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THE RED CROSS.

BY H. A. DEBENSON.

Of all the reminiscences I have heard, none ever affected me more deeply than the following, told among the recollections of an old police officer. Imagine him, a man of sixty, with bright eyes, though silver hairs, seated at his bedside in a stormy night, and listen while he speaks as follows:

"It was one of the dreariest nights of December—twelve o'clock, perhaps. In going toward my home, I saw a female form crouched up against the sunken door of a miserable house in a street where the weather-worn roofs were bowing toward each other like haggard old men. As the rain fell soakingly, I knew the woman was incapable either from sickness or drunkenness. I stepped close to her and spoke—then touched, and finally shook her heavily. With an bath, the face of a young girl turned upward to the full gas-light, and as accustomed as I am to miserable scenes, the face of that child, perfectly haggard, yet perfectly beautiful, struck me with horror.

"O, pitiful thought; she was drunk! My own child, sixteen years old that month, came up before my vision, and made me, for her sake, merciful, for let me say here, a constant familiarity with stolid suffering begets an indifference as stolid. With much difficulty I coaxed the poor girl to go with me, and, though she occasionally raved and swore with the abandon of a veteran, I at last succeeded in getting her within the station house, where I left her.

"After an hour I returned. They said she had become furious, and they could do nothing with her. I went to the cell where they had placed her. With both hands tugging at the dress she wore, which was of some rough, strong material, she was tearing it in shreds from her shoulders. As I went toward her, she commenced swearing more furiously than before.

"I shall never forget her appearance, standing in the dim light, her long curling hair flying over her naked shoulders, her large eyes, of the richest gray, unnaturally distended and flashing fire, her cheeks burning crimson, her hands clenched and tugging at portions of her dress with all the strength and gestures of a maniac.

"And you have come too, devil!" she screamed, hoarse from long shouting; "you who brought me here to disgrace me, curse you! Why didn't you let me lie there in the street and perish—freeze stone dead and stiff, and change so that my mother wouldn't know me? My mother!" she repeated with a fearful laugh, "is a mother who sells her child, and eat the wages of her guilt?" and here her oaths became too horrible.

"My heart ached; there was some unusual history connected with this girl. I laid my hand on her shoulder, with a pitying look, and said: "My poor child!"

"She dropped her profanity; her hands fell powerless; her brilliant eyes became fixed upon me; her lips parted as if opened by astonishment, and as I repeated 'my poor child' a flood of tears burst from her eyes, she fell like a stone to the floor, and hiding her face, cried—

"Oh! don't speak that way to me; don't speak that way—you'll kill me to call me child! I am wicked, wicked as can be—but mother has done it all! and she writhed in agony, while her features grew convulsed, and the dry, choking sobs came like strong gasps.

"What has brought you to this pass, my poor girl?" I asked, kneeling down beside her, and I am sure something fell on my hand from my own eyes. Howbeit, I transferred the moisture to my coat, and tried to soothe her by patting her on the shoulder as I did my little infant when it was restless. She looked up, the tears rolling over her neck and bosom—the lips quivering and trembling.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "let me take your hand; there, I am better now, and she said her burning forehead upon it. O, if I could only hold this hand when I feel wicked, I shouldn't be the girl I am, and her face grew absolutely gentle, like that of an innocent child. "Oh, if I could only die now," she added, sobbing more quietly, "if I could only die, die, and be at rest!"

"Why do you drink, my poor girl?" "Don't ask me—don't put the wicked spirit in me again—no, no; I shan't put the wicked spirit in me again. O, I wish I was a little child, and you were my father—oh, I wish God had given me a mother that wouldn't make me vile, that wouldn't make me sin, that wouldn't make me do what I hate, till I drink and drink to drown my misery: oh! I wish I could always, always hold your hand!"

"Her voice grew plaintive, and the sobs changed to moans that were heart-breaking in their intensity, while she held my hand all bathed in her tears.

"And I suppose I must go to court," she exclaimed, her eyes lighting fiercely again—"I suppose I must go and stand up beside many other vile creatures, and be looked at and sneered at. And as I am, I can't stand that—oh! and then she cried passionately, drawing a long, painful sigh, "I wish I might die before the day comes!"

"Be easy, my poor girl, I said, you shall not go to court—you shall go home to-morrow."

"Home!" she exclaimed between her teeth, her features relaxed, and she tried painfully to smile as she said, "I thank you; I shall be myself to-morrow."

"The next day I had her carried safely to the place she called home, and did not until the day after that did I find time to inquire for her.

"I went to the house where they had told me she lived. It was a poor, rickety concern, in a narrow, muddy court, filled with the refuse of all nations. Lined in the open doorway was a woman, came forward, and asked for Kate Lee. The mother (I suppose it was), a coarse vulgar visage, was not disposed to admit me; but I heard a faint voice cry, "Let him come in, mother, for the love of God!" and saying sternly, "I am a police officer, and must come," I passed her, and entered the dirty room.

"The confusion and filth were no new sights to me, but, heavens! the girl, lying on a low pallet, how beautiful she looked! beautiful and out of place in that horrible den, as would have been a pure water lily, in a stagnant pool—She was sick. Her eyes were fully lighted, her cheeks flushed unaturally, her thick, curling hair streaming over the pillow, her loose, gleaming up and down the fault-line of her face. She smiled as I entered, and the same sweet expression I had noticed the night before flashed over her countenance.

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"Good—good—how much that sounds like God, don't it? and they both go together," she said, measuring her words with a thoughtful earnestness; "and I, oh! I never was good, that I remember; I never could be good." She drew nearer to the bedside, and I shall not soon forget the expression of her wild, dark eyes as she said, "they wouldn't let me—they forced me to be wicked."

She lay still for a moment, and then clasping my hand, said, "you'll let me put this hand under the other on my forehead—there—so; you do not know how happy I feel with your kind hand under my head; I never should do wrong could I feel the clasp of your hand."

She had raised both her arms to steady my hand upon her burning brow, when a sight met my eyes that forced the blood back upon my heart, and in spite of my professional caution, I uttered a cry of surprise.

Fourteen years ago, all Boston had resounded with the sorrow of a rich and beautiful young mother for the loss of an only child. It had not sickened, died, and been buried, but had mysteriously disappeared, leaving an empty cradle and a broken heart. I remember how the whole police force, besides those who took a personal interest in the matter, scoured the city, leaving no den unvisited, no corner unsearched. The agonizing cries of that poor mother floated even now on the stillness of the wretched room. I saw her surrounded with every luxury; envied with splendor, and shrouded in love the most devoted, lying upon her gilded couch in the pale semblance of death; I saw her with her hands locked in the sweeping masses of her hair, writhing in the fever of despair.

"A cross on her arm, a red cross, a mark from her birth," said her father to me, grasping my arm with frantic force; bring her back to me, and you shall have five thousand—ten thousand dollars!" while the piercing shriek of the mother came out upon the air, "my child, my child! for God's sake find my child!"

The painful emotions of that hour thrilled me now, as I saw indelibly marked upon the fair and rounded arm of the poor outcast girl, just above the elbow, a small red cross, as accurately defined as if it had been painted there. My head swam at the sight, and the second time tears brimmed and over-brimmed my eyes.

"O, you are not weeping for me," said poor Kate, softly, "don't cry for me; I'm not good enough to be cried over. Oh, teach me, teach me to be good—take me from here!"

The tears fell over her flushed cheeks, and sobs swelled up from her burdened heart. As soon as I could speak, I said, "You shall not stay here if I take you away myself. You shall have a comfortable and a happy home."

"Are you in earnest?" she cried, in a low eager, heartfelt tone, "are you in earnest?" "I am in real earnest," I replied; "but tell me have you always been in this city with your mother?"

"No," she replied, still retaining my hand—"we were in New York; we've only been here a year. It seems to me that a great, great while ago, my mother was kinder than she is now; perhaps she took me with her sometimes to some rich house, for we used to go there—that is—I think—but, oh, I can't remember; and she clasped her fingers over her eyes."

"But this cross on your arm," I ventured, and touching it, "was it always there?" She cried out with a frightened look, "Don't let her know you have seen it," she exclaimed, bringing her sleeve quickly down; "she has beat me more than once because I've shown it, in New York, but she shan't beat me again, I know," she added, with a bold defiant look.

"She shall not beat you again, my child," I exclaimed, losing my self-control; and I am not ashamed to say that my eyes were moist again both for sadness and for joy, for the defenceless girl had found a place in my heart from the first.

And now how to leave her without awakening the suspicions of the mother, I hardly knew. I feared the vile creature, suspected something unusual, from her manner, and as I went out I said sternly:

"Look now, woman, that girl is too sick to be moved; do you hear? You are watched, and if outside force is used I shall have you in prison in quicker time than you can walk there—so be mighty careful what you do while I am absent."

She looked at me stolidly, but I knew by her face I had frightened her.

My next move was up to B—street. I was ushered into a room whose sombre splendor chilled me. The long curtains looked as if they had not felt the touch of woman's fingers for years, so straight, stiff and motionless they hung, and the well-bred servant who admitted me, stared over her shoulder, as she led the room, for I had said, in answer to her reply, "that Mrs. Eames never received company," that came on a matter of business involving life or death.

It seemed an age—and in reality an hour passed before the lady made her appearance, and with a constrained manner and cold voice, took a seat nearly opposite to me. She was slight, to fragility; and in her eyes was a mournful woe that no artist could transfer to canvas.

"You wished to see me," she said coldly. "I did, madam; and yet the communication is of so delicate and exciting a nature that—"

that way. My situation was painful, in the extreme; but as she rose I felt that something must be done, and awkwardly enough exclaimed:—

"I have seen a young girl lately, who—" "Oh, my God! kill me, but do not revive that long buried hope," she cried passionately, springing towards the door with wild gesture, "say, what do your words mean? Would you extort money by playing upon my credulity? Would you tear my heart open for gold?—my heart that has bled every moment for fourteen long years?"

I was struck dumb. The appeal was so imploring; the words, the upspringing of the hands, the tears large and rapid, chased down her withered cheeks—withered before their time—the attitude that of a stricken penitent imploring mercy of God, not favors of man. What should I do, but trust to impulse?

"As I hope to be saved," I answered solemnly, "I believe I have found your child. The cross—"

I was shocked, inexpressibly, as a shriek, such as from the most suffering mortal lips I never heard before, rung upon the air, to see her fall headlong and senseless at my feet. The servants rushed in, maddened and frightened. Some of them essayed to put me out of the house, when at the moment, her husband, who knew me, entered. He lifted the still form tenderly in his arms, bore her to a sofa, sent for medical assistance, and then with bloodless lips confronted me. As I told him the strange tale, his face changed, and for one moment he reeled like a drunken man, but instantly regaining his composure, he took my hands in a crushing pressure. His hands were as cold as death.

"Let me go directly there," he said, and his voice trembled, and the tears glistened in his eyes. If this should be true—the grief of years—oh! heavens! it cannot—still, God is merciful."

As soon as Mrs. Eames became more comfortable, we set out together the rich merchant and myself. While we walked, I saw how bent he was, and how grey he had grown. Intimate acquaintances were passed without a glance of recognition; his soul was traveling back through fourteen years of sorrow. His own brother stopped to take him by the hand, and was left standing with outstretched arms, the image of indignant surprise. We wound through noisome and narrow streets and alleys, and when we reached the house the perspiration beaded on his forehead, though marble could hardly have been paler than his face. The door was fastened on the inside; but with a heavy pressure the crooked knob gave way. We entered.

"Good heavens!" Mr. Eames ejaculated, looking aghast—"is she in such a place as this?" There were evident signs of a recent quarrel. Broken crockery strewn the discolored floor, the stove was upset, and the coal had rolled in every direction and mixed with the remnants of a miserable dinner. The one chair and table were lying in splinters—the aspect of the room was wretched in the extreme.

I did not, however, pause for an instant, but hurried into the chamber adjoining. My heart sank like lead; the miserable bed was empty. The clothes lay heaped up in confusion, as if the tenant had thrown them off in surprise and terror. I searched the premises and hurried from house to house. The neighbors had seen the reputed mother go off alone.

I knew not what to think.

"They have taken her to some vile den," said the merchant in anguish; "why am I thus mocked, thus made the sport of Providence?" and then he added, "God forgive me."

I was not idle. My clothing was literally wringing wet on my back. I had tasted no food since morning, and excitement raised my blood to fever heat. As I said before, I searched and caused to be explored every nook and cranny of every building in the court, and at last giving up all hope, left the place, the tremor of exhaustion attacking my hither hither invincible frame. I was sick at heart—and angry with myself that I had not taken greater precaution for the safety of the poor lamb. Suddenly turning a corner that diverged from the usual place of our search, I saw a crowd.

The upturned faces had in their eager look something of horror, and following the direction of their eyes, standing upon the very leads of a high house whose roof sloped almost precipitously, was the object of my search, tossing her arms, throwing back her head with insane laughter, and thrusting the wild glittering looks from her flaming eyes and fever smitten cheeks.

My arm was heavily grasped, and I comprehended, instantly, that the merchant had divined that this was the missing girl. My blood grew chill and hot by turns; it seemed as if every moment she would fall and be dashed to pieces on the pavement before us.

Relying upon her regard for me though I was not sure that in the distressing state of her system she would recognize me, I with exceeding difficulty gained the garret of the old house that had long been forsaken, and dizzily stood upon the broken stairs by which she had gained the roof. I relied only on my presence; I dared not speak nor make a sign—scarcely. Suddenly she paused and seemed, with head inclined, to be muttering to herself, and then folding her hands across her bosom, she stood still with the resigned air of a martyr; the wind which was rising higher and higher, and threatening a storm, playing with her streaming curls, and folding her scanty garments closely around her finely sculptured form. The heavens, meantime, were clouding over, the rain-drops began to fall, their soft touch soothed and cooled the heat of her brain. She smiled, lifted her hand as if in benediction, and at that moment turned and saw me. Giving one wild cry of mingled delight and astonishment, she sprang up the steep roof, held it in my firm belief—by angels, and sobbing like a child, fell into my outstretched arms.

To this day I cannot relate this scene with calmness. The emotions that thrilled me as I saw her poised over certain destruction, walking where no rational being could have preserved an equilibrium, her bare feet clinging to the wet and slippery shingles—at that great height—on that rotten roof!—do you wonder that I shuddered?

I would allow no one to see her—not even the man I supposed to be her father—but had her conveyed to my own house in a carriage, and put her under the care of my own gentle wife. The fever ran seven days, each of which found me at the mansion of Mr. Eames reporting her progress. I would not let them see her, fearing the effects both on them and her. But I often examined the beautiful arm, on

which, when she laid faint, white and sinking, the red cross came out vividly. I often traced in the large brilliant eyes, now sunken somewhat, the full, well formed mouth and the deep dimples on each side, the features of her father, the very expression that I had noticed flitting over his face in his sores hour of doubt and struggling hope.

How sweet was the patient smile when the fever had gone, and feeble health struggled over prostration! Mr. and Mrs. Eames had promised to abide my judgment in the matter and manner of meeting one they had fondly deemed their lost child, and I had resolved that not till the rose of renewed health had proclaimed her recovery, should they behold her. It was not cruel in me—I knew that one was distrustful of herself, and too conscious of her past unhappiness to bear the change with composure, and the other a confirmed and almost heart-broken invalid—the father had been and was still plunged in business; and could bear the suspense; and he had confidence in me.

Meantime I had trusted everything with my wife. She it was who invented those miraculous things that make woman look so beautiful, with her needle and skilful fingers. And one day our pretty protégée was dressed in her new garments, her hair curled in long graceful ringlets, her feet encased in delicate slippers. How she looked at all these things I cannot describe. There was an innocent wonder in her large dark eyes at everything we did and said. She seemed to be living in a dream; from which she would be equally astonished to awaken.

"Now my dear," said I to her, looking at her with pride and pleasure, "you will prepare to meet a lady and gentleman who have heard much of you, and are anxious to adopt you into their family; what do you think of that?"

Her bright face grew overcast. "Must I leave you then," she cried, "and your wife and little Nettie, and all? O! no; let me stay; I will work very hard for you; do let me stay; I love you like my own father already."

"But they are rich; they have a splendid home, full of music and flowers. They will educate you nobly, and dress you in rich clothing, and give you jewels and everything you want. You will be very dear to them, for they are alone in their wealth, and they want some one to love."

"I only wish to stay here," she said, shaking her head sadly. "You have flowers, too, and the sunshine comes in, and your wife calls me daughter, and little Nettie says I am her sister. I should be miserable among the rich, because I have always been used to poverty. O! do keep me—I promise not to be a burden. I will learn of Nettie; she says she will teach me how to write, and we are to begin to-morrow."

I was inexpressibly affected, and taking her by both of her hands, told her that if, after she had met with the friends I was expecting, she did not wish to go with them, she was to stay with me.

Just then my wife came in, and lifting the sleeve from one of the fair arms of our protégée, looped it with a pink ribbon which she had brought for the purpose, sufficiently far to show the red cross. With an expression of pain the young girl placed the other hand over the mark, as she said, "I do not feel happy to show that—I have always been fond to hide it." But on assuring her it was my wish, she nervously complied.

A ring at the door announced the arrival. My wife ran in trepidation to lower the curtain, to give a last touch to the brown curls, to lift the ribbon exactly, and then smiling at our poor penitent, though her eyes were smiling in tears, she sat down by her side to encourage her. I, in the meantime, repaired to another room, where I requested Mr. and Mrs. Eames to wait. They were both there. He, exhausted and faint with expectation and apprehension, leaning against a chair. She was very pale, dressed in black, with a grey bonnet and heavy veil. But her face, though mournful, was sweet. It had lost all the rigidity of expression that had marked it at our last interview. "Maternal hope had softened its outlines. When I took her hand it trembled."

"Do you think you can support this interview?" I asked.

"I can bear anything but suspense, and—if at last it should not be—O! if I am to be disappointed after all!"

"But the test—the red cross," I said. "I have not told you, neither have you said to me, for fourteen years, on which arm it was—and since then I have forgotten. Certainly no test could be more conclusive."

"Oh! I remember perfectly its exact position," she cried with an eager, faltering voice—"I cannot be deceived—no—my heart tells me this moment, that my own, my child is near me—O! let me see her—I shall be calm. God, who gave me a mother's love is strengthening me. Come—where shall I see her?"

I led her into the hall, and opened the door. The young girl sat just opposite, and her glance fastened upon our entrance, and lovely as an angel, her eyes sparkled—her lips were parted, her attitude was grace itself. Mrs. Eames stood transfixed. She was not prepared for so bright a vision. She was bewildered, until she saw the cross.

With a shriek she broke from me, and lifting the arm, cried rapturously, "it is, it is she—my child! blessed, blessed Annette, lost to me these fourteen years—buried in my heart; my daughter—my darling," she cried, hysterically catching her and folding her closely to her bosom—"I am your mother—and even death shall never, never part us again."

We were all in tears. Annette clung to Mrs. Eames' neck, though she could not at the moment comprehend—but she felt that mysterious, inexplicable presence that dwells in souls that the most sacred ties have united; she wept and smiled by turns.

"And your father—my love—have you nothing to give him?" said a low, deep-toned voice. Annette turned from the worshipping look of her mother, held out her arms, saying softly, "what! and a father, too?" and he caught her to his breast unrestrainedly; it seemed as if he never would stop "putting her off a little ways, and drawing her nearer again, to gaze, and then give way to his fatherly emotion. Three happier beings I never saw—and the day that restored Annette Eames to her parents, I have said again and again, was the happiest day of my life."

One week after, my wife wore on her neck one brilliant ruby in the shape of a cross, and for the sake of sweet Annette, she wears it now. This handsome house in which you find me, was the gift of Annette's father. He has

placed me above want, and I have to patrol the streets now neither by night nor day.

They say our sweet darling is going to marry a great man soon, and I expect it is true. The wedding will be a splendid one, I know, and though the cross has been her snare and her salvation both, I hope and trust that in her married life there may be no crosses—only the crown of joy."

Why Fish can't Live out of Water.

My dear little Boys and Girls:—You will, perhaps, think it odd to inquire why fish, die when they are taken out of the fluid in which they have hitherto lived? But this inquiry is one which will be useful to us, if, in seeking for the answer, we are led to a better acquaintance with any of God's wonderful works. George admits he is somewhat puzzled, but Kate, and Sarah, Anne and Joe, have given a ready answer; but the readiest reply is often the most erroneous, and hasty conclusions are seldom in accordance with truth. And so it is in this instance. George says he does not know, and is determined to enquire further; while some of the rest of my young audience, like many older heads, having got hold of a plausible answer, are satisfied with it, and examine the matter no more. Kate and her party say that the fish die for want of water, and they laugh at their grandpapa for expressing an opinion that it dies for want of air. "Grandpapa must be joking," say they; "because a fish has more air than it ever had when it is taken out of the water, so it can't die for want of breath."

In one of my earliest lectures, I told you the story of a boy who caught a little minnow, and put it into a bottle, in which it lived very comfortably for a short time; but that one day its young keeper corked the bottle for awhile, upon which the little fish quickly died. It has been observed, moreover, that if the mouth of the globe in which gold fishes are confined, is covered with varnished silk, and the surface of the water thus excluded from the air, that the fish soon manifest signs of uneasiness, and shortly afterwards die. It is related that some wicked men once stole a large quantity of oil from a gentleman's warehouse, and hid the barrels in which the liquid was contained, by sinking them in some fishponds in the vicinity. The oil escaped, and floating, spread itself as a thin layer over the surface of the pond, and in a few hours afterwards, a large number of the fish were found to be dead. The oil excluded the air from the surface of the pond, and the fish were suffocated—as was also the minnow in the boy's bottle. They died for want of air. But some of you reiterate the objection, that if fishes required air, they would live best where they had the most—namely, when taken out of the water. If you will give me your attention for a few minutes, I will endeavor to explain to you how it is that the breathing apparatus of the fish, though exquisitely adapted to act upon the air contained in water, becomes inefficient when exposed to dry air.

Fishes breathe by their gills—those curious bright red fingers which lie under the plates on each side of their head. These organs correspond to our lungs, and decompose the air exposed to them in the current of water taken in at the mouth, and pushed back through the openings of the side of the neck. If you watch the gold fish in the globe younder, you will find that they are constantly opening and shutting their mouth—in fact, breathing. While the water containing air, is thus driven past and between the blood-vessels of the gills, the blood is forced into these organs by the action of the heart, which is constructed upon the most perfect form of a force-pump.

The gills, or lungs of fishes, are formed of an immense number of small blood-vessels, or capillaries, arranged in loops like fringe, and covered with a thin and transparent membrane, resembling a gold-beater's skin. This membrane loses its transparency when it becomes dry, and in drying, contracts, and thus impedes the circulation of the blood through the fringe of vessels. Moreover, the blood in its passage thro' the gills, when the fish is out of water, dries up, and becomes thickened, and unfit to circulate. You will now see how it is that the organs become unable to abstract oxygen from the air, and how it happens that the fish can no longer breathe. It dies from suffocation or want of air.

The power of living out of the water, nevertheless, extraordinarily in different species, is traceable to the peculiar requirements of the animal in its native element. The fishes which are in the habit of swimming near the surface of the water, require, and consume much oxygen, and hence die almost immediately when taken out of the water; on the other hand, those fish which live near the bottom of the water, or in the mud, have comparatively small requirement for oxygen, and sustain life for a long while after they are caught. The proverb, "Dead as a herring," has probably arisen from the suddenness of the death of that fish upon its removal from the water. Mr. Yarrell states that perch, (a common fresh water species) has an extraordinary power of retaining life; and that these fish are constantly exhibited in the markets of Catholic countries, and if not sold, are taken back to the ponds, from which they were removed in the morning, to be re-produced another day. A rare little fish, known by the name of the Anglesse morris, has been known to live after having been carried in brown paper in a gentleman's pocket for three hours. The carp, a common resident in the ponds of the West of England, is also singularly tenacious of life, as might be anticipated from its ground-haunting habits. Your grandfather, when he was a boy, was present on an occasion when the water was "let off" from a large fish-pond, in which were a great number of this mud-loving fish, and about fifty of the smaller fry were given to him. They were packed in a basket with damp straw, carried a distance of more than ten miles, and after being out of water for nearly three hours, on a fine warm day, were found to be alive at the end of their journey. They were turned into a small pond, when five or six only, out of the whole number, were discovered to be unable to resume their ordinary activity.

The class of animals called *Fishes* are, for the most part, *oviparous*. The term is derived from two words, meaning "eggs," and "to be born;" it signifies that the young are produced from eggs. Almost every young has seen the eggs of the common herring. This is a mass of eggs, and would take you a very long time to count its contents. In a common perch, weighing half a pound, the number of eggs was discovered to be no less than two hundred and

eighty thousand! while in a moderate-sized codfish, it is estimated that the number is usually several thousands of thousands!

These arrangements for the re-production of the species, prove how necessary the animals are, for such a provision for their multiplication would not have been made unless they fulfilled some important part in the great system of nature. What that part—or what the purpose of the Creator in so carefully guarding against the extinction—may be, has not yet been discovered, and must be left for the enlightenment of future time to determine. In the meanwhile, let us learn patiently to trace such light as may be given to us, assured that the most significant portions of the great realm of nature, are necessary and important parts of a grand scheme which ministers to our benefit and joy. Yet let us not arrogate to ourselves the sole rights to happiness in this beautiful scene, but remember that the lowliest thing has, in its sphere, a happiness of its own, that we have no right, in mere sport to destroy. [Grandfather Whitehead's Lectures.]

THE VOICE OF DEAD NATIONS.—Mr. Alger, in his recent celebrated oration uttered the following impressive passage, which ought to be written on the statute books of every state in the Union.

"The dead nations whose giant skeletons now lie bleaching and crumbling on the sands of time, all died of sin. It was their crimes that dug their graves, and pushed them in. Licentious luxury sapped the foundation strength and rotted the live virtue of one—and it disappeared beneath the green pool of its own corruption. Brutal war, made a business of and carried in every direction, drew upon another the combined wrath of the world—and it was dashed upon the rock of its own barbarous force. Domestic bondage, grown enormous, trodden under foot, and goaded to madness, rose on another—and buried it in the conflagration and slaughter of its own provocation. Internal antipathies based on sectional differences, fed by selfish interest and stunting debate finally exploded in the quarrelling parties of another—and hurled its disordered fragments to ruin by the convulsive eruption of its own wrong and hatred. Of all the mighty empires whose melancholy ghosts now pace the pallid margin of oblivion, not one ever sank but its fall was through internal iniquity in some way or other. Shall the stately shade of republican America too go down to join the doleful company of crowned sceptres, moving them beneath to rise up at her coming with the sardonic mock, 'Art thou also as we?' If we should avoid their doom of vengeance we must not tread their path of guilt."

EMANCIPATION MOVEMENT.—A call is out for a National Emancipation Convention. It is signed by 255 persons, and is the result of the proposition lately made by Elihu Burritt, to buy up the slaves. It is signed by such men as Rev. Mark Hopkins of Williams College, the venerable Rev. Timothy M. Cooley of Granville, and E. Little, of Mass.; Governor Fairbanks of Vermont; Governors Ellsworth, Cleveland, and Minor, and Rev. Drs. Hawes and Bacon of Connecticut; Rev. Drs. Nott and Bethune, Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, Gerritt Smith, etc., radicals and conservatives, clergymen, politicians, statesmen, and business men.

The call says— "The undersigned, belonging to different political parties, being persuaded that it is very desirable that some practical and equitable plan should be brought forward, by which the people of the North may co-operate, in a generous and brotherly spirit, with the people of the South, and share with them the expense necessary to the extinction of slavery, would respectfully and earnestly invite those of all parties and sections of the Union, who entertain the same opinion, to meet in National Convention, personally or by delegation, in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of August next, there to discuss and develop some plan of emancipation which shall fully recognize the principle and policy of a fair and honorable compensation to the slaveholders for the manumission of their slaves."

The best conductors of lightning are metals, moist substances, and the bodies of animals. As the fluid always pursues its path along the best conductors within its reach, it becomes important to avoid the substances that conduct it. A person is killed by lightning when his body forms a part of the lightning's path. Hence during a thunder storm we should avoid sitting near the fireplace or the walls of the room. Both of the persons killed at the Plume House were in contact with the wall of the building. It is also best to avoid ringing the bell, barring shutters, or entering cellars or attics during a thunder storm. In the house, the safest place is the center of a room in the middle story; especially if you place yourself on a mattress bed or hearth rug. Out-of-door, the safest place is any position about twenty or thirty feet from a tall building, tree, or a stream of water. It is dangerous to stand on the bank of a river or beneath a tree, especially an oak, its closer grain rendering it a better conductor than other trees.

AN INDIAN ON HOOPS, NOT WHOOPS.—En-me-ga bowh, a civilized Chippewa Indian, has been visiting St. Paul, M. T., and communicating the result of his observations to the St. Paul Advertiser. He says: "I saw curious things in almost every store; they resembled almost like an owl's head—with an iron or wooden hoop, I thought. I soon found out that they were undergarments of the white man's squaws. The dresses of the squaws are full, and almost cover the entire sidewalk streets, and on walking myself on the streets, and when meeting the ladies, I have to give way for the street for fear I might bend or set out of order the iron or wooden hoops—surely, think I, this is the growing and improving age."

AN IRISH SLAVE-CRAT.—That liberty loving patriot and exile, John Mitchell, the Irishman, is out in a long letter in praise of slavery. He has progressed so fast in his new gospel, that he now wishes for two plantations in Alabama. In a hyphalutin rhapsody on the prosperity of the South, he sees "the distant plains of Georgia, where the black field hands are going forth this moment singing to hoe long rows of budding civilization." It is to be feared "the black field hands" find this kind of "civilization" a "hard row to hoe." As Mr. Mitchell is so fond of slavery, and is in favor of re-opening the slave trade, why would it not be a benevolent deed to kidnap him and send him to England, whose government is quite ready, doubtless, to gratify his love of servitude. [Portland Transcript.]

THE TONGUE.—A white fur on the tongue attends simple fever and inflammation. Yellowness of the tongue attends a derangement of the liver, and is common to bilious and typhus fevers. A tongue vividly red on the tip and edge, or down the centre or over the whole surface, attends inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach or bowels. A white velvet tongue attends mental diseases. A tongue red at the lips, becoming brown, dry and glazed, attends typhus state. The description of the symptoms might be extended infinitely, taking in all the propensities and obliquities of mental and moral condition. The tongue is a most expressive as well as unvarying member. [Scientific American.]

CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR.

N. Ken. Agricultural & Horticultural Society.
AT WATERVILLE.
Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.
Sept. 15, 16, 17, 1857.

The Trustees of the North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society offer the following Premiums, with the annexed Rules and Regulations, for the present year, namely:

HORSES.

Com.—Daniel Barker, Fairfield; Charles Drummond, Winslow; Allen Field, Sidney. For a Morgan Stallion, three years old and upwards, with undoubted pedigree, to be kept within the limits of the Society one service season, \$25.

For best Stallion of any breed, 6; 2d 4; 3d 2. For best Breeding Mare 4; 2d 3; 3d 2; 4th 1. For best pair Horses for all work 3; 2d 2. For best Gelding or Mare for all work 2; 2d 1.

COLTS.

Com.—I. R. Doolittle, Waterville; Jotham Hobbs, Fairfield; G. D. Pullen W. Waterville. For best horse Colt, 3 years old, 3; 2d 2; 3d 1.

For best mare Colt, 3 years old, 3; 2d 2; 3d 1.

For best Colt, 2 years old, 2; 2d 1.

For best pair Horses for all work 3; 2d 2; 3d 1.

BULLS.

Com.—Harrison Jaquith, Albion; Bradford Sawtelle, Sidney; Henry Lawrence, 2d, Fairfield. For best thorough bred Bull, pedigree undoubted, either Durham, Devon or Hereford, and to be kept within limits of the Society not less than one service season, \$15.

For best Bull, of any breed, 2 years old and upwards, 4; 2d 2.

For best Bull under 2 years old, 3; 2d Maine Farmer.

For best Bull Calf 2; 2d Copy Transactions Agricultural Societies.

COWS.

Com.—Eleanor W. Hutchinson, Winslow; Abner Buck, Fairfield; Paul T. Stevens, Sidney.

For best lot Dairy Cows, not less than 3, with written statements of manner of keeping and management of dairy during trial, and amount of butter for the month of September, 6; 2d 4; 3d 2.

For best Dairy Cow 6; 2d 4; 3d 2. Written statements will be required giving the yield of butter during the first ten days of June or Sept. and of the kind of feed during and five days previous to the trial, with the breed and date of last calving.

For best Stock Cow, 3; 2d 2. One or more of their progeny to be shown as evidence of breeding qualities.

For best Cow for all purposes, one or more calves to be shown as evidence of breeding qualities and written statements in regard to dairy qualities, giving the product of milk and butter for thirty days, and her feed during and ten days previous to trial, 6; 2d 4; 3d 2.

HEIFERS AND HEIFER CALVES.

Com.—Joshua Morrill, Waterville; Albert Crosby, Albion; Franklin Blackwell, Winslow.

For best Heifer 3 years old, volume Maine Farmer and 1 50; 2d 2.

For best Heifer 2 years old, volume Maine Farmer and 1; 2d 1. 1 year old, Patent Office Report and 1; 2d vol Mr. Farmer.

For best Heifer Calf 1 vol Mr. Farmer; 2d 1.

OXEN.

Com.—Gideon Wells, Clinton; William Nowell, Fairfield; Robert R. Drummond Winslow.

For best pair Fancy Oxen, 4 years old and upwards, 4; 2d 2; 3d Maine Farmer.

For best Drawing Oxen 5 years old and upwards, 5; 2d 3; 3d Maine Farmer.

For best pair Oxen, under 5 years old, 5; 2d 2; 3d Maine Farmer.

STEERS AND STEER CALVES.

Com.—Seah Holway, Fairfield; W. Whitcomb, Vassalboro'; Samuel Blaisdell, W. Waterville.

For best Steers 3 years old, 3; 2d 2; 3d 1.

For best Steers 2 yrs. old, Maine Farmer and 1; 2d Maine Farmer.

For best Steers 1 year old 2; 2d Patent Office Report.

For best trained pair Steers by a boy not over 19 years old, training to be shown on a cart or drag, 3; 2d 2; 3d 1.

For best team Steers from one town, 8 pairs or more, 6; 2d 4.

FARM STOCK.

Com.—John B. Stratton, Winslow; Eldridge Taylor, Vassalboro'; John Otis, Fairfield.

For best Stock Neat Cattle from any one farm, not less than ten head and including all belonging to the farm, Young on Cattle and the Farmer's Dictionary, 2d Young on Cattle or their equivalents in money.

FAT CATTLE.

Com.—Samuel Doolittle, Thos. Gage, Calvin Taylor, Winslow.

For best pair fat Oxen with written statement of manner and expense of fattening, Patent Office Report and 2; 2d 1 and P O Report.

For best pair Cow, Steer, or Heifer, statement as above, Maine Farmer.

PLOWING.

Com.—Williams Bassett, Winslow; E. G. Sawtelle, Sidney; Elith Lawrence, Fairfield.

For best Plowing with six oxen, regard being had to the skill of the plowman and teamster and discipline of team rather than the time in which it is performed if it is done in a reasonable time, 3; 2d 4; 3d 3.

For best Plowing with two or four horses, same conditions as with oxen, 3; 2d 2.

The Plowing Match will not occur on either of the days of the Show but will be had on some subsequent day. Notice of which will be given at the fair.

SHEEP.

Com.—J. E. Hunsnewell, China; Eleanor Burbank, Waterville; Sidney Howard, Winslow.

For best long wool Buck 2; 2d 1.

For best long wool Buck 2; 2d 1.

For best 6 or more long wool Ewes 2; 2d 1.

For best 6 or more long wool Ewes 1 50; 2d 1.

For best 6 or more Buck Lambs 1 50; 2d 1.

POULTRY.

Com.—Leah H. Eaton, Waterville; Robert Ludwig, Benton; Hiram P. Cousins, Waterville.

For best lot Hens of any breed or kind, with written statement of expense of keeping and profits for the season and their advantages, if any, over other breeds or kinds, 2; 2d Transactions Agricultural Societies in Me. and 1; 3d 1.

For best lot Turkeys 6 or more, with statement of mode of raising Maine Farmer 2; 2d P O Report.

For best lot of Geese 6 or more, statement of

age and keeping, Maine Farmer; 2d P. O. Report.

SWINE.

Com.—Thomas L. Garland, Winslow; Eph. Morrell, Hoses Blaisdell, Sidney.

For best Sow having one or more litter of pigs, one or more pigs to be shown, Maine Farmer and 1; 2d Maine Farmer.

For best lot Pigs of one litter, 5 or more from 2 to 10 weeks old, Maine Farmer; 2d 1.

Rules.—Animals will not be entitled to the highest prizes, if the best presented, unless judged worthy to receive it by the committee, but may take a second or third, or if unworthy no premium at all will be awarded. Statements will be required of those who enter yearlings and calves as to how they have been kept and their age in months.

To choose animals from without the limits of the Society, instead of the premium a certificate shall be awarded, at the discretion of the several committees.

CROPS AND MANURE.

Com.—Charles A. Dow, Waterville; Wm. E. Drummond, Winslow; H. C. Burleigh, Waterville.

For best Winter Wheat not less than twenty bushels per acre, Maine Farmer and 2 50, 2d Maine Farmer and 1 50, 3d 2, 4th 1.

For best Acre Spring Wheat not less than 20 bushels 3, 2d Maine Farmer and 1, 3d 1.

For best Acre Winter Rye, not less than 20 bushels 2, 2d 1.

For best Acre Spring Rye, not less than 15 bushels, 1 50, 2d 1.

For best Acre Oats and Peas, 1 50, 2d 1.

For best Acre Oats 2, 2d 1.

For best Acre Barley 2, 2d P O Report.

For best half-acre of Peas, Maine Farmer, 2d P O Report.

For best half-acre Beans, Maine Farmer, 2d P O Report.

For best crop Potatoes, not less than half-acre and not less than 200 bushels per acre 3, 2d 2 00.

For best crop Carrots 1-4 acre or more, 500 bushels per acre, 2, 2d Maine Farmer.

For best crop Beets 1-4 acre or more, 500 bushels per acre, 2, 2d P O Report.

For best crop Turnips, 1-4 acre or more, 500 bushels or more per acre 2, 2d 1.

For greatest profit from one-half acre of land in any crops, full statement in writing of expense in labor, manure &c., with value of crop certified to by a competent witness, 3, 2d P O Report and 1.

For best exhibition of Garden Vegetables 1 50, 2d 1.

For greatest variety and best exhibition of products of the farm, seeds, grains, vegetables &c., 2, 2d 1, at Sept. Fair.

For best crop Onions 1-8 acre or less, 2, 2d 1, to be shown at the annual meeting.

For best sample of Winter and Spring Wheat, not less than 1 bushel each, 1.

For best sample Winter and Spring Rye, 1 bushel each, 75.

For best sample Beans, Peas, and Barley 75 each.

For best sample Oats 50.

For best sample Hurd's Grass Seed 1.

For best sample Clover Seed 1.

For best bushel Carrots, Beets, Turnips, and Potatoes 75 each.

For best Exhibition of Farm Products, Seeds, Grains &c. from any one farm, 2, 2d 1, to be shown at the annual meeting in Jan.

For best experiment upon half-acre land in corn or any other crop, one half to be manured with common barn yard manure and the other half with guano, a full statement in writing of quantity of each kind of manure, the value and manner of applying the same and the results in all particulars, 4, 2d 3, 3d 2.

For best Compost Manure, ten cords or more prepared at least expense by any process, full statement in writing of expense of preparation 3, 2d 2.

BOYS' ENTRIES.

Com.—Charles A. Dow, Waterville; W. E. Drummond, and H. C. Burleigh.

For most value raised from not less than 1-8 acre of land in Vegetables or any other crops, written statement by the boy himself, giving mode of cultivation and value of each portion of the crop, 2, 2d 1.

For most value from 1-8 acre in Potatoes or any other root crop, statement as above, 2, 2d 1.

For most value from 1-8 acre Indian Corn, statement as above, 2, 2d 1.

RULES.—Entries for premiums on crops

must be made with the Secretary on or before the first day of December, accompanied with written statements giving the following particulars: First, a description of the soil and its treatment the year previous with a detailed statement of manner of cultivation, quality and quantity of manures, time and depth of plowing, time of seeding and harvesting with the management of crop throughout the entire season; Secondly, the whole cost of cultivation and total value of the crops.

FRUIT.

Com.—Warren Percival, Vassalboro'; W. W. Merrill, Waterville; Ellis Gifford, Fairfield.

For best lot Winter Apples not less than four kinds, one-fourth bushel each kind and raised by the person presenting them, 3, 2d 2.

For best lot Apples ten kinds or more and two or more bushels in all, Downing's Fruit Book and 1, 2d 1.

For best specimen Pears 1, 2d Cole's Fruit Book.

For best specimen Plums three or more kinds 1 00.

For best specimen of Grapes, Allen's Book on Grape Culture.

For best and largest lot Pear and Plum trees set the present season, 2, 2d 1.

For best and largest variety Fruit presented and raised by one man 2, 2d 1.

BREAD, BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Com.—William Dyer, Waterville; W. W. Merrill, Waterville; E. G. Pratt, Fairfield; Mrs. I. W. Britton, Mrs. Arby Penney, Mrs. M. Tobey, Fairfield.

For best Butter made in June, 20 pounds or more, a silver butter knife, 2d 1.

For best Butter, 20 lbs. or more, 8, 2d 3d 1.

For best Cheese, not less than fifty lbs., 8, 2d 2, 3d 1.

For best domestic Flour Blend, 1.

For best Rye and Corn Meal Bread, 1.

For best Wheat Meal or Barley Bread, 1.

Written statements will be required of manner of making Butter, Cheese and Bread.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES AND IMPLEMENTS.

Com.—Benjamin C. Benson, Waterville; William Tobey, Fairfield; F. P. Haviland, Waterville.

For best Improved Sward Plow, 3, 2d 1.

Stubble Plow 2, 2d P O Report.

best do. Hay Forks 1.

best do. Grass Scythes 1.

best do. Manure Forks 1.

best half-dozen Shovels, 1.

best half doz. Hoes 1.

best half doz. Axes 1.

best lot Improved Horse Rake, 1.

best Single Sleigh 1 50.

best Single Wagon 2.

best two horse or farm Wagon, 2, 2d 1.

best horse Cart, 2.

best farm Wagon for one horse, 1.

best horse Hoe or Cultivator 1.

best Wheelbarrow and Seed-Sower 50 each.

best Improved Harrow, 1.

best Ox Yoke and Bows, 1.

largest and best exhibition of farming Implements, 3, 2d 2.

best specimen Cabinet work, 1 50.

best specimen Harness, 1.

Com.—Hiram Pishon, Vassalboro'; Charles Rhoads, Winslow; S. Webb, Waterville.

For best Single and Double Harnesses, 2 each.

best Sole Leather, Harness Leather, Calf Skins, Cow or Kip Skins, 1 each.

best Thick or Cowhide and calf-pegged Boots, 1 each.

best sewed Calf Boots and Cloth or Leather Boots for ladies, 1 each.

best 2 pairs Kid or Calf Shoes, 1.

HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.

Com.—T. O. Saunders, Waterville; J. Warren Starkey, Vassalboro'; F. A. Davis, Sidney; Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Starkey, Mrs. Davis.

For best six yards full cloth 1.

best wool Flannel 10 yds. or more, 1.

best cotton and wool Flannel 10 yards or more, 1.

best wool Carpeting 10 yds. or more, 1.

best rag Carpeting 10 yds. or more, 1.

best Hearth Rugs, 1, 2d 50.

best 6 pairs men's wool Hose, 75, 2d 50.

best 2 pairs worsted Hose, 50.

best knit Hood, 50.

best wool Shawl, 1, 2d 50.

best wool Yarn 50.

best Bed Spread 1, 2d 50.

best Lamp Mat, 50.

best 3 or more pairs wool Mittens, 50, 2d 25.

best knit Tippet, knit Shoes for ladies, embroidered Shoes, and knit Overshoes, 50 each.

best specimen raised worsted work, 75, 2d 50.

best specimen palm leaf and Straw Hats, 50.

best specimen plain and fine needle work, 75.

GIRLS' ENTRIES.

Com.—Daniel R. Wing, Chas. C. Stratton, J. R. Elden, Miss Louisa Ingalls, Miss Sarah Marston, Miss Emily Davis, Fairfield.

For best bed quilt 1, 2d 50.

best specimen plain sewing, 50, fine needle work—wrought hdkfs. or collars, a sewing bird.

best specimen knitting or worsted work, 50 each, 2d 25.

best lamp mat, 50.

best specimen mending clothing or stockings, 50 each, 2d 25.

All articles of household manufacture must be made within the limits of the Society to entitle them to a premium.

BEST MANAGED FARM.

A written statement will be required of competitors, giving a detailed account of the management of the farm throughout the season.

Adjudging Committee.—W. W. Merrill, Clark Drummond, W. Dyer, John B. Stratton and Watson Jones.

The competitors on best managed farms are requested to make their entries with the Secretary on or before the first day of June, and the adjudging committee are requested to make their examination in the months of June and September.

BEST FARM ACCOUNT.

Com.—Board of Trustees.

For best Farm Account, commencing May 1st 1857 and closing May 1st 1858, the account to give the management of farm stock, crops &c., any improvement in fencing, ditching, draining, preparing the ground for seed or any other farm operation, any improvement in stocks of any kind or in farming implements or buildings, together with a debt and credit account to be kept through the season, showing the profit or loss upon any portion of the year's business, with a view to getting at the most profitable manner of conducting farm operations, \$10, 2d 5.

TROTTER HORSES.

Com.—Daniel Brown, Benton; Ivory C. Lowe, William A. Gethell, Waterville.

For fastest trotting Stallion 15, 2d 10, 3d 5.

Mare or Gelding 15, 2d 10, 3d 5.

Mare or Gelding under 5 years old 10, 2d 5, all trials to be made in harness.

Fee for entering horses to trot shall be \$3 each whether by a member or not. All trials to be made in harness, mile heats, best three to five.

LADIES' HORSEMANSHIP.

Com.—Thomas S. Lang, Vassalboro'; Chas. Eaton, Fairfield; J. C. Bartlett, Waterville.

For best specimen of ladies riding on horseback 15, 2d 10, 3d 5.

There shall not be less than ten competitors in the class.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

Com.—Joshua Nye, Waterville; Alonzo Davis, Sidney; Edwin Spring, Winslow; Miss Louisa Ingalls, Miss Laura Cool, and Miss Naomi Barker, Fairfield.

Com.—Mrs. and Mrs. J. H. Drummond, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Herriek, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bradbury.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

L. E. Crommett, Wm. Golder, Albion Jones.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

All entries for premiums of animals or articles to be exhibited at the September Show may be made with the Secretary at any time before the first day of the Show, and must be made before ten o'clock A. M. of said day to entitle them to the privileges of competition.

All articles of manufacture must be produced within the limits of the Society to entitle them to a premium, but any new or useful article without the limits will be received for exhibition and duly noticed by the committee.

Committees will be instructed not to award premiums when the rules and regulations are not complied with.

All animals designed to compete for premiums must be on the ground and in the places assigned them by the Marshals, by 9 o'clock A. M. of Tuesday Sept. 15th, and remain until 4 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, and animals removed from the ground before that hour, without permission from the Trustees, forfeit all claim to premium.

All horses and colts presented for premium or exhibition must be on the ground at 9 o'clock A. M. of Wednesday, Sept. 16, subject to the direction of the Marshals, and to remain until dismissal.

All articles designed for the

