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A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

(CONCLUDED.)

Thus, as I have said, she was seldom with other children, though our friend Dr. Letby's family lived so near us. But one spring it happened that his little daughter Kate had an illness, and for many weeks afterward was too delicate to go out of doors or play with the other children. In this state the little invalid evinced a singular and persistent desire to have Wish with her. One day that Paula took the child in with her to Mrs. Letby's, Kate would with difficulty be persuaded to let her go again; and the next morning came a petition that Wish might be suffered to go and spend that day with the ailing little girl, who 'fretted at her continually.'

Children often have such fancies, especially when they are sick; and Paula and I could hardly refuse to indulge this one. But it seemed strange and painful to take our child into another house, and leave her there, even though she herself seemed satisfied to remain, and stood quietly beside Kate, submissive to have her hands taken, her hair played with, and to be embraced and fondled to the heart's content of her companion.

When she returned to us in the evening we both thought the visit had done her good. There was more vitality in the little face; and its usual paleness had given place to a delicate color that we liked to see. But she was very quiet and silent; and, as she sat on Paula's knee for half an hour before her bedtime, she replied by gestures to our questions concerning her visit. We gathered that she had been very content there, and would like to go again; that she loved Kate and Mrs. Letby, and the canary birds and the pictures. When we mentioned these last, (for Dr. Letby had a few very fine paintings hanging in his dining-room,) she turned round suddenly, with a wonderfully bright gleam of consciousness or remembrance shining in her face; but it seemed to pass before she could give it words.

Presently Paula took her away. She had wished me good-night. Her sweet child-kiss still lingered on my lips. I resumed my book; but, after ten minutes' abstracted poring over it, some memoranda to make, some authorities to consult from the bookcase in our room, led me up-stairs. The room communicated with the smaller chamber where Wish slept. The door was open between the two, and the light streamed through. I went and lit the lamp by the bookcase, and commenced my search for the needed volume. Paula's voice occasionally sounded from the inner room, where she was undressing the child. Then I was startled by the sweet, clear, little voice of Wish herself:

"Mamma—I know!"

"What do you know, darling?"

"I know it! I know who made the flowers—and the birds—and the sky—and the grass—"

She stopped as if breathless, though she had spoken slowly, as usual. There came no answer from the mother. The silence was again lightly stirred by the child's voice:

"Why did you never tell me of God?"

Again there was a pause. "Kate asks God to take care of her, and her mamma and her papa. I will too."

"No, not at my knees—not there!" I heard Paula mutter.

"Is it wrong—is Wish wrong? Is God a wrong thing?"

"Hush—hush! Nay, my own darling; it is not wrong. Look up, look up. Mamma cannot bear to see Wish cry."

But the passion of weeping, so rare in the child, was not easily assuaged.

"Mamma, mamma! I thought you would be glad. Wish was so glad."

For a long time I listened to Paula, as she strove to soothe and console her. Then I went down, my book in my hand, and waited for her coming. She entered the room with the look on her face that I was prepared to see—the look that had not rested there for many years. I met her outstretched hands, and answered the look; and then she dropped by my side, and hid her face.

"Is she asleep?" I asked her.

"Yes, Lewis. Her little voice is ringing in my ears now. Such a little, innocent voice to utter words like those! Lewis, Lewis! what does it mean?"

"She has learned from Kate Letby the words she used. The idea is new to her, and she caught it at once, like a child. That is all."

"Ay, but it is not all, Lewis; it is not all. It seemed as if the thought had been sleeping in her mind, ay, before now. It is not newly born; it is only awakened. And I—I must crush it back. I could do no more than strike it away from her. And she cried as she never cried before in all her life. Her tears rent my heart."

"I know; I can guess it, Paula."

"You cannot; it is not in a man's soul to tell the agony of mine. I am her mother; and I have stabbed her with her first grief! Never in all her little life before has she shed tears like those."

"It is a good sign. It renews our hopes," I said, with resolved cheerfulness. But my wife turned from me in bitterness.

"What hopes? O! Lewis, is it not mockery in us to desire so earnestly for our child the strength and clearness of intellect that only brings doubt and misery to ourselves? Let her remain as she is—my innocent, trusting angel! She is wiser than we. Sometimes I believe in my inmost heart that she knows more than we—that her helpless, childish trust is nearer the Truth than all our doubts."

"That is not reasonable, Paula," I said.

"Away with this cold logic! I, she returned, almost fiercely; it speaks to my ears and not to my soul. Lewis, I cannot choose but cling to my little one's sweet hands; they draw me toward her, no less in spite than in body. She is holy and pure, and true. What am I, that I dare to dispute against her instincts? Let me follow her!"

"I would not prevent you if I could," I answered, sadly. "If you can believe, Paula, so much happier for you."

"You say so?" she said, in an awed tone, looking into my face.

"Even I say so. Yes, I have not ceased to be a skeptic, Paula; as I have not exult in my skepticism. As men grow older, I suppose it is so. Doubt, after all, may be a harder creed than belief. If it will bestow on me a tyrant, I should be no unbeliever now; but reason is strong, and will not bend. I cannot; I cannot."

Paula drew closer to me in silence, as I abruptly broke off. There was a long pause before I spoke again.

"If it be possible for you to go out of the cold shadow that I am in—go, Paula. It would make me happier to see you in the sunshine. Forgive me; I know I have kept you from me hitherto. Tell me 'share of the work'."

"No, no! no! she cried vehemently."

"Hush! hush! I will not have you say so; I will not have you reproach yourself. It is my own hard, stubborn heart, that holds me back always; that holds me back now. Not you—not you!"

She melted into passionate tears, and we said no more.

It was the next day to this—a bright June day—I went early on my usual business. I said nothing to Paula about the child, nor did I ask if she was to go again to little Kate. Wish was her own quiet self again that morning. She sat in her customary place, at that side of the table whence she could look out through the window on to the garden. Her clear eye seldom left that outlook, and I fancied her face brightened, momentarily, in the glory of the sunshine that was flooding earth and sky so graciously.

Her little footsteps followed me down the garden path; her little hand, detained me at the gate. She lifted her face with the familiar gesture, and as I bent down to take her in my arms and kiss her, she said:

"Wish is glad—so glad."

"Why is she glad?"

"I don't know. And the yearning rose from the depths of her eyes. She looked round her searchingly at radiant flowers, trees, and sky, as if seeking the mystery of their brightness, then flung her arms around my neck, and nestled her head in my bosom. 'Wish is glad,' she said again.

What moved the child to this gladness or to utter it in words on that especial morning? Shall I ever know?

The remembrance of her sweet look, the feeling of her dear arms round my neck, sunk down into my heart. I forgot nothing of the brief episode during all the day. It followed me into my usual avocations; it made the time beautiful to me. As I went home at evening, I thought of it. It was a thought in harmony with the ineffable purity of joyousness that seemed to pervade the world that evening. Clear and rosy shone the western sky, though the sun wanted half an hour to its setting; richly sounded the blackbird's song; and the green fields and the sloping hill beyond, with its brood of woodland, and its crown, the old gray church tower and quaint wooden spire rising from it, all seemed to me lustrous that evening, as if the air around were something more than air, and illumined all that was beheld through it.

So I thought as I turned down the green lane leading to our cottage; I walked along the garden path, where Wish's footsteps had followed me that morning. I entered at the open door and passed into the general sitting room. No one was there; but Paula's needlework was scattered on the table, and a bunch of flowers arranged as Wish loved to arrange them lay on the window sill. I took them up, gratefully inhaling their fresh fragrance, while looking out anew on the radiant hill, and the western sky, where the sun was partially covered, and seemed trying to burst free from a long line of dappled clouds. So I stood in the recess of the bow-window for some time, till the rustle of a robe sounded in the room, and Paula's hand was laid upon my arm, and Paula's voice:

"Husband! Wish is ill, very ill!"

I do not know what I said, or how she looked. I only remember the sudden horror of the shock, the heavy weight that fell on my heart, crushing all quiet thoughts away. I remember, too, that the sun had burst through the detaining clouds, and shone round and golden, while the level light, intense and absolute, glorified the landscape that had seemed bright before.

It was strange, and yet not strange, that both Paula and I, from the first, had the same dim, breathless terror of this illness that had suddenly smitten the child. She had drooped and sickened all within a few hours, they told me. At first Dr. Letby himself was perplexed by the singular nature of the attack; but ultimately it resolved itself into one of those dread fevers, so subtle and sometimes so fatal. Sometimes—only sometimes! I said this to myself after day, trying to keep up the show of hope. But I was a hypocrite. Through the long hours that I watched by the little bed, where our darling tossed in restless delirium, though I watched as eagerly, as jealously, as if by the keenness of my vision, I could fence off all ill that could come near her—still—I knew.

On the ninth day, exhausted, I had been compelled by Dr. Letby to leave the sick room for a space. I fell into a heavy, torpid sleep, from which I was aroused by a voice. "Come," it said, at once. The child is sinking. Nurse yourself for your wife's sake. She suffers more than you can do."

And I rose and staggered to my feet, like one in a dream, and followed him. I could not bear it. I could not bear to see the tiny figure, with its lily face, and closed eyes lying there. All my manhood forsook me. I flung myself by the bedside, and burst into a passion of despair.

A hand took mine and pressed it. Paula had stolen to my side; Paula's voice spoke to me.

"Hush, husband!" Only those two words, but in such a tone! Calm, comforting, tender. I looked up at her; her face wore the same expression as her voice.

"Is there hope then?" I said in a harsh whisper, and they told me there was none! "Paula, can she live?"

"No, O, be still, for her moments are very few; and she can hear you."

She was again hanging over the child, watching every quiver of her little face, listening to every faint breath that came and went.

Presently the eyelids trembled and unclosed. The wide blue eyes sought the mother's face, and rested there content. A smile parted the pale lips, and she seemed to try to speak.

"Mamma."

She laid her head beside her, so better to hear the feeble utterance.

"The pain's gone."

"Yes, my darling. Oh, my child! my child! The agony would have way for the minute. The little head turned restlessly on its pillow. 'Mamma, mamma!'"

"No—no—no. Mamma is content."

There was a long silence. Then again the weak, tremulous, tiny voice:

"Where are you mamma? and papa?"

We each took one small hand.

"Why can't I see you? Why are you so far off?"

Paula held her arm under the dear head, and held her so. The slender breath grew short and fast. Dr. Letby drew near, looked for a minute—then left us softly.

"Mamma—papa!" we detected the faint whisper, and bent down very close, that we might lose nothing of the fragile sound.

"Come!—Come! Come with Wish!"

And that was all. The lips ceased to be stirred, even by the fluttering breath. A slight spasm convulsed her face for a moment, and

then left it settled in that pure, peaceful likeness we were to know it by evermore.

We leaned over her dumbly. I felt as if in a dream. I could not realize; I could not believe in anything that I saw. Wish lying there with that white, soft smile on her face was not real, and still less was Paula, sitting without a word or sign gazing down on the dead face with steadfast eyes. It was an instinctive effort to break the circle of illusions which surrounded me that I called on her name.

She roused then, and looked up. The anguish seemed to surge over her face in a grand wave of consciousness. It broke, with a fitful wandering of the eyes, a beseeching gesture of the outstretched arms, and a low, low, desolate wail.

"My darling—my treasure? O, my child! my child! my child!"

I sat there, mute, and watched her agony. I dared not go near it. I was stone-like and helpless. I felt as if all my world had slipped by me—floated away irretrievably into an unknown vortex, while I stood watching, as now, with my hands bound to my side and my utterance choked, even from lamentations.

My last remembrance was of Paula coming to me, touching my forehead with her hands. Then everything was blotted out from eyes and mind.

I had been a strong man, vigorous in health as I was held to be in intellect. But in that long illness I seemed to be drained of life, both mental and physical, till only the dregs of both remained. Then there followed a long period of convalescence, during which all I could do was to lie quietly where they placed me, sometimes with closed lips and heavy, listless thoughts, vaguely traversing my mind; sometimes with my eyes wandering restlessly about the room till they lit on Paula's patient face, whereon they would linger. About that face, my thoughts grew entangled often. I could not rightly order them. A misty consciousness, a painful yearning after something forgotten, continually led me into a maze of ideas so imperfectly comprehended, that I felt more than ever weak and helpless in the midst.

At length, one day, a very little thing broke the spell that kept my mind so lightly in its bonds. Some flowers were brought and laid beside me. Their delicate fragrance seemed to steal into my very inmost heart. Among them were one or two sprays of white jasmine, with their peculiar aromatic odor. On the wings of that subtle essence recollection came to me, and renewed consciousness. These were favorite flowers of our Wish; they had been among those—the last gathered by her hands—that I had carelessly taken up that evening—a whole life since! and distinctly, to every smallest detail of that evening, I remembered.

I saw the radiant hill and the rosy sunset, the aspect the room had worn, and the look on Paula's face when she came in to tell me that Wish was ill. Then came the long, blurred, hazy memory of the evening days, scarcely of anxiety—that were too hopeful a name for the feeling with which we hungrily watched every breath our darling drew—every change on her face, every stirring of her limbs, through this terrible time.

From these remembrances I lifted my eyes, and read their sequel in Paula's face. Yet was there still something in that shadowed face which I could not understand. Involuntarily my thought took words. "How changed!" I said. And again in my mind I commenced groping about for some new revelation which should make things clearer to me. But at the sound of my voice Paula came and stooped beside me, looking earnestly into my face, as if she were startled to hear me speak. Her own voice trembled as she asked me, "what was changed?" She trembled lest my answer should betray that I was still not myself, for—poor wife!—I had been utterly bereft of sense for many weeks. "You are changed, Paula," I said; "is this a new world?"

"Ay, it is, it is!" she answered me; and she put her arms round me, and wept abundantly.

By and by, she gradually told me the history of those past seven weeks. It all recurred to me with vividness as I lay on my sofa, holding her hand fast, and watching the outline of the pale, beautiful face that was slightly averted from me. She was looking at the landscape stretched out before the window. It was early autumn now; I knew the look of the trees in the garden, of the slope on the slope of the hill. The hill—I remembered it. Cruelly, relentlessly bright it looked now in the soft sunshine. After a little while I hid my face from it.

"What month is this?" I asked her.

She told me August. "It was the last week in July that our darling went," said she softly.

"And then," she presently added, in the same hushed tone, "you left me too. I thought I had lost both."

"How did you bear it, Paula?" I cried, hastily. "Why did your heart not break? Why was I the one to fail, and fall helpless at this time?"

"A year ago, said Paula, I should have fallen helpless too, Lewis. No human strength—no human fortitude is capable of enduring such woe as ours." She stopped abruptly; then added, in a strange tone, low but distinct, and with a tremulous quiver vibrating through every word, "But I—I was not comfortable."

I looked at her in silence.

"Lewis," she whispered again, "I was not comfortable." A pause. "No," she went on, slowly, and now her voice rose, steady and clear, like the light that gathered, and brightened in her eyes; "a mother who has seen her child die, is still not comfortable. For no mother who has lost her child can doubt, Lewis, do you understand me? God is good, she cried passionately, "and in his mercy he ordered it so, that to a bereaved mother's soul must come the conviction that is more than knowledge—the faith that is worlds above all reasoning. I know that I shall have my child again! Lewis, Lewis I know it!"

ARGUMENT IN THE KNIGHT CASE.

The exceptions in the Knight case were argued upon before the full court at Augusta last week. The argument occupied three days—Mr. Clifford for the prisoner, Mr. Goddard and Atty. Gen. Appleton for the Government. (One question presented by these exceptions is the right of the prisoner, in a capital case, to errors in case of challenge to a juror for favor. The presiding Judge ruled that he was not entitled to them; and that it was for the court to determine the question of the impartiality of the jurors. This, we believe, a new question in our courts and it is a very interesting and important one.)

THE THREE VOICES.

What saith the Past to thee? Weep! Truth is departed. Beauty hath died like the dream of a sleep. Love is faint-hearted. Trifles of earth, the profitless unreal. Drive from our spirits God's holy ideal! So as a funeral-bell, slow and deep. So tolls the Past to thee. Weep!

How speaks the Present glory? Act! Walking upward glancing. So shall thy footsteps in glory be tracked. Slow, but advancing. Scorn not the smallest of daily endeavor, Let the great meaning come from it ever. Droop not over efforts expended in vain—Work as believing that labor is gain.

What doth the Future say? Hope! Turn thy face upward. Look where light fringes the far-flaming slope. Day cometh onward. Watch! the sun long be the twilight delaying. Let the first sunbeam rise on thee praying: Fear not! for greater is God by thy side Than the armies of Satan against the allied.

SALUTATION.

None now can make a shortened cake. So good as could my mother. And I shall know why 'tis so. As well as any other. Because, since then some wicked men, With a kind of apparatus, Have made a stuff the bread to puff, And called it salutation.

Don't ask us why so many die— That some should live 'tis surprising— Since now our food is made of wood, And salt is used for 'rising.' I hope the cook (with their good looks) Will not exterminate us. With cake and pie mixed up with lye, Reduced to salutation.

May every pot in which they've got Their stuff, be sure to steam; May every thing in which it's been Boiled minus top and bottom. May every store on sea or shore (What else could more stale be?) Be dry or flood, or in the mud, Lose all the salutation.

And now ye fair, I little care What else may be the diet. Though made of wood and salt and dry. The big brown loaf I'll try it. With cabbage 'biled,' and turnip piled, You're welcome to come at us, Yes, anything but salutation. With blessed salutation.

Lost Fertilizers.

I have been surprised at the want of common forethought evinced by the otherwise intelligent man, in destroying materials adapted to fertilize the soil. In passing the residence, the other day, of a friend who prides himself on being quite an amateur at farming, or rather gardening, I saw him busily engaged in raking together the corn-stocks, potato-vines, and litter of the previous year's crops, in order to burn them!

A beautiful, clean looking garden he was going to have; and besides the ashes were so beneficial on the land! Now I do not question the value of ashes on many soils, but I undertake to say that the litter thus made to ashes, if spread deep into the soil, would be at least a hundred to one more valuable.

And more especially is such a process grateful to a heavier, clayey soil, such as my friend was thus engaged in despoiling of its cheapest fertilizer, while he is paying six dollars a cord for stable manure!

A portion of my own garden is of the same heavy, clayey soil, and after draining it, I have made a practice of spading into it all the vegetable litter I could readily procure, including even small brush and shavings. These things produce vegetable mold, and they make the land light, while but a very small addition of stable manure suffices to produce very heavy crops. I should almost as soon think of burning up my fences in order to produce ashes for my land, as of burning up my garden litter for the same purpose. Very few of the vegetables usually grown up in gardens are, fastidious with respect to the food they derive from the soil. Almost anything that will produce vegetable mold, or fermentation, or ammonia, will form soluble matter to be taken up into the growth of plants.

Another case of neglected fertilization recently came under my observation. I was looking over a small farm not fifteen miles from Boston, which consisted mainly of a hard, gravelly soil, and looked as though the grass-hoppers born upon it might reasonably shed tears over their destiny. The pasture was little else than moss, and the mowing land exhibited little tufts of herbage, indicating the presence of some form of iron in the soil, and the need of some fertilizer, beyond the small quantity of stable manure which the owner was able to spend upon it. That owner looked the picture of discouragement; and yet, on one corner of the farm were four or five acres of the very best muck swamp, producing little except alders, and yet containing the very material best adapted for making the farm as fertile as need be. A load of muck upon a gravelly soil is often more permanently useful than a load of the best stable manure; and in Massachusetts lying untouched year after year. It seems as though providence had scattered these muck swamps over the country on purpose to rejuvenate our worn-out soils, but as yet, only a small portion of our farmers have learned to appreciate these fertilizing deposits.

"O, muck is too cold for my land!" exclaims a farmer, who don't believe that anything can be done except in the old way. The idea that muck is too cold has caused many a New England farmer to stumble; but if any one of your numerous readers ever tried the use of muck as a fertilizer, and repented of it, let that man come forward. As Brutus says, "If any speak, for him have I offended."

[Corr. New England Farmer.]

NO PART OF LIFE IS INVOLVED.—Let none prevail with us to think that there is any period of life, or any sphere of our activity, or any hour of our rest, which can escape the range of right and wrong, and be secluded from the eyes of God. Nothing can be more offensive to a good mind than the eagerness to claim, for some portions of our time, a kind of holiday, as if from the presence of duty, and the consecration of pure affection, to thrust off all noble thoughts and sacred influences into the most neglected corner of existence, and drive away religion; as if it were a baggyard occurrence, that must some time come, instead of a guardian angel that must never go. It were shameful to sanction the low minded sentiment, which so often says of early life that it is the time for enjoyment, and makes this an excuse for dispensing with everything else.

Under such guidance, life would have no secret unity; it would be no secret Epic sung throughout, by any constant inspiration, but a monster of incongruity; its first volume a jest book, its second a tale of interest, and its last a mixture of the satire and the liturgy. I can form no prophetic image of human life,

than a youth of levity and pleasure, followed by a maturity and age of severity and pietism. Both sights in succession, are alike deplorable; a young soul, without wonder, without reverence, without tenderness, without inspiration; with superficial mirth, and deep indifference; standing on the threshold of life's awful temple, with easy smile, with uncovered head, or bended knee, or breathless listening! Is that the time you should say for enjoyment? Yes;—and for enthusiasm, for conviction; for depth of affection, and devotedness of will; and if there be no hint of heaven in that morning haze of life, it will be vain to seek them in the starling light of the later noon.—[Martineau.]

FEMALES IN RAILROAD CARS.—A gentleman entered the ladies' car upon one of the Eastern roads, and as the day was chilly, appropriated an entire seat in the vicinity of the stove. Passengers crowded in at every station, and soon every seat was taken except the one occupied by himself. Presently two ladies (so they appeared) entered the car, and as no one seemed inclined to offer a vacancy to his own discomfort, our friend, whose gallantry is proverbial, gathered up his shawl, portmanteau and himself, arose, motioned the ladies forward, assisted them into the seat, and took a stand not far distant. Not so much as a smile or bow recognized the kindness—it was evidently considered a mark of respect due to female dignity—a privilege which any gentleman might be proud to acknowledge.

"Coolly done," remarked an individual in juxtaposition to our friend.

"Decidedly," was the laughing reply, "but I'll give them a lesson by-and-by, and one they'll be likely to remember."

"Why, you won't say anything, surely?"

"Indeed I will; the opportunity is too good to be lost; and somewhat annoyed, it must be confessed, though less by the loss of his seat than by the rudeness of its occupants, he walked away to the window, and occupied his vision with the things without. Another station—another stop—the ladies rose to depart. They had nearly reached the door, when a clear manly voice called out, 'Ladies!'

There was a general hush, while every eye was turned upon the serene countenance of our traveler. 'Ladies, you have occupied my seat during the ride from I—, and I cannot allow you to leave, without expressing my sense of the obligation, also the hope that when you enter a full car, and a gentleman vacates his seat for your accommodation, you will at least have the politeness to thank him!'

A shout of applause rewarded the speaker, and the ladies (lowering their confused faces, retreated hastily, to digest, as best they might, this sudden but merited rebuke.

[Cincinnati Commercial.]

The above good story reminds us of an incident which occurred on the New York Railroad some months since. The seats were all full, except one which was occupied by a rough looking, but honest Irishman—and at one of the stations, a couple of evidently well-bred and intelligent young ladies came in to procure seats; but seeing no vacant ones, were about to go into a back car—when Patrick rose hastily, and offered them his seat, with evident pleasure. "But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the young ladies, with a smile—hesitating, with true politeness, as to accepting it. "Never you mind that," said the Irishman, "yer welcome to it! I'd ride upon the cow-catcher till New York, any time, for a smile from such fine ladies!" and retreated hastily into the next car, amid the cheers of those who had witnessed the incident.

[New Haven Register.]

LOW HEADS FOR FRUIT TREES.—Some writer, no matter who, gives the following recommendation for the shape of fruit trees.

It is said to be much better to grow fruit trees with their heads and branches near the ground, than to have them branching over head, for various reasons.

1st. The sun, which is, perhaps in our hot and dry summers, the cause of more disease and destruction in fruit trees than all other diseases together, is kept from almost literally scalding the sap, as it does in long naked trunks and limbs. The limbs and leaves of a tree should always effectually shade the trunk and keep it cool. The leaves only should have plenty of sun and light; they can bear and profit by it. If trees were suffered to branch out low, say one or two feet from the ground, we should hear much less of 'fire blight,' 'frozen sap blights,' black spots, and the like.

2d. The ground is looser, moister, and cooler, under a low branching tree, than under a high one. Grass and weeds do not grow a hundredth part so rank and readily, and mulching becomes unnecessary.

3d. The wind has not half the power to rack, and twist, and break the tree, and shake off the fruit, a matter of no small consequence.

4th. The tree will be much longer lived, and more prolific, beautiful and profitable.

5th. The trees are more easily rid of destructive insects, the fruit is much less damaged by falling, and the facilities for gathering it are much greater; there is less danger of climbing, and less of breaking limbs.

6th. The trees require less pruning, scraping and washing, and the roots are protected from the plow, which is too often made to tear and mutilate them.

These seem to be indisputable facts, sufficient to silence all objections. An apple or cherry tree is nearly twice as valuable for shooting out low, near the ground, especially on the south-west side.

WARTS ON CASTLE.—In your paper of May 20, H. S. of Palmer, Mass., enquires how he can remove half a bushel of warts, from an otherwise valuable two years old beifer? I never removed more than about a peck from any one animal, but perhaps the same course of treatment would have told on a larger quantity. Certainly, it made clean work with all there was. The stee was at grass. I tied him to a bar-post, in a warm, sunny place, and directed my boy to wash all his warts in beer; soak them well, and repeat as often as he gets dry. We followed it up for two or three days. The boy was faithful, and said 'he thought he had got him well corned down.' The warts all disappeared.

[Corr. New England Farmer.]

The coroner's jury, in the case of the propeller Intrepid, (see the dispatch of which, at Toronto, in May, the coroner was killed), have rendered the following verdict:—That said explosion was caused by the introduction of spirits of wine, antiseptic and all kinds of oil into the boiler of the said propeller, by Doherty, the Engineer in charge. The introduction of the said antiseptic substances causing the water to foam, and consequently indicating the presence of more water than is really contained.

OUR SOCIETY.

That every man is exerting an influence on Society that counts for good or evil, is a truth long since discovered, tried and proved. It is, therefore, wise to pause a moment to see which way we tend. If we speak of traits that seem to be individual, let us look around and see if they do not characterize a class. If they do characterize a class—every different trait a different class—then let us own it and become better.

We shall not speak of Society with respect to the superiority of the few over the many either by wealth or education; but we would notice the manliness of our men and of our women too, with respect to disposition, manners and energy.

The first characteristic—that is noticeable among those who hold high places, is the desire to be unlike the rest of mortals and a stranger to common things. Now as far as my single self is concerned, although they attain their ends and become indeed unlike their fellows, they lose the respect of others just in proportion as they practice oddity. If a man be educated, it need not make him less a man than though he had not learned; neither does it necessarily follow that the countenance must be unnatural—distorted by the struggle for an outward show of dignity. Neither do we think that education exempts one from common street politeness, such as recognizing a bow, and what ever else may be fairly observed in public. We cannot consider it a mark of really great importance or a sign of profound wisdom, to pass over stoically what ought to animate and cheer, and to every appearance to be separated from this world by the mighty spaces of their own great souls. But perhaps, (this seeming oddity (some one may say) is more the gift of Nature, than the result of one's own deliberations. Well even in that case, the same care to get rid of this needs only to be applied, that is in a thousand other cases, to get rid of similar things. That Nature makes a thing so, is but little proof that it should continue so. For if it be a proof, then why these years to be spent in College—why steamboats, railroads and telegraphs? Nature does not give these things. Then if a man be odd by nature, what excuse is that? It becomes doubly contemptible in those who are highly educated and whose place requires that they be affable and kind. If this represent a class of our society, though very small, let them ask if they are very great in the minds of the most; if they have not sat under a cloud of despair where honorable distinction seemed darkened and removed from their reach; if they have not been driven to this hateful alternative by a ravenous appetite for fame. Many would say that the more one is favored by the world the more he should show himself a lover of the world.

Harmless, however, as this class may be to the safety and welfare of others, there are those who meddle with the names and characters of their fellows, and rather than show a hatred of scandal, seize upon the first appearing of rumor and circulate it for fact, with such additions as suit their tastes. According to the spite that they conceive they owe, they swing this blasting scythe. Girls and boys, claiming to be ladies and gentlemen, will be found not wholly exempt from this crime; indeed they are, on the other hand, seen and heard to speak grudgingly of another's praise and to enlarge the circle of his vices. As though it were easier to defame than to praise, or if not to praise,

Kendall's Mills Adv'ts.

STOVES AND HARDWARE, AT KENDALL'S MILLS.

Hot Air Furnaces, Fire Frames, Farmers' Bolders, House Trimmings, Cuts, Farmers' and Carpenters' Tools, Nails, Glass, Sheet Lead and Zinc, Together with Britannia Tin, Japaned, Enamelled, Sheet Iron Ware, etc.

Unrivaled Hot Air Furnaces, which we will set and warrant. Among our variety of stoves, we have the "KING PHILIP," which requires no chimney except that of the house, and which we warrant them to give entire satisfaction, and they with all the above goods will be sold as cheap as at any other place, or the river, for cash.

Dr. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Waterbury, Me.

New Drug Store at Kendall's Mills. The subscriber would inform the citizens of Kendall's Mills and vicinity, that he has opened a Retail

Dr. A. PINKHAM, SURGEON DENTIST. In now permanently located at KENDALL'S MILLS, and will give attention to surgical and dental work.

CHARLES EATON, KENDALL'S MILLS, MAINE. Wholesale Dealer in Flour, Teas, Molasses, and Groceries.

BOXES PLANNING! This subscriber takes this opportunity to inform their friends and the public generally, that they still continue to carry on

My Bills Must be Paid. AND those indebted to me must pay to enable me to do so.

PAINTING, GLAZING AND PAPERING. WM. J. MORRILL. Will promptly answer all orders for PAINTING, GLAZING, and PAPERING.

T. O. SAUNDERS & CO. FLOUR, CORN, Choice Family Groceries, Wholesale and Retail.

I. R. GOODSPEED, M. D. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office over Wingate's Jewelry Store—Main Street, Waterbury, Maine.

The Best Assortment of MILLINERY GOODS. In town, is just opened by Miss E. L. Loomis, at her store

B. & W. PLATT, GROCERY & PROVISION DEALERS, MARSTON'S BLOCK, Main Street, Waterbury, Me.

DENTISTRY! Orders from those in need of Dental service. He is prepared to furnish metallic dentures

T. A. FOSTER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Boston Block, Main Street, Waterbury, Me.

ELMWOOD HOTEL. Corner of Main and College Streets, (near the Depot), WATERBURY.

PAINTING. GEORGE H. ESTY. (Continues to meet orders in the above line, in a manner that has given satisfaction to the best employers for a

WILLIAM DYER, Apothecary and Druggist, WATERBURY, MAINE. Medicines compounded and put up with care.

EDWIN COFFIN, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves, Sheet Iron and Tin Ware, Fire-frames, Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools, Nails, Glass and Sheet Lead.

Portland Advertisements.

F. W. BAILEY'S BOOK BINDERY, 60 Exchange Street, Portland.

JOHN W. PERKINS & CO., 147 Commercial Street, Portland, Me. Wholesale Dealers in DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS AND VARNISHES.

TO THE TRADE. We are just receiving our SPRING IMPORTATIONS of CROCKERY WARE.

Our Retail Department is well stocked with China, Glass and Earthen Ware.

G. H. ADAMS & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in English and American Patent Medicines.

WILLIAM B. SNELL, Counselor at Law, KENDALL'S MILLS, - BOWEN'S BLOCK, Waterbury, Me.

OSYSTER AND ICE CREAM SALOON. G. P. LASSELLE, HAVING taken the Saloon formerly occupied by C. S. NEW-

Building Materials. SELLING cheap for cash at E. Coffin's Hardware and Store, Main Street, Waterbury.

R. S. BOULTER, Opposite the Williams House. HAS on hand a variety of Ladies' and

PIANO-FORTES. JACOB CHICKERING, 300 Washington Street, - Boston.

S. F. RYE, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in FLOUR, WEST INDIA GOODS, AND GROCERIES.

WOLONG, NINGYONG, SOUCHONG, and YOUNG HYSON. Just received by F. H. GETCHELL.

Preparations for the Hair. Prof. Woods' Hair Restorer: Pure Bear's Oil.

BUG AND MOTH EXTERMINATOR. THIS is an entirely new CHEMICAL COMPOUND, certain in its effects, and simple in its application.

BREAD FOR THE MULTITUDE! BROWN & CO. RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Waterbury, that they have taken the order of the

Family Lard, Graham and Brown Bread. CRACKERS, & PIECES. AND every variety of Family Cakes.

Boot and Shoe Business. as far as he may do on a CASH PRINCIPLE ONLY, as I shall not ask or give credit for any article.

OTIS'S PATENT INSULATED LIGHTING RODS. Perfect Protection to Life and Property.

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY.

200 Men to buy Clothing at G. W. GARDNER'S.

CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT. A LEO, 1000 WOMEN, to make Boston Work. Good, neat

Ready Made Clothing & Furnishing Goods. of all descriptions, which will be sold extremely low for cash.

MR. FLETCHER. A custom cutter from Boston, who understands his business, and hesitates not to warrant all Garments made per order to fit

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Androscoggin & Kennebec Railroad.

LD RHEUMATISM AFFECTIONS CAN BE CURED BY THE CRAMP AND PAIN KILLER.

DEACON HENRY HUNT was cured of NEURALGIA of Sciatic Nerve, after having been in the care of Physicians for six months.

JOHN BECKMAN, after having suffered everything but death from RHEUMATISM, which seemed to pervade almost every part of the body, was cured by the Cramp and Pain Killer.

Summer Arrangement. NEW YORK & PORTLAND. THE splendid and fast STEAMER WESTERN

Season Arrangement. NEW YORK & PORTLAND. THE splendid and fast STEAMER WESTERN

Fare Reduced! THE CLINTON, Capt. Geo. Jewett, will run until further notice, as follows: Leave Waterbury for Augusta

THE EASTERN EXPRESS COMPANY. Formed by the consolidation of the Boston, Portland, and New York Express Companies.

Will continue the Express Business between BOSTON AND THE STATE OF MAINE.

AND BY STEAMBOATS BETWEEN Boston and Portland, Bangor, and Bangor, Bangor, Bangor.

Office in Waterbury: The Building, formerly of Main and Common streets.

MELODEONS & PIANOS. The subscriber will continue to furnish the best

ECONOMY IN PRINTING! Every Man his own Printer: LOWE'S PATENT

For the Low Price of Five Dollars. There are three sizes of paper, 14 inches by 5 inches

LOWE'S PATENT. This Press will print from any kind of Type, Wood

HEADACHE. HUTCHINS' HEADACHE PILLS, FOR BILIOUS, NERVOUS AND SICK HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA.

DENTISTRY! DR. B. N. HARRIS respectfully informs all persons requiring Dental Service, that he has removed to the

Attention, Sewers! GOD'S Sewers are wanted by the subscriber to make work for the whole town, to whom orders will be given.

100 KNOB DRILLING AND BORING. F. H. ELDEN & CO. If you want to buy GOOD TOOLS call at E. Coffin's

PAIN KILLER!

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E. COFFIN

Has received and offers for sale, a large assortment of PAINT STOCK,

Consisting in part of: Pure Ground White Lead, Linseed Oil, Japan, Spirit Turpentine, Coach Varnish, Furniture Oil, Damar do, Ground Verdigris, French do, Chrome do, Brunswick Green, Chinese Vermilion, American do, Indian Red, Venetian do, Rose Pink.

Brushes and Gaining Tools. CHEAP FOR CASH. FROM 12 to 60 cents, and in stores, can be used in Home or

American and Foreign Patents. R. H. EDDY, Solicitor of PATENTS, (Late Agent of S. Patent Office, Washington, under the Act

76 State Street, Opposite Kilby St., Boston. AFTER an extensive practice of upwards of twenty years,

During the time I occupied the office of Commissioner of Patents, I have had the honor to receive the services of the

Land Warrants. THE subscriber, having made arrangements in Boston, New

GARDNER FLOUR MILL. THE Proprietors having secured their water's stock of

Double Extra, and Family Flour. Put up in Bbls. and 1/2, 1/4 & 1/8 Bags.

Farm for Sale. AS we are unable to labor, and one of us intends to change

NEWLY ARRIVED! CHOICE brands of Double Extra, Superior and Family Flour, for sale by

FAIRBANK'S CELEBRATED SCALES. OF EVERY VARIETY, 34 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.

Sheathing Paper. TARR and untarred, for sale at E. Coffin's Hardware and Store, Main Street, Waterbury.

NOTICE: To my sons, George and Alfred, I hereby relinquish the remainder of their minority. I shall claim any of their earnings and pay no other consideration.

FORFEITURE. BENJAMIN F. BROWN, on the eighth day of March A. D. 1886,

KENNEBEC - In Supreme Judicial Court, March Term, 1887. SAMUEL B. PARKER vs. GEORGE HUNTER & Co., and others.

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