.**—The N. Y. Post thus closes its parting notice of the great swindle:

It is curious and by no means pleasant to observe that, in addition to the superciliousness and neglect of those on board, a system of deception (to use no stronger terms) has characterized the entire management of this splendid ship. The directors and owners, wherever they may be, led the people of Portland to suppose the Great Eastern would make her first landing at that place, and under that impression the citizens expended a large sum in preparing suitable wharves. But the directors not only broke their faith with the Portlanders, and made their first landing here, but they did not even let the Great Eastern go to Portland at all.

Like master, like man. The under-officers of the vessel contracted bills with New York mechanics and market men, and actually ran away without paying them; the Great Eastern was followed down the bay by boat-loads of indignant creditors. One of these more familiar than his companions, knew enough about law to get an attachment issued against the ship, and this frightened his debtor into an arrangement. But the others were left to mourn over their too great confidence in British fair play, and to confess that they loved the big ship not wisely but too well.

How, then, has this noble vessel been prostituted? A floating home for inefficient officers and a refuge for run-away creditors—such is the epitome of the history of the Great Eastern in America.

**NARROW ESCAPE.**—On Tuesday last, a son of Elisha Sanford of Foxcroft, fell into the canal, and floated under Buck & Brown's planing mill. A boy by the name of Clarence Osmond dove down and brought him to the surface, after he had become insensible. The lad was resuscitated after great efforts. Quite a sum of money has been subscribed for the heroic lad.

**CHARCOAL FOR THE TEETH.**—On page 391, last volume of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, we published a short extract from the *Dental Cosmos*, in which the employment of charcoal powder for cleaning teeth was commended by Dr. Blodgett, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., who recommended the use of soap for such purposes as being a much safer agent. We have received communication from Dr. Samuel Baker, of Portsmouth, N. H., in which he takes opposite views to those of Dr. Blodgett. He says: "Charcoal, so far as I have noticed is a good dentifrice, with the exception of its being smutty to use and leaving a discoloration of the gums when allowed to get between the teeth and the free edge of the gums; but a tooth powder principally of Peruvian bark is equally as good, and is not liable to the above objections." It is an old saying that "doctors differ," and in this case the truth is fully realized. While the one doctor commends soap, the other condemns it, and asserts that its alkaline properties will remove or destroy the teeth, and that it has done so in a legion of cases. We see it often stated that soap is alkaline in its character, and injurious to teeth. In a chemical sense, this is not correct; it

might just as well be called 'greasy in its character,' for it is a compound of alkali and some greasy or oily substance.

[Scientific Amer.]

**'BREAKING THINGS GENERALLY.'**—Fanny Fern, once stopping at the office of a Philadelphia hotel to pay her bill, on the eve of departure, found a charge for breaking of her toilet set. She admitted the breakage of one piece, and desired to pay for that only. The price of the whole was demanded, because the set was broken. The carriage was at the door; there was no time for discussion, but enough for action. Hastily paying the demand, and desiring the coachman to wait a moment, she went directly back to her room, and taking up the poker, inconspicuously broke every remaining piece in the set.

Recently George Aldrich was discharged from the penitentiary at Richmond, in which he had been imprisoned five years for killing a man. His first business after gaining his liberty, was to ascertain what had become of his relations. His sister and son he found in Warfield, Ky. He literally hacked his sister to pieces, and threw the mutilated body into Sandy River. The body of his son was found in a by-place, so much mutilated by hogs, that the manner of his death could not be determined. The son was by a wife who had obtained a divorce. After the perpetration of these horrid deeds, the fiend, with his gun in hand, fled to the woods, saying that he intended to kill his father and mother and two other persons—and then the people might take him, burn him at the stake, or do what they pleased with him.

**MORE METEORS EXPECTED.**—There are certain periods every year when meteors are generally abundant. The next meteoric period is from August 9th to the 11th. The remaining meteoric periods of the year are: Oct. 15—18, Nov. 12—14, Nov. 27—29, Dec. 6—12. The meteor of the 20th of July has excited so much interest that the scientific and the curious will be likely to watch for the recurrence of similar phenomena. It now appears that this meteor was seen as far west as De Kalb county, Ill., and as its appearance and direction were the same as here, it is quite likely that the meteor may have struck the earth's orbit as far west as the Pacific ocean. Its diameter is estimated as about half a mile, and it is now the general opinion of the astronomers that its velocity was not overcome by the attraction of the earth, and that it passed out of our atmosphere, dropping, perhaps some of the fragments torn off by friction with the air.

A scientific correspondent of the New York Evening Post computes the period of the recent meteor's revolution around the sun at 226 3/4 days, and finds that it will approach the earth every ten years. He therefore concludes that it is identical with the remarkable meteor of 1850, which was very similarly described. Some say it is a double meteor, and others still as triple and quadruple. It is remarkable that then as now, everybody believed it to be very low, while the comparison of the various observations proved it to have been at least 23 miles from the surface of the earth. The apparent separation of the meteor into two parts was of course owing to the different views obtained of it in its rapid flight.

**FLECKED AT FARO.**—Once in a while some merchant from the interior, or some wise man from the East, or some splendid youth at home, finds his way into a faro room and chances his money on that desperate game. Of course he is fleeced. He calls himself a fool, in which operation we entirely coincide. He weeps for his lost money, and bestows red-hot maledictions upon the gamblers, and he asks our sympathy for his rashness. We withhold sympathy in most of these cases. No man plays a game of chance without earnestly intending to win. The booby who roars in anguish because he has lost his last dollar or two on the sweat cloth, would have pocketed the stakes with a thrill of sordid joy had he won. A sincere wish to fleece the red nosed gentleman, with the honeyed talk and big w'ch-sal, induced him to stake his money on the cut-throat game, and little would the booby bother himself about the fairness of the thing if he should win instead of the red nosed man.

Persons who know enough to spell their own names should by this time be aware that a man unused to gaming stands about as fair a chance in a gambling hall as a fat sheep would in the hair of a hungry tiger. "Gentlemen," said a veteran gambler to a party of infatuated young men who, having lost heavily on faro one night, were now betting in the wild hope of redeeming their losses, "gentlemen, if you expect to tire out these gas lights, you will be disappointed." And it is amazing, when the tricks and wiles of gamblers have so often been exposed, that a person can be found of sufficient string-bear greenness to allow his fleece to slide away before the keen and never-missing shears of the cool and practiced gamster. [N. Y. Atlas.]

**LATEST FROM WASHINGTON.**—Official correspondence between our Government and England relative to slave and Coolie traffic is published. It is very voluminous. Secretary Cass, in reply to the portion relative to the slave trade, points to the action of this Government during past years, referring to its action as the clearest and strongest manifestation of its opinion. The President is of opinion that until the provisions of the treaty between Spain and England relative to the suppression of the slave trade, are fully carried out, the traffic will never be suppressed. By that treaty, cruisers of Spain and England cannot only pursue slave ships in the Spanish waters of Cuba, but follow them to the interior of the island, and there free them, while American cruisers are liable to arrest if the capture of the vessel be within a marine league of shore. The President declines according to the provisions of the English Government, as violative of the spirit of non-intervention, which has always been enforced by the United States.

**A MYSTERIOUS BOX.**—The treasurer of Amherst College has lately received from Mr. Daniel Sears of Boston, a heretofore liberal benefactor of the college, a small and carefully sealed box, with the instruction that it is not to be opened for one hundred years, on pain of a forfeiture of the gift which it contains. Speculation is at fault as to the contents and the reason for the accompanying condition. The shrewdest guess is that the box holds deeds of real estate in Boston, now under lease for 100 years, but then to be transferred to the college.

**ADVICE TO SCHOOLMARMs.**—Consider half price about as much as you are worth, because you're a woman. Meekly allow the committee to suggest that you do not look equal to your task, and do not lose your self-command when asked if you are subject to headaches. Be sure you can spell Nebuchadnezzar, before examination, and you may forget b-a-b-a, afterwards. Expect to find the children all angels, and treat them accordingly at first.

If a great boy in a check apron will persist in sucking his thumb, why let him; if John is refractory, don't punish him, because if

you do his mother will call to morrow and insist upon knowing why her child must be *beat to death*; he never had to be whipped at home. After the mother's first visit, if you should be so unfortunate as to commit a flagellation, show Jonny's impudence with philosophy. Show commendable calmness when you are told to your face that you don't know nothing, because you cannot make a star out of a cinder. Be careful not to smile on the best dressed girl, or your will lose the confidence of all the rest; do not love those who are the most amiable, or the blue and cry of *partiality* will be raised. If you have overgrown boys, let them rule you, because they will, whether you let them or not.

Consider your bread delicious when you board round; be perfectly in raptures with a five foot chamber, because it's so delightful to live in the country. Submit to all the scandal that is poured into your ears, and turn it into some account by writing it down in your journal as a warning to yourself.

If Mrs. D. runs Mrs. C's sympathies, passively with Mrs. D. and if Mrs. C. intimates that Mrs. D. is no better than she ought to be, sigh, say nothing, reserving to yourself, *mentally*, the right of private opinion; in that way you will keep out of hot water. If the squire comes in, and insists that h-o-u-s-e is the way to spell horse, because h-e-a-r-s-e is the way to spell hearse, do not contradict him, you may get turned out. Finally, do not faint when the committee on examination day asks what makes the water in the ocean, salt, if your best scholar jumps up and cries out, 'salt fish, sir.'

**ANDROSOGGIN & KENNEDY RAILROAD.**—Our citizens are under obligations to Superintendent Noyes and Conductor Barrell of this road for delaying the train Monday noon, as to give the people an opportunity to pay their respects to Senator Seward and listen to a speech from him. While it is in our mind we wish to correct a misapprehension which extensively prevails in relation to the 'half fare' policy of the A. & K. road. At any time excursion tickets in packages of 50 or more (not less) are sold from any one station on this line for any one station by regular train of a given day, with the same number of free return passes by regular trains. This has been the case for the last two years. Thus, for instance, if an excursion from Lewiston to Bangor or anywhere else is wanted, a party of 50 or more need only be formed and order from the general ticket agent (Mr. Morse) a package of fifty or more tickets, and they will be sent to the nearest ticket office to be taken and paid for in a body.

[Lewiston Journal.]

A college has at last been found with sufficient courage to confer the degree of D. D. on Henry Ward Beecher. The thing was done at Amherst College, last week.

**HOW TO BECOME A GOOD HORSEMAN.**—A knowing writer on this subject, in laying down his riding on horseback, gives the following advice: "Keep your back up, chin down, chest forward, shoulders back, elbows in, hands down, back in, belly out, feet forward, thighs fixed, knees in, loins loose, seat firm, hands, thighs, horse and rider well balanced, trot two hours every day without stirrups, and then time and perseverance may make you a good horseman."—[Scienc. Amer.]

**FIGHT WITH A BURGLAR.**—One evening last week Mr. George Perkins returned to his residence in the rear of the U. S. Hotel, Hartford, and entering by the back door, discovered a man at work, trying to unlock the door above. The burglar lost no time in giving Mr. Perkins a blow under the ear; a clench followed, and both rolled down stairs together. As they reached the bottom together, Perkins felt a sharp prick in the side, and, supposing he was stabbed he cleared himself from the 'clench,' and the burglar ran. Perkins found that the blade had cut through his vest, waistband of pants and shirt, and cut the skin just below the lower rib. He also found that his thumb was cut.

**KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE.**—We are all liable to accidents, and it therefore behooves us to be prepared for them. Redding's Russia Salve is a certain remedy for all kinds of cuts, wounds, burns, scalds, &c. Sold everywhere for 25 cents a box.

**MARKETS.**

**Waterville Retail Prices.**

Flour 6 00 a 9 00 Best, 4 a 07

Corn 30 a 40 Pork, fresh 7 a 09

Oats 34 a 40 Pork, salt 10 a 12

Beans 1 00 a 1 50 Round Hog 7 a 8

Butter 17 a 23 Lard, 3 a 25

Cheese 10 a 12 Mackerel, best 8 a 10

Apples, best 50 a 75 Salt, T. Island 40 a 44

Apples, common 40 a 50 Molasses 30 a 50

Potatoes, 30 a 60 Syrup 50 a 60

Hay, loose 12 00 a 16 00 Turkeys 10 a 12

Rye 1 00 a 1 20 Chickens 8 a 10

**Brighton Market.—Aug. 18.**

At Market, 1200 Beef Cattle, 6000 Sheep, 500 Swine, 200 Horses, 1000 Poultry, 1000 Fish, 1000 Fruit, 1000 Vegetables, 1000 Miscellaneous.

First quality 7 00; second 6 50; third 6 25.

Cheese and Cakes—Sales from \$40 to \$10.

Shops—Sales in lots from \$150 to \$250.

Seams—At retail, from 6c to 7c.

**NOTICES.**

**WONDER OF THE AGE!**

STANLEY'S CURE OF SCALD HEAD AND ITCHING SCALP. HERRICK'S MATCHLESS PILLS TRIUMPHANT.

Herrick's Matchless Pills have for twenty years added to the list of cures for scald head and itching scalp, a cure that is as simple as breathing, and as effective as lightning.



