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MISCELLANY.

COURTSHIP OF SUSAN BELL.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

John Munroe Bell had been a lawyer in Albany, and as such had thrived well. He had thrived well as long as he had thrived on this earth had been allowed to him. But the Almighty had seen fit to shorten his span.

Early in life he had married a timid, anxious, pretty, good little wife, whose whole heart and mind had been given up to do his bidding and deserve his love. She had not only deserved it but had possessed it, and as long as John Munroe Bell had lived Henrietta Bell—Hetta as he called her—had been a woman rich in blessings. After twelve years of such blessings he had left her, and had left her with two daughters, a second Hetta, and the heroine of our little story, Susan Bell.

A lawyer in Albany may thrive passing well for eight or ten years, and yet not leave behind him any very large sum of money if he dies at the end of that time. Some small modicum, some few thousand dollars John Bell had amassed, so that his widow and daughters were not absolutely driven to look for work or bread.

In those happy days when cash had begun to flow in plentifully to the young father of the family, he had taken it into his head to build for himself, or rather for his young female brood, a small neat house on the outskirts of Saratoga Springs. In doing so he was instigated as much by the excellence of the investment, for his pocket as by the salubrity of the place for his girls. He furnished the house well; and then, during some summer weeks, his wife lived there, and sometimes he let it.

How the widow grieved when the lord of her heart and master of her mind was laid low in the grave! He did not tell. At the commencement of my story she had already counted ten years of widowhood, and her children had grown to be young women beside her. Since that sad day on which they had left Albany, they had lived together at the cottage at the Springs. In winter their life had been lonely enough; but as soon as the hot weather began to drive the fainting citizens from New York, they had always received two or three boarders—old ladies generally, and occasionally an old gentleman—persons of very steady habits, with whose pockets the widow's moderate demands agreed better than the hotel charges. And so the Bells lived for ten years.

That Saratoga is a gay place in July, August, and September, the world knows well enough. To girls who go there with trunks full of muslin and crinoline, for whom a carriage and pair of horses is always waiting immediately after dinner, whose fathers' pockets are bursting with dollars, it is a very gay place. Dancing and flirtations come as a matter of course, and matrimony follows after with only too great rapidity. But the place was not very gay for Hetta or Susan Bell.

In the first place, the widow was a timid woman, and, among other fears, feared greatly that she should be thought guilty of setting traps for husbands. Poor mothers! how often are they charged with this sin when their honest desires go no farther than that their bairns may be 'respectable like the lava.' Then she feared flirtations—flirtations that should be nothing more; flirtations that are so destructive of the heart's peace. She feared love also, though she longed for that as well as she feared it—for her girls, I mean; all such feelings for herself had been long laid under ground. And then, like a timid creature as she was, she had other indefinite fears, and among them a great fear that those girls of hers would be left husbandless—a phase of life which after her twelve years of bliss she regarded as anything but desirable. But the upshot was, the upshot of so many fears and such small means, that Hetta and Susan Bell had but a dull life of it.

Were not my respected friend, Mr. Fletcher Harper, disposed to be so mean in the number of his allotted pages, I would describe at full length the merits and beauties of Hetta and Susan Bell. As it is, I can but say a few words. At our period of their lives Hetta was nearly one-and-twenty, and Susan just nineteen. Hetta was a short, plump, demure young woman, with the softest, smoothest hair and the brownest, brightest eyes. She was very useful in the house, good at corn cakes, and thought much, particularly in these latter months, of her religious duties. Her sister, in the privacy of their own little room, would sometimes twirl her with the admiring patience with which she would listen to the lengthened eloquence of Mr. Phineas Beckard, the Baptist minister. Now Mr. Phineas Beckard was a bachelor.

Susan was not so good a girl in the kitchen or about the house as her sister; but she was brighter in the parlor; and if that motherly heart could have been made to give out its inmost secret—which, however, it could not have been made to give out in any painful to dear Hetta—perhaps it might have been found that Susan was loved with the most eager love. She was taller than her sister and lighter; her eyes were blue as were her mother's; her hair was brighter than Hetta's but not always so scrupulously neat. She had a dimple on her chin, whereas Hetta had none; dimples on her cheeks, too, when she smiled; and, oh, such a mouth! There, my allowance of pages permits me no more.

One piercing, cold, winter day there came knocking at the widow's door—a young man. Winter days, when the ice of January is re-frozen by the winds of February, are very cold at Saratoga Springs. In those days there was not often much to disturb the serenity of Mrs. Bell's house; but on the day in question there came knocking at the door—a young man.

Mrs. Bell kept an old domestic who had lived with them in those happy Albany days. Her name was Kate O'Brien; but though picturesque in name she was hardly so in person. She was a thick-set, noisy, good-natured old Irish woman, who had joined her lot to that of Mrs. Bell when the latter first began housekeeping, and knowing when she was well off had remained in the same place, from that day forth. She had known Hetta as a baby; and, so to say, had seen Susan's birth. And what might you be wanting, Sir?

He did see Mrs. Bell; and we will now tell who he was, and why he had come, and how it came to pass that his carpet-bag was brought down to the widow's house, and one of the front bedrooms was prepared for him, and that he drank tea that night in the widow's parlor.

His name was Aaron Dunn, and by profession he was an engineer. What peculiar misfortune in those days of frost and snow had befallen the line of rails which runs from Schenectady to Lake Champlain I never quite understood. Banks and bridges had in some way come to grief, and on Aaron Dunn's shoulders was thrown the burden of seeing

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that they were duly repaired. Saratoga Springs was the centre of these mishaps, and therefore at Saratoga Springs it was necessary that he should take up his temporary abode.

Now there was at that time in New York City, a Mr. Bell, great in railway matters, an uncle of the once thriving but now departed Albany lawyer. He was a rich man; but he liked his riches himself, or, at any rate, had not found himself called upon to share them with the widow and daughters of his nephew. But when it came to pass that he had a hand in dispatching Aaron Dunn to Saratoga, he took the young man aside and recommended him to lodge with the widow. 'There,' said he, 'show her my card.' So much the rich uncle thought he might vouchsafe to do for the nephew's widow.

Mrs. Bell and both her daughters were in the parlor when Aaron Dunn was shown in, and all. He told his story in a rough, shaky voice, for his teeth chattered; and he gave the card, almost wishing that he had gone to the empty big hotel, for the widow's welcome was not at first quite warm.

The widow listened to him, as he gave his message, and then she took the card and looked at it. Hetta, who was sitting on the side of the fire-place facing the door, went on demurely with her work. Susan gave one glance round—her back was to the stranger—and then another; and then she moved her chair a little nearer to the wall, so as to give the young man room to come to the fire if he would. He did not come; but his eyes glanced upon Susan Bell, and he thought that the old man in New York was right, and that the big hotel would be cold and dull. It was a pretty face to look on that cold evening as he turned it up from the stocking she was mending.

'Perhaps you don't wish to take winter boarders, ma'am?' said Aaron Dunn.

'We never have done so yet, Sir,' said Mrs. Bell timidly. Could she let the young wolf in among her lamb-fold? He might be a wolf—who could tell?

'Mr. Bell seemed to think it would suit,' said Aaron.

Had he acquiesced in her timidity, and not pressed the point, it would have been all up with him. But the widow did not like to go against the big uncle, and so she said, 'Perhaps it may, Sir.'

'I guess it will, finely,' said Aaron; and then the widow, seeing that the matter was so far settled, put down her work and came round into the passage. Hetta followed her, for there would be housework to do. Aaron gave himself another shake, settled the weekly number of dollars, with very little difficulty on his part, for he had caught another glance at Susan's face, and then went after his bag. 'Was this that Aaron Dunn obtained an entrance into Mrs. Bell's house. But what if he be a wolf?' she said to herself over and over again that night though not exactly in those words. Ay, but there is another side to that. What if he be a stalwart man, honest-minded, with clever eye, cunning hand, ready brain, broad back, and warm heart, in want of a wife, mayhap? A man that can earn his own and another's—half a dozen others when the half dozen come? Would not that be a good sort of lodger? Such a question as that did just flit across the widow's sleepless mind. But then she thought so much more of the wolf! Wolves, she had taught herself to think, were more common than stalwart, honest minded, wife desirous men.

'I wonder mother consented to take him,' said Hetta, when they were in the little room together.

'And why shouldn't she?' said Susan. 'It will be a help.'

'Yes, it will be a little help,' said Hetta. 'But we have done very well hitherto without winter lodgers.'

'But Uncle Bell said she was to.'

'What is Uncle Bell to us?' said Hetta, who had a spirit of her own; and she began to surmise within herself whether Aaron Dunn would join the Baptist congregation, and whether Phineas Beckard would approve of this new move.

'He is a very well behaved young man, at any rate,' said Susan, 'and draws beautifully. Did you see those things he was doing?'

'He draws very well, I dare say,' said Hetta, who regarded this but a poor warranty for good behavior. Hetta also had some fear of wolves—not for herself, perhaps, but for her sister.

Aaron Dunn's work—the commencement of his work—lay at some distance from the Springs, and he left every morning with a lot of workmen by an early train, almost before daylight; and every morning, cold and wintry as the mornings were, the widow got him his breakfast with her own hands. She took his dollars, and would not leave him altogether to the awkward mercies of Kate O'Brien; nor would she trust her girls to attend upon the young man. Hetta she might have trusted; but then Susan would have asked why she was spared her share of such hardship.

In the evening, leaving her work when it was dark, Aaron always returned, and then the remaining hours of the day were passed together. But they were passed with the most demure propriety. The three women would make the tea, cut the bread and butter and then saw; while Aaron Dunn, when the cups were removed, would always go to his plans and his drawings.

On Sundays they were more together; but even on that day there was cause of separation for Aaron went to the Episcopal Church, rather to the disgust of Hetta. In the afternoon, however, they were together, and then Phineas Beckard came in to tea on Sundays, and he and Aaron got talking on religion; and though they disagreed pretty much, and would not give an inch, either one or the other, nevertheless the minister told the widow, and Hetta, too, probably, that he had had good stuff in him, though he was so stiff-necked.

'But he should be more modest in talking on such matters with a minister,' said Hetta. The Rev. Phineas acknowledged that perhaps he should; but he was honest enough to repeat that the lad had good stuff in him. 'Perhaps after all he is not a wolf,' said the widow to herself.

Things went on this way for above a month. Aaron had decreed to himself over and over again that that face was sweet to look upon, and had unconsciously promised to himself certain delights in talking, and, perhaps, in walking, with the owner of it. But the walk-

ings had not been achieved—not even the talking as yet. The truth was that Dunn was bashful with young women, though he could be so stiff-necked with the minister.

And then he felt angry with himself, inasmuch as he had advanced no further; and as he lay in the bed, which, perhaps, those pretty hands had helped to make, he resolved that he would be a thought bolder in his bearing. He had no idea of making love to Susan Bell, of course not. But why should he not amuse himself by talking to a pretty girl when she sat so near him, evening after evening?

'What a quiet young man he is!' said Susan to her sister.

'He has his bread to earn, and sticks to his work,' said Hetta. 'No doubt he has amusement when he is in the city,' added the elder sister, not wishing to leave too strong an impression of the young man's virtues.

They had all now their settled places in the parlor. Hetta sat on one side of the fire, close to the table, having that side to herself. There she sat always busy. She must have made every dress and bit of linen worn in the house, and hemmed every sheet and towel, so busy was she always. Sometimes, once in a week or so, Phineas Beckard would come in and then a place was made for him between Hetta's usual seat and the table. For when there he would read out loud. On the other side, close also to the table, sat the widow, busy, but not so busy as her elder daughter. Between Mrs. Bell and the wall, with her feet ever on the fender, Susan used to sit, not absolutely idle, but doing work of some slender, pretty sort, and talking over and anon to her mother. Opposite to them all, at the other side of the table, far away from the fire, would Aaron Dunn place himself with his plans and drawings before him.

'Are you a judge of bridges, ma'am?' said Aaron, the evening after he made his resolution. 'Twas thus he began his courtship.'

'Of bridges!' said Mrs. Bell, oh, dear no, Sir; but she put out her hand to take the little drawing which Aaron handed to her.

'Because that's one I've planned for our bit of a new branch from Moreau up to Lake George. I guess Miss Susan knows something about bridges.'

'I guess I don't,' said Susan; only that they oughtn't to tumble down when the frost comes.'

'Ha, ha, ha! no more they ought; I'll tell Mr. Evoy that.' Mr. McEvoy had been a former engineer on the line. 'Well, that won't burst with frost, I guess.'

'Oh my! how pretty!' said the widow; and then Susan, of course, jumped up to look over her mother's shoulder.

The artful dodger! He had drawn and colored a beautiful little sketch of a bridge—not an engineer's plan with sections and measurements, vexatious to a woman's eye—but a graceful little bridge with a string of cars running under it. You could almost hear the bell going.

'Well, that is a pretty bridge,' said Susan; 'isn't it, Hetta?'

'I don't know anything about bridges,' said Hetta, to whose clever eyes the dodge was quite apparent. But in spite of her cleverness Mrs. Bell and Susan had soon moved their chairs round to the table, and were looking at the contents of Aaron's portfolio. 'But yet he may be a wolf,' thought the poor widow, just as she was kneeling down to say her prayers.

That evening certainly made a commencement. Though Hetta went on pertinaciously with the body of a new dress, the other two ladies did not put in another stitch that night. From his drawings Aaron got to his instruments, and, before bedtime, was teaching Susan how to draw parallel lines. Susan found that she had quite an aptitude for parallel lines, and altogether had a good time of it that evening. It is dull to go on, week after week, and month after month, talking only to one's mother and sister. It is dull, though one does not one's self recognize it to be so. A little change in such matters is so very pleasant. Susan had not the slightest idea of regarding Aaron as even a possible lover. But young ladies do like the conversation of young gentlemen. 'Oh, my exceedingly proper prim old lady—you, who are so shocked at this as a general doctrine, has it never occurred to you that the Creator has so intended it?'

Susan, understanding little of the how and why, knew that she had had a good time, and was rather in spirits as she went to bed. But Hetta had been frightened by the dodge.

'Oh, Hetta, you should have looked at those drawings. He is so clever!' said Susan.

'I don't know that they would have done me much good,' replied Hetta.

'Good? well; they did me more good than a long sermon, I know,' said Susan; 'except on a Sunday, of course,' she added apologetically. This was an ill-natured attack both on Hetta and Hetta's admirer; but then why had Hetta been so snappish?

'I'm sure he's a wolf,' thought Hetta as she went to bed.

'What a clever young man he is!' thought Susan, as she pulled the warm clothes round about her shoulders and ears.

'Well, that certainly was an improvement,' thought Aaron, as he went through the same operation, with a stronger feeling of self-protection than he had enjoyed for some time past.

In the course of the next fortnight the family arrangements all altered themselves. Unless when Beckard was there, Aaron would sit in widow's place, the widow would take Susan's chair, and the two girls would be opposite. And then Dunn would read to them; not sermons, but passages from Shakespeare, and Byron, and Longfellow. 'He reads much better than Mr. Beckard,' Susan said one night. 'Of course you are a competent judge,' had been Hetta's retort. 'I mean that I like it better,' said Susan. 'It's well that all people don't think alike,' replied Hetta.

And then there was a deal of talking. The widow herself, as unconscious in this respect as her youngest daughter, certainly did find that a little variety was agreeable on those long winter nights, and talked herself with unaccustomed freedom. And Beckard came there often, and talked very much. When he was there the two men did all the talking; and they pounded each other immensely. But still there grew up a sort of friendship between them.

Mr. Beckard seems quite to take to him; said Mrs. Bell to her eldest daughter.

'It is his great good-nature, mother,' replied Hetta.

It was at the end of the second month when

Aaron took another step in advance—a perilous step. Sometimes on evenings he still went on with his drawing for an hour or so; but during three or four evenings he never asked any one to look at what he was about. On one Friday he sat over his work late without any reading or talking at all—so late that at last Mrs. Bell said, 'If you're going to sit much longer, Mr. Dunn, I'll get you to put out the candles,' thereby showing, had he known it or had she, that the mother's confidences in the young man was growing fast. Hetta knew all about it, and dreaded that the growth was too quick.

'I've finished now,' said Aaron; and he looked carefully at the card-board on which he had washed in his water colors. 'I've finished now.' He then hesitated a moment; but ultimately he put the card into his portfolio and carried it up to his bedroom. Who does not perceive that it was intended as a present to Susan Bell?

The question which Aaron asked himself that night, and which he hardly knew how to answer, was this: Should he offer the drawing to Susan in the presence of her mother and sister, or on some occasion when they two might be alone together? No such occasion had ever yet occurred, but Aaron thought that it might probably be brought about. But then he wanted to make no fuss about it. His first intention had been to chuck the drawing lightly across the table when it was completed, and so make nothing of it. But he had finished it with more care than he had at first intended; and then he had hesitated when he had finished it. It was too late now for that plan of chucking it over the table.

On the Saturday evening when he came down from his room, Mr. Beckard was there, so that he found no opportunity that night. On the Sunday, in conformity with a previous engagement, he went to hear Mr. Beckard preach, and walked to and from meeting with the family. This pleased Mrs. Bell, and they were all very gracious that afternoon. But Sunday was no day for the picture.

On Monday the thing had become of importance to him. Things always do when they are kept over. Before that night, when he came down, Mrs. Bell and Susan only were in the room. He knew Hetta for his foe, and therefore determined to use this occasion.

'Miss Susan,' he said, stammering somewhat, and blushing too, poor fool! 'I have done a little drawing which I want you to accept.' And he put his portfolio down on the table.

'Oh! I don't know,' said Susan, who had seen the blush.

Mrs. Bell had seen the blush also, and passed her mouth up, and looked grave. Had there been no stammering and no blush she might have thought nothing of it.

Aaron saw at once that his little gift was not to go down smoothly. He was, however, in for it now; so he picked it out from among the other papers in the case and brought it to Susan. He endeavored to hand it to her with an air of indifference, but I can not say that he succeeded.

It was a very pretty, well-finished water-colored drawing, representing still the same bridge, but with more adjuncts. In Susan's eyes it was a work of high art. Of pictures probably she had seen but little, and her liking for the artist no doubt added to her admiration. But the more she admired it and wished for it the stronger was her feeling that she ought not to take it.

Poor Susan! she stood for a minute looking at the drawing, but she said nothing, not even a word of praise. She felt that she was red in the face, and unbecomingly to their lodger; but her mother was looking at her, and she did not know how to behave herself.

Mrs. Bell put out her hand for the sketch, trying to bethink herself as she did so in what least uncivil way she could refuse the present. She took a moment to look at it, collecting her thoughts, and as she did so her woman's wit came to her aid.

'Oh dear, Mr. Dunn, it is very pretty; quite a beautiful picture. I cannot let Susan rob you of that. You must keep that for some of your own particular friends.'

'But I did it for her,' said Aaron, innocently.

Susan looked down at the ground half pleased at the declaration. The drawing would look very pretty in a small gilt frame just over her dressing-table. But the matter was now altogether in her mother's hands.

'I am afraid it is too valuable a Sir, for Susan to accept it.'

'It is not valuable at all,' said Aaron, declining to take it back from the widow's hands.

'Oh, I am quite sure it is. It is worth ten dollars at least, or twenty,' said poor Mrs. Bell, not in the very best taste. But she was perplexed, and did not know how to get out of the scrape. The article in question now lay upon the table-cloth, appropriated by no one, and at this moment Hetta came into the room.

'It is not worth ten cents,' said Aaron, with something of a frown on his brow, 'but as we had been talking about the bridge, I thought Miss Susan would accept it.'

'Accept what?' said Hetta, and then her eyes fell upon the drawing, and she took it up. 'It is beautifully done,' said Mrs. Bell, wishing much to soften the matter; perhaps the more so that Hetta the demure was now present.

'I'm telling Mr. Dunn that we can't take a present of anything so valuable.'

'Oh, dear no,' said Hetta. 'It wouldn't be right.'

It was a cold, frosty evening in March, and the fire was burning brightly on the hearth. Aaron Dunn took up the drawing quietly, very quietly, and rolling it up, as such drawings are rolled, put it between the blazing logs. 'It was the work of four evenings, and his chef d'œuvre in the way of art.'

Susan, when she saw what he had done, burst out into tears. The widow could very readily have done so; but she was able to restrain herself, and merely exclaimed,

'Oh, Mr. Dunn!'

If Mr. Dunn chooses to burn his own picture he has certainly a right to do so, said Hetta.

Aaron immediately felt ashamed of what he had done; and he also could have cried, but for his manliness. He walked away to one of the parlor windows and looked out upon the frosty night. It was dark, but the stars were bright, and he thought that he should like to be walking fast by himself along the line of rails towards Ballston. There he stood, per-

haps for three minutes. He thought it would be proper to give Susan time to recover from her tears.

'Will you please to come to your tea, Sir?' said the soft voice of Mrs. Bell.

He turned round to do so, and found that Susan was gone. It was not quite in her power to recover from her tears in three minutes. And then the drawing had been so beautiful! It had been done expressly for her too! And there had been something, she knew not what, in his eye as he had so declared. She had watched him intently over those four evenings' work, wondering why he did not show it, till her feminine curiosity had become rather strong. It was something very particular, she was sure. And now she knew that all that precious work had been for her; and all that precious work was destroyed. How was it possible that she should not cry for more than three minutes?

The others took their meal in perfect silence, and when it was over the two women sat down to their work. Aaron had a book which he pretended to read; but instead of reading, he was bethinking himself that he had behaved badly. What right had he to throw them all into such confusion by indulging in his passion? He was ashamed of what he had done, and fancied that Susan would hate him. Fancying that, he began to find at the same time that he by no means hated her.

At last Hetta got up, and left the room. She knew that her sister was sitting alone in the cold. And Hetta was as affectionate as she was severe. Susan had not been in fault, 'Mrs. Bell,' said Aaron, as soon as the door was closed, 'I beg your pardon for what I did just now.'

'Oh, Sir, I'm so sorry that the picture is burned,' said poor Mrs. Bell.

'The picture does not matter a straw,' said Aaron. 'But I see that I have disturbed you all. And I'm afraid I have made Miss Susan unhappy.'

'She was grieved that your picture was burned,' said Mrs. Bell, putting some emphasis on the 'your,' intending to show that her daughter had not regarded the drawing as her own. But the emphasis bore another meaning; and so the widow perceived as soon as she had spoken.

'Oh, I can do twenty more of the same, if anybody wanted them,' said Aaron. 'If I do another like it, will you let her take it, Mrs. Bell; just to show that you have forgiven me, and that we are friends as we were before?'

'Was he or was he not a wolf? That was the question which Mrs. Bell scarcely knew how to answer. Hetta had given her voice, saying that he probably was a wolf. Mr. Beckard's opinion she had not liked to ask directly. Mr. Beckard she thought would propose to Hetta; but as yet he had not done so. And as he was still a stranger in the family, she did not like in any way to compromise Susan's name. Indirectly she had asked the question; and indirectly also, Mr. Beckard's answer had been favorable.

'But it wasn't mean anything, Sir,' was the widow's weak answer, when she had paused on the question for a moment.

'Oh, no, of course not,' said Aaron joyously; and his face became radiant and happy. 'And I do beg your pardon for burning it; and the young ladies' pardon too; and then he rapidly got out his card-board, and set himself to work about another bridge. The widow meditating many things in her heart, commenced the hemming of a handkerchief.

In about an hour the two girls came back to the room and silently took their accustomed places. Aaron hardly looked up but went on diligently with his drawing. This bridge should be a better bridge than the other. It acceptance was now assured. Of course it was to mean nothing. That was a matter of course. So he worked away diligently and said not a word—nothing to nobody.

When they went off to bed the girls turned into the mother's room. 'Oh, mother, I hope he is not very angry,' said Susan.

'Angry? said Hetta. 'If anybody should be angry it is mother. He might have known that Susan could not accept it. He should never have offered it.'

'But he's doing another,' said Mrs. Bell.

'Not for her?' said Hetta.

'Yes he is,' said Mrs. Bell. 'And I have promised that she shall take it.' Susan as she heard this sank gently into the chair behind her and her eyes became full of tears. The intimation was almost too much for her.

'Oh, mother! said Hetta.

'But I particularly said that it was to mean nothing.'

'Oh, mother, that makes it worse.' Why should Hetta interfere in this way, thought Susan to herself. Had she interfered when Mr. Beckard gave Hetta a Testament bound in morocco? Had she not smiled, and looked gratified, and kissed her sister, and declared that Phineas Beckard was a nice, dear man, and by far the most elegant preacher at the Springs? Why should Hetta be so cruel?

'I don't see that, my dear,' said the mother. Hetta could not explain before her sister so they all went to bed.

On Thursday evening the drawing was finished. Not a word had been said about it, at any rate in its presence, and he had gone on working in silence. 'There,' said he, late on Thursday evening, 'I don't know that it will be any better if I go on daubing for another hour.' 'There Miss Susan' there's another bridge. I hope that will neither burn with the first nor yet be destroyed by fire; and he gave it a light flip with his finger and sent it skimming over the table.

Susan blushed, and smiled, and took it up. 'Oh, it is beautiful!' she said. 'Is it not beautifully done, mother?' And then all three got up to look at it, and all confessed that it was excellently done.

'And I am sure we are very much obliged to you,' said Susan, after a pause, remembering that she had not yet thanked him.

'Oh, it's nothing,' said he, not quite liking the word 'we.'

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A FABLE.—The genius of the Orientals for teaching in fables or parables still lives, despite the changes which have been going on for ages. Rev. Canon Stowell presents the following as the production of a Chinese: A man had fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay at its miry bottom, groaning and utterly unable to move. Confucius, walking by, ap-

proached the edge of the pit and said, 'Poor fellow, I am sorry for you; why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice; if you ever get out, don't get in again.' 'I can't get out,' groaned the poor man.

A Buddhist priest next came, by, and said, 'Poor fellow, I am much pained to see you there; I think if you could scramble up two-thirds of the way, or even half, I could reach you and lift you up the rest.' But the man in the pit was entirely helpless and unable to rise.

Next the Saviour came by, and hearing his cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up and said, 'Go, and sin no more.'

The Classics as a Part of Education. 'Not rough or barren are the winding ways Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.'

For the last three hundred years or so literary men have been in the habit of dividing and going to moral buffets with one another regarding the respect due to the ancient writers, and very loud and long have been the arguments put forth by the opposite advocates of the ancients and moderns. In France, the dispute rose to a vehement pitch and the dust of it involved all the wits of the kingdom. Perrault led the van for the moderns, and Boileau headed the classic enthusiasts that stood for the men of antiquity. From France, the literary hurricane crossed the English Channel—as all impulses whether of literature or social life, were unfortunately for the original and vigorous spirit of the insulars, in the habit of doing—and blew the British writers together furiously; whereupon the battle was fought over again. Wotton and others drew their quills for the latter times—while Sir William Temple, throwing by his gardening motto, and bringing his polished erudition into the arena, supported the cause of the sages and poets of antiquity. But, at last, came a genius who was to quench controversy, Dean Swift—one of the first of modern writers to recognize and employ the powerful force that resides in public opinion, wrote 'the Battle of the Books,' and published it. The effect was like the throwing of the handful of dust among Virgil's belligerent bees—

His motus amictus, atque hinc certamina tanta Pulveris exigui luctu compressa quiescent—the general laugh was turned against the



OUR TABLE.

and some others, and say—what did your classics do for these men? But we would retort, and say, what did Franklin's and Cobbett's irregular education do for the hundreds of thousands and the millions who have had that, and no more? To point to half a dozen successful instances, while the uncounted unsuccessful cases are not taken into consideration, is but a feeble sort of argument—used only by thoughtless people.

Suppose the vigorous minds of Franklin, Cobbett, Burns, and so forth, were properly trained, and fed into a perfect vigor; why should we fall into the belief, that the education of a Bacon or a Pitt could take the innate virtue from the two first, or that the college education of Tommy Moore or Herriek would have power to obliterate a possible celebrity in the other? We think such would not be the case. We think these irregularly educated men, with the discipline, the judicious, invigorating discipline of a good mode of teaching, would have surpassed what they have shown themselves to be. There is no need to argue longer on this point. The sense of society is against the philosophy of uneducated geniuses—society is not for giving philosophers and statesmen an opportunity of fighting against difficulties, up to the pinnacle of renown, or of letting poets.

Be cradled into poetry by wrong  
To learn by suffering what they teach in song.  
Our common school system relies more on the schoolmaster—such as he is—for the greatest good of the greatest number—in all departments of knowledge.—[Chicago Record.]

The Eastern Mail.

EPH MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... AUG. 30, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTENGLASS & 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 Agent, 400 No. 1 South Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements 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."

**POLITICS AT HOME.**—Each of the two parties has had its part during the past week, here in Waterville. The democrats took the lead, and were addressed in Town Hall, on Friday evening, by Mr. Perrin of Tennessee, and Mr. Fuller of Augusta. The hall was filled, and among the audience a large portion of the republicans of our village listened quietly to a favorite champion of slavery toleration and extension. Mr. Fuller is the democratic nominee for Congress, against Anson P. Morrill. Mr. Perrin is a democrat of the Douglas department, and was associated somewhat with Kansas affairs. He spoke with considerable fluency and eloquence, and many of his anecdotes and illustrations were highly amusing. His arguments were strong or weak, as they fell upon the ears of men of various political hues. He was listened to with respectful attention by all; and though he did not pledge the same courtesy to a northern speaker at the South, yet he earnestly urged them to "conquer their prejudices," and think better of slavery and its advocates.

On Tuesday the republicans were addressed by John P. Hale and Israel Washburn, Jr. on Town Hall Common. Mr. Hale spoke in the afternoon and Mr. Washburn in the evening. The audience was very large in the afternoon, but probably doubled in the evening. A large procession from Vassalboro' and Winslow was met at the Bridge by the Wide Awakes, and escorted to the Common, where Mr. Heath, the President of the Wide Awakes, welcomed the people in a brief and appropriate speech. Mr. Hale spoke about an hour and a half.

In the evening a good company of Wide Awakes, with a large number of citizens, came in from W. Waterville, and a generous inundation from neighboring towns. Mr. Washburn talked over two hours, to some thousands of persons, composed to some extent of all parties. The good order and quietness was a matter of comment, and the attention shown by those who differed from the speaker in their views was deserving all praise.

After the address of Mr. Washburn, the Wide Awakes, led by Waterville Band, formed in procession and marched through several streets, to the wakening denizens of which their tasteful evolutions gave a pleasant spectacle. In Silver st. they stopped at the residence of Chas. O. Boutelle, Esq., where Mr. Washburn was known to be a guest, and called the orator of the evening to the door for a good-night cheer. He saluted them in a few words, and closed by informing them that another republican guest was in the house, from whom they would doubtless be glad to hear—and named Hon. Samuel P. Benson of Winthrop. The name was a familiar as well as a favorite one, and was echoed with a fervor that quickly brought that gentleman to a perch upon the door-yard fence, from which he addressed them for a few minutes in the vein of pithy and pleasant eloquence for which he is so well known. In half an hour the immense throng had departed, and our streets were left to their usual quiet.

Wednesday afternoon was assigned to a mass meeting of the democrats at West Waterville, where Mr. Smart and others were to address them. We go to press before we hear the result.

**HARMONIOUS.**—Two sets of candidates for County officers have been nominated by the Democrats in Aroostook—the Douglas wing, 27 strong, having succeeded at the recent convention, leaving 61 delegates behind of the Breckinridge stripe. Hon. Shepherd Carey goes for Douglas, and was made Chairman of the seceding convention; Hon. J. C. Madigan led off in the other direction. Maj. W. Dickey, of the "old line," made a most singular charge against Carey, and one which people will be slow to believe. "That man," said he, "was once true to democracy, but too much learning had made him mad."

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR JULY.—Messrs. L. Scott & Co. are rapidly putting forth, their reprints of the English Reviews for the current quarter. These publications have been long issued with such regularity, that the announcement of their issue has become almost unnecessary, as readers know when confidently to expect them. The following is an abstract of the Contents of the present number of the London Quarterly: I. The Missing Link and the London Poor; II. Joseph Seafinger; III. Workman's Earnings and Savings; IV. The Cape and South Africa; V. Ary Scheffer; VI. Stonehenge; VII. Darwin's Origin of Species; VIII. The Conservative Reaction. We do not know of any of our fair readers are given to reading these Reviews; we apprehend that these solid-looking periodicals are deemed as exclusively masculine as male attire, and fit only to be taken up by the reckless and eccentric. But it is high time that they should reject the dismal trash usually provided for their edification and amusement, and resort to such periodicals as these. No woman can read without deep interest and sympathy such articles as Nos. I. and III. above enumerated; few women can reflect upon them without feeling that their estimate of their social and domestic duties and responsibilities has been hitherto narrow and imperfect. The perusal of these articles will, we hope, lead to an examination of the others, and thus contribute to the formation of a sound literary taste.

This number commences a volume.  
BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The August number has the following table of contents:—National Defences and Volunteers; Lord Macaulay and Dundee; The Pursuit of Tantalus; Topical: The Great Exhibition at London; Norman Sinclair, an Autobiography, part 7; Wycliffe and the Huguenots; Domine quo vadis? The Transition State of our Indian Empire.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York. Terms of subscription—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum—Two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood'; and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE.—'Going to School,' a fine steel engraving, graces the September number, with the usual colored Fashion plate and design on wood. The number abounds in stories and other good reading, including many excellent things by the editors—T. S. Arthur and Virginia F. Townsend. No better magazine for the family can be found than this, and no one deserves a wider circulation. Published by S. T. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for September has a beautiful tinted engraving, entitled 'Rest to the Eyes,' and a portrait of Rev. P. B. Wilbur, late President of the Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati. The number contains much solid and substantial reading, with the usual allowance of stories, poetry, and other lighter articles, but is all good. This work is a model of excellence, and a miracle of cheapness, and richly merits the liberal patronage it receives. Published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$2 a year.

Massachusetts Correspondence.

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 27th, 1860.

A very pleasant route is the one from Waterville to Boston by the S. & K. Railroad, and by steamer down the Kennebec. The "State of Maine," a convenient, well built, and well conducted boat, ought to be a favorite with all pleasure seeking travelers. The rivers of Maine have a scenery all their own. The water, sparkling and pure as crystal, rushes swiftly over its rocky bed, now deep and smooth, now hoarsely murmuring at the rocks that oppose its passage, now spread into a broad bay, now sucked impetuously through a narrow opening in the cliffs, at all times swift, it is at all times beautiful. The ledges rising abruptly from the waters edge, the trees whose roots cling to their hard surface, which, with dry limbs and shriveled trunk seem hoping for something better, all are certainly in great contrast to rich yellow prairies, or to tropical profusion; but they also suggest a people as far removed from the torrid freedom of the west on the one hand as from the indolent imbecility of the tropics on the other; a people hardy in body, of strong, practical, matter-of-fact mind. This very oppositeness of character in Maine and Louisiana is one of the strongest bonds of this Union. It completes an organization otherwise but half framed.

One would hardly think in passing from Maine to Massachusetts at this season that they had accomplished a distance of only two hundred miles. It seems like going from one zone into another. Maine is dry, dusty, stunted in vegetation; Massachusetts is wet, soggy, saturated, her vegetation soured with excess of moisture. Scarcely one day in a fortnight passes without a heavy shower. Roads are gullied, fields plowed up, and corn and grain laid low by the heavy rains. Even green corn is soured and the ears remain unfilled from the want of sun. As I write the horizon is obscured by fogs, the clouds hang low, and I hear the ceaseless pattering, pattering of rain. So much rain has fallen in Massachusetts since the year was a year as has fallen since the last of May.

During the past week the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the American Institute of Instruction has been held in Boston. This college of Teachers' Institutes is composed of leading educators throughout the country. The one last week was presided over by Pres. Felton. The subjects of the lectures and discussions were various. But there was one possessing a peculiar interest both on account of its intrinsic importance and also as a sign of the times. Twenty years ago Dr. Parsons delivered an address before the Institute on the "Brain and Stomach." Again in 1851 Rev. D. H. Ramsey read an article the subject of which was "Physical Education." With these two exceptions—and these with no manifest results—the subject of the proper bodily preparation for mental improvement has been entirely neglected. This year witnessed a new era. The subject of Physical Exercises in connection with Intellectual training received a just degree of attention. Dr. Lewis, a lecturer and teacher of calisthenics, who is connected with several of the schools in Worcester, gave an entertaining exhibition of his manner of operation with sixteen men selected from the audience. The method was highly praised, and after a long and interesting discussion the adoption of calisthenics in schools of every grade met a most unanimous approval. It is well known that Harvard and Yale have both made liberal appropriations to provide to students the means of bodily culture. Will not Waterville College from the

endowment she so reasonably expects, reserve a portion for the same laudable purpose? It would be an improvement worthy of her and of the age.

Among the distinguished arrivals from England by the Arabia we find the name of the successful temperance advocate, John B. Gough. It is a proof of his great power in dealing with this all-important subject that in Exeter hall, London, he has lectured ninety-three times. But while an ardent apostle in so worthy a cause, he is mindful that charity begins at home. He has brought with him from Europe four thousand volumes of select theological works, which he is about to present to the church at Boylston of which he is a member as a permanent library for the pastor of the church. It is a noble gift and one which every young pastor might well envy.

The withdrawal of Gov. Banks' name from the list of gubernatorial candidates has given a zest to political affairs, which have hitherto been tame enough. The congressional nominations are not yet made. When they are the excitement will probably increase. The contest in this district promises to be a warm one. The course of Mr. Thayer, the present member, during the past two years, has been far from satisfactory. The majority of the Republicans would be better pleased with another representative, while the member himself seems determined to return by fair means or foul. The event to be feared is a division of the party such as will result in the election of a democrat. I will keep you posted as matters progress.

**WILDS.**  
**STRAWBERRIES!**—Now is your time, ye of the sweet tooth, to prepare yourselves with a nice bed of strawberries, close at your door, where you can eat them without putting your hand in your pocket. It is as easy as to raise corn or potatoes. Look at the advertisement of Messrs. Smith & Lawry, and see what we refer to. They have an abundant quantity and variety of plants, and a better opportunity to begin a strawberry bed will rarely offer. Some three or four years ago Bunker's Island, a beautiful spot in the Kennebec at Kendall's Mills, was leased to be used as a nursery, and on it are now growing tens if not hundreds of thousands of trees and plants, some of which are ready for market. We have not seen them, but are told that the place is worthy a visit from those interested in such things. The Island is one of the prettiest that can be imagined; and with its precipitous rocky banks, its close border of native trees, and its rich and mellow soil, it seems to have been designed for the purpose to which it is assigned. We hope it is destined to do good service in improving the orcharding of our vicinity.

**STATE RALLY OF THE WIDE AWAKES.**—Arrangements are in progress for a grand Republican Mass Meeting and Wide Awake rally, at Portland, on the 4th of September. Eminent speakers have been invited and the meeting will be continued through the day and evening. The fares on the railroads will be reduced and special trains run for the accommodation of those who wish to attend. On Tuesday evening, at the close of their parade, the Wide Awakes of our village voted to go to Portland; and if the fare is put at a low figure, the delegation from the Kennebec valley will be large.

**EXCURSION OF THE CADETS.**—The Cadets of Temperance from our village, in company with the West Waterville section, will make a picnic excursion to Winthrop next Saturday. The Waterville Band has been engaged for the occasion and a general good time is expected.

**ANDROSOGGIN R. R. EXTENSION.**—Ground was broken at Brunswick, last Wednesday, on the railroad from Bath to Lewiston and Leeds Junction. Large numbers went up from Bath, with the Cornet Band, and forming a procession at Brunswick proceeded to the scene of operations, where a prayer was offered, speeches were made, and then the shovels put in. About two hundred men are now at work on the road—one gang under Mr. O'Donnell, on the Lewiston section, and another, under Messrs. J. B. Jones & Co., at Little River Village.

**DR. HOLLAND'S ORATION.**—The following criticism upon the Oration delivered before the literary societies of Waterville College, at the recent Commencement, is written by "John Smith," a correspondent of Zion's Advocate. The Oration before the Societies was by Dr. Holland, upon 'Art and Life.' Those who heard it two years ago, pronounced it a revised and improved edition of the same. The purpose of the oration was to furnish the true criterion for the criticism of art. The argument was something thus:—God in creation appears as an artist. Man so far as he possesses genius for the production of original works of art, should take the Creator, for his model. Creation is the manifestation of God's life by which He communicates His life to His creatures. The design of creation is the communication of the Creator's life to His creatures. This design is accomplished in creation, and therefore the work is excellent.—Hence then is the criterion for the criticism of art as the creation of human genius. True art has a mission to life. If the artist is conscious of this mission and so creates as to accomplish it, he is successful; otherwise his work is a failure, however well it may conform to other standards. This principle of criticism the orator proceeded to illustrate, and from it to draw practical lessons. The oration was metaphysical in its character, and yet rich in rhetorical ornament and abounding in appeals to the common notions and even the prejudices of men.

This whole argument and theory of criticism rests upon the idea that the design of God in creation is to communicate His life to His creatures. If this is not true, though much truth and beauty are still left, the oration is a trunkless tree. Now it is true that our Creator designed us to have a life of our own in entire harmony with His own,—so far as it should correspond to it at all. It seems to be true also that one of the purposes of God in creation is to minister to the life of His creatures. But is it certain that this is more than a subordinate end, or at best coordinate with other ends? May we not ask a more serious question still? If this was the design of creation is it not plain both from history and revelation that creation is a failure. If the question were asked me, What is the end of creation? I should answer, that God Himself is that end; and as I cannot comprehend God, so I cannot comprehend creation, so as to establish an absolute theory of criticism for it as a work of art. An absolute theory of criticism is therefore, as I think, as impossible as an absolute philosophy. Creation, so far as it is directed to itself, seems to be designed for the manifestation of the excellence of God. But what constitutes His absolute excellence? We know but in part. We cannot therefore criticize nature or art by any other standard than our sense of what is excellent in nature and art. As we value nature for its power to minister to life, so shall we esteem art for the same reason. But until we can say that this is the only excellence in nature we must hesitate to make this the sole criterion of excellence in art. Hence though there must be an absolute standard with God, our standards can be only approximate. If a man has no sense of the excellence of Niagara, except of its power to run a saw mill, his standard of criticism will be the saw mill standard. But if he will have a sense of the grand and the beautiful, he will criticize the waterfall and the landscape according to this sense. Hence the critic in art must be educated in art, and this education can be obtained only by the study of art.

I went from the presence of the orator with the impression that his theory was founded in truth, but not well drawn out or justly applied in every instance. But upon reflection, though I gratefully remember many true and stirring thoughts in the oration, I think its theory unsound. I was led to reflection somewhat by an incident of Commencement day. The music of the occasion was furnished by the Portland Band, which I rejoice to find has no superior in New England, if Boston Band are to be taken as a standard. I have never heard greater perfection in sweetness, smoothness and richness of tone or style, symmetry and harmony. After listening intently and with great delight to a production, chaste and simple, I confess, rather than stirring, and wondering at the skill that could produce through those big brass tubes the soft mellow tones of organ pipes, I was amused at the conclusion of the piece, to hear a good man at my side remark, 'That band is no better than a tin horn.'

The conclusion of the orator, that the people are the best judges of art, was not legitimately drawn I think even from his own theory. For though it be true that workers of art are to be judged solely according to their power to minister to life, it does not follow that the cravings of the people point to that which will minister to true life. It needs to be proved that the people best comprehend what constitutes a true life, and that they are the best judges of what will minister to that life.

We cannot help feeling a hearty sympathy for Dr. Holland's emity to popular vice, his resistance to the tide of modern infidelity, and his reverence for the Bible; but his metaphysical tendencies, unrestrained as they seemed to be by a just perception of the limits of thought, render him exceedingly unsafe as a popular theologian and philosopher.

John is a true son of Waterville; and regarding his alma mater with a proper pride and affection himself, the coldness and apathy of some of his brother graduates provoke the following spirited and well deserved rebuke:—  
Once more I came away from Waterville grieved that the society of Alumni should draw to itself so little interest. The inactivity of the officers the past year has been profound, and their failure to perform the duties assigned them, complete. A shower of rain kept a handful of the society together long enough to elect officers for the coming year, and as no duties were assigned them it is hopeful that no failure will occur. A chronic horror of Young America possesses the trusted friends of Waterville, and effectually preserves the quiet of the family. The Society of Alumni has no apology for existence. Hence secret societies are fast absorbing the interest and enthusiasm of the graduates, and but for them but few of the graduates would return to the annual gatherings. It is undoubtedly the business of Young America to be a good quiet boy, always to speak well of his parents and shift for himself, but sometimes he forgets his duty. Now I hear you say, 'Be cautious John. Remember your youth and want of experience. Never speak ill of your betters.' Surely Uncle I would not. We had a fine time at Commencement. The dinner was good and the speeches hopeful. True the speakers felt bad to be called upon but they tried to be cheerful in the end. There was the usual mourning because the State has used us so abashfully, and the usual exhortation not to give up the ship. A devoted son may be permitted a little impatience at the constant recurrence of this strain of lamentation and dismal hope.

**A SPRIG OF ROYALTY.**—Our loyal provincial neighbors are just now having a great time with Queen Victoria's eldest boy, but we doubt if they are doing anything more ridiculous than will the Yankees when he comes this side of the line. A correspondent of the New York Times gives us the following portrait of the young man:—  
I like him. He seems to be about five feet four inches high, his eye is beautifully blue, mild, sunny, clear and jolly. His nose is well defined, not perfectly straight, but clean cut and prominent. His mouth is full and rather sensual, and his chin retreats wonderfully. His countenance indicates a happy disposition, good-natured, humorous, fun-loving boy, who knows what he is about and can't easily be fooled. His hair is soft and fine, though disposed to grow a trifle low down the neck and on the forehead, while his head is well shaped, and would indicate firmness, benevolence, quickness of perception and love of music. The very large hands and feet of the young gentleman are but reproductions of those of his Royal mother, to whom Dame Nature has been very generous in that regard. His form is small and very well proportioned, and his bearing is dignified, manly and honest.

**ANOTHER LIQUOR SEIZURE.** By direction of the Selectmen, Sheriff McFadden seized about a hundred gallons of liquor, on Saturday last, at the Depot of the S. & K. Railroad, where it had been lying in store for some days. A hearing will be had in the case, before Justice Heath, on the 8th of September.

**WATERVILLE COLLEGE.**—The Fall Term of this institution will commence next Wednesday. Candidates for admission will be examined on the same day. We rejoice to learn that the prospect is good for a large class.

**CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.**—One of the subscribers of the *Clarion* recently presented Moses with a big pumpkin and a mess of green corn.

**FIRE.**—On Friday afternoon, the house of Peter Raney, on the Plain, took fire in some unexplained way, and was burned to the ground. The contents were mostly saved, though some clothing in the attic was destroyed. The fire was well under way before the engines reached the spot, as the distance was considerable, and then water had to be forced up the steep bank from the river—the Ticonic playing into Waterville 3. The fireman worked with a will, however, and succeeded in saving another building of Mr. Raney's, which, but for them would also have burned. We said, last week, that the Ticonic boys only waited for an opportunity to manifest their promptness and efficiency in the service of a liberal department; and the unflinching way in which they labored, on Friday, at the brakes, unrelieved for nearly two hours, under a broiling sun, proved us a true prophet. We have good reason to be proud of both of our companies and to congratulate ourselves on the efficiency of our department generally.

We learn that there was an insurance of \$175 on the building burnt.

**FALSE ALARM.**—A big, black smoke, suddenly rising into view on Monday afternoon, created an alarm of fire, set the bells to ringing, and filled our streets with excited citizens, who supposed that some building in the vicinity of the Colleges was burning. It all arose from the burning of piles of brush on the interval on the opposite side of the river, and as soon as this was discovered the alarm subsided.

The W. W. P. A. (which being interpreted means the "Waterville White Perch Association") would have been reported in their late excursion to North Pond if we had not been short of both time and space when the secretary's manuscript reached us. It is now promised next week. The truth is, the members of that body are all industrious business men, with philosophy enough to catch fish, but lacking in leisure to tell of their exploits. In due time their fame will be recorded in history.

Benj. Kimball, Esq., a member of the Penobscot bar, convicted of forging documents to procure a divorce from his wife, has been sentenced to two years hard labor in the State Prison.

**FUN AHEAD.**—The two gubernatorial candidates in this State are to discuss the issues of the present canvass on the same platform, as soon as satisfactory arrangements can be made.

**A STORY FOR BOYS.**—Once when General Washington was traveling, after he had gained our independence, he stopped at a public house and was sitting by the fire in the parlor waiting while they were getting his supper ready. A little boy in the house had often heard General Washington called a 'great man,' and he wondered what kind of a man he could be. He wanted very much to see him, but was too afraid to go into the room where he was. So, while his mother was busy in getting supper, he went almost on tip-toe to the door and looked through the key-hole. After waiting a good while, to be sure that he did really see the great General Washington, he was so surprised to find that he looked just as small as other people, that he cried out, not thinking that all might hear him, 'Mamma, why General Washington is no bigger than pa is!' General Washington heard what the little boy said, and kindly rising went to the door, and opening it, asked him to come in. He then took him up in his lap, and talked very pleasantly with him a little while.

'No,' said he, 'my little man, General Washington is no larger than your papa. But people call him great because when they choose him to be their General he was successful in doing great good in securing their independence, and the liberty of their country. Do you, my little fellow, also try to be great, not by growing large, but by being good yourself, and doing good to others; then you may indeed be great, even greater than General Washington.'

To be good, and to do good, boys, was General Washington's idea of true greatness, and it is the only true idea. Then ever avoid everything that is bad, swearing, quarrelling, pilfering, lying, drinking, card playing. But be good and do good. Dare always to do right; prove yourself not little cowards, by fearing the laugh of wicked boys or wicked men, who would tempt you to do wrong. But prove yourself great, by having the courage always to do what is right and good; love God; obey his law; keep his commands; live for the good of your country, the good of man, the good of the world. Strive to fit yourselves for noble deeds, and hereafter you too, even like Washington, may be truly great, and remembered while the world lasts, as a great man, because you, too, were truly good, and did good.

**TWO NOBLE BOYS.**—A few evenings since, two little boys, about five years old, were walking together along one of the fashionable streets of our city. As they were passing a private residence they stopped, attracted by the roses and honeysuckles that filled the small front yard with fragrance and beauty.

After looking for some minutes silently and wistfully, the following dialogues took place:—  
Freddy. 'Oh, what beautiful flowers.'

Willie. 'How I wish we had some of them.'

Freddy. 'But it would be wrong to take them.'

Willie. 'There are so many of them, and they are so pretty. Do you think it would be wrong to take just one?'

Freddy. 'Yes; it would be very wicked.'

Willie. 'Yes it would; so come, let's go away.'

During all this time Mrs. B., the lady of the house, was standing, unseen by the boys, looking through the closed blinds and attentively listening to the conversation when the last remark was made. She threw open the blind, her eyes brimming with tears, and cried out:—  
'You dear noble little boys, come here, and you shall have every flower in the yard. Beautiful as are the flowers, they are not to be compared to the beauty of your honest little hearts. Your mothers should be proud of you, and you of them. If either of you should ever be President of the United States, as I wish you both may, may you never forget how you resisted this temptation. And she literally striped every rose and honeysuckle from the bushes, and sent the boys away with their arms full of flowers, and with a thousand blessings on their heads.

**THE FILLUSTER.**—Walker landed at

Truxillo on the 5th and took the town after only one gun had been fired by his troops. Two of Walker's men were wounded. The excitement was great.—[Ex.]

**COUNSELS TO THE YOUNG.**—Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, he will mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if troubles come upon you, keep up your spirits though the day may be a dark one.—  
'Troubles never last forever,  
The darkest day will pass away!'

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars—if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promises, a man or child may be cheerful.

'Never despair when hope is in the air,  
A sunnier morning will come without warning.'  
Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst; or a fire-wood that will end in smoke and darkness, but what you can keep and which is worth keeping—

Something sterling that will stay  
When gold and silver fly away.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and by little great things are completed.

Water falling by the day,  
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his clothes in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

**A TOUGH STORY.**—Col. Meek, of Oregon, has rather a pompous way of talking. Some years ago, while conversing with a couple of British officers at Vancouver, he dilated largely and eloquently on the changes he had witnessed since he came to Oregon. One of the officers, thinking he saw something green, asked him, with deflected seriousness, whether he had seen any changes in Nature itself—whether the rivers had deflected from their accustomed channels, or the mountains had changed their configuration? 'The Colonel said that the officer had mistaken him, and resolved to follow the sage advice of answering a fool according to his folly. 'Oh, certainly, sir,' said the Colonel. 'You see that mountain!' pointing to Mount Hood, whose summit, some fourteen thousand feet above sea level, stood only some sixty miles distant. The officer replied that he did. 'Well,' resumed the Colonel, 'When I came to Oregon, Mount Hood was nothing but a hole in the ground!'

**THE APPLETON POISONING CASE.**—The medical examination of the body of Mr. Weymouth of Appleton, Knox County, was that the deceased, Benjamin Weymouth, came to his death by poison. And the Coroner's jury after sitting over three days, and listening to the examination of a large number of highly respectable and reliable witnesses, brought in a verdict:—that Benjamin Weymouth came to his death, by poison, administered to him by his wife, Lucinda Weymouth. All the facts showed in the examination, that Mr. Weymouth did not live happily with his wife—and that she had been heard to say during his terrible sickness, and his whole frame agonizing with pain, 'she wished he was dead, so as she could get another husband!' and other expressions of a like nature, which showed the depraved heart of a bad woman.

F. R. Elliott says: 'Ripe grapes have cured epidemic dysentery. Physicians have occasionally advised the use of cooling acid fruits, and the earliest writers have directed the sugary ones, as figs, for food in convalescence. Families, where fruits are most plentiful and good, and prized as an article of daily food, are most free from fevers and bowel complaints. Most fruits aid digestion, some indirectly, and lessen the desire for alcoholic or stimulating drinks.'

**DECLINATION OF GOV. BANKS.**—Gov. Banks has announced to his friends that he shall decline a renomination to the office of Governor of Massachusetts, and that he has decided to accept the important post of President of the Illinois Central Railroad, which has been proffered to him.

The French claims against Peru have been allowed, but the Peruvian Government will settle the American demands only by compulsion, and our minister is said to have called on the Pacific squadron to rendezvous at Callao and enforce them.

**New Orleans, Aug. 23.** The schooner Dendrol, from Roatan, reports 12 Spaniards killed, and 18 wounded, and 3 Americans killed at the capture of Truxillo. Walker still held possession of the city.

**Washington, 23.** The War department received to-day an unusually large number of dispatches from various quarters. Capt. Smith gives the details of his victorious battle with the Indians, 25 miles northeast of Lake Harney Oregon. He is inclined to believe that all the Indians in that region of country are hostile.

Col. Wright had promptly ordered the artillery and dragoons to proceed at once to the scene of hostilities. With these the Major was to scour the whole country and cause savages to sue for peace.

The proper military officer in Carson Valley had collected evidence to show the Mormon resistance to emigrants from Utah. Efficient protection has been extended to persons leaving that territory, as well as to the mail contractors in building their stations. Assurance is given of an early restoration of the mail service.

**THE PARTIES.** The Republicans are in favor of voting slavery down in our new Western Territories; the Breckinridge party is in favor of voting it up; the Douglas party don't care whether it is voted up or down; and the Bell-Everett party don't know anything about nothing.

**DOUGLAS ON CLAY.**—Douglas, in his letter of acceptance, asks this question: 'Where shall be found another Clay, to pilot the ship of State over the breakers into the haven of peace and safety?' The "little giant" thought he would say just such of the dead Clay; but when Mr. Clay was a candidate for President in 1844, Douglas made a speech at Carrollton, Mo., in which he said:—  
'Henry Clay was a black-hearted villain—the first American that has ever been bought with British gold to sell his country.'

Mr. Clay's friends will, of course vote for the man who uttered this libel.—[Daily State-togian.]

**CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR.**—The annual Cattle Show and Fair of the Somerset Agricultural Society will be held on the Society's Ground on the 12th, 13th and 14th of Sept.



# THE EASTERN MAIL,

An Independent Family Newspaper,

Published every Thursday,

by MAXHAM AND WING,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,

At Fry's Building, Main Street, Waterville.

TERMS.

If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50

paid within six months, 1.75

paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in pay

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 30, 10.15 A.M. 10.00 P.M.

September 1, 4.45 P.M. 4.30 P.M.

September 2, 4.45 P.M. 4.30 P.M.

September 3, 4.45 P.M. 4.30 P.M.

September 4, 4.45 P.M. 4.30 P.M.

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November 4, 4.45 P.M. 4.30 P.M.

his eye with powder and gravel. Though no bones were broken, his escape from instant death was really wonderful.

**FATAL ACCIDENT.**—On Monday last week as Maj. Josiah Norris of Monson, was descending his well, forty feet deep, he fell from the surface to the bottom, striking his head in the descent, and otherwise injuring him so bad internally, that he died the next day. It is somewhat singular that in falling so great a distance he was not killed instantly. Mr. Norris was a wealthy farmer of Monson, was 58 years old, and leaves a large family and friends to mourn his loss.

The St. Peter (Minnesota) Tribune of the 8th has the following:

**PERSONAL.**—If any of our readers should observe any lack of attention to this number of our paper, they will find the cause under the head of "Born." In the language of a celebrated orator, "There are times, Mr. President—there are times in a man's life—and this is one of them!"

**DOUGLAS ON SOUTHERN SECESSION.** In the middle of his address the Norfolk, Va. Argus, containing two questions, was handed to him. The first was, "Would the Southern States be justified in seceding from the Union in case of Lincoln's election?" To which Mr. Douglas emphatically answered "No." The second question was, "If Southern States should secede upon Lincoln's inauguration before he commits any overt act against the Constitutional rights of the South, would he (Douglas) advise or vindicate resistance by force to their secession?" Mr. Douglas answered emphatically that it was the duty of the President, and all others in authority under him, to enforce the laws passed by Congress, and as the Courts expound them, and he would do all in his power to aid the Government of the United States in maintaining the laws against all resistance to them, come from what quarter it might. In other words, the President should treat all attempts to break up the Union as all Hittory treated the nullifiers in 1832.

**MOVEMENTS OF THE PRINCE.** A week from Wednesday the Prince will leave Hamilton for Chicago, where he remains for one day. From thence he will go to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Portland. He has arranged to accept of a ball at New York, instead of a dinner. The Prince embarks at Portland for home.

We don't wonder that Senator Seward remembered the hard lesson of his boyhood, when he undertook to spell some of our down east Indian names, for the names of some of the Schoodic Lakes in the vicinity of Calais, are enough to frighten a man. For instance: Pokomuk, Witterquagaugum, Guna-garnagum, Abegonit and Skedobokuk. Then we have Lake Aphmogengagook, Nonjamskillicook, Mooschemagunticook, &c.

**IN A NUT SHELL.**—Douglasism was most comprehensively stated by Mr. Lincoln a few days ago. Samuel Williams, the talented editor of the Utica Herald, paid Mr. L. a visit, and in the course of the conversation mention was made of the Senatorial contest in Illinois in 1858. Mr. Williams says: "His (Lincoln's) estimate of the 'Little Giant' is generous. He concludes to him great bairdhood, pertinacity and magnetic power. Of all the men he had ever seen, says Mr. L., he has the most audacity in maintaining an untenable position. Thus, in endeavoring to reconcile Popular Sovereignty and the Dred Scott decision, his argument, stripped of sophistry is, 'It is legal to expel slavery from a territory where it legally exists!' And yet he had bamboozled thousands into believing it."

**ATTEMPTED MURDER.**—We hear that on Friday 10th, Mr. George Everett, Jr., of Port Fairfield, made an attempt to murder his wife. Her cries soon brought to her assistance a number who state that when they arrived at the house the doors and windows were fastened. Mrs. Everett was just recovering from a fainting fit caused by his choking her. A loaded gun stood in the room. Everett seemed much excited and trembled violently as his passion abated. The cause of this inhumanity appears to be jealousy.

**BUCKFIELD BRANCH RAILROAD.**—The Oxford Democrat is informed that Hon. F. O. J. Smith, the present owner of the road, has proposed to the citizens along the line that he will complete the road to Canton, and lay the rails ready for the running of trains, on condition that they will furnish him with \$50,000 secured on first mortgage bonds. The bonds are not to exceed \$10,000 to the mile. It is stated that the sum named would be readily raised, could the people have the assurance that the road would be run, when completed. The impression seems to be that Mr. S. wishes to complete the road and place it in the hands of a company composed of the bond holders.

At Augusta, Me., the following question in writing was received and read by Mr. Douglas but during his last speech he abstained from making the least reference to it:

"Do you hold, and if elected President of the United States, would you carry out the doctrine that the people of a Territory, before it becomes a State, have the power, under the Federal Constitution, and notwithstanding the Dred Scott decision, to prohibit or exclude slavery therefrom?"

A man named Asa Wing, about fifty-five years of age, of Augusta, having a wife and family, decamped from home one day last week taking with him a young girl about sixteen years of age. In order to raise the means to defray the expenses of his pleasure excursion, he forged and sold two notes, amounting to \$60 or \$70. An officer traced him to Portland where he took the boat for St. John in company with his paramour. Further measures are being taken for his apprehension.

**DRESS V. FROCK.**—The Canadians are now exercised upon the matter of full dress. The Montreal Witness says:

"Persons waiting upon the Prince of Wales, at the levee to be held throughout the province, must be in full dress—namely, either a military or ecclesiastical uniform, or a suit of black; the coat being a dress coat, that is, not long all round, but with the tails only behind. Why this should be considered full dress more than the frock coat, which is both fuller and more suitable every way, and which is worn in military uniforms, we cannot imagine; but the pediculous of custom and fashion make no pretension to common sense. We think, however, it is somewhat ill-judged to require a rigorous adherence to old-world etiquette in this free and easy country. There may be many a loyal, worthy citizen, who has long discarded the swallow-tail for the more sensible skirt and who will not be able to pay his respects to the prince without going to the expense of a £10, at least for a dress coat. This is a small matter, as counselor Pepsy said of the tear in his plum-colored robe, it may trouble many. We have nothing to say about the reg-

ulations respecting ball costumes, as we think that the whole of that part of the programme would be more honored in the breach than the observance.

Daniel Webster, in his 7th of March speech, used the following language:—

"Sir, wherever there is a particular good to be done; wherever there is a foot of land to be staid from becoming a slave territory, I am ready to assert the principle of the exclusion of slavery. I am pledged to it from the year 1837; I have been pledged to it again and again; and I will perform those pledges."

**SEEKING A SIGN.**—In a certain sea board town, there lived, some years since, an old man, a member of the Masonic Fraternity, familiarly known as 'Uncle Jim,' a cobbler by trade, a Jew by nature, and a right good fellow at heart. Uncle Jim's shop was a special rendezvous for many of the young men of the town, wherein to crack their jokes and quiz the proprietor, who managed as a general thing however, to turn the tables on them. One pleasant afternoon, with a shop full as usual, it was proposed that Uncle Jim should receive a dollar to show the company a Mason's sign. Having agreed to terms and pocketed the change, Uncle Jim called them to his shop window, and pointing across the street, observed: "Now, boys, if you'll cast your eyes over there, you'll see Brother Brightman's shingle, 'Groceries and Provisions'—well, that is a Mason's sign!" It is needless to add that the proprietor of signs kept the dollar, to which the company declared he was fairly entitled.

**THE BOSTON COURIER,** which is hereafter to be published in Latin, remarks as follows: Johannes Tintinnabulum et Edwardus Everett erant proci publici Praeses et Vice Praeses hujus Republicae proximo Idibus Martii. J. Tintinnabulum est orator et amicus suae patriae.

We acknowledge the brilliancy and force of the paragraph, but we have grave doubts as to the conclusion. But we do say—*pluribus unum*, and well stick to it.

**THE U. S. SENATE** is rapidly becoming purified. For many years that body has been a gambling block in the way of all salutary reforms. It has been, and is now, the Sub-station of slavery. Every measure intended to strengthen the system of human chattelism has always received the approving smile of the national Senate. The people have demanded a higher tariff, but the Senate says no, because the slave power is opposed to increased protection, and that power controls the Senate.

We look in vain for the passage of a Pacific Railroad Bill, for the South will only consent to the Southern route. A large majority of the American people are in favor of a liberal homestead law, but the Senate throttles the measure. Kansas applies for admission, clothed in the garments of freedom, and honorable Senators, who have once, by their votes, decided that she had population enough for a slave State, now come to the conclusion that she has not a sufficient population for a free State!

Leocompton was eulogized, because it reflected the dark image of slavery; Wyandotte was anathematized, because it recognized the rights of men! "On, Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou fallen!"

But this is no time to be despondent. The U. S. Senate is slowly, but steadily, undergoing purification. Six years ago, there were only fourteen anti-slavery men in that body; now there are twenty-five. And on the 4th of March, 1861, Gov. Chase of Ohio, will take the place of George E. Fitch, a Republican, who will take the place of Wm. B. Fitch of Pennsylvania; at the same time, Graham N. Fitch of Indiana, will go out to make room for a Republican; Oregon will not be represented by such dirt-eaters as Jo Lane and Nelson Smith; instead, she will have a Republican (probably Col. E. Baker), and an anti-slavery democratic. And in 1863, Thompson of New Jersey, Rice of Minnesota, and Bright of Indiana, will, without doubt, be ex-Senators, and their seats filled with Republicans.

According to our calculation, on the 4th of March, 1861, there will certainly be twenty-nine Republicans in the U. S. Senate, and perhaps thirty. In 1863, there will probably be thirty-eight Republicans in that body.

No party ever had such glorious prospects as the Republican organization. Let it be true to its principles, and America will become a republic in fact as well as in name.

**Worcester, Egis.**

Up to Saturday morning week, twenty-one cows, bitten by a mad dog, exhibited symptoms of hydrophobia, in the vicinity of the Two Bridges, between Little Falls and Patterson, N. J. Of these nineteen have died. Ten other cattle were bitten by the same dog. The destruction caused by this one dog is estimated at fifteen hundred dollars.

**HOW TO DO IT.**—One of the writers' school-mates was always behind with his lessons. Upon one occasion his teacher, in an academy in which he had managed to obtain an entrance, was endeavoring to explain a question in arithmetic to him. He was asked, "Suppose you had one hundred dollars, and were to give away eighty dollars, how would you ascertain how much you had remaining?" His reply set teacher and scholars in a roar, for with his own peculiar drawing tone, he exclaimed, "Why, I'd count 'em!"

**STATE HORSE EXHIBITION.**—The Trustees of the Association incorporated by the last Legislature under the name of the 'Maine State Association for the Improvement of Horses,' have designated Augusta as the place of their First Annual Exhibition, and four days in the third week in September as the time, viz: the 18th, 19th 20th, and 21st.

**REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE.**—Volumes might be written to show the benefits resulting from the use of this Sovereign Remedy.—It has been tested, and in every case brought to our notice, it has speedily and effectually cured all kinds of cuts, wounds, burns, corns, &c. Sold everywhere for 25 cents a box.

A little boy three years old, was blessed with a new little sister. The day following he was required to be very still, and the reason given therefore, that his mother was very ill, and his sister too. He obeyed the law, and his sister too. In the course of the day, some playmates came to the house, & he rushed to the door, and putting his little finger up to check their noise, said, "Be very quiet, I have a tired—father who has walked all the way from Heaven to-day, and you must not disturb her."

**DEATH OF AN AGED PASTOR.**—Rev. John W. Ellingwood, D. D., of Bath, died in that city on Monday, at the age of a little more than 78 years. He was pastor of the North Church in Bath for more than thirty years, but resigned the situation about seventeen years since, and was succeeded by Rev. John O. Fiske. He was a native of Beverly, Mass.

**LAST APPEARANCE OF THE ZOUAVES.**—A drill by the Ching's Zouaves at the Wig-wam in that city on Tuesday evening is understood to have been their last appearance in a military capacity. The members propose to devote their time and talents exclusively to their private affairs hereafter.

**MARKETS.**

**Waterville Retail Prices.**

Flour	6 00 c 000	Beef, fresh	4 0 07
Corn	90 c 00	Pork, fresh	7 0 09
Oats	84 c 00	Pork, salt	10 0 12
Beans	1 00 c 150	Round Hog	7 0 8
Butter	17 c 00	Lard, tried	10 0 12
Cheese	10 c 12	Ham, cured	08 c 10
Apples, best	50 c 75	Ham, best	8 c 10
Apples, cooking	25 c 50	Salt, Liverpool	30 c 40
Apples, dried	8 c 10	Molasses	30 c 40
Potatoes	30 c 50	Syrup	50 c 60
Hay, loose	12 00 c 410	Turkeys	10 c 12
Rye	1 00 c 130	Chickens	8 c 10

**Brighton Market.—Aug. 23.**

At Market, 1200 Beef Cattle 6000 Sheep, 500 Swine. Cattle.—Sales in the market, 700 at 25¢; first quality 6 25 c 7 00, second 6 00 c 6 25, third 5 c 55.

**NOTICES.**

**WONDER OF THE AGE!**

**HERICK'S MATCHLESS PILLS TRIUMPHANT.**

**THE BENEFIT OF OUR ADVICE.**

**WIGS! WIGS! WIGS!**

**HAIR DYES! HAIR DYES! HAIR DYES!**

**HUNNEWELL'S TONIC AND ANODYNE.**

**ERUPTIONS, SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS.**

**DEATHS.**

**STRAWBERRIES.**

**NOTICE.**

**WATERVILLE ACADEMY.**

**INSTRUCTORS.**

**THE REASON WHY!**

**WE BUY FOR CASH.**

**SELL FOR CASH.**

**JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND.**

**DRUMMOND & WEBB.**

**NOTICE.**

**The Best and Cheapest Laborer on the**

**STEWARD STOVE!**

**THE STEWARD STOVE.**

**THE STEWARD STOVE.**

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**THE STEWARD STOVE.**

**Take them and Live!**

**HERICK'S SUGAR COATED PILLS.**

**HERICK'S SUGAR COATED PILLS.**

**HERICK'S SUGAR COATED PILLS.**

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**HERICK'S SUGAR COATED PILLS.**

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**CASH! CASH!! CASH!!!**



The Cash to Pay for  
**BOOTS, SHOES**  
*AND RUBBERS,*  
 I would say,  
 I have made large additions  
 (to my Stock)

AND, **AS NOW**  
Offering Greater Inducements  
than ever!

Every Kind and Style of  
**THICK CALF AND KIP BOOTS,**  
**YS. YOUTH'S, MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S**  
**COPPER-TIPPED BOOTS & SHOES,**  
**YS. BOYS' AND LADIES' RUBBER BOOTS,**  
**LADIES' SNOW AND WINTER BOOTS,**  
**YS. MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SERGE AND**  
**KID CONGRESS BOOTS,**

Every other article usually kept in a **First-Class Shoe Store**.

—ALSO—  
A Well-assorted Stock of  
**SHOE KIT AND FINDINGS.**  
Custom Work of all kinds made in the neatest manner.

(☞ REPAIRING done as usual)

Patrons will please call and examine my Goods, which  
now them with pleasure.

**S. T. MAXWELL,**  
At the Old Store  
Merrill, Oct. 1, 1869. 12

**American and Foreign Patents.**

**H. EDDY, SOLICITOR ON PATENTS,**  
Late Agent of U. S. Patent Office, Washington,  
under the Act of 1836.

U. S. State Street, Opposite Kirby Street, Boston.

Has an extensive practice of upwards of twenty years,  
attaches to secure Patents in the United States; also in  
England, France and America; and is authorized to take  
Applications, Bonds, Assignments, and All Papers: Draw  
Patents, executed on liberal terms, and with despatch.  
He has no interest in America or Foreign Patents, to determine  
idleness or utility of Patents or Inventions;—and legal ad-  
vice is given on all questions of Invention, and the validity of  
claims of any Patent furnished by remitting **One Dollar**

[illegible]

By **ROB. J. CULVERWELL, M. D.**


Important fact that the awful consequences of self-abuse are effectually removed without internal remedies or the use of the various applications of caustics, instruments, medicaments, and other empirical devices, is here clearly demonstrated—the entirely new and highly successful treatment, as effected by the caustic, is explained, by means of which every one is enabled to cure him- perfectly, and at not possible cost, thereby avoiding all the advertised nostrums of the day. This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands.

Under seal to any address, post paid, on the receipt of postage stamps, by addressing Dr. **GU. J. C. KLING, M. D.** First Avenue, New York, Post Box 4580. 1840

**JAMES WRIGHT**

**Consulor and Attorney at Law,**  
 CANNAN, Somerset Co., Maine.  
 Practice given if required.

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**WILLIAM N. FISHER,**  
 MANUFACTURER OF  
**FILES,**   
**CLINTON, ME.**  
*Files and Rasps ve cut and warranted Good.*  
 Orders from abroad promptly attended to.

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**GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.**  
**J. P. CAFFREY**  
 NOTICELY informs the citizens of Waterville and vicinity that he has purchased the stock in trade of ROBERT J. PRUHAL, on Main Street, one door north of J.B. Hall's; and having just returned from Boston with large lots of his former stock, he is not prepared to sell

*One of the Best Assortments*  
 to be found in town. He intends to keep constantly supplied with

**The Very Choicest Articles,**  
 will be sold for moderate profits, and delivered at a house  
 Village, **WATERVILLE, MAINE.** **C.A.F.F.R.E.Y.**

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**GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY.**  
**WATERVILLE, ME.**  
 BRADBURY & CO. OF NEW YORK, FRANK BROS. of the transaction of a **GENERAL INSURANCE BUSINESS**, prepared to negotiate and issue

**Policies on Life and Fire Insurance,**  
 on the most FAVORABLE TERMS,  
 of the most reliable Companies, both the State and Mutual principles.

Interest thereon from the composition and loss sustained by taking Policies from irresponsible parties, guaranteed that no Company which has an established reputation for ability and integrity will be reprobated an agency.

Persons desiring insurance are respectfully invited to call on subscriber who will gladly afford any information or facilities possible.

**J. B. BRADBURY.**  
 New York, February 1, 1869. **SW.**

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**A Card to the Ladies,**  
 Dr. Dupuenco's Golden Pectoral Food for Females, a combination of ingredients in Dr. Dupuenco's Golden Pills are perfectly harmless. They have been used in practice all over Dr. Dupuenco for over thirty years, and thousands of ladies have tried it, and never felt equal to almost every case in correcting irregularities, and taking pains in relieving menstruation, particularly at the change of life. From the use of this medicine that come

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