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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 09, No. 52): July 10, 1856

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TOW-HEADED MATE.

The Sailor's Daughter.

BY MISS MARTHA BROWN.

It was the hour of recess at Mr. Denbigh's school and the groups of merry children were pursuing their sports on the play-ground west of the school-house. The shouts of laughter and the echoing voices of children occasionally drowned the music of the bob-link in the meadows. The old, brown mocking bird, that had so many years made her nest on the branches of the maple that grew in the corner of the yard raised her wings, disdained her throat, and poured forth the most uproarious melody as if out of sheer envy.

Suddenly the attention of two or three of the elder boys was drawn to some object beyond the palings. The fixed attitude awakened the curiosity of the others; and presently the whole school was gathered at the barrier, and all eyes, blue, black, hazel and gray, full of wondering curiosity, were fixed on two objects coming up the street, which to the children appeared rather nondescript. At length another of their companions, a bright eyed boy, came bounding into their midst. A dozen voices and so many hands directed his attention to the object of their curiosity. Throwing his cap on the ground and shading his eyes with his hand, he looked earnestly up the street.

"Why, it is a man," said he decidedly, "but not a queer one. And see how he walks with one side up and the other down, and I declare, he's leading a little girl."

"A man!" shouted the companions, "who ever saw a man in petticoats?" "A little girl," suggested a little girl. "What a queer sight!" cried so long that he was forgotten.

"That's it, Mamee; that's it!" said Arthur Earle, laughing. Broadbrook, where Mr. Denbigh's school was located, was an inland town, and the shivering tarpaulins, worn in that peculiar manner which characterized the thorough-bred sailor—the black roundabout from which streamed a gay silk handkerchief, retained there by some unknown to a handman—the broad, falling shirt collar and loosely knotted black cravat—the full trousers, of white canvas, and even the white stockings and the polished pumps, with their enormous bows of black ribbon—all these things were novelties to the children, and it was not strange that they gazed at honest Jack Mayo with inquisitive attention.

To their delight he approached Mr. Denbigh's gate, passed through, and rolled deliberately up the gravel walk that led to the hall-door. In an instant their bright faces were pressed against the palings that divided the play-ground from the lawn. The occasional flitter and merry remarks on the strangers greatly embarrassed Jack Mayo's little girl, who shrank behind her father, and seemed anxious to hide from the curious eyes that were peeping at her. They saw him assist her up the steps and burst into a loud laugh as they heard him say to her encouragingly—

"There, Mamee, darling, our cruise is ended. Now if we can find the master and give him this bit of an order from old Captain Grosvener, we will have our ship and our traps stowed away in no time. Oh never mind the young fry, he continued, 'they are as harmless as a shoal of porpoises, and quite as silly, I dare say; though I don't believe they know what a porpoise is!'"

He requested to see Mr. Denbigh, and was ushered into the room where the schoolmaster and his wife were sitting. The children soon made their appearance on the lawn, and some of the older boys even ventured into the hall. The kind-hearted Mr. Denbigh was a shrewd judge of men; and the frank, hearty manner of Jack Mayo was a sure passport to his favor. Jack handed him a note, and declining to be seated, stood watching his countenance while he perused it.

"So you wish to place your little girl under our care," said Mr. Denbigh, when he had read the note.

"Ay, ay, your honor. There is no one left to look after her when I'm absent, but my old mother, and she is worn out and unfit for service. I made bold to ask my old captain's advice, and he sent me to you."

"Poor child! Her mother is dead then," said Mrs. Denbigh, instinctively drawing near the child and removing the misshapen, old, straw bonnet, through the rents of which protruded several locks of sunburned hair.

"You may well say that, ma'am, replied Jack, passing one hand over the unkempt locks of his child, and brushing the other across his misty eyes.

"You may well say that. For while she lived, the rigging was as neat and trim as a Baltimore clipper, and her hair didn't look as it does now; since she died everything has gone to the leeward with Mate. My old mother is as awkward as a marine, and I'm no hand at such matters myself. If it was a boy I could get along somehow; but I don't know how to take care of a girl. Besides the child's mother said she must be sent to school. If you, ma'am, will take her into your care, rig her out properly, and be a kind mother to her, Jack Mayo has silver enough to pay the bill, and his hammock will swing the easier for it. Here is where to pay the bills," he continued, placing a canvas bag filled with specie in the lady's hand.

Mrs. Denbigh readily promised to do what he asked for his child, whom she had succeeded in winning to her side on the sofa, where she sat twining her feet, twisting and pulling a checked handkerchief, evidently the gift of her grandmother, and stealing occasional glances from under the long, dark eyelashes that shaded the abundant cheek. While Jack was arranging with her husband, Mrs. Denbigh, looking to make the bashful child, opened a packet which contained among other things, a new dress and shoes. The child's eyes flashed with sudden excitement, and a smile of heartfelt pleasure broke over her brown face, making her look like a fairy in the face of her dead mother, and her happy home in that sunny, southern land where she had passed the first years of her young life, and of which she dreamed so often. There was a magic in those smiles, and she pressed them to her lips and eyes and talked of her mother and her early home. Mrs. Denbigh felt that she was a creature to be loved and cherished.

"What is your name, my child?" she asked, taking one of her little sun-burned hands in hers.

"Mate Mayo. Father calls me Mate darling, but mother and Claude used to call me little Mamee."

"But what is your real name?"

"She didn't eat a puzzled look, first at the lady and then at her father. Jack was accompanied by Mrs. Denbigh, who was counting the bills of specie before them; but the green blue eyes turned to his child with a mingled expression of anxiety and affection. He understood her perplexity and replied—

"Ay, Mamee, she's the old woman's name to her mother, and called her Mary Louise. I sometimes take a reef in it, and call her Mate."

"But what is your real name?"

"She didn't eat a puzzled look, first at the lady and then at her father. Jack was accompanied by Mrs. Denbigh, who was counting the bills of specie before them; but the green blue eyes turned to his child with a mingled expression of anxiety and affection. He understood her perplexity and replied—

"Ay, Mamee, she's the old woman's name to her mother, and called her Mary Louise. I sometimes take a reef in it, and call her Mate."

# The Eastern Mail.

VOL. IX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1856.

NO. 52.

At last the arrangements were all completed. The child was to remain with Mr. Denbigh the ensuing two years. Jack was ready to depart, but he still lingered. As if fearful of losing him, the child climbed to her accustomed place on his knees, twined her fingers in the folds of his cravat, and looked up in his face so trustfully, that the bluff sailor involuntarily pressed her closer to his heart and bent over her to conceal his tears. At length he gently unwound her fingers from their hold, led her to Mrs. Denbigh, and whispering, "God bless you, darling," departed.

The school bell rang, and the children hastened to their places in the schoolroom. Mr. Denbigh, wishing to set his pupil at ease with her future companions, led her in, and after introducing her to two or three little girls, gave her a seat with them. Then he brought a collection of engravings to occupy her attention, and told her she must be very quiet.

Many furtive glances were directed towards that part of the room where she sat. She was dressed rather queerly, and her luxuriant head of sunburned, uncombed hair, heightened the comical effects of her dress. The children seemed to find her appearance very amusing. Once or twice the teacher frowned sternly as a low burst of suppressed merriment was heard from the side occupied by the oldest boys, or as smiles of disdain were seen on the faces of some of the embryo belles.

But our little Mate was unconscious of all this. She did not observe the contemptuous glances exchanged between Gustavus Pierpont and his sister Helen, nor the ridiculous caricature he drew on his slate, to which he affixed the sobriquet of 'Tow-headed Mate,' to the ill-suppressed merriment of those who sat near him, and which was soon transferred from slate to slate around the room. No; the child was busy with her fancy. A beautiful engraving of a tropical scene lay before her. There were the cocoa, the palm and the orange trees; and there were the little bamboo huts, and the low roofed, vine-covered cozy dwellings of the planters. At the sight of these well known objects, a rich gleam of delight kindled on her face, and gradually changed to an earnest look of expectation as she put back her shaggy hair, and with head slightly turned and lips half parted, as if listening to some well known voice or sound.

When she did at length look up from her dream of home and happiness, and became conscious of the feelings that worked around her, the quick blood flushed her cheek with a hue even darker than usual, and leaning over the desk, she wept as only a forlorn and friendless child can weep.

Had she looked up then she might have seen and felt the sympathy that glowed on several of the bright faces around her. Mr. Denbigh's eyes and voice soon made the school perfectly quiet. But when it closed at night, none of the children approached Mate. They all seemed to yield to the influence of ridicule, and she was tacitly outwaded. Some of the older girls, who had caught the tone of their would be fashionable mothers, angrily wondered that Mr. Denbigh had admitted such a creature into the school.

"How she looks! How shockingly vulgar she is!" they said; "and that horrid old sailor is her father!"

The children at Broadbrook thought of sailors much as they thought of Hottentots. They hastened home to describe the new scholar to their parents.

Little Bertha Earle did not stop, as usual on the old bridge, to watch the blue-winged dragon fly darting over the water, or to listen to her brother Arthur as he pointed out the several kinds of fish that occasionally moved out from the deep shadows of the shelving bank. Swinging her sun-bonnet by one string, she bounded up the steps and on into the sitting room. Tossing the bonnet on a chair, and throwing herself on the lounge, she exclaimed: "Oh, mother! we had a new scholar to-day. The man that came with her had on pantaloons that were as wide as the bottom of your apron! and she is the queerest looking creature you ever saw; her head looks just like a chestnut burr."

"Take care, take care, my daughter," said Mrs. Earle, smiling and pointing to the sun-bonnet that had fallen on the floor. "There is more than one queer girl in the world, and more than one head that looks like a chestnut burr, as you will discover by looking in the glass."

Bertha danced up to the mirror, and while she smoothed her rich, brown hair, her sweet voice flowed on like the music of a summer brook, as she gave an animated description of Jack Mayo and little Mate. "Ah, mother dear," she continued, sitting down at her mother's feet and looking up in her face, "but her head does look just like a great chestnut burr."

"Chestnut burr yourself," shouted Arthur, bounding into the room and scattering a shower of rose leaves over Bertha's neck and shoulders; "no, not like a chestnut burr, for she looks just like Uncle John's shaggy dog. Gustavus has named her Tow-Head. He says he will quiz her out of school. I wish you could have seen his portrait of her. O, we shall have capital fun!"

"Arthur! Arthur!" said Mrs. Earle, reprovingly. "Now you needn't look so grave, mother. If you could only see how she looks in that funny frock that hangs round her just like a bag, and with her frowzy hair that seems as if it never heard of a comb you would laugh too. She looks round the room with her great dark eyes, just as my squirrel does round his cage. I don't believe she will come to school long, for they are all against her. But what now, buttercup, he continued, turning to his sister, "what has come over you?"

Bertha's hands were crossed on her mother's knee, and she sat looking up in her face with a very grave expression in her sunny eyes, which from its rarity might well draw her brother's attention.

"I am afraid mother thinks we have done wrong," she said in a tone much lower than usual. "That little girl felt very bad to-day when we laughed at her. You know how she cried. Are you displeased with us, mother? You think I did wrong, don't you?"

Mrs. Earle replied, "I am not only displeased, but disappointed and grieved to hear that my children could be so unjust and ungenerous as to insult a friendless little girl, because she was not dressed so well as themselves."

"But mother, began both the children at once; 'but mother, we didn't mean—' But Mrs. Earle wishing to check the habit of self justification interrupted them by inquiring more fully into the particulars respecting the new

scholar. She was an excellent woman, in whom there were a clear mind and true heart. Her kindness went forth like the sunshine and dew, to gladden others, especially the friendless and forlorn.

There was a nook in her heart for Tow-Headed Mate. She soon won the confidence of this wild little being, who, in the course of a few weeks was regularly seated at her feet by the side of Bertha, her dark, bright eyes now gleaming as Mrs. Earle talked of birds and flowers, or related some heroic deeds of the revolution, and dimming with tears when she was led on to speak of her mother, and the life she had lived in her island home. "That queer old frock" had disappeared. "Grannie" no longer presided over her toilette, and in Bertha's eyes her personal appearance was entirely changed.

A strange but very lovely creature was this little bird of the tropics. She soon made herself a nest in the hearts of the good Earles, and in their society her deep impressionable nature found a healthy atmosphere. She soon became a very great favorite with Arthur and Bertha, though Arthur still maintained that her eyes were as bright and swift as his squirrel's.

Little Mate was highly gifted with all the power of a quick, intelligent mind. She made rapid progress in her studies, and of course in the good graces of her teacher. No one knew how she learned her lessons. Her eyes were forever wandering from her book to the fields, or fixed on the cross limbs of the old acacia that grew before the window in front of her seat, watching the motions of the old robin as he hovered over her nest, counting over and over again the four little soft, black heads that invariably showed themselves whenever the mother bird returned from her short foraging expedition. Even Bertha Earle was obliged to confess that Mate never seemed to see her book ten minutes at a time. Yet at the hour of recitation she was always ready.

She was reserved and shy among her schoolmates. The impression of her first reception was not readily effaced. She was 'Tow-Head Mate,' the child of that old sailor, and few of them were very cordial to her. The Pierponts in particular, whose father was a wealthy manufacturer, and who assumed the chief interest and importance among the children, omitted no opportunities to treat her rudely and make her unhappy. Besides, she was ignorant of the names and uses of many things around her, and the interest with which she watched the going on of life, so new to her in many respects, and the eager curiosity with which she inquired about things that were familiar to the youngest child in the school, constantly drew upon her the ridicule of her thoughtless companions. She seldom joined in their sports.

Arthur and Bertha Earle and a few others, treated her very kindly, but she generally shunned the play-ground, not because she disliked play, but because she felt banished. Sometimes she would sit apart and watch the children's sport with a look of loneliness that would soon draw Bertha to her side, though often she wandered away into the woodland pasture back of the schoolhouse, or down to the river, where she would lie on the bank and watch the shadows of the passing clouds or the fish that sported in the sunlit waters.

Mr. Denbigh would have protected her from the rudeness with which she was so constantly assailed, but she never complained. Gustavus teased her incessantly, because he said 'it was such capital fun, and there was no one to make a fuss about it.' This boy, in addition to some other disagreeable characteristics, had formed habits of meanness and cruelty. By means of his age, arrogance and family influence, he, at the head of two or three boys as rude and as bad as himself, had dominated over the school children without much resistance until the beginning of the present term, when Arthur Earle entered the school.

Arthur was an active, high-spirited boy, brimful of animal spirits. But he was too generous and too well directed by the influence of his excellent mother, to join in many of those sports which Gustavus and his associates called fun and frolic, and which generally had for their object the hunting and tormenting of the weak and defenceless. They ridiculed him and called him cowardly, until one day gave their 'bully' a sound beating for cruelly tormenting the little hunch backed boy of his mother's wash-woman.

To most of the scholars it was surprising that Mate outstripped them in their studies, and none were so chafed and annoyed by it as Helen Pierpont. She insisted that Mr. Denbigh was partial to Mate, and with others tried all means to lessen her in his estimation, and not entirely without success, for Mate generally submitted to their ill-usage without complaint. Therefore Helen encouraged her rude brother. He told him he was 'the funniest fellow in the world' one morning when he whispered to her 'to prepare for fun, for Tow-Head would catch it.' The night previous he and Tom Bristow, having returned to the school-room on some pretence, found Mate's desk unlocked, and taking from her neat copy-book, they drew rude pictures of ships and fishes on the blank pages. Then putting it back, they locked the desk with an old key of Tom's that happened to fit the lock, thus intending to make it appear to Mr. Denbigh that no one could have opened the desk excepting herself.

Mr. Denbigh was indeed sorely displeased to find her book thus disfigured. When he called Mate to his desk and pointed to the disfigured pages, she would have declared her innocence, but he sternly bade her beware, told her the key of the desk had been in her own hand, and pointed to her name, evidently in her own hand writing, beneath some of the pictures. The poor child was silent. A sense of wrong and feelings of indignation kept back the gathering tears, though every tone and syllable of that severe reprimand went to her heart. At noon she did not go to the dining-room as usual, but slipped out and fled to the grove by the river, like a stricken deer. When she could no longer hear the shouts of the children in the play-ground, she threw herself down in the shade of an old beech-tree and wept. At length, exhausted, she fell into an uneasy slumber, broken at first by convulsive sobs. These ceased at last, and then a smile was on her parted lips, which showed the working of a happy dream, in which she was in her old home playing with her brother Claude, while the dark eyes of her mother were bent on them fondly.

As she lay thus, Gustavus Pierpont and Tom Bristow came hurrying along the foot-path. They had nearly passed her, when Tom discerned her, and exclaimed,

"By George, Gustavus, if here ain't Tow-Head! And been crying too. Well, ain't she a real study one?"

"Stuff enough. But if Arthur Earle had been at school to-day he would have suspected one trick. He knows about your key and he would have done something to bring us out. He is just mean enough. His mother makes as much fuss over Tow-Head, as if she was Queen Victoria. Come, let us give her a crown, Tom. It will be capital fun, and running to the hedge, he gathered a quantity of burrs and flung them violently among the short thick curls, which, thanks to Mrs. Denbigh's care now covered Mate's head.

She awoke and sprang up with a scream, and the next moment Gustavus lay writhing beneath the flashing eye of Arthur Earle. Arthur's sudden appearance startled Tom Bristow at first, and he turned to flee. Then he would have gone to the assistance of his companion. But he again shrank back, and Arthur, taking Mate's hand, casting at them a glance of indignation, went toward the school-house.

The bell had rung and the children were in their places. A suppressed laugh went round the room when he entered and led her up to the teacher's desk. But the room grew hushed and still as he related what had just occurred, repeated the conversation to which he had listened, and made known to Mr. Denbigh how constantly Mate was ill-treated by Gustavus and others. All understood what was meant by the 'jerk,' and on some inquiry, the teacher became assured of the whole truth. What a movement of feeling there was around the school-room! But when Mr. Denbigh laid his hand on Mate's head and confessed that he had acted hastily, and called her his good, noble-hearted little girl, she leaned her head on Arthur's shoulder and wept, she was so happy.

She lost her curls, for the burrs were so matted in her thick hair that Mrs. Denbigh was obliged to shave it off; but she gained friends and a better footing among her schoolmates. Gustavus and Tom were expelled from the school, and Mrs. Pierpont withdrew Helen from it in anger. At the end of two years, Jack Mayo took away Mate. He said 'a very great lady, a friend of his captain's wife, had promised to take care of her.'

Eight years have passed, and those same eight years, which have not failed to leave their iron traces on human hearts and brows, have separated and scattered on the ways of life the company of children we saw in the school-room and on the play-ground at Broadbrook. The Pierponts are still in the place. Helen is now a handsome, haughty-looking young lady of nineteen. Gustavus is a vulgar, overbearing, dissolute young man; a source of anxiety to his father, and the pet of his mother who speaks of his reckless extravagance, coarse passions, and rude manners, as so many evidences of extraordinary smartness and spirit. Mrs. Pierpont is more assuming and resolutely genteel than ever. She has a cousin, whose husband, a brawling politician, has succeeded in gaining the situation of under clerk in one of the departments at Washington. This circumstance has sensibly affected the tone of her voice, as her visitors to not fail to observe, when she talks to them of 'my cousin, Mr. Secretary Emmons.'

Mr. Denbigh has left the place, and Tow-Headed Mate is forgotten by all save the Earle family. Bertha Earle is a native, graceful girl; not very beautiful, but rich in that ever cheerful goodness which is so much better than beauty. Mrs. Earle's heart, just now, is unusually alive with good and happy feelings for Arthur, who has succeeded in his course of study, even beyond her expectations, has just been admitted at the bar under the most flattering circumstances. He has studied in Philadelphia under the eye of his uncle, and has just written to say that in a few days he shall be at home, and that he will be accompanied by a friend, a naval Lieutenant.

Of late Arthur has become an object of great interest to Mrs. Pierpont and her daughter; and for more than a week, they too, have been thinking with busy fancies, that in a few days he will be at home accompanied by that Lieutenant Mayo, of whom he has written so much to his family. For a month or two, Lieut. Mayo has been in Washington, and Mrs. Pierpont, having inquired particularly of her great cousin, was fully persuaded that it was quite important to her and her family to become acquainted with him.

"He is indeed a very proper person," writes Mrs. Secretary Emmons; 'he is the eldest of Commodore S. His mother was a Spanish lady of rank, whose family was compelled to quit Spain during the revolution. They came to Cuba, but were unfortunate and became very destitute. She being left alone, married unfortunately; but through her, her children inherit immense wealth, to which Commodore S. has succeeded in establishing their claims. His father and mother are both dead. Tell Helen to look her best when he comes, for he is worth attending to.'

This account of the Lieutenant was in the main correct, though Mrs. Secretary certainly had not his mother's authority for saying her marriage had been unfortunate. Mrs. Pierpont and Helen were very busy with plans and anticipations. It was settled that immediately on the stranger's arrival, they would give a very select party. 'And how fortunate it is Judge Mercer's niece, the Misses Edgemoor, will be in town,' said Helen.

Arthur and his friend arrived and were immediately the theme of all tongues. The ladies, young and old, discussed their personal appearance, some giving the palm 'to one and some to the other. The blue eyes, the glossy brown hair, and broad open brow of Arthur Earle contrasted finely with the black eyes and finely chiselled, though somewhat haughty features of the dark-haired Southerner. Miss Helen gave her voice in favor of the latter. 'His smile was so fascinating,' she observed to her mother. 'He was so Byronic, so corsair-like; he had so much of that indescribable something which immediately distinguishes the natural born gentleman from the vulgar herd, that no one could help being interested in him.'

'Yes,' replied mamma, 'but do not entirely forget Arthur Earle. He will have a fine fortune, and they say, he is going to be a very distinguished man. You are not sure of what may happen; therefore do not overlook him.'

Helen practiced nautical songs; she felt a sudden interest in cosmology. She talked of naval battles, corsairs, and the flying Dutchman; took to reading Cooper's Red Rover; quoted from Byron and Falconer; and talked eloquently of ships, compared them to the doves, clouds, winged thoughts, etc.

Lieut. Mayo was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Pierpont, where the mother was all suavity, and the father too much occupied with business to think of such things as daughters. On one occasion when he was there with Arthur and Bertha, the conversation turned upon their names. After a discussion of the old question 'What's in a name?' during which Helen mentioned that vulgar persons always had vulgar names—they began to trace or guess the probable origin of their own family names. Helen turned to Lieut. Mayo, and said, with one of her sweetest smiles:

"Can you tell me why your name sounds so familiar to me? I am sure I have heard it before, yet I cannot tell where. It should be an English name."

"I presume you met some person of the same name at the house of your cousin, Mrs. Secretary Emmons. One meets a great many foreigners at her house, especially English people," remarked Mrs. Pierpont.

"We once had a schoolmate of that name," said Bertha, "a little girl, Helen. Do you not recollect her?"

"What, Tow-Head Mate? How can you remind me of that disgusting creature!" replied Helen; "I had almost forgotten her and her horrid old father. It makes me nervous to think of them. Surely her name was not that of our friend. It was spelled and pronounced differently."

The young men exchanged glances, and a singular smile played on the young officer's lip as he replied—

"My name is a common one, Miss Helen. It is borne by many a brave but rough-handed tar in both English and American navies whose claim to aristocracy is quite as good as mine."

"What a disagreeable girl Bertha Earle is!" said Helen to her mother, when she returned, after having accompanied her visitors across the lawn on their departure. "How could she speak of that low creature as our schoolmate, and in such a connection too, with Lieut. Mayo. I know by his answer that he felt it. She has no tact, no delicacy, and if she thinks to make an impression on him—if he is invited to visit here with an idea that he might be caught she may as well set her heart at rest at once."

"If that is their plan, it was not good policy to introduce her here," replied the mother laughing; "at least, I judge so from the expression of his face this morning, as his glance rested alternately on you and her, while you were bending over the embroidery yonder."

Helen's interest in nautical matters cooled somewhat when the young men departed to their professional duties, though occasional kind remembrances forwarded through the medium of Arthur's letters, and duly communicated by Bertha, kept it alive. She continued to amuse herself with shell work, and her friends, when asked to play, by giving them—'A life on the ocean wave,' or something about sea and sailors.

Early the next summer, quite a sensation was created by the announcement of Arthur's marriage to the sister of Lieut. Mayo, and the additional intelligence that the happy couple, accompanied by the brother, were coming to spend a few weeks at Broadbrook. The evening after their arrival they saw no visitors. But on the second evening a large party was invited. Many fair young faces were there bright with pleasure at Arthur's happiness, and with dreams of their own future, among whom Helen Pierpont was most conspicuous, as well by the magnificence of her dress as by her personal attractions.

But all had to yield the palm to the singular beauty of Arthur's young bride. They could not readily tell the mysterious charm that drew them to look at her again and again. Beautiful and graceful as she was, there was nothing in her face and form, or in her rich creamy, but perfectly tinted complexion that quite accounted for it. And then her rich brown hair had a visible tinge of paly gold that was in singular contrast with her long eyelashes which were brilliantly black. Yet whoever looked earnestly into those large dark eyes, watched their changeful expression and felt their intense, concentrated light, presently began to understand the charm, while he felt it more strongly than ever.

There was music and dancing, and it was perhaps the proudest and happiest moment of Helen Pierpont's life, when the young lieutenant led her out as partner in the first set of cotillions; and afterward, when she promenade the room leaning on his arm with the consciousness that half the eyes in the room were fixed on them, the excitement of her vanity was not lessened. 'We are by far the most striking couple in the room,' she thought, 'just made for each other.' She spoke of his sister, whose beauty and grace she praised without finding words to express her admiration. 'She is such a love of a creature,' she said, 'a perfect houri, so like my idea of a princess, and then the expression of her face is so like yours.' 'She does not seem to me like a stranger, but rather like a being I have seen before in some beautiful dream.'

Mayo smiled mischievously as he replied, 'I suppose my sister is not altogether a stranger to you, Miss Helen. At least she tells me she has met you before.' 'Mary, did not you tell me that you and Miss Pierpont are old acquaintances?'

One of the richest of gleaming smiles broke over the young bride's face, as she answered, 'Yes, Claude, and I have some other old acquaintances here, who I perceive do not recognize me. Certainly Miss Pierpont must remember Tow-Headed Mate.'

Confusion, smiles and congratulations followed this announcement. Helen found herself standing alone with her brother Gustavus who increased her embarrassment by saying loud enough to be overheard by Mrs. Earle:

"And so Tow-Head was somebody after all. She has got to be a devilish fine girl, and is rich too as a princess. Well, sis, your dish is upset this time."

An hour afterwards Helen threw herself on the sofa in her mother's room, and with tears related the events of the evening. At last she tried to console herself by saying:

"Well, after all, they are children of that vulgar old sailor."

There is to be another wedding. Bertha is to become the wife of Claude Mayo. It is said that Mrs. Earle is going to Philadelphia to reside with her children; and as the Earle house and grounds are for sale, this is probably true.

A SUFFICIENT REASON.—I must here give the smart sayings of the week. A celebrated geologist, member of the Academy of Sciences, was travelling recently in the South of France,

On his return from a long pedestrian excursion, he could find nothing in the miserable Inn where he lodged (it was the St. Charles of the village) but a meager omelet, over-dosed with garlic. 'Great heavens, madam,' said he to his hostess, 'why did you put so much garlic in this omelet?' 'Good me, sir, the eggs were so bad!'

LOSSES.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Upon the white sea-sand  
There sat a pilgrim band,  
Telling the losses that their lives had known,  
While evening waned away  
From breezy cliff and bay,  
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spoke with quivering lip,  
Of a far freighted ship  
With all her household to the deep gone down;  
But one had wilder woe  
For a fair face long ago  
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth  
With a most loving truth,  
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;  
And one upon the West  
Turned an eye that would not rest  
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,  
Some of proud honors told,  
Some spoke of friends that were their friends no more;  
And one of a green grave  
Beside a foreign wave,  
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,  
There spoke among them one,  
A stranger, speaking from all sorrow free—  
'Sad losses have ye met,  
But mine is heavier yet!  
For a believing heart hath gone from me.'

'Alas! these pilgrims said,  
'For the living and the dead,  
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,  
For the wrecks of land and sea!  
But, however it came to thee,  
Thine, stranger, is life's last heaviest loss.'

Haying.

Professor Martyn says, grasses are Nature's care. We wish they were more frequently the care of man. We are well aware of the variety of opinions entertained as to the proper time of cutting and of the difficulty of not being able to secure the whole crop at the precisely appropriate time; still there is a carelessness or indifference existing, which results in serious loss. The farmer must remember that it is not so much the bulk of hay on his scaffolds, that is to afford nutriment to his cattle and take them through the winter in good flesh and health, as it is that the hay is secured with all its natural juices which it is possible to preserve.

In order to secure this it must first be cut at the right time. If cut too soon, before the sap is fairly elaborated into nutritive properties, such as sugar, mucilage, albumen, &c., it shrinks immensely, and when dry has but little bulk or nutriment. On the other, if left too long, the plant expends its energies upon the seed in accordance with the natural law to perpetuate its kind. The seeds ripen, and fall to the ground and are lost, while the stem and leaves are little better than oat or barley straw.

If the favorable moment can be improved to cut the grass just as its blossoms begin to fall, when the seed has formed, but is not perfected, then we secure all its nutritive properties if the grass is properly cured.

The object in making good hay, says Low, is to prepare it as quickly as possible, and with as little exposure to the weather, and as little waste of the natural juices, as circumstances will allow. When we are enabled to do this the hay will be sweet, fragrant, and of a greenish color. We still do much of our farm work on English notions, which came here with our ancestors, without taking into account the great difference in the climate of the two countries. There, they employ four days in curing the herd's grass, which is often admirably done under our July suns in a single day! Many farmers do not consider the effect of these cloudless suns, and the consequence is that they dry their hay until its juices are evaporated, and a large portion of its value is lost. One cloudless July day, with a slight breeze, is sufficient to cure hay cut in the morning or the previous evening, where there is not more than thirty hundred to the acre. In such a case the swaths should be evenly spread, and it will be necessary to stir it quite often, and lay it up as lightly as possible from the ground.

A general rule should be enforced that no hay be left in the swath or winrow over night, unless it be cut just before or after sundown. There are two advantages in its being cocked: it prevents the injurious effects of dew or rain, while the slight heating process which is going on causes an exhalation, which is retained in the cock, and gives the hay a most fragrant odor. In good weather, two days, at most, are sufficient to secure hay, even when heavy crops are cut. The cocks should not



dicates, at great depths, water at only two degrees above the freezing point. These polar streams seemed to be pursuing a course from northeast to southwest, and in directly contrary direction to the bands of warm water, which form the main feature of the Gulf Stream. Much difficulty was at first experienced in procuring instruments capable of registering the deep sea temperature and of determining deep sea soundings, but these obstacles were finally overcome by simple yet ingenious contrivances.

Prof. Hache also stated that the subject of the Gulf Stream had received a share of the attention of the sagacious philosopher, Franklin, whose thoughts had been directed to it by the English Admiralty, while he was in London on post office business, in a very singular manner, which is thus narrated: "It was found that the American trading vessels, running from Newport to England, made the journey in a fortnight less time than the regular English packets between New York and Liverpool. It was proposed by the Admiralty to change the point of sailing from New York to Newport, and Dr. Franklin was consulted as to the propriety of so doing. He doubted the fact, and under the belief that the English government was misinformed, requested a Nantucket sea captain, then in London. The captain stated that it was true, but the difference in sailing arose solely from the knowledge possessed by the American captains of the Gulf Stream, and the want of that knowledge by the English captains.

The English captains were frequently hailed by the American traders, and informed of the stream they were contending against, but they seemed to be unwilling to take advice of the Yankees, and so continued to make slow passages. A map delineating the Gulf Stream was made by Dr. Franklin, from the information thus obtained, and extensively circulated by him. Notwithstanding the discoveries since made, the general line, as indicated on Dr. Franklin's map, remains unaltered, proving his admirable powers of observation and accuracy in noting facts."

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE... JULY 10, 1856.

### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this Paper and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His office is at Seely's Building, Court street, Boston. Tribune Building, New York; N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; B. W. corner North and Bay streets, Baltimore; B. M. Patterson & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payment.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

**HAY AND HAY CUPS.**—Everything prompts the farmer, this year, to take special pains to secure a good quality as well as a good quantity of hay. The late severe and frequent showers give warning of what may be; while the large crop indicates that much work will have to be done in a hurry. Very few farmers have yet tried the hay cups, though everybody's testimony is in their favor. Mr. Frederick Paine, of Winslow, who has the credit of managing his small but choice farm with much economy and skill as anybody in this vicinity, was one of the first to introduce the hay cups; and his testimony to their profit and convenience is conclusive. He has tried them in various shapes and ways. He would have them made two yards square, of firm and heavy cotton, with the loops for fastening made by turning back the corners an inch or two to hold the strings that fasten to the sticks. The sticks should be near two feet long, to be driven into the ground and not into the hay, and as far from it as the size of the cap will permit. The stakes should be driven firmly, as the wind gets strong hold of the cap. The hay cups are convenient for protecting grain or guarding vines from frost—not to mention their use for sheets and table cloths where there happens to be a short crop in the house. Those who buy hay should always inquire whether the seller uses hay cups. If he don't, look sharply at his hay—and tell him to get some.

**A JOKE.**—Some of the republican boys of Waterville, (and they are "plenty this year,") made arrangements to show the friends of Mr. Bully Brooks how their champion would grace the Fourth of July, with the decoration of a rope about his neck. The effigy was prepared on the 3d, and carefully stored near the fatal tree. But Bully Brooks found friends in the "unfettered" boys of another stripe, and during the night he was released from prison, compelled to swap jackets with 'Col. Fremont,' and exposed to ridicule in a locality where his friends would be most likely to be with him during the day, and see that he was well treated. The Fremont boys swallow the joke and say nothing; only one of the smaller ones was heard to mutter that he "didn't like that kind of farce, no how!"

**ANOTHER.**—At the Buchanan convention at Dover, on the Fourth, the band engaged for the occasion found waving over them the pro-slavery flag, bearing the inscription of "Buck and Breck." They promptly refused to play a note till the obnoxious banner was hauled down, and the venerable old stars and stripes unfurled in its place. They said music and slavery must have separate flags.

**KENDALL'S MILLS.**—We call special attention to our Kendall's Mills business advertisements. We want all who patronize us to find their interest in so doing—is our interest also. Mr. Buck has opened a new Drug and Apothecary store, and invites a trial of his prices and qualities. Mr. Whitten, at his new Watch and Jewelry establishment, promises low prices and good work. Give them a fair trial; and if they stand the test, stick to everybody's wholesome motto and "Sustain your own." This advice is no treason of ours, for Waterville understands it, and her neighbors practice it.

**REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.**—The convention at Portland, on Tuesday, nominated Hannibal Hamlin for Governor. This result was generally expected by the people, whose wishes have been met by their delegates in the true republican spirit. The vote was one of the largest ever cast in the State—being 1140, of which Mr. Hamlin received 1062 on the first ballot.

### OUR TABLE.

**NORTHERN HOME MAGAZINE.**—This new candidate for public favor has made its second bow to the public. The July number, just issued, appears well, and shows an improvement upon its predecessor. Its opening article is a biographical sketch of General Putnam; and a variety of home productions, in prose and verse, complete the allotted number of pages, which are ornamented with numerous engravings. The publishers, while inviting further aid, announce that their success has exceeded their expectations. Published by Daley & Lufkin, Portland, at \$2 a year.

**THE KNICKERBOCKER.**—The July number is at hand, fresh and bright, full of matter provocative both of tears and smiles, and nicely adapted for summer reading. Buy it, and when you go angling take it along. It will fill up the intervals between the nibbles; and you will find your way homeward in good humor, though your string of fish should be light. Published by Samuel Hueston, New York, at \$3 a year.

**UNITED STATES MAGAZINE.**—After an absence of several months, this work again makes its appearance upon our table, much improved externally and internally. It is now issued in octavo form, 100 pages to the number, elegantly illustrated; and though the price has been raised to two dollars, the work is cheaper than before, for the improvements and additional matter more than counterbalance the increase of price. This is a fine work, dealing with matters of practical importance and present interest, and deserves to be widely circulated. The July number contains a beautifully illustrated article on The Capitol at Washington; another on the Oratorical of the United States, illustrated; History of Wood Engraving, an interesting article with curious illustrations; Mary Ellery, the Indian Captain; biographical sketches of Judge McLean, Stephen A. Douglass, and General Walker, with portraits; and many other articles and illustrations which we cannot enumerate. Published by J. M. Emerson & Co., New York, at \$2 a year.

**LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.**—No. 633 has the following table of contents:—Early English Explorers, Experiments on the Generation of Insects, The Levantine, Curiousities of our Post Office, Kate Coventry, The State of Europe, Linen Trade of France, The American Question, Mistakes about Snakes—with several pieces of poetry and numerous short articles. The Living Age is published weekly in numbers of 64 pages each, by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$6 a year, and sent free of postage.

### Lookings-round at Kendall's Mills.

Since our last walk—in which we rested at Gov. Gulliver's—our old friend Henry Gulliver has arrived from Oregon, where he has spent the last seven or eight years; and right glad are we all to meet him, and I will whisper to you what I should not want to say to his face, that I do not think he has an enemy in the wide, wide world—everybody is a friend to Henry who knows him. I sincerely hope it may be always thus with him.

There is a reminiscence of the old Governor which may, perhaps, as well be recorded here as elsewhere. Long years ago, before Railroads were built to this place, it was customary to raft the boards and other lumber which were sawed here and run them down the river, and the Governor and his brother-in-law, Peter Page, were often engaged together to pilot these rafts, or joints of boards as they were called, down past the 'Short Turn,' a rapid place in the river just below the Governor's house. At this 'Short Turn' a dam had been constructed about half way across. Around the end of this dam was the channel in which rafts were usually run, while directly at the end was a large rock, which rose out of the water, known as 'Oak's Rock.' The Governor and Peter often differed in their opinion as to the best course to be pursued in running their rafts, and in such times—each holding to his own opinion—would work against each other with all their might, while the raft, seeming to take its own head would go where it pleased. On one of these occasions, having a pretty large raft well fastened together with withes, they swung out into the stream at the tail of the mill, when immediately one suggested that they should go down on the back side of Governor's Island. The other said, no, keep on this side. So they both began to ply their oars, one on one side and the other on the other, the raft taking a middle course made straight work on to the head of the Island. Both men now dropped their oars and began to damn each other, the raft meantime swinging in ashore with the current, made straight work, wrong end foremost for Oak's Rock which it struck and on to which Peter jumped, and on which, also, he was left the monarch of all he surveyed so far as the rock was concerned. But the raft swinging again carried the Governor over the dam, and was soon thrown out by the undertow amongst the breakers and boilers below, and after being carried hither and thither by the strong force of the water, it struck 'Bobonegan,' another rock below, where it sunk, leaving the Governor high and dry upon the rock. The neighbors turned out and got them both ashore. When they met the Governor said 'Peter, you have forgotten the fable of the bear and the two friends, you should never desert a friend in the hour of danger.'

At the west end of the dam above mentioned are two double saw mills, now in a dilapidated condition. This place was formerly denominated 'Great Work,' but nothing has been done there for two years past.

Turning now to the right we may pass up South Street, on each side of which are dwelling houses, amongst which is the old Mill house, one of the oldest buildings in the village. A few rods up this brings us to Main street again. Below us we may see dwelling-houses on each side of the street for nearly half a mile. The two Railroads cross the street side by side several rods below us. Turning again to the right we may continue our walk up Main street. We shall not proceed far before we will see on the left a nice two-storyed schoolhouse, built two years ago. We think this house is better constructed for the convenience of a school than any other we have seen of late. A little farther on we find among the dwellings the Cabinet Maker's shop of old Major Gibson. He does but a small business but we think he makes a little better furniture at a little less price than is generally found in this part of the country. As we pass along we must not forget to notice the dwelling of friend A. G. Bodfish which he offers for sale, as he desires to build another on his farm near the village. A few steps more and we come to the new Universalist Church which we have

before noticed. Since our notice however, the grounds have been nicely graded, a fence made, trees set out, grain and flowers sowed &c., altogether making a delightful place for public worship. For this or some other reason the congregations are large and attentive. We think that having a most excellent preacher has as much to do with it as anything.

Friend Bunker of the Fairfield House is also making large additions to his already extensive establishment. Indeed alterations go on so fast in this village that were we to walk eternally, with the same proportioned progress in improvement, we should be unable to describe the whole fully. Since passing this way before new side walks have been laid down, the streets have been improved, Lawyers have changed places, Gilbert and Richardson have made an addition to their store, a new drug store has been set up, a new Tailor has come in, and we have not described any portion of the upper part of the village or the Western Reserve. Oh dear, what shall we do?

M.

How is this?—We expect to see compliments of the press heralding the approach of a circus, when they only indicate "so much for so much" but when they follow after the exhibition they mean something more. Joe Pentland, whose circus exhibits in Waterville on Monday next, brings a train of compliments in his wake—enough at least to verify his motto that "The last is best." This can't be mere fashionable puffing; there must be some fact about it. How is it, brethren of the press over East, do you mean all you say?—for if you do, we want to see this wonderful circus of Joe's, though we thought we had seen as many as we can afford for one season.

By the way, the North Kennebec Agricultural Society has purchased the tent in which Joe Pentland's circus lately held their exhibitions; they having obtained a new one. It is to serve for the Society's exhibitions, and will save five times its cost in buildings. The society are lucky in making this purchase. The tent will bring 75 per cent of its cost, for paper-placed. The private subscription raised in this place to aid the society in preparing for the State Fair has reached nearly one thousand dollars; so that there is yet a prospect that the Fair will be held here. No other place can compare with this in convenience of access.

**THE HAY CROP.** We have cast our eyes over a good many fields of grass within the past ten days, most of them fields we have often seen before; and we venture to predict for the present season a more abundant hay crop than has been mown for five years past. The newly seeded fields are remarkably good, and the old ones are growing rapidly since the late rains. There is yet time for many of them to increase 25 per cent before cutting; and nothing seems wanting but good hay weather to secure a great harvest in this section. It is almost singular that thus far we hear no complaint of drought in any section of the country. The season promises to do much to restore old meadows to their condition previous to the three years of parching drought.

No. 6 from 'The North-East Chamber,' is deferred to next week. When we get time we are going to spend a day with the writer, whom we like for his love of nature—as we see it revealed by his pen. Some of our readers want to know who he is; but how can we tell till we see him?

**THAT FIREBRAND.**—The following is the resolution introduced by Mr. Ware of Portland at the whig state convention at Bangor:

Resolved, That without looking beyond the single question of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the administration of Franklin Pierce stands condemned before the country and the world with having most wickedly violated a time honored compact, disturbed the harmony of the country, exposed a large territory to the spread of slavery, and let loose upon the people all the evils of civil dissension and intemperate passion; and that the democratic party, by having at their convention at Cincinnati endorsed the course of the administration in regard to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, have rendered their principles more irreconcilable than ever to the time honored and unchangeable principles of the whig party, and have thus rendered a union between themselves and the whig party impossible.

This resolution followed the speech of Mr. Sanborn, in which the Republicans were denounced with unmeasured bitterness. Mr. W. said he thought he saw "two Richmonds in the field," one of which was the democratic party; "those old and tried enemies of the whigs, against whose policy the lives of Clay and Webster had been spent, and in fighting against whose schemes the laurels of the whig party had been earned." He said the resolutions passed at Cincinnati contained doctrines totally abhorrent to the sense and lifelong opinions of every whig, and doctrines which are refuted in the last great effort of the immortal Daniel Webster, when he said, that "when ever there is a substantive good to be done, whenever there is a foot of land to be prevented from becoming slave territory, I am ready to assert the principle of the exclusion of slavery."

Mr. Farley denounced the resolution with much severity, as a fire-brand intended to destroy the peace and harmony of the convention. He was followed by others, for and against the resolution, and after a brief but sharp debate the firebrand was smothered in a wet jacket of "harmony" by laying it on the table. Whether the discussion opened the eyes of any but those who had already resolved not to see, the ballot box must tell.

**STEAMBOAT ON BREAKERS.**—The steamer Menomnon Sanford, a new boat of a thousand tons, running between Bangor and Boston, ran upon the rocks off Thatcher's Island, on the morning of the 5th, under circumstances of such singularity as to render it hardly probable that "nobody was to blame." The Bangor Journal, which gets its facts from a passenger, says she was going 15 miles an hour, and struck the rocks without reversing her engine. "Her bow was carried up on the rocks ten feet out of water, and within forty feet of the first lighthouse, the light of which shone down brightly upon her deck! The night was clear and without a cloud, and the sea of unruffled

smoothness." Capt. Sanford was in Boston, and the acting commander in his berth; the wheel being in charge of the second pilot and a helmsman. There were two hundred passengers on board, all of whom went safely on shore. Fifteen feet of the forefoot and keel of the boat were crushed in, and at last reports she was in the condition in which she first went on. She cost \$100,000, was nearly new, and without insurance.

P. S.—A telegraphic dispatch says the M. Sanborn was got off on Tuesday, and was being towed back to Boston. It is not added, that the men whose shameful abuse of trust was the cause of the accident, were summarily sent to the bottom of the sea by the indignant passengers.

**SANBORN, THE POET.**—The Hon. Dan'l Sanborn, in the last Bangor Journal, describes the ascent of Mt. Le Lou in the following truly poetical strain:

The lady went up gracefully in tight to the pole,  
And disappeared down through the canvas by a hole.  
Wonder if the insanity of Wordsworth was  
Illuminated by the scintillations of occasional  
gems like this?

**IN SPITE OF HIS TEETH.**—On Monday the U. S. Senate, by a two-thirds vote, passed the three several bills for improving the mouth of the Mississippi, the St. Mary's river, and the St. Clair Flats; which had been previously passed by majorities and vetoed by the President. Does this "internal improvement" victory belong to the dead whigs or the "yet living" democrats? Who says the whigs have given up the contest, even when they work with democratic hands?

The following passage, in which Mr. Wilson is alluding to Mr. Sumner's speech, will serve to illustrate the naivete and coolness with which he treats the venerable worshipper of the black Dulcinea:

"The Senator from South Carolina tells us the speech is to be condemned. It has gone out to the country. It has been printed by the million. It has been scattered broadcast amongst seventeen millions of Northern freemen who can read and write. The Senator condemns it; South Carolina condemns it; but South Carolina is only a part of this confederacy, and but a part of the Christian and civilized world. South Carolina makes rice and cotton, but South Carolina contributes but little to make up the judgment of the Christian and civilized world. I value her rice and cotton more than I do her opinions on questions of scholarship and eloquence, or of patriotism or of liberty."

The Worcester Palladium, the ablest Democratic paper in Massachusetts, next to the Boston Post—and far before that as a consistent exponent of Democratic principles—refuses to support the platform and nominations of the Cincinnati Convention. It says:—

"In the convention four years hence, if what the South now desires shall not then have become a reality in its possession, the idea involved in these resolutions will stand out in bold relief; the full and full purpose of the slaveholders clearly unrobed of all disguise. It will be the absorption of the whole southern part of the North American continent; and the extension of negro slavery—carrying with it political power—over Mexico and the Central American States; converting the United States into one great republic; and bringing into the Union slave States after slave States, until slavery shall be the universal rule, and freedom its most insignificant exception."

To preserve the union of the States, so fraught with blessings for all, we are prepared to go as far as he who will go the farthest without the sacrifice of manhood. We yield to the South every right and privilege to which it is entitled under the constitution and the laws fairly and honestly interpreted. But there are steps which cannot be safely taken; and in the language of the excellent Woodbury, we say: "We follow where democratic principles lead; where they halt we halt."

### ANTI-SLAVERY NEWSPAPERS AT THE SOUTH.

Two anti-slavery newspapers are published in the Southern States. One of these is a daily paper, published in Newport, Kentucky. It is well supported, and has consistently maintained its views against most violent opposition. The other is the Wellsboro Herald, published in Virginia, the editor of which, in defining his position, says:

"As to what some of our southern friends have been pleased to term the Free Soil feature of the Herald, we have nothing to say, other than that we are somewhat indifferent as to names, and that our course in this respect is in all others, is that of independence. We are in favor of gradual emancipation in Virginia, from an old-fashioned regard we bear for the property of the white citizens of the State, and are not disposed to be driven from our conviction of right by either ridicule or denunciation. We do not anticipate that we shall continue very long the sole occupants of this field in Virginia, but that, when the storm of fanaticism now raging is allayed, many more of like sentiments with ourselves will pluck courage to cry out against the incubus that rests like a dead weight upon the best energies of the commonwealth. In the meantime we shall not object to the support of those of our way of thinking in the neighboring counties."

**CONDITION OF MR. SUMNER.**—The Washington correspondent of the Boston Atlas under date of July 8, says:

"The friends of Mr. Sumner apprehend that at best, he will never entirely recover from the effects of his injuries, and apprehensions still more gloomy are entertained by many of them. He suffers acutely in his head, and is enfeebled to the last degree. It is not at all probable that he will be able to resume his seat in the Senate during the present session."

Under date of July 4, the same writer says: "Brooks of South Carolina betrays unmistakable marks of depression and anxiety. He knows that the situation of Mr. Sumner is critical, and that his own fate hangs by a thread."

The Boston Bee, the leading Fillmore paper of Boston and New England, has pulled down the Fillmore flag and hoisted that of Fremont. It says:

"When we raised the name of Millard Fillmore as our standard bearer, we had strong hopes that he would have been an acceptable candidate upon whom all the elements of opposition to the slavery-extending, sectional and mischievous Democratic party might have been concentrated. In this we have been disappointed. Recent occurrences, together with Mr. Fillmore's unfortunate absence from the country, has had much to do with bringing about this state of feeling."

### Correct Feelings.

'Mr. Buchanan has habitually indicated, on the dangerous question of slavery, correct feelings.'

[John C. Calhoun.]

It would be an interesting study just at this time to examine what Mr. Calhoun's ideas of 'correct feelings' on the dangerous question of slavery were, and how far they accorded with the moral sense of the nation. No one, who has read Francis P. Blair's letter, or who recalls the events of the last thirty years, covering Mr. Calhoun's career in Congress, can fail to discover that almost from the very outset, he labored with a zeal, industry and energy worthy of a better cause, to bring in the whole democratic party to the support of slavery. What Charles Sumner asserted of Senator Butler is true of him, so far as efforts to incorporate slavery into the very life of the nation are concerned. With an unflinching and tireless devotion to what he considered the great cause of the South, he did what cannot be undone in the life-time of one generation—revolutionized the views of a vast party on the subject he had so much at heart. Even the self-evident propositions of the Declaration of Independence, by his interpretation, became absurdities. His hand raised the banner of nullification, and for the first time in the history of these States the question of a dissolution of the Union was seriously propounded. This is the man who vouches for the 'correctness' of James Buchanan's feelings on the 'dangerous question of slavery.' Sumner must learn to unlearn the meaning of words, if such feelings are 'correct'—else

'Will they find indeed, and find they know  
Both good and evil; good lost and evil got;  
Bad fruit of knowledge.'

[State of Maine.]

### Value of Carrots.

Carrots are very excellent "fodder" for horses that have been long kept on highly carbonaceous food, and whose digestive organs may be out of order in consequence of their constant activity in reducing meal and oats into the elements of animal nutrition. With a fair allowance of carrots, ground oats, and sweet hay, a horse will enjoy good health and spirits, have a loose hide, shining coat, and healthy lungs. A daily allowance of carrots, should always be furnished to horses, the subjects of indigestion; whose food often runs into fermentation, inducing diarrhoea or a lax watery state of the bowels. Carrots furnish an acid called pectic which possesses the curious property of gelatinizing the watery contents of the digestive cavities. A few drops of this pectic acid will gelatinize both, and when mixed with the juice of an orange changes the same into jelly. So that if the alvine discharges of a horse are watery, carrots can be used as a valuable therapeutic agent, both in view of arresting the same and restoring the tone of the stomach and bowels. By examining the excrement of a horse, fed in part on carrots, it will be found to contain no undigested hay nor oats, and therefore we may safely infer that they promote digestion so that by the constant use of carrots, less quantities of hay and oats will suffice than when a larger amount is consumed, and parted with in an undigested state. For fattening animals, carrots are exceedingly valuable. It will be urged that carrots are not very nutritious, that may be; still, if they possess the property of gelatinizing the contents of the stomach and bowels, they aid in the manufacture of fat out of other food, which might otherwise pass out of the system.

It is said that the milk of a cow at mid-winter, fed on carrots, is equal in flavor to that supplied from clover in summer, while the butter made from such milk, presents a rich orange color, and does not taste, as some persons suppose, of the peculiar flavor of this vegetable. Two bushels of oats and one of carrots is better food for a horse than three bushels of oats without carrots, and when the animal is used for light work only, the quantity of carrots may be increased.

The reader must bear in mind, however, that animals like ourselves have their peculiar idiosyncrasies or susceptibilities—what is one man's food is another's poison—and some might digest, and thrive amazingly, on a given article of food while an equal number shall lose both flesh and spirits. There appears, however, to be less objection to the judicious use of carrots than many other vegetables, both as regards horses and cattle.

If any of our readers happen to have what we term a "stall fed horse and the same shall be the subject of heaven's" (sometimes a symptom of indigestion, only) let them take away the fine meal and substitute carrots, and our word for it the horse will improve.

The following article clipped from the Saturday Evening Post, may possibly interest some of our readers:

"For two months past I have fed my two horses upon carrots and hay. My horses are in constant service on the road; and under this treatment, they usually come out at the end of the 'pile' looking better than when they commenced. My dose is two quarts, morning, noon, and at night four to each horse; they have as much good sweet English hay as they will eat, and eat whether fed to them dry or otherwise. This latter I have always practiced ever since I have had the management of horses; and I am satisfied that it is the cheapest and best way in which it can be given to the horse. There is no waste, and horses eat it better, and have more time to rest, which is quite an important consideration where the horse is liable to be taken from the stable at any moment. I am satisfied there is no better way of feeding horses, nor is there any cheaper one—that I have ever tried—than the one mentioned. If there is, will not some person who knows please report? I always cut them quite fine before using. Carrots are most excellent for horses whose wind is in any way affected—such as the heaves, &c. Those who have tried them for this purpose will, I think, agree with me in this; if not, just try the experiment and be satisfied. They are usually cheap, compared with other articles of food of equal nutritiousness. Last year I paid nine dollars per ton, this year eleven, and at the latter price I prefer them to oats—measure for measure." [Veterinary Jour.]

### WASHING FINE WOOLEN AND MUSLIN ARTICLES.

The gall of oxen and cows has been used from time immemorial for removing grease and dirt from fine woollen goods of delicate colors. Its action is the same as soap in removing the grease, while it is almost inert regarding the colors. In the hands of skillful persons, however, soap is just as safe, and is more pleasant to use because the gall has an offensive odor. To use the gall it should be mixed with just as much rain water as will allow the woollen article to be squeezed and handled freely. It requires considerable handling of the article in the liquid before the gall acts thoroughly. After the dirt and grease are removed, the dress, shawl, or whatever it may be that is washed in it, should be thoroughly rinsed in clean soft water. It will take three or four fresh supplies of water to remove all traces of the gall from the goods, and none must be left in on account of its offensive smell. This is a very safe process of washing fine woollen articles of light green, blue, and various other delicate colors. Children's dresses

of fine merino cloth may be safely washed in this manner. One gall will suffice for a small dress. Another plan, and a better one for washing fine articles of dress is to dissolve some fine soap in hot water, and allow it to become quite cold, then wash the article in this, taking care not to rub it violently. The soap-suds should be quite strong, or the soap will be decomposed by the grease in the article to be washed. The suds must be thoroughly rinsed out of the articles in cold soft water. Scented soap is the best to use for such delicate operations, because it imparts an agreeable perfume to the article of dress washed.

Another process for washing fine muslins of delicate colors, is to take some wheat bran—about two quarts for a lady's dress—and boil it for half an hour in some soft water, then allow it to cool, strain the liquor, and use it for a substitute for soap. It removes dirt like soap, is inert regarding the colors, and requires to be rinsed out in only one clean water, and starching is unnecessary. This is the best method of washing fine muslins and calicoes. A great number of beautiful dresses are often spoiled in washing by the discharge of their colors, from the use of warm water. In all cases, the suds and rinsing water for colored articles of dress should be used as cold as possible. [Scientific American.]

### Horse Shoes must be levelled on the ground surface.

An iron shoe tacked on to a horse's foot, is one of the unavoidable evils of domestication, yet when properly applied is not so great an evil as some persons might suppose. One of the objects in applying the shoe, is to preserve the natural concavity of the sole of the foot. A horse in his natural state, and indeed up to the period of his first introduction within the precincts of the "smithy," has, generally, a concave sole; and wisely, is it so ordained; were it otherwise, the animal would be unable to obtain secure foothold; as it is, the inferior edge of the hoof—that is the ground surface, projecting beyond the sole, may be compared to the point of a cat's claw or the nails of men; they grasp as it were, bodies, with which they come in contact, and thus secure a point of resistance; which aids in advancing limb, or body, over a smooth surface. Now in order to preserve the natural mechanical functions of the horn and sole, the ground surface of the shoe, must correspond to the ground surface of the foot: that is to say, the ground surface of the shoe must be levelled, cup fashion; its outer edge, being prominent, takes the place of the hoof: its inner surface being concave, corresponds to the natural concavity of the foot. It is a custom among some blacksmiths, to reverse the above procedure, and place the concave surface next the foot; and often, the ground surface, appears to be more convex, than concave. In justice, however, to that much abused individual, the shoer (who is not always at fault), we remark, that often he is not allowed to use his own judgment, for as some people believe, 'anybody can do a horse's' so an equal number have an idea that they know all about shoeing him, and men will often stand over the smith, and direct him as to the form of shoe and manner of securing it to the foot.

Notwithstanding men's various opinions on the general art of shoeing horses, we think that all will sooner or later agree with us; that a levelled, or cup-shaped, ground surface is the best. We care not what may be the form of the foot; whether it be high, or low heeled; contracted at the heels; lengthened or shortened at the toe; or having a concave or a convex sole: it is all the same. The ground surface must always be concave. In every other part of the shoe improvements and alterations are suggested and indeed required in consequence of the ever varying form, and action of the horse's foot under the states of health and disease; but, on the inferior surface of the foot, we are presented with a pattern, for the ground surface of a shoe, which no man can ever improve on, and if we were to follow that pattern more closely there would be fewer accidents, in falling, and less lame horses. [Veterinary Journal.]

**CHIVALRY.**—There are some curious facts in chivalry. No man has been more open or plainer in his denunciations of the aggression of Slavery than Senator Wade of Ohio. Nothing that Mr. Sumner has ever said has approached the language of Mr. Wade. Mr. Wade holds himself responsible to the laws of duelling. He is a dead shot with a rifle. He has never been challenged. Mr. Wilson, who it was known, would not offend the public sentiments of Massachusetts, by fighting a duel, was challenged. He replied that he would not fight a duel on account of words spoken in debate, but that he would repeat them whenever he deemed it proper, and that if he was assaulted, he would defend himself. He was never known to be prepared for an assault. He has never been assaulted. These are simple facts. We do not pretend to explain them. [Providence Journal.]

**STICKING PEAS.**—Col. Gore of Freeport plants the peas in double drill, and between them drives straight stakes on a line, two or three feet apart. He then weaves in any small brush, his hemlock, cedar, fir, or other wood, running horizontally from stake to stake, the whole being something like a small section of a fisherman's weir. Every thing that snags. The vines grow up on the outside of this thin brush wall, cover with their great foliage both sides of the same; thus obscuring the whole interior of the plot, and the cultivator or gatherer can pass along the rows, without the annoyance of pea-sticks protruding their lateral branches in his way. It is his work that to prepare and insert pea-sticks is the common method. [Draw's Rural.]

If the business of a President of the United States was to search for passages through the Rocky Mountains and roast buffalo, meat on a pronged stick, we should say next to Kit Carson (who is his superior in everything man can do) Mr. Fremont would make the best President that could possibly be secured up.

[Boston Post.] If the business of a President of the United States was to extend slavery over free territory at the point of the bayonet, to subjugate the North to the condition of a province of the South, and to embark the country upon a general policy of slavery in its domestic and foreign relations, we should say that next to Franklin Pierce (who is his superior in these respects, except that the people have tried him once, and found no account stand him again) Mr. Buchanan would make the best candidate that could be secured up. [Providence Journal.]

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Advertiser writes under date of 3d inst: "In the House to day, the vote of Monday rejecting the bill for the immediate admission of Kansas as a State, was reconsidered, and the bill was passed. This result caused much rejoicing. The only vote changed from that of Monday was Barclay's, (of Pa.) who moved the reconsideration. The Fillmore members all voted against the bill."







