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MISCELLANY.

SCHOOLMASTER PUZZLED.

ODESSA, Sept. 9, 1886.
James Carruthers, Esq.,—Dear Sir:—I will take the
attention you offer me on the terms proposed, as you
know it to be my first experience in public school; but
I will do what I can.
Yours, Truly,
FRANK BLADGEN.

The letter would have gone to the long
home of business epistles many a month ago
but for a circumstance which occurred in the
course of the fourth week. An event having
no bearing upon the letter, as such, but upon
the engagement of which it was the clincher.
The school proved to be a turbulent one. The
district formed part of a rough country town
in Western Pennsylvania, where the Dutch
population was being perpetuated in genuine
Dutch boys and girls of all sizes.

At first Mr. Bladgen tried the milder meth-
ods. Carrying himself with composure and
dignity, he overlooked every offence it was
possible to ignore, substituting remonstrance
for correction, and trusting in his own equan-
imity, and the better sense of his pupils, to
bring about a gradual change in the temper
of the school.

At the end of the second week he became
conscious of rather a brief supply of patience.
The fact is, the fullest reservoir, will run dry
at length, under never ending leakages. I
think I shall have to take some of the big
boys down a notch or two before long.

'You don't look much like doin' it,' said the
head of the family.

'Why not?'

'I should say you didn't weigh mo'n a
hundred an' twenty to Bill Stokes's hundred an'
fifty, and Troup's hundred an' sixty,' rejoined
the statistical host.

Mr. Bladgen expressed the opinion that
some things were better than weight.

'What?'

'Why, science and stimulus.'

'Science is a good thing, I'll allow; but as
for stimulus, the less of that you drink the
better. Whiskey makes a man think he can
whip all creation; but he can't do half so
much as he can without it. Better let your
stimulus alone.'

'I mean the stimulus of determination—
the stimulus a man's brain puts into his mus-
cles.'

Mr. Carruthers shook his head dubiously.

'Don't know anything about that; but
you'd better look out for them boys. They're
desperate fellows.' Afterwards Mr. C., hap-
pening to look up, noticed a certain something
in Bladgen's eye and about his mouth that
made him think he might have underrated the
powers of the young master. The fact is
Bladgen had forgotten his breakfast for the
instant and was going through the fight in
imagination.

The third week went by without any decided
rupture. One thing was becoming clear how-
ever. The milder methods were failing in their
effect upon a certain portion of the school.

While the majority were catching the spirit of
self respect, were being made better and self
governing, a few were left upon which those
influences were quite powerless. They must
be met with other weapons.

It was now the fourth week. In the middle
of the forenoon, when the tap of the bell had
suggested the first movement of first class
in practical arithmetic, Bill Stokes sat doggedly
in his seat, looking up under his eyebrows
with a pair of eyes containing a large quantity
of devil.

'Take your place in the order, William.'

The master saw that this was the point of
conflict between himself and two or three
rather desperate and powerful characters.

'The unruly boys began to wink and nod
each other. The girls turned pale. The
smaller scholars began to cry.'

A wave of the hand arrested the class which
had risen to advance.

'Come forward, William.'

The stout fellow came into the floor.

'Did you intend to disobey me?'

'Yes.'

'Will you not be governed by the rules of
the school?'

'Not by a darned sight.'

The other boys laughed at this specimen of
brilliant insolence.

'There is the door, sir.'

'No you don't. I'm going to pound you in-
to a jelly fest,' and Bill Stokes turned up his
sleeves above his brawny wrists.

The young master remembered where he
was; and, turning to the big boys of the
school he asked, 'Fair play or foul?'

'Fair play,' said the chorus.

Thereupon Bill Stokes drew himself back
and leveled a heavy blow, being dodged by
the master, only cut the air. The next
moment he was flat on the floor. The contest
was not very unequal, however, for the big
boy was dogged and tough.

It is slightly difficult to carry one's self with
perfect self-possession through a contest of this
nature; for a stinging rap in the face is a pow-
erful quickener of the will, adding not a little
to the species of 'stimulus' to which Bladgen
had referred in the morning. He may have
carried the war too far. Perhaps he pursued
his advantage, after having virtually conquered.
At any rate a young girl sprang from her seat
and rushed between them, clasping the master's
arms and bursting into tears. The young
man's muscles relaxed, and, rising from his
prostrate antagonist, he lifted the girl to her
feet and became calm again.

This contest settled the question of supre-
macy. The young master thought it best, how-
ever, to follow it up with a definiteness and
strictness of rules. Hence, the next morning,
he quietly announced that whispering was
henceforth forbidden, and that the penalty of a
single violation would be a flogging upon the
back.

Two hours passed in great quietude.

'Buz-z-z-z' from a corner of the room.

The master looked up. All was still.

'Who whispered?'

No answer.

The master became stern.

'The scholar that whispered then, will
come forward and be punished.'

Sweeping his eye across that portion of the
school room, he could not positively detect the
culprit. A pale half-sickly face looked paler
than usual, but it could not be her. One face
was flushed and anxious, but it might be fear
for a friend. One little girl began to cry;
and one—the peace-maker of the previous day
—sat and looked into his eyes with a very
strange expression, but it couldn't be Mira;
and the master felt a sinking at the heart as
the possibility flashed upon him.

The poor sickly child laid her face upon the
desk and wept.

'The pupil who broke the rule will come
forward and be punished,' he repeated.

It was the master's turn to tremble now;
for Mira, looking like anything but a culprit—
pale, but with a sort of radiance in her sweet
face, rose in her seat and walked down the
aisle.

Poor Mr. Bladgen! When Bill Stokes
stalked out into the floor on the previous day
the master had half relinquished the prospective
conflict. But there was Mira, the light and
life of that village school—Mira—unclasping
the pale girl's arm from her little round waist,

and coming easily down the aisle, the little pink
spotted lawn rising under her throat with the
least possible flutter, and her eyes fixed on the
master, with a look that went to his soul.—
Mira?

Mr. Bladgen drew a deep breath, felt the
blood forsaking his face and rushing and eddy-
ing about his heart. He looked around the
school room. Every eye was upon him.

Mira held out her hand, and the drapery
elevator of pink lawn fell from an arm such as
artists watch for. The master held the tips
of the taper fingers, and lifted the rule.

While he poised the instrument in the breath-
less hush, the little hand twitched once with
the least possible nervousness. His eye for-
sook the hand and followed along the waist,
down the arm to the elbow. He now glanced
at the little round waist, and the eyes.

This was a dangerous journey for those eyes of his.
The ferule came down from its eyrie without
touching the hand.

'Take your seat, Mira.'

The master stepped to the desk and tapped
the bell. The books were put in their places.
Another tap, and the pupils defiled from the
room. The pale girl lingered by the desk, and
while they were marching out, murmured
through her sobs:

'It was me who whispered.'

'You?'

'Yes me; and Mira didn't whisper a bit.'

Bladgen sat at his desk when the schoolroom
was empty and still, and wrote Mr. Carruthers
another letter.

'Dear Sir,—I resign my situation to-day.
Yours, truly,
FRANK BLADGEN.'

Mira did not forget him while he was gone
as he knew very well, when he came back, the
moment he saw her and felt the flutter of her
little hand.

When he asked Mira to give him that little
hand, she was still a long, long time, but at
last looked up with an arch smile, and said:

'Won't you ferule it?'

The Spinning-Jenny.

Hargreaves was not an Apollo, but short
and broad, and more like a Dutch skipper than
the God of the silver bow; neither were his
curls anything like Jupiter's 'ambrosial' and
all that, but short, black, stubborn. So not
much headway have we made yet in finding a
hero for our poetry, but we will not give it up
yet. One night, perhaps it was 1764 and per-
haps later, James Hargreaves went down to an
inn, called the 'Pack Horse,' for a little ale
with a friend. Now there was a girl there,—
James was married already, so there is no
poetry here—a girl named Charlotte Marsden,
who was a spinner, and almost always at the
wheel. There chanced to be at the 'Horse'

that night, a gay young Manchester chap, de-
lighting in the flowery name of Harry Garland
—have we found our hero, do you think?—
and now, to go on by the book. 'Harry had
seated himself beside Charlotte Marsden,
where she was spinning at the further end of
the spacious kitchen.' Some who knew the
lofty spirit of the beautiful Charlotte, offered
to wager with Garland that he could not kiss
her.

The forward youth attempted the rash
act without hesitation, upon which she called
him an impudent moth; and rising indignantly,
overturned her spinning-wheel. It fell back-
ward. The spindle, which before had been
horizontal, the point towards the maiden's left
hand, stood upright.

The wheel which had been upright, and
turned by her right hand, (its band turned the
spindle) was now horizontal. It continued to
revolve in that position, and to turn the spin-
dle.

In a moment, a thought, an inspiration
of thought—fixed the eyes of Hargreaves upon
it while Garland pursued the indignant Char-
lotte out of the apartment. The company
followed, urging him to the renewal of his
rudeuess, which the more he tried to succeed,
the more he seemed to be baffled and humili-
ated. In their absence, James Hargreaves
turned the wheel with his right hand, it still
lying as it fell, and drawing the roving of
cotton with his left, saw that the spindle made
as good a thread standing vertically as it had
done horizontally. 'Then why,' aspiration
of thought suggested, 'should not many
spindles, all standing upright, all moved by a
band crossing them from the wheel, like this
single spindle, each with a bobbin on it, and a
roving of cotton attached, and something like
the finger and thumb which now take hold
of the one roving, to lay hold of them all,
and draw them backward from the spindles
into attenuated threads? Why should not
many spindles be moved, and threads be spun
by the same wheel and band which now spin
one?'

Hearing the company return, James Har-
greaves lifted the wheel to its feet, placed the
roving in its right place, and said:

'Sit down, Charlotte; let me see thee spin,
who can tell what may come of this?'

Then, after a pause and a reflection that he
should retain his new ideas as secrets of his
own at present, he continued:

'Thou may be his wife; more unlikely
things have happened; it will be a fine thing
to be lady of all old Billy Garland will leave
some day.'

'Wife, indeed!' interjected the vexed maid-
en; 'the moth! Wife, indeed! Who would be
wife to it?'

'Well,' said James, 'be that as it may; but
I must go whom; my wife thinks whom the
best place for me, and I think so myself.'

So Hargreaves went home, and a neighbor's
boy going by, two or three hours later, ob-
served a light in the window. They were
plain people thereaway, and a little inquisi-
tive, though not Yankees, and so the boy crept
up to the window and looked in. There stood
our James Hargreaves, the weaver, motionless.

Suddenly he dropped on his knee, and rolled
on the stone floor at full length. He lay
with his face towards the floor, and made lines
and circles with the end of a burnt stick. He
took hold of his bristly hair with one hand, and
rubbed his forehead and nose with the other,
and the blackened stick. Then he sat upon
the chair, and placed his head between his
hands, his elbows on his knees, and gazed in-
tently upon the floor. Then he sprang to his
feet, and replied to some feeble question of his
wife, (who had not risen since the day she
gave birth to a little stranger,) by a loud as-
surance that he had it; and taking her in his
sturdy arms, he lifted her out, and held her
over the black drawings on the floor. These
he explained, and she joined a small, happy,
hopeful laugh, with his high-toned assurance
that she should never again play; and his
loom stand for want of wool. She asked some

questions, which he answered, after seating
her in her arm chair, by laying her spinning
wheel on its back, the horizontal spindle stand-
ing vertically, while he made the wheel revolve
and drew a roving of cotton from the spindle
into an attenuated thread.

'Our fortune is made when that is made,'
he said, speaking of the drawing on the floor.

'What will you call it?' asked his wife.

'Call it? Why, we can call it after thy-
self, Jenny. They called thee 'Spinning Jen-
ny,' afore I had thee, because thou beat every
lass in Stone Moor at the wheel. What if we
call it Spinning Jenny?'

And so the Spinning Jenny—Spinning Jen-
ny the second—was born and named that night,
and wrapped up in the story, our readers will
find the poetry.—[B. F. Taylor.

How a Rough Heart was Won.

Dr. Arnold, in the Rugby School, often re-
quired the reform of refractory pupils by trust-
ing them. This is happily illustrated in the
recent work entitled, 'School Days at Rugby.'

The story is founded on fact.

Tom Brown, the hero, after two years of
comparative idleness and disorder, is converted
into a confident friend and a supporter of dis-
cipline, purely by the confidence of his teacher,
and the delightful exhibition of youthful piety
in a delicate little boy entrusted to his guard-
ianship.

Brown had been famous for fishing and hunt-
ing on forbidden ground, and had been often
reprimanded and sometimes flogged for misde-
meanors. But Dr. Arnold discovered a noble
nature beneath his rough exterior. He deter-
mined to develop his good qualities. He there-
fore placed under his care, as a room-mate, a
timid, feeble lad, who had just entered school,
and who could hardly make his way among the
rude boys without a protector. Brown felt at
once the responsibility of his new position, and
determined not to disappoint the confidence
of his teacher. Rough as he was, he was
melted by the kind and loving deportment of
his ward.

A scene in the hall, containing twelve beds
where the younger pupils slept with their over-
seers, reveals the first rising of virtuous resolu-
tion in the soul of Tom Brown. His room-
mate, Arthur, after a whispered request for
leave to wash his face and hands before retir-
ing, in obedience to the instructions of his
mother knelt in prayer. The scene is thus
described: 'On went the talk and laughter.
Arthur finished his washing and undressing,
and put on his night-gown. He then looked
round more nervously than ever. Two or
three of the little boys were already in bed,
sitting up with their chins on their knees.—
The light burned clearly, the noise went on.
It was a trying moment for the poor lonely
boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom
what he might or might not do, but dropped
on his knees by the bed-side, as he had done
every day from his childhood, to open his heart
to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the
sorrows of the tender child and of the strong
man in agony.'

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed un-
lacing his boots, so that his back was towards
Arthur, and as he didn't see what had happened
he looked up in wonder at the sudden silence.
Then two or three boys laughed and sneered,
and a big, brutal fellow who was standing in
the middle of the room picked up a slipper and
threw it at the kneeling boy, calling him a sniv-
eling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole,
and the next moment the boot he had just pulled
off flew straight at the head of the bully,
who had just time to throw up his arm and
catch it on his elbow.

'Confound you, Brown, what is that for?'

roared he, stamping with pain.

'Never mind what I mean,' said Tom, step-
ping on the floor, every drop of blood in his
body tingling; 'if any fellow wants the other
boot, he knows how to get it.'

Tom thus frightened the scoffer and conquer-
ed himself. It was the turning point in his
history. While he protected his good-principled
ward, the boy became his guide, teacher and
friend.

DYSPEPSIA AND CONSTIPATION.—This dis-
ease is not to be cured by medical prescrip-
tions got from books. You must get at the
cause and remove it. Of a dozen dyspepsics
scarcely two may be affected alike. In many
cases, abuse of the stomach is doubtless the
source of the trouble. All aperient pills in-
crease the weakness which causes the com-
plaint; to this rule there is no exception. All
nostrums and patent medicines of whatever
pretensions, are injurious. In no case can
any relief be obtained from their use.

Whoever uses tobacco or malt liquors, or
other constant stimulant, or even coffee, and
finds symptoms of indigestion, must first aban-
don these habits; and it will be time enough
to think of active remedial treatment when it
is found that the disease is not then removed.
Whoever has a troubled mind, or is confined
to monotonous toil without exercise of labor
or bodily recreation, and finds himself dyspep-
tic, must first seek relief by correcting these
causes; for so long as they exist, pampering
the disease, medicine can be of no avail.

If there be any drain upon the vital powers
in any direction, beyond healthful moderation,
it must be checked before we can hope to re-
turn to the digestive organs the vigor of which
they are robbed. No doctor's stuff can supply
the natural forces which only the vital chem-
istry of the living body can create. Like in-
toxicating spirits, dyspeptic medicines may for
the moment exhilarate a patient and make him
feel great things; but, afterwards, they each
make the trouble greater than before.

Beware of tea and toast, and such like diet
as remedies for dyspepsia. These do but im-
pose unreasonable tasks upon impaired diges-
tion. What is wanted is exactly the opposite
regimen, namely, food that is small in bulk
and rich in substantial nutriment; something
which, with the least exertion of power, the
stomach can turn into rich blood to relieve the
poverty of the fluids. Rare beefsteak, for in-
stance, not fried in a pan of fat and sole-leath-
ered, but quickly embrowned on a grid-iron,
and served up with the oozing juices of red life;
and if fluid accompaniment is desired, let us
try port wine, weakened to suit the strength of
the organs, but rather reduced in quantity than
watered much.

Brain-dress is of no account in this disease.
It is excellent for constipation, if used now and
then, but not continuously. We must discrimi-
nate between these complaints. In constipa-
tion, often, the digestion is even super-excel-
lent, and the torpor of the bowels, which occa-
sions the trouble, is due to the too thorough

absorption of the liquid parts of our food,
leaving a residuum too dry and rigid to be
freely moved forward through the curvatures
of the lower bowels. The most distressing
affliction grows out of the impaction of matter
in the colon from this cause, giving dull pains
which banish sleep and good humor. Pills are
not the remedy for this distress, but tepid or
cold water injections, which readily reach the
colon, and by supplying moisture, bring
away the obstruction. This treatment, though
not a cure but a temporary relief, secures from
distension of the bowel, which weakens its
muscular power and promotes costiveness;
and it also prevents it by dislodging, frequently
remnants which often lie impacted in the colon
for years, causing all sorts of distressing feel-
ing.—[Sc. Amer.

THE BEST WAY TO ENDURE MATRIMONY.—
Timothy Titcomb says:

I suppose there is a modicum of romance
in most natures, and that if it gathers about
any event it is that of marriage. Most people
marry their ideals. There is more or less
fictitious and fallacious glory resting upon the
head of every bride which the inchoate hus-
band believes in. Most men and women
manufacture perfection in their mates by a
happy process of their imaginations, and then
marry them. This, of course, wears away.

By the time the husband has seen his wife
eat heartily of pork and beans, and with her
hair frizzled, and her oldest dress on, full of
the enterprise of overhauling things, he sees
that she belongs to the same race as himself,
and she, when her husband gets up cross in
the morning, and undertakes to shave himself
with cold water and a dull razor, while his
suspenders dangle at his heels, begins to see
that man is a prosaic animal. In other words,
there is such a thing as a honeymoon, of longer
or shorter duration; and while the moonshine
lasts, the radiance of the seventh heaven can-
not compare with it. It is a very delicious
little delirium—a febrile mental disease, which,
like the measles, never returns.

When the honeymoon passes away, setting
behind dull mountains, or dipping silently into
the stormy sea of life, the trying hour of
marriage life has come. Between the parties
there are no more illusions. The feverish
desire of possession has gone, and all excite-
ment has receded. Then begins or should be-
gin the business of adaptation. If they find
they do not love one another as they thought
they did, they should double their assiduous
attempts to one another, and be jealous of
everything which tends in the slightest way to
separate them. Life is too precious to be
thrown away in secret regrets or open differ-
ences. And let me say to every one to whom
the romance life has fled, and who are dis-
contented in the slightest degree with their
condition—and relations, begin this work of
reconciliation before you are a day older.

Renew the attentions of earlier days. Draw
your hearts close together. Talk the thing
all over. Acknowledge your faults to one
another, and determine that henceforth you
will be all in all to each other; and, my word
for it, you shall find in your relation the sweet-
est joy earth has for you. There is no other
way for you to do. If you are happy at
home you must be happy abroad; the man or
woman who has settled down upon the con-
viction that he or she is attached for life to an
uncongenial yoke-fellow, and that there is no
way of escape, has lost life, there is no effort
too costly to make which can restore to his
setting upon the bosom the missing pearl.

PRUDENCE.—Prudence, ladies and gentle-
men, prudence! But what is prudence? Not
meanness—not to possess a niggardly disposi-
tion. To be prudent is not to be wasteful; but
to save everything you can for your own and
others' use—a pin and a penny, a crust of
bread and a potato, a scrap of paper and an
inch of cloth. This disposition is far removed
from parsimony, and is a virtue which all
should appreciate. It is painful to witness the
waste in some families. Large pieces of
bread are suffered to mould, and are then
given to the hogs; potatoes become sour and
are useless; and the leavings of a good meal
to day are thrown away, when they might
answer for to-morrow's dinner. With such
people it is waste, waste, nothing but waste.—
Wood is lavishly thrown upon the fire, chairs
and tables are broken, and from the garret to
the cellar the house looks as if some stray bolt
of lightning had been wandering about.

We love economical people—we do sincerely,
and never have we had reason to complain of
their meanness. Everything about their dwell-
ings looks neat and tidy, and when you sit
down to a meal you can eat comfortably, with-
out thinking of the peck of dirt.

Our young men and women miss it sadly
when they expend so much upon their persons.
Every week or two they want something new,
before their old garments are half worn out.
They must learn prudence, or at some future
date will sit on their door-steps.

We have in our household (writes a friend
from Hartford), a youngster of three years,
who not infrequently is the author of some
knotty questions, but who, nevertheless, is al-
ways ready with reasons for his interrogations,
as may be seen from the subjoined colloquy.
Sitting by his mother's side, one evening last
week, he quietly broke forth, with—

'Mother did father ask you to marry him?'

Receiving an affirmative answer he continued:

'Well, what did he say?'

'Oh, I have almost forgotten,' replied his
mother, 'but why do you ask?'

'Because,' said he, 'I want to know what
I say when I'm a man!'

'I think this was preparing to "pop the
question" early.—[Knickerbocker.

NEW WAY OF GETTING A LIVING.—Cole-
man, in his work on butterflies, gives the fol-
lowing description: 'A deadly enemy to the
whole race of caterpillars is ever on the alert,
winding about in the shape of a small black
fly, in search of an exposed and defenceless
caterpillar. Having first selected her victim,
the fly pierces his body with a sharp cutting
instrument she is armed with, and in the wound
deposits an egg; the caterpillar winces a little
at this treatment, but seems to attach but little
importance to it. Meanwhile his enemy re-
peats his thrusts until some thirty or forty
eggs, germs of the destroyers, are safely lodged
in his body, and his doom is certain beyond
hope. The eggs quickly hatch into grubs,
who begin to gnaw away at the unhappy crea-
ture's flesh, thus reducing him gradually, but
by a profound instinct, keeping clear of the
vital organs, as if knowing full well that the

creature must keep on feeding and digesting,
too; or their own supply would speedily fail,
just as assurably, while draining a client, keep
up his credit with the world as long as they
can. Weaker grows the caterpillar, as the
gnawing worms within grow stronger and
nearer maturity; sometimes he has strength
left to take the chrysalis shape, but out of this
he never comes a butterfly; the consuming
grubs now finish vitals and all, turn to pupae
in his empty skin, and come out soon black
flies, like the parent.

A LETTER FROM THOMAS HOOD.—The
following letter from Hood to a young friend
at the sea side, is a pleasant instance of the
genial humor in which he could devote him-
self to the amusement of a child, as well as to
chasing away the fumes of care from older
brows. It is from his recently published Memo-
irs:

MY DEAR MAY—How do you do, and how
do you like the sea? not much perhaps, it's 'so
big.' But shouldn't you like a nice little ocean
that you could put in a pan? Yet the sea,
although it looks rather ugly at first, is very
useful, and, if I were near it this dry summer,
I would carry it all home to water the garden
with at Stratford, and it would be sure to drown
all the blights, May-flies and all! I remember
that when I saw the sea, it used sometimes to
be very fussy and fidgety, and did not always
wash itself quite clean; but it was very fond
of fun. Have the waves never run after you
yet and turned your little shoes into pumps
full of water? If you want a joke you might
push Dunnie into the sea, and then fish for
him as they do for a Jack. But don't go in
yourself, and don't let the baby go in and
swim away, although he is the shrimp of the
family.

Did you ever taste the sea-water? The
fishes are so fond of it they keep drinking it
all the day long. Dip your little finger in, and
then suck it to see how it tastes. A glass of
it, warm, with sugar, and a grate of nutmeg,
would quite astonish you! The water of the
sea is so saline, I wonder nobody catches salt
fish in it. I should think a good way would
be to go out in a butter-boat, with a little
melted for sauce. Have you been bathed yet
in the sea, and were you afraid? I was the
first time and the time before that; and dear
me, how I kicked and screamed—or at least
meant to scream, but the sea, ships and all
began to run into my mouth, and so I shut it
up. I think I see you being dipped in the
sea, screwing your eyes up, and putting your
nose, like a button, into your mouth, like a
buttonhole, for fear of getting another smell
and taste! By the by, did you ever dive
your head under water with your legs up
in the air like a duck, and try whether you could
cry 'Quack?' Some animals can! I would
try, but there is no sea here, and so I am forced
to dip into books.

I wish there were such nice green hills here
as there are at Sandgate. They must be very
nice to roll down, especially if there are no
furze-bushes to prick one at the bottom!—
Do you remember how the thorns stuck in us
like a pen-north of mixed pins at Wanstead?
I have been very ill, and am so thin now I
could stick myself into a prickly. My legs in
particular are so wasted away that somebody
says my pins are only needles; and I am so
weak, I dare say you could push me down on
the floor, and right through the carpet, unless
it was a strong pattern. I am sure if I were
at Sandgate, you could carry me to the post-
office, and fetch my letters.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, & DANIEL H. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 20, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to MAXHAM & WING, or EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.

Our Neutrality.

It was Cooper, and not the Eastern Mail, who gave the world the "Tale of the Neutral Ground." We know no such ground, and would not set our foot upon it if we did; and of course we are more than half amused when charged with violating our neutrality by expressing an opinion in political matters that does not harmonize with each and all of the half dozen parties into which the country is divided. Who wants a neutral newspaper?—or who, with half a heart or soul in his body, could conduct one and not be ashamed of his work? Is it men or measures, sections or principles, that mark party lines? And did anybody ever read the Mail a month without learning that it advocated freedom against slavery, and temperance against drunkenness?—that it goes for the restriction of slavery to its present bounds, against the Douglas scheme for working it into the territories, or the Breckinridge principle of letting it loose to work its way over the whole world and who are they of who only learn now, when we come to speak of men who are to be the exponents of these several antagonisms, that we are setting our foot on forbidden ground?—that having somewhere or at some time voluntarily tied our own hands, we are exercising the right of untying them against somebody's bidding?

We know it hurts to rap one's knuckles when the skin is off—as it does to chafe him in his politics when his nerves are up, just before election. So we labor steadily, in the beginning of the campaign and through it, to be prepared with hard and sound hands for the tug of war; and we marvel when we find that those who have stood by our side to the last quarter, protest us when we give our platform a name, and point out the man to demonstrate it. Does this change the principle?—and who then goes for mere men? We say slavery is a wrong to the slave, an injury to the state that tolerates it, and a burden to the master who suffers it. So say all our readers. We say we don't know how to abolish it, and so say they. Finally we add, that such an evil ought not to be suffered to grow upon us, but should be compelled to pause where it is till we can see what is to be done. In this, too, we all agree. Now here are the principles—where's the man adapted to them? We say Lincoln, and violate our neutrality! What should we violate if we said Douglas?

In the leading point that divides the several parties we are republican. We believe slavery to be a wrong that should not have an inch of ground not already pledged to it; and that all the pledges and compromises to which the slave states are a party should be faithfully met by the free states. Then, inquire our republican friends, why not hang out your banner? Our banner is principle, and has been waving on our outer wall during all this campaign. No man's name can add to it. Men change, but principles remain the same. If we commit ourselves to names, either of men or parties, we may go astray; while we follow principles we remain true to our own convictions. We are republican to day, and hope to be to-morrow, because we expect that party to adhere to its present faith and position; but we would not place ourselves in circumstances to feel constrained to defend either its whims or its errors, as we might if we pinned its badges to our garments. The democrats of to-day are not the democrats of the past, and the republicans of this campaign may be the champions of slavery in the next. We would be in a position to see their faults as well as their virtues, and give them admonition as well as applause. We know we lose their patronage, but we shall in time win their approbation. If not we are sure of our own.

So reader, if you have supposed us to be "neutral in politics," unlearn your error.—We claim the right we concede to you, to speak our own convictions. To find our party, look for those who act for the principles and measures we advocate.

OUR FAIR.—Tuesday and Wednesday, the 22nd and 23rd days of October, are assigned for the Fair of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society at this place. The trustees have tho't it good economy to condense the exhibition to two days, and expect to add to its interest as well as its income by so doing.

Tuesday will be devoted to an examination of horses and all other animals, in the forenoon, and a trial of strength and discipline of oxen at 2 o'clock P. M.; the Fair opening at Town Hall in the evening, with the attendance of a Band of Music.

On Wednesday, at 9 o'clock, there will be a trial of speed of horses at the Park. At 2½ P. M. there will be an address, by a member of the society, at Town Hall, to be followed by reports of committees. The Hall will be open to visitors during the day.

The arrangements promise an exhibition of the usual varieties and of much interest.

SECTIONAL.—The Republican party is stigmatized as sectional, not because its sentiments and principles are not cherished in thousands of honest hearts in every State of our Union, but because, under the tyranny of Slavery, an open expression of these sentiments is not permitted. Let free speech be permitted, a free press be established, and a

handsome republican vote would be polled in every Southern State; but Slavery would be doomed, and the Slaveryocracy know it. Why is there no electoral ticket run in the Slave States? The item below will give a hint of one of the "whys."

A man in Vicksburg, Miss., expressed himself in favor of Mr. Lincoln. What happened to him is thus narrated by the Vicksburg Sun: "When last heard of, the Lincolnite who gave his opinions an airing so freely in our city on Monday, and who for so doing was sent adrift on the Mississippi river, after being well tarred, was about twenty miles from here, slowly progressing towards New Orleans, in mid river. A stout cord and a strong limb is the only fit punishment for such incendiaries of evil."

Cleaning Teeth.

Why should Teeth be cleaned?—Manifestly, so that the food lodged between them, in the interstices, and carious places in their crowns, together with the salivary in the soft tartar which is about their necks, should not injure them by souring.

How often should the Teeth be cleaned?—In some mouths, five minutes time is sufficient to generate an acid, while in others, no perceptible change would take place in hours; the time varying with the constitution, and manner of living of the individual. Let them be cleaned often enough to satisfy the individual's idea of cleanliness. [Those who have no idea on this subject connected with their mouths, would observe no fixed rules. I should say to them clean your teeth as often as you would your face and hands.]

How should Teeth be cleaned?—Thoroughly, yet so as not to injure the gums, or the enamel of the crowns. If hard tartar has collected, they should be thoroughly cleaned by a dentist's instruments and polished, then follow rules given.

With what should Teeth be cleaned?—With a good stiff brush. (A soft brush, or rag is worse than useless.) Grease acts upon the membranes of the mouth like an acid; it comports like an acid in the chemist's laboratory. Soap is an acid and an alkali united together in lawful marriage; forming a neutral compound; but so accommodating is the stearic acid in the soap, that it gives up a portion of its alkali, to any acid of any kind, with which it may be brought in contact. Therefore, if greasy food has been eaten, soap will be indispensable. (Lowe's old Brown Windsor I prefer, having tried many kinds.) Also if hard tartar, or soft tartar collects, or if troubled with indigestion, or decayed teeth, or imperfect fillings, then soap should be used before breakfast. Any discolorations upon the teeth which the soap and brush will not remove, may be removed by Tripoli, which should be applied by means of a piece of soft wood, so sharpened as to bring the Tripoli in contact with that part of the tooth, desirable to be cleaned, and that only.—This substance will not injure the teeth, and can be readily removed by the brush and water after you have cleaned the teeth sufficiently with it.

A DENTIST.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. Walter Wells, Esq., of Portland, will commence a course of lectures on Physical Geography, at the Town Hall, this (Thursday) evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock. Five lectures will be given in all, the others to follow on the 22d, 24th, 26th and 28th inst. The price of tickets for the course is put at 50 cents; tickets admitting two persons to a single lecture 25 cents; single tickets for the same, 15 cts. From the well known ability and high reputation of the lecturer, we judge there will be a full house every evening.

UP AND DOING.—A sleepy "Wide-Awake" is a misnomer, and our neighbors at the west village as well as Winslow and Kendall's Mills, seem disposed to look it out of countenance. The former made a demonstration on Tuesday after the election, by a promenade, illuminations, firing of cannon, &c. On Tuesday evening last they made a flying visit to this village, and were met by a lively company from Winslow. They were received by their political kindred here, and under the lead of Waterville Band took their march through our streets. They finally paid their respects to Joseph Percival, Esq., our representative elect, at his residence on Sherwin st., who addressed them briefly, but much to their satisfaction.

The Wide Awakes of W. Waterville are doing their legitimate duty, and don't intend to take their nap till the work is fully completed in November. Their example is a safe one to follow.

MR. E. O. PERRIN.—This gentleman, who came down east in the train of Douglas, and who was heralded as a Southerner, stumped this State for his master. He spoke in our place, and afforded us a good deal of amusement, by his easy, off-hand speech, and happy manner of telling a story. When he advised the people to "dismiss their prejudices against Southerners," which was another way of asking them to stifle their honest convictions as to the wickedness of slavery, they simply "Pooh-poohed," and waited for another good story. His own political associates were "gammed" by the fellow, though, for he turns out to be no distinguished Southerner, after all; only a soldier of fortune—who has temporarily attached himself to the Douglas faction for pay. An extract from the Brooklyn Eagle gives us his exact measure and a revelation of his antecedents:—

Our readers will be amused at this display of Mr. Perrin, who will be known at once as the Know-Nothing chieftain who was one of the Angel Gabriel's leaders, when that celestial visitant made his appearance in these parts. Since that time he has been turning up in all sorts of unexpected places, but always inside of the State of New York, now for Fillmore, then for anybody who would tolerate his damaging support.—The Know-Notthings did not appreciate his merits, but felt a proper degree of contempt for him, and it appears that he now comes forth in the character of a Southern supporter of Mr. Douglas. If Perrin was ever in Tennessee, it must have been more than ten years ago, for he has been "boxing the com-

pass," for at least that period, in this State, having his roosting place in the city of Brooklyn.

This individual is now "Mr. E. O. Perrin, of Tennessee," and therefore a Southern supporter of Mr. Douglas. He is a fair specimen of the pretended Southern advocates of Douglas; of the tools the Douglas faction put forward to abuse the South. He might just as well write himself down of South Africa as of Tennessee; if he ever sojourned in Tennessee he left that State for the State's good many years ago. The Democrats of this city will recollect Mr. Perrin as the Know-Nothing candidate for the assembly, in 1856, against the Democratic candidate, the late Mr. Mulligan, and his being elected almost unanimously to stay at home. He was also a member of the Know Nothing County Committee until the party died, and sat by the corpse long after the other mourners departed.

SPIRIT OF THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.—An overwhelming political defeat is always submitted to with much better grace; than where the overriding majority is small; and thus we see that the Democrats in our State, though they failed to carry the election have not lost their temper, but bear their reverses with great good humor. That old bruiser, the Argus, says, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours;" the Belfast Journal pretends to be a little irritated, and talks about the democratic voters being bought up in large numbers, but that is to "comfort the mourners" and save its prophetic reputation from utter shipwreck; we'll bet Simpson snickered when he penned the following item:

We indignantly submit to that persistent organ grinder that it is bad enough to be beaten in the election without having "Old Dog Tray" whined under the window by the hour together.

Gilman, of the Bath Times—that vivacious wag and rough joker, is running over with good humor, as though being soundly flogged, politically, was the pleasantest sport imaginable.—Hear him:

There is a strong presumption that Israel Washburn Jr., will be the next Governor of Maine. The returns from the "rural districts" and "Muscle Ridge" will settle the question.

Strong suspicions exist that the Bell-Everett Senatorial candidates in this District and the Bell-Everett candidate for Congress, are not elected. If we hear of the election of the democratic candidates we will issue an extra containing the news. The Connecticut editors are rejoicing in the reception of baskets of peaches, while the poor knights of the quill and scissors in these dignities are obliged to subsist on red herrings and republican sass.

GOOD.—Perkins is the banner town of Democracy. She has increased her Democratic vote two hundred per cent. Last year it was 2, now it is 6! Hip, hip, hurrah!

But although marvellously good humored Republican-ward, isn't he savage when he comes to speak of the other wing of the harmonious democracy, and don't he let himself out with a looseness?

OBEYING INSTRUCTIONS.—A call appears in the Bangor Union, signed by Moses MacDonald, Collector of Portland, for a State Convention of Bolters to nominate a Breckenridge electoral ticket. That is right. We hope every traitor to democracy in the State will be pushed up to the sticking-point, and compelled to choose whether, hereafter, he will worship in the true Faith or go after false gods. Never was a better time to weed out the party, and separate the wheat from a miserable sprinkling of cockles.

That navy, scurrious sheet, the Bangor Union, copies the low blackguardism got off by the republican papers about Douglas. The paper talks of the 120 electoral votes of the South now being rendered sure for Breckenridge. The editor of that paper is not a fool; it would be ungentlemanly to call him a knave, yet only a knave or fool would give utterance to such a sentiment.

The dirty whelp who edits the Bangor Union thus speaks of the congressional contest in the first district: "It was the old fight of skunk and hedge-hog—of little consequence to the democracy which whiffed."

One of the fellows who read our paper out of the democratic party the other day, and who is reported recently to have said the party will never have peace till Gilman is dead, actually owes us for the suit of clothes, or a portion of them, in which he professed to experience religion!

MUSICAL CONVENTION.—The Penobscot Musical Convention will hold its thirteenth annual session in Norumbeg Hall, Bangor, commencing on Tuesday, Oct. 23d, at 9 o'clock A. M., and continuing in session four days. Prof. B. F. Baker, of Boston, will act as musical director, assisted by Mr. S. Wilder, of Bangor, Mrs. Minnie Little, of Boston, and F. S. Davenport, Pianist. Tickets of admission to the course, \$1.

NEW MUSIC.—The following pieces of new music have just been received from Oliver Ditson & Co., the well known Boston publishers:—

My Booby Bark: Song. Music by W. A. Smailth.

The Merry Mountain Maid: Ballad. By Stephen Glover.

Jan's dying: Ballad. Words by Hattie S. L. German.

Music by L. W. Wheeler.

Do you think of the days that are gone, Jennie? Ballad. By Henry Smart.

The Death of Love: A Musical Tableau. By N. P. Curtis.

The above will be found at the bookstore of C. K. Mathews.

A Chicago paper, in a notice of the Sherman House, a large hotel in process of erection in that city, states that it is covered with "Barrett's Felt and Composition Roofing," and takes occasion to make honorable mention of the contractors who are applying it.—Messrs. Barrett and Arnold—two young men who have secured an excellent reputation and a good business by their energy, skill, and faithfulness. The junior member of this firm is Mr. W. H. Arnold, a Waterville boy, and we are pleased to see this recognition of his good qualities in his new home.

A general Italian war is certainly imminent now, if not inevitable. A recent letter from Europe says:

Of scarcely any future event can we utter a prediction with less doubt than of an almost immediate war between Sardinia backed by all Italy, and the Emperor of Austria. This

now seems to be inevitable. There can be no doubt that Sardinia is making the most extraordinary preparations for the approaching struggle. France and England will not consent to Austria's interfering in Italy at the present time, because she has not the right, according to the treaty of Villafranca, to do so. But they cannot prevent her from invading Sardinia, in case the latter chooses to go to war with her. This it is now pretty clear she is quite determined to do. In that case the contest will be between Italy (united, it is to be hoped,) and the Empire of Austria. It is not likely that France and England will allow Germany or Russia to interfere in favor of Austria, if either should be disposed to do so.

It is a serious thing to contemplate the approach of war, especially inevitable war, when it is certain to assume large dimensions—as that of which we are speaking would be likely to do. There is a bare possibility that two causes may be sufficient to prevent this impending struggle; one is the persuasion of France and England, the other the fear that Austria may have of an uprising of the Hungarians. Such a movement in the land of the Magyars would most certainly take place. The next few weeks will bring us startling news.

REPRESENTATIVES IN KENNEBEC COUNTY.

—Republicans.—Waterville, Joseph Percival, Augusta, James G. Blaine, Jos. P. Wyman, Litchfield, Josiah True, Hallowell, E. Rowell, Gardiner, Wm. Perkins, Windsor, Elias Perkins, Vassalboro', Wm. P. Whitehouse, Albion, Otis M. Sturtevant, Belgrade, Thos. Rollins, Mount Vernon, Washington Blake, Winthrop, F. E. Webb, Democrats.—Pittston, W. H. Moore—gain. Clinton, Wm. Lamb.

BOARDING SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

The annual exhibition of the Eaton Boarding School for Boys, on Kent's Hill, will be held in the Brick Chapel at Readfield Corner, on Thursday, 27th inst., at six o'clock, P. M. The exercises will consist of Prize Declamations, Dialogues and Music. Prof. Haskell will furnish the vocal music, and the Mt. Vernon Cornet Band will escort the school from the Hill to the Chapel, and play several pieces during the evening. The occasion will no doubt be an interesting one and call out a large attendance of the patrons and friends of the School.

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC FOR 1861

has just made its appearance and is for sale at all the bookstores in the country. Founded in 1793 by Robert B. Thomas, it has been continued to the present time, never failing to mark the years as they roll round and present its annual offering of useful and entertaining facts, figures and funny fancies.

Complete census returns of New Hampshire have been furnished. The population numbers 325,175. In 1850 it was 317,964—The increase is 8211, or a little more than two and a half per cent.

THE LAKE CALAMITY.—The horrible

calamity caused by the collision of Steamer Lady Elgin with a schooner, has directed attention to inquiry concerning the boat. The following information is furnished by the New York Journal of Commerce:

The Lady Elgin was a large, staunch and elegantly furnished steamer, plying between Chicago and Lake Superior, and occasionally making "excursion" trips to all the principal landing places on the south shore, as far as Superior City. Capt. Wilson, her commander, was ranked among the first lake Captains, both for efficiency and affability; this circumstance has served to attract to the Lady Elgin the best class of pleasure travel, which this season on the lakes has embraced many influential and opulent citizens from all parts of the country.

Shepherd Cary in a new number of his "Thistle Extirminator," thus speaks of the Breckenridge men who organized a representative caucus in the Linneus district:—

The chairman of the Committee on Credentials was one of the bogus delegates from Linneus, and has been under an indictment in this County for horse stealing. Their principal orator, another bogus delegate, is a late graduate of a State institution, where he has been maintained gratis, on account of his inability to distinguish correctly between other people's property and his own.

THE CUBAN SLAVE TRADE.—Francisco Semano, Governor-General of Cuba, has addressed a circular to the Governors in the different districts of the island, directing them to use all their authority to put a stop to the landing and sale of cargoes of Africans. He says:

"The simple fact of a cargo of Africans being landed will be deemed sufficient cause to suspend any public functionary who may not use every exertion, and employ all the means which the laws place at his command, in order to avoid or prevent the said landing—whether it is from neglect or from any other cause—subjecting him besides to the decision of the proper tribunals in case that his behavior or conduct should give cause to suspect his honesty in such cases."

We would call attention to the advertisement of Mr. E. W. Dennison, who has thoroughly systematized the little article of merchandise, Tags, having over 150 varieties and patterns for every conceivable use.

The State Fair commences at Portland on Tuesday next, to continue four days.

THE HORSE SHOW at Augusta is said to be well attended. It closes Friday.

The Mayor and Aldermen yesterday examined 45 packages of liquor which had been seized by the City Marshal and decreed forfeited by the Police Court, and they ordered that 20 of said packages, being unfit for medicinal or mechanical purposes, be destroyed. The remaining 25, being deemed fit for such purposes, were sent to the City Engineer, and the casks, jugs, &c., were sold to Geo. Wellington. The amount of fines and costs which have been paid by the owners of said liquors, is more than \$300.—[Bangor Whig.]

SAVED BY HIS DRUM. The Drummer boy of the Milwaukee Light Guard was on board the ill-fated steamer Lady Elgin, and was saved by means of his drum. He had presence of mind sufficient to whistle a plug and close the air vent, and then lashing the drum to his shoulders, he trusted himself to the waves. The drum supported him, and also four others who seized hold of it; but these, one after another, dropped off.

A Lesson for Young Men.

"I don't drink because I love it; I only drink for the fun of the thing." How many young men have said this and yet have gone to the drunkard's grave. Week before last we published an account of our youthful experience in "hooking apples," and what resulted therefrom. Now we propose to give the history of one of our companions at that time. He lost his father when an infant, and had none but a hard working mother to look after him. He was an intimate "chum" of ours in nearly all our boyhood days. If skating, sliding down hill, marbles, or "hooking apples," we were together; and when we advanced in life we were apprenticed at about the same time, both at different trades. Our companionship still existed; and no picnic, muster, or any other occasion of importance could take place without our being there together. Well do we remember the first taste we had of any thing intoxicating. It was of an evening when we went into an oyster saloon for some oysters. We each of us had a Port Wine Punch. We indulged in such kind of drinks for some little time, when we imagined that it was about time to drink something a little stronger, which we soon did, and before we were aware of it we could take it "plain," as often as any of our age. Soon our parents learned of our habits, and spoke to us about it. How well do we remember the remark that our friend made when we informed him of what had been said in relation to our drinking. He appeared to be quite angry at the idea of having his habits spoken of disrespectfully. He said, "I don't drink because I love it; I only drink for the fun of the thing." We recollect it as though it happened but yesterday, instead of sixteen years since. We do not know what it was, but something caused the remark to impress itself strongly upon our mind.

When we had served our apprenticeship we both came to Boston, to work at our respective trades. We were the same kind friends as ever. We ate, slept, and drank together.—Where one of us went the other was sure to follow. We continued on in this way for about six months, when we observed that our friend was, in our estimation, drinking a little too much. We cautioned and advised him, but to no purpose. He soon became so unsteady that his employer could put no confidence in him whatever, and he shortly lost his place. Being unsuccessful in securing another, he concluded that he would go to New York. It was hard to part with him for he was a noble-hearted fellow, and we had been intimate friends so long that we had an idea that we never ought to be separated. His excessive drinking led us to reflect upon our own position. We found that if we continued on our present course for any great length of time, that the results could not be calculated upon.

A few mornings since, as we were sitting at our desk, we chanced to look up and we saw standing before us our old friend and companion. We could scarcely recognize him at first, for he was dreadfully changed since we last saw him. We took him by the hand and looked into his face. He was a confirmed drunkard; his countenance bloated and wretched to behold; his garments of the coarsest kind. There he stood before us, what was once a man, now a perfect wreck, asking us for charity. We talked with him, and found that ever since we had parted, he had been going steadily, but surely, to the inebriate's destiny. We need not say that we felt bad, for all of our past recollections came vividly to our mind. We offered him food but no money, as we told him we were sure that he would use it for drink. "Do," said he, "give me something to get some drink with or I shall die!" We looked at him more closely and saw that he was bordering on delirium. Our heart was touched and we gave him what he desired, and urged upon him to try and reform. His answer was, that it was "too late." In the evening, as we called into one of the station houses, we found him there begging for a lodging.—We asked him if he recollected what he said about drinking when we first commenced years ago. He said he did, and that when he said it he supposed that he should never love drink, but he found now that he did, and that he possessed a burning desire for its continual use. In the morning he came to us again. We offered him food, but he did not want it—drink was his only desire. As we think of his whole history and of our past friendship, we are led to exclaim, "Boys, beware of the first glass!"

CARE FOR IT.—Does the manufacturer and trafficker in alcoholic drinks care how much he helped

"The wife's fond heart to break,
And caused the children's tears to flow,
Helps this world a hell to make,
And fit men for a hell below."

"Sir," said a boy, going up to the counter of a dram-seller, "I want to ask you never to sell my father another glass of rog. He's as kind a father as ever was when he's sober, but rum tigers him."

"What right have I to refuse him, more than any other man?" asked the rum-seller.

"You may tell him Bob begged you for the sake of his family and for his own sake, not to," said the boy. "If you give it to him, he'll kill my mother, and you'll be the murderer."

Truth, every word of it. What saith the poet?

"I'd sooner black my visage o'er
And put the shine on boots and shoes,
Than stand within a liquor store,
And find the glasses drunkards use."

A TERRIBLE SURGICAL OPERATION.

Mrs. Calvin Cleveland of Bloomfield submitted to a terrible surgical operation at Augusta on Thursday last. It was no less than the removal of a part of the under jaw.—About a year since she had an operation performed upon it, for the disease called Osteo-carcoma. This disease upon a human jaw corresponds to what is called a wolf, which appears, sometimes, on the jaws of cattle. The first operation did not remove the whole of the disease and lately it had become so painful and dangerous that it was thought best to have the jaw removed; she accordingly went with her physician, Dr. Wilbur, to Augusta on Thursday last, where Dr. Hill of that place, assisted by Dr. Wilbur, performed the operation. The cheek was first cut open and the bone laid bare, all the flesh and tendons being removed from it as far as possible; it was then sawed off near the chin and the diseased part twisted from the socket. Mrs. C. was under the influence of ether and apparently did not suffer in the least. We are glad to learn that Mrs. C. is doing well and very likely to recover.—[Skowhegan Telegraph.]

GOING ON AN ERRAND.—About ten years ago, there lived near Cincinnati a family by the name of Stringer. The eldest son Jake, was a most eccentric genius. One day his mother said:—"Jake I want you to go to the store"—half a mile distant—"and get me a quart of sugar, and a quart of the worst of soap." Jake roused himself up, brushed the whistlings from his lap, and started forward on his errand. He did not return. Ten years passed by, and no tidings were heard of the errand. One day as the family were sitting down to their Thanksgiving dinner, the door opened and in came a tall, mustached,

good looking man, with some bundles in his hand. It was Jake Stringer. All the family sprang to their feet in astonishment, but the mother and Jake were perfectly cool. "Mother," said Jake, "here's your sugar and soap." "Lay them on the table and eat your dinner," said Mrs. Stringer; "you ought to be whipped for staying so long."

WHIPP.—What an expressive English word this is, and how popular! In some households it is the word of all words, heard most frequently. Morning, noon or night, if you have your ear to the keyhole of the nursery-door, this is the word that you will hear—whip, whip, whip. Who or what is to be whipped? Not the perverse boy, who Webster in his "unbridled," says is the thing to be whipped, but even the baby. "Hush, or I'll whip you," rings in baby's ear the livelong day. What an education for a baby! What an introduction to this "beautiful world of ours!" How suggestive of "the stars and the angels." If a baby is sleepy, and so restless, it must be "whipped." If baby is wakeful, full of animal life as a lamb or kitten it must be "whipped." If baby is hungry, and cries for something to eat (the only language babies have, by the way), baby must be whipped. If baby eats too much, and whines and frets with a bad stomach, baby must be whipped. If baby falls and cries, whip it if it pinches its fingers in the door-crank, and cries; whip it if it playfully pulls mamma's bonnet-strings, or with its chubby hand disarranges mamma's glossy curls. Whip when good-humored, and whipped when cross; whip for sins, and whipped for accidents.—The only argument is the whip. If you do this, "I'll whip you." If you do that, "I'll whip you." If mothers only knew how this everlasting appeal to the whip grates on the ear of one who sits by, quietly listening, they would put a seal on their lips forever as to this word whip. It is not, at best, a very musical word. Here is the derivation of it, as given by Webster; "Saxon, wippan; Danish, wippen or zweepen; Welsh, cwipian!" I wish every mother when she is about to say to her child, in anger, "I'll whip you," would stop a moment, and substitute the Welsh, and say: "Now, I'll cwipian you; I am sure the laugh which would follow would be better for both mother and child. Try it, mothers.

But the thing is no more musical than the word. A husband, "with an ear of music," no more likes to hear his wife's hand go smack, smack, smack, on his child's tender flesh, than to hear those lips, which once in earnest love he kissed, say whip, whip, whip, full fifty times in the child's ear each day. I protest against this constant resort to the rod, and this constant appeal to the sense of fear in a child. If you must resort to the rod, then do it, modest, but let it be seldom, and then with a tender, heavy heart. Develop, as well as inculcate, in training your children, plant truth and goodness, and let them root out evil; as well as drive it out with a rod. The rod is strong, but truth and goodness implanted in a child's heart are stronger.

THE BUBBLE BURSTING.—According to a correspondent of the New York Evening Post the oil wells in Pennsylvania are beginning to dry up, and to disappoint the expectations of those who thought they had secured a source of unbounded wealth. But oil is slippery stuff and their fancied wealth is all sliding away. The monster well at Tidoute, on the Alleghany, did not continue long to flow over the top, but after throwing over some two hundred barrels, the gas was sufficiently exhausted to allow the oil to rest in the pipe. A pump has been inserted, and so far it discharges but about thirty barrels per day—much less than was anticipated from its antecedents. The famous Crossley well—one of the first opened, and which last March yielded from sixty to seventy barrels per day—now dwindled down to six or seven. Out of two hundred and sixty-seven wells on the creek about Titusville, only thirty four are yet pumping oil, and many of the oil seekers are just now in a state of very anxious suspense. Many of them, encouraged by the fact that some of the earliest diggers found oil at depths varying from seventy five to one hundred and fifty feet, went to work with very limited means, and having gone as deep as their funds will allow, with neither oil nor money to grease their wheels, are now obliged to suspend operations, and with heavy hearts cast about again for the wherewithal to get a little deeper.

The writer relates the following good story of the effects produced by the prospect of riches from an oil well.

In a neighborhood on the creek lived and labored a son of Vulcan, who, with his limited means, had barely enough to secure a living for his rising family. The ideas of his children had been taught to shoot, but little in any direction towards knowledge or refinement, but he little expected to be anything more than the Village Blacksmith. But when the oil fever broke out, learning of the success of his neighbors in finding oil, he thought that he might while away his spare hours in drilling with his own homestead lot; and, having tools convenient, he went to work, and after a few weeks of patient industry, and successful in obtaining a good show of oil. It was soon noised about the village, and the blacksmith was somebody at once. He had a daughter, also, who had blossomed into maidenhood almost unnoticed and unknown, and who now became more an object of interest to the few young men in that small community. It at once became a question how to break the ice of former indifference, and to secure a favorable acquaintance with this heiress of the oil well. For a while the natural timidity of the boys kept them aloof; but at last, one of the boldest and the best favorite among them determined to try his luck, and on Sunday evening, attired in his best, resolutely marched forward and offered to escort the dame home. Imagine his chagrin when she, turning upon him a look of lofty independence that would have done honor to a Broadway belle, replied in language more severe than Chast: "Sense! you can't come that! Dad has struck it!"

DAYS SHORTENING.—The days are getting shorter—perceptibly so—not only by the ordinary course of nature, but the cool mornings make sleeping so exceedingly comfortable that nearly every person feels disposed to lose half an hour in a comfortable snooze. Blessed be the man that invented sleep, says Sancho Panza, for it is a glorious institution; and blessed be the man, we say, who invented cool mornings, for they enable us to take a decoction of sleep that is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine times more than the dirty worm which the early bird is supposed to catch.—[Hudson Gazette.]

HARMLESS AND SURE CURE FOR WARTS.—The German town Telegraph says: Take two or three cents worth of sal ammoniac, dissolve it in a gill of soft water, and wet the warts frequently with this solution, when they will disappear in the course of a week or two. I have frequently tried this cure for warts and it has never failed.

