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MORNING.

'Where's Nannie?' inquired Mrs. Colton of these romping children in the back yard; 'it's time for her to come in and have her head combed for school.'

'I guess she's in the front yard,' shouted Willie, 'I saw her go round that way with Pompey a good while ago.'

'Yes, there was Nannie, rolling and tumbling about on the soft green grass with Pompey, a large black Newfoundland dog, half a year old, and all the while her mother was untwisting and smoothing her yellow-brown curls, she was telling of the wonderful pranks of Pompey.'

'Can't you stand still while you talk, daughter?'

'O, I wish you could have seen him—'

'Are your books all in your satchel?'

'Yes, I guess so. O, I do wish you could have seen him when he opened the gate for a—'

'Have you learned your multiplication—'

'Just let me tell you this, mother. He opened the gate for a young lady to walk in, and he stood on his hind legs and bowed to her, and she ran and screamed so funny, I had to lie down in the grass and put both hands over my mouth so she needn't hear me laugh.'

'That was funny for you, sis, but I'm sorry the young lady was frightened. You should have told her Pompey was good natured, and wouldn't hurt her; but it's school time now; here are your brothers. Be a good girl and study your lessons.'

'What a complete romp Nannie Colton is! There she goes across the meadow with a rake over her shoulder. She doesn't care what people think or say about her, and yet she is nearly fifteen; time she was thinking about being a young lady, if she ever expects to be one. I am glad that you are more lady-like, Lucy. I should be deeply mortified if one of my daughters behaved half as badly as she does.'

'But, ma, in spite of all people say against Nannie, I can't help liking her. I believe every one in school likes her. She's such a good natured thing. I don't think I ever saw her in ill-humor, and she always knows her reason. I do think I study as hard as she does. I study my philosophy sometimes till my head aches so I can scarcely see, and then when a question is asked me, the words seem to be swimming before my eyes all mixed up together. But Nannie! her eyes always look as if she was trying to keep from laughing, and they almost dance in her head when a question is asked her. I wish I had her memory.'

'I always had a poor memory,' replied Mrs. Winter in a comforting tone, 'and I suppose you take it from me. But for all that, I'd rather you'd not know quite so much than to have you so awkward and ill-mannered as to be the village talk.' So saying, Mrs. Winter withdrew to the parlor. Lucy still stood by the back window, looking out upon the green meadow and wishing she were only five years old, that she might ask her mother to let her run down to the fence corner and look over to see Nannie help poor old Richard Crane rake hay.

Lucy Winter had just entered her sixteenth year. She was pale, delicate, and lady-like, and now that she had become too old to play, was growing paler and more delicate every day. She endeavored to conduct herself with propriety, according to her own and her mother's ideas of the meaning of the term. She studied hard, and tried hard to be amiable and affectionate, but, in spite of all her efforts, she grew dissatisfied with herself and irritable, and the pain in her side increased rather than diminished with medicine.

Poor Lucy! a little sunshine would have been a great blessing to her, but she would not for the world exchange her lily cheeks for the sun-browned face of Nannie Colton.

'Would you believe it! Nannie Colton is going to be married!'

'Is it possible?'

'Yes, her mother told me so this morning.'

'They must be very proud of it to tell it themselves.'

'Well, Mrs. Colton is a strange woman, you talk. She says marriage is no secret, and talks about it as unconcernedly as you would about a visit.'

'But how is it with Miss Nannie; she will get sobered down a little, won't she? I should think she'd have some sewing to do. When is she to be married?'

'Not till Christmas; but that's little time enough, you know. It took me six months to get ready, sewing steadily, too, and I had a good many things prepared years before. I told Nannie she ought to come over and take patterns from some of my quilts. I have one that I was three weeks quilting, and I do think it was the hardest work I ever did. Father always said the fever I had a few weeks after I was married was the result of my working so hard to get ready.'

'What did Nannie say about the quilts?—Did she show you any of hers?'

'O, she thought they must be very beautiful; thought she should admire them very much; but then I could see it was all done for politeness, so I said "May-be I'm too late in offering patterns." Perhaps you have your nice quilts already finished; if so, I would like to see them; and then she had to acknowledge she hadn't any. But she tried to apologize by saying she hadn't time to spend in quilting; puffs and blankets would do well enough for her beds, and she could buy pretty white spreads cheaper than she could make fancy quilts. Her mother, too, tried to excuse her by saying that Nannie was taking extra lessons in housekeeping now and had less time than formerly. She says Nannie has the whole charge of the house now; she doesn't even tell her what to cook for a single meal.'

'I do think!'

'Yes, and Mrs. Colton's going away next week to be gone a fortnight.'

'Just think of that! Well, if she's no pride about her house, she'll want a good many new clothes. It will take her some time to make them.'

'Yes, I thought of that, and told Mrs. Colton so; but she said the gentleman whom Nannie was to marry was in no better circumstances than her father, and she did not think it necessary to expend a large sum in order that she might dress richly one season, and then sink down to the same old level. Of course I'd nothing more to say.'

'It's of no use to talk to the Coltons. They are ready to give a reason for everything they do, whether other people can see it or not.'

'The two friends who thus conversed were not the only ones who speculated upon Nannie's ways and prospects during the autumn. But Nannie went back berrying as usual, prepared fruits and made jellies a little more than usual, and all the while conducted herself as usual as possible like an expectant bride—'

'Perhaps she did look sober when nobody saw her, but in company she was just the same as ever. She did not look upon her marriage as

a final separation from home and loved ones; for the pretty new cottage so soon to receive her as its mistress was only half a mile away, and Charles Brainard was not a new acquaintance, whose characteristics were to be learned after marriage. They were in the same 'spelling class' as far back as she could remember.

MIDDAY.

'Well, daughter, how do you get along with your school?'

'O, I don't know; pretty well, though. I should get completely discouraged sometimes if it wasn't for Mrs. Brainard. I do think she is one of the best women I have ever met. I wish you might become acquainted with her. She has three children, and yet she finds time to come into the school-room about once a week. Sometimes she stays half an hour, sometimes two hours, and she always says something that makes me feel less lonely when she's gone.'

'She has children in school?'

'Yes, Charlie, a little darling! He never went to school, before, and yet he's seven years old, and a smart boy, too. Mrs. Brainard doesn't think it right to send children to school before they can read. I tried to coax her to send Nellie; she's such a sweet little creature, I want her there to look at. She's only five years old, and yet she can read better than Charlie. But Mrs. Brainard says Nellie learns too easily to be required to study now. She doesn't fancy hot-house blossoms. She says she never taught school, but she seems to know all about it. I go to her to talk over all my troubles.'

'But I suppose you are careful of what you say to her about other people's children. You know the teacher must be equally the friend of all.'

'O, I don't mean that I go to her to find fault with the school-children. But it takes me so long to learn their different dispositions that I fear I sometimes reprove where I should encourage, and excuse where correction is really needed. But she is so well acquainted in the village, and has such good judgment that I have a great deal of confidence in what she advises. Then, too, she is not one of the kind to repeat whatever you tell her. I know it would be better to go directly to the parents themselves, but no one besides Mrs. Brainard would encourage such familiarity, and they might be offended if I were to take the liberty of intimating that their children were less than perfect.'

'I don't understand how it is that Mrs. B. can find time to go out so much with six children and no hired help! It takes me from morning till night to cook and clean, make and mend for four children, and I can scarcely get time to run into sister's once a week, much less to go berrying, nutting, or hunting wild flowers with a flock of children.'

'I don't understand it either, Mrs. Gaines, and yet I ought to know something about the family; I visit them often enough. But there is one thing about it—every child in that family helps do the work except the baby, and I expect she'll begin to work as soon as she can walk. Even little Willie begs for a 'cloth to help his Mamma dust the chairs.' And Charlie, old as he is, will help Nellie wash dishes, and then girls and boys all run together to bring in wood, or do whatever else must be done.'

'Mrs. Brainard has a peculiar facility for getting along through the world and 'taking every thing by the smooth handle.' She must be a careful economist of time to do all her own sewing and play so much with the children. I suppose it's better for them, however.'

'I think she does economize, although many persons accuse her of wasting time. She exercises very good taste in the selection of material for her children's clothes, yet we never see any flounces or double skirts on them. We never hear her denouncing such things as faults in others. If you ask her opinion of them she will call them very pretty, but add that she cannot afford the time for such things. I sometimes think myself so much trimming and ornamental work on children's clothes is unnecessary, yet I confess a weakness on that point. I want my little ones to dress in the fashion as well as myself.'

'You were right, mother! Mr. Foxgrove read it just as you did. The boys all thought it was in the ablativ, and I thought so too but I understand it now. We're all going to try to get sixty-five lines a day this week, and finish the second book. You'll have to study, won't you, to keep ahead of us?'

'Perhaps so.'

'Tom Weldon says he's only going to read nine books of the *Æneid*. He says that's all that is required before entering college.'

'And are you unwilling to know more than is required, Charlie?'

'No; but if there should not be a class in the last three books?'

'Then you and I will read them together. I can't consent to your laying aside any Latin book till you've read it through.'

'So I don't see how you remember your Latin so well, mother. Tom Weldon says his father can't read Virgil much better than he can, and he's been through college.'

'But don't you know, my son, that I spend thirty minutes every day studying?'

'Do you always study my lessons, mother?'

'Your lessons, or something I expect you to study hereafter.'

'What makes you do it? Do you like to study all these hard, dry books?'

'That is close questioning, Charlie. I don't intend you for a lawyer.'

'But I intend to be a lawyer, though. All the boys in our class are going to be lawyers. But now I want to know why you study if you don't like it?'

'Because I love my children. I don't mean to say that study is really disagreeable to me, but there are many days when I can't possibly spare more than half an hour from my work and necessary recreation with the younger children; then I often feel a strong desire to take up a magazine or newspaper instead of a Latin dictionary. But I banish the wish by thinking "I must exert myself to the utmost to help Charlie along, and he will help all the rest."

'But couldn't I get along with my teacher?'

'Your teacher is doing very well with you now.'

'Yes, I know. I remember I used to beg father every night to let me give up Latin—'

'Perhaps I should do the same now if you were not able to help me out when I get in a slough of Despond. At any rate I could not have read the last book of *Cæsar* while Mr. Foxgrove was sick if it had not been for you.'

EVENING.

'Who taught you how to crochet, Lou?'

'Grandma Brainard.'

'Your grandma knows how to do everything, doesn't she?'

'She's going to teach me how to work some pretty pantalettes for myself when I get old enough. She worked these for me. She makes lots of pretty things for all of us—needle-books and pincushions—and she made the prettiest little dress for cousin Charlie; O, I wish you could see it! It is the prettiest thing you ever saw in your life. He was named for grandpa and uncle Charles, and grandma said she made him that for his name. And the first time aunt Nellie tried it on him, he caught it right up in his little fist and began to suck it. Aunt Nellie was afraid he'd spoil it, but he didn't.'

'I wish my grandma could make such things, but she's old, and your grandmother isn't.'

'Grandma Brainard is old, too; she's sixty.'

'O, sixty! I don't believe it. I don't believe she's more than forty.'

'Well, you may look in grandpa's Bible, then.'

'What a handsome old lady that was in the third pew from the front, at the right of the pulpit!'

'That was Mrs. Brainard. She's one of the best women in this town. Everybody loves her. She's one of the first I became acquainted with after we moved here. I don't suppose she was ever sick in her life. Her six children are all living, and I don't know how many grandchildren. She dresses in mourning now for her husband, who died three years ago. She is rather a remarkable woman. I think she must be over seventy, and yet she corresponds with her children and grandchildren in different parts of the country, as regularly as a young person would. She always looks cheerful; just as you saw her to-day.'

'I think you must have the secret of happiness, Mrs. Brainard. Won't you share it with me?'

'I don't know that I have any secret to impart, Miss Mary; yet I think I am never unhappy. It has pleased God in his infinite mercy to give me more sunshine than usually falls to the lot of mortals through the journey of life. I often wonder why I have been so highly favored. My health, old as I am, is uniformly good. You may be surprised if I tell you that I have never yet suffered with neuralgia.'

'That's strange; I thought everybody had neuralgia.'

'Perhaps you will be willing to consider health the secret of happiness. Some persons can be happy through years of sickness, yet I think it is easier to feel right and do right when one enjoys good health. Hence, I have long considered it a Christian duty to endeavor to preserve and promote my own health and that of my children. I think we err in attributing all our diseases and early deaths to mysterious Providence.'

'It was my good fortune to have sensible parents. Common, every-day people they were. My father had a great deal of energy and perseverance in business affairs, and my mother a very contented disposition. I believe she had no disposition to rise above the station in which she was born. Hence it happens that among all our numerous descendants we have no aspiring Napoleons, nor even nervous irritability enough to make a decent imitation of a poet. I inherited from my parents a sound constitution, a little of my father's energy and perseverance, and a little of my mother's cheerfulness; yet these would have availed me little had I been compelled to stay in the house, wear tight clothing, and behave like a lady while I was growing up to womanhood. I never had a sister. My three brothers and my dog Pompey were my earliest playmates, and to play with them I had to spend a great deal of time out of doors. I was a sad, romp in my younger days. Everybody was ashamed of me except mother and father. Even my brothers would sometimes wish Nannie stood in the house like other girls. Then I would run away from them and play with Pompey till they wanted to play a game that required four, when they were sure to come and coax me back.'

'My mother early taught me to work, and I honor her for it. I believe that work as well as play is necessary for the proper development of the physical organism. Beware of those reformers who tell you that children should be left free as the bird that sings and the winds that blow. It was not likely that a girl who ran wild as much as I did would relish indoor work; yet I was compelled to go through a prescribed routine every day according to my ability, and I soon learned to like work, or at least to endure it, for I was sure of play-time when it was over.'

'Another natural advantage I had, and this was quite an advantage as I grew older. I never was pretty.'

'Never was pretty! Why Mrs. Brainard! You have such a sweet expression now, I don't you must have been a beauty when you were young.'

'Nobody ever complimented me on my good looks. The nearest approach to such a compliment that I remember, was a remark that if Lucy Winter had my curls, she would be a perfect beauty. But I often heard it said, "What a good-natured little girl Nannie Colton is!" and our minister's wife once replied, "Nannie keeps the sunshine in her eyes." Every one has a natural desire to please, and I resolved that I would always keep the sunshine in my eyes, since I had no other recommendation to public favor. Such a resolution was not very hard to keep in my free-and-easy life, with no dissipated habits to thwart my good intentions.'

'On the other hand, as I had no beauty to spoil, I was not afraid of getting tanned, or of taking too much outdoor exercise lest I should grow large and strong. As I grew up to be a young lady, I learned most of the arts of worsted work and embroidery then in vogue. But I never did enough of such work to induce spinal curvature, or injure my eyesight. You may smile at the idea, but I assure you I did more needle-work between the ages of fifty and sixty-five than in the same length of time at any other period of my life. Nellie, my oldest daughter, would often say in her mischievous way, "Mother has been all her life time a strict utilitarian, and now she's taking up the arts to please her grandchildren."

'But I have heard it said that you were a great scholar for the times; that you fitted your oldest son for college yourself.'

'Rumor gives me too much credit for scholarship. Charles was fitted at the old academy, though I gave him some assistance in Latin when he was sixteen or seventeen, perhaps.'

'Yet you didn't injure your health studying?'

'Never.'

'Why do you smile at my question? Don't you know that it is the general complaint all over the country that young persons hurt themselves by so much study? Don't you know that an alarming proportion of our college students break down from too much study? Don't you know that hundreds of lunatics are made by hard study?'

'Really, Miss Mary, you are getting patriotic. Perhaps you young people would do well to enlist an army and drive the monster study from our land.'

'You are laughing at me.'

'Because I have an old-fashioned opinion that study is conducive to health. In the cases you cite I think there are other causes in operation besides study. But of this we will converse at another time. I have fatigued myself, and perhaps have wearied you talking so long as I have.'

'And so when I hear people wondering why you are always happy, I am to tell them that it is because you have always enjoyed good health?'

'That is one reason; but tell them also that I have an abiding trust in One who is "higher than I."

PRUNE FRUIT TREES NOW.—Not excessive pruning, and indiscriminate cutting and slashing after the practice of the newly arrived Englishman, who was making openings 'to let the air in,' but more or less pruning must needs be done, especially in orchards which have not received proper care in former years. If fruit trees are properly trained from the time they leave the nursery until they arrive at maturity, a common pruning knife will be the only implement needed, except in accidental splitting down of branches. But taking things as we find them—with the cross growth chafing the bark, a compact and too crowded head, limbs already beginning to decay—there are branches from three to four inches in diameter which must needs be removed, for the future best interests of the orchard.

To doctor such an orchard we would, during the latter part of July or early in August, take a light ladder, a narrow, fine toothed saw, a sharp pruning knife and a pot of shellac dissolved in alcohol with a paint brush in it, and commence operations. It is useless to attempt to make a full grown orchard, whose pruning has been neglected, look like the well formed, evenly balanced and short jointed trees which have yearly received a judicious cutting-out and shortening-in, from the time they were first planted. This is out of the question. In cases of doubtful expediency, we would give the tree the benefit of the doubt by leaving the branch, or in other words we would leave a somewhat thick top rather than to make too many wounds to heal over.

Select a limb, saw it off close to the body of the tree or larger branch, being careful that its weight does not cause it to split down just before falling. Pare the wound smooth and coat with the shellac to keep out water and prevent sun-checking. When done during this month (July), the later growth of the season will commence to roll over the smooth cut and in a few years the new wood will unite upon the sides and scarcely leave a scar. If an ax is used, leaving a stub of some six inches in length, the new growth fails to cover this cut; the stub begins to rot and let in water, which still further hastens decay even towards the heart of the tree.

Again there is no free sap now in the tree to be both lost and converted into a poisonous acid upon the trunk. The abundant foliage also protects the wounds which without shade or covering of some kind would crack in the sunshine.

We know that early spring pruning has strong advocates, with many of the old school cultivators, some contending that their fathers and grandfathers pruned at that season, and consequently it must be the best time. Others ask why let the tree grow from May to July, and then throw away this very growth, and still others say that July is a busy month, while we have plenty of time in February and March.

Answering the last first, we say, if you cannot afford the needful time to attend to fruit trees, you can not expect success, and may as well give up fruit growing. Again it is not always found that the practices of our forefathers brought with them from an entirely different climate, are best suited to our wants, and they are gradually abandoned or changed. Let us also ask what is gained in point of growth by cutting off a limb in Spring and allowing the sap to escape, or let that same sap form wood which in turn is cut away? With small shoots of but one year's growth the time of pruning is not very essential. The old directions to 'prune at any time when the tools are sharp,' may answer for these. But on large limbs, give us July and August for pruning in this latitude.

[American Agriculturist.]

QUAKER SARCASM.—The Society of Friends, as is well known, are among the most upright and worthy of the Christian sects. Their mode of public worship is very plain and simple. Divested of all forms and ceremonies, they profess to serve God in spirit and in truth; sometimes in silence, at other times by exhortation or preaching, by some one who feels impelled to address them.

Thomas Coles—more familiarly known from his great amiability and good nature, as *Tommy Coles*—was a consistent member of this Society. At the delightful village of Glen Cove, Long Island, where he resided, the Episcopal congregation had just erected in their church a very sweet-toned organ, which was the admiration not only of the members but of many others, who were attracted to the service by the eloquence of the Rev. Mr. Mallaby, the rector.

On some particular occasion our venerable friend, Tommy Coles, took a seat among the congregation, and his opinion of the organ was gathered from the following conversation, which took place a few days afterwards:

'Friend Mallaby, I am pleased that thee has not said a fine organ in thy church.'

'But, said the clergyman, "I thought you were opposed to having an organ in a church."

'So I am, replied Friend Tommy; but then, if thee worship the Lord by machinery, I would like thee to have a first rate instrument.'

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

(N. P. Willis says of the poem annexed—"It is addressed to an idiotic child, by its pet name, and though beautiful throughout, it has some two or three passages, of very rare originality. The writer of it (as I learn from a letter of a lady who enclosed it to me) was a factory girl, who, by the labor of her own hands, secured the money for her education, and she is now twenty-four years of age, and supporting herself by various acts of her pen. She (Joie L.) is yet to be famous, I am very sure. Thus run the verses:—

BABY BUNN.

Winsome baby Bunn!
Brighter than the stars that rise
In the dusky evening skies,
Browner than the robin's wing,
Clearer than a woodland spring,
Are the eyes of baby Bunn!

Winsome baby Bunn!
Smile, mother, smile!
Thinking softly all the while
Of a tender, blissful day,
When the dark eyes so like these
Of the cherub on your knee,
Stole your girlish heart away.
Oh! the eyes of baby Bunn!

Rarest mischief of golden curls,
Oh, the brow of baby Bunn!
When once old enough to steal
What their father's stole from you!
Smile, mother, smile!

Winsome baby Bunn!
Milk-white lilies half unrolled,
Set in calyxes of gold,
Cannot match his forehead fair,
With its rings of yellow hair!
Scarlet berry gleam in twin
By a wodge of peary grain,
Is the mouth of baby Bunn!

Winsome baby Bunn!
Weep, mother, weep!
For the little one asleep
With his head against your breast!
Never in the coming years,
Though he seek for it with tears,
Will he find so sweet a rest.
Oh, the brow of baby Bunn!

Oh, the scarlet mouth of Bunn!
One must wear its crown of thorns,
Drink its cup of gall, must one
Though the trembling lips shall shrink,
White with anguish as they drink,
And the temple sweat with pain
Of the sunset on the tower,
Is the mouth of baby Bunn!

Winsome little baby Bunn!
Not the sea-shell's palest tinge,
Not the daisy's rose-white fringe,
Not the softest, faintest glow
Of the sunset on the tower,
Is more beautiful and sweet
Than the wee pink hands and feet
Of the little baby Bunn!

Winsome baby Bunn!
Pray, mother, pray!
Feel like these may lose the way,
Wandering blindly from the right,
Pray, and sometime will your prayers
Bring him like a good angel,
Built through darkness into light.
Oh! the dimpled feet of Bunn!

In his silken stockings dressed!
Oh! the dainty hands of Bunn!
Hid like rose-leaves in your breast!
These will grasp at jewels rare,
But to find them empty air!
These shall father many a day,
Bruised and bleeding by the way,
Ere they reach the land of rest!

Pray, mother, pray!
JOSE H.

An Eloquent Speech.

A NEGRO IN HIS OWN DEFENCE.—Charles H. Langstroth, one of the Oberlin men convicted of aiding in the escape of a fugitive slave, is himself a negro and the son of a slave. The address he made to the court when called up to receive his sentence, was admirably reasoned and forcible. It would have done much credit to an educated white man. The opening and closing paragraphs of the speech will give an idea of its scope and spirit:

'Some days prior to the 13th of September, 1858, happening to be in Oberlin on a visit, I found the country round about there, and the village itself, filled with alarming rumors as to the fact that slave catchers, kidnappers, negro stealers, were lying hidden and skulking about, waiting some opportunity to get their bloody hand on some helpless creature to drag him back—or for the first time—into helpless and lifelong bondage. These reports becoming current all over that neighborhood, old men and innocent women and children became exceedingly alarmed for their safety. It was not uncommon to hear mothers say that they dared not send their children to school, for fear they would be caught and carried off by the way. Some of these people had become free by long and patient toil at night, after working the long long day for cruel masters, and then at length getting money enough to buy their liberty—Others had become free by means of the good will of their masters. And there were others who had become free—to their everlasting honor I say it—by the intensest exertions of their own God-given powers;—by escaping from the plantation of their masters, eluding the blood thirsty patrols and sentinels so thickly scattered all along their path, outrunning blood hounds and horses, swimming rivers and fording swamps, and reaching at last through incredible difficulties, what they in their delusion supposed to be free soil. These three classes were in Oberlin, trembling alike for their safety, because they well knew their fate, should those men hunters get their hands on them. In the midst of such excitement, the 13th day of September was ushered in—a day ever to be remembered in the history of that place, and I presume no less in the history of this court—on which those men by lying devices, decoyed into a place where they could get their hands on him—I will not say a slave, for I do not know that—but a man, a brother, who had a right to his liberty under the laws of God, under the laws of Nature, and under the declaration of American Independence. In the midst of all this excitement, the news came to us like a flash of lightning that an actual seizure under the means of fraudulent pretenses had been made! Being identified with that man by color, by race, by manhood, by sympathies such as God has implanted in us all, I felt it my duty to go and do what I could toward liberating him. I had been taught by my revolutionary father, and by his honored associates, that the fundamental doctrine of its government was that all men have a right to life and liberty, and coming from the Old Dominion I brought into Ohio these sentiments, deeply impressed upon my heart; I went to Wellington, and hearing from the parties themselves by what authority the boy was held in custody, I conceived from what little knowledge I had of law, that they had no right to hold him.'

Some say there is no danger of free persons being seized and carried off as slaves. No one need labor under such a delusion. Sir, of the eight prisoners who were first carried back under the act of 1850, were afterwards proved to be free men. They were free persons, but wholly at the mercy of the oath of one man. And last Sabbath afternoon a letter came to me from a gentleman in St. Louis, informing me that a young lady who was formerly under my instruction at Columbus, a free person, is now lying in the jail at that place, claimed as the slave of some wretch who never saw her before, and waiting for testimony from relatives at Columbus to establish her freedom. I could stand here by the hour

[American Agriculturist.]

HEALTHFULNESS OF FRUIT.—Many persons suppose that fruit is unwholesome, especially for children, because their mortality is so great at the time when fresh fruits begin to abound in market. Undoubtedly, the eating of green or partly decayed fruits is injurious to both young and old persons; it was not made to be eaten; though green fruit is little harmful if well cooked. But it is not correct to ascribe the sickness and death of so many children to fruit eating. On examining the bills of mortality of any large town, we shall find that the increase of deaths among children in Summer, is almost exclusively of those under five years of age, and principally of those under two years. Of course they eat little or no fruit. The deaths at the same season among persons between five and twenty-five, those most likely to indulge too freely in fruits, is less than in Winter. The mortality, therefore, of the Summer season, is more probably owing to the increase of heat than to fruit eating. The excessive heats of the day, followed by exposure to the chilly damps of the evening, may help to account for much of the sickness of children in the fruit season.

We once met with the following extract from the *London Lancet*, a high medical authority: Referring to the health of London during a week in the middle of August, the writer remarks: 'The deaths ascribed to diarrhoea are 198, of whom 115 occurred among children. The tender age of nearly all the sufferers, 97 of them, not having completed their first year, is sufficient to dispel the popular error, that the use of fruit is the exciting cause.'

Now, let us carry the war into the enemy's country. Fruit, eaten in moderation, is positively wholesome, and its use is demanded by the peculiarities of the Summer season. The most common diseases of Summer, such as diarrhoea, dysentery and cholera, are bilious complaints, and require anti-bilious treatment. Fruits are anti-bilious. A kind Providence causes them to abound at just the season when they are most needed. In the Winter, we may devour meat of all sorts, both fat

en, and a greater proportion of vegetables and fruits. The natives of tropical climates long ago found this out, and they act accordingly; while Northerners, going there to reside, and keeping up their usual habits of high living, soon fall victims to bilious diseases.

There should be moderation, of course, in the use of a good thing. Fruit should be ripe if eaten raw; it is better to eat it early in the day, and the stomach should never be overloaded with it.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, J. DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JULY 14, 1859.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
B. M. PATTENGLASS & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 110 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and to be published at the same rates as required at this office.
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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.
Relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper should be directed to 'MAXHAM & WING,' or 'EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.'

Flowers and Birds.

Don't pluck the flowers from the gardens. We have heard complaints from several of our village friends, that wanton or vandal hands have stolen their flowers and torn their bushes and vines. We have been informed that some of the rarest and most beautiful flowers in the cemetery were, but a few days since, taken from their places by profane fingers. We fear that the 'French children' are not alone in this kind of mischief; and we hope to see more thoughtfulness and delicacy, a due appreciation in all ranks, with reference to those who take so much pains to border our streets with flowers and decorate the sacred ground where lie the beloved dead. Don't pluck the flowers.

We have also a plea for the birds. Is it considered how much of joy they impart to our life? 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.' Birds are things of beauty. Examine their forms and plumage. Like the flowers, they bear inspection. Furthermore, they are minstrels, songsters, that daily warble to our ears, without money and without price. And, O ye utilitarians! ye narrow-sighted, stingy cultivators of currants, strawberries and cherries! they are useful, and more than compensate you for the share of fruit they eat. Admire and love, and be generous to the birds, and teach your children to have an affectionate care for them. Behold the fowls of the air: they toil not, neither do they spin, nor gather into barns; and yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.

STRAWBERRIES.—'Doubtless God might have made a better fruit than the strawberry,' says quaint old Isaac Walton, 'but certainly he never did;' and there may have been larger and more luscious specimens grown this year than a box full, which we have just received from the garden of Dr. McCallister, Esq., but we respectfully beg leave to doubt until we see them. From a rod square Mr. M. will this year gather about a bushel and a half of this delicious fruit, and he has no special facilities beyond the capacity of any garden of the humblest pretensions. He thins out his bed in August and applies manure saved in June, as it is free from seeds of grass and weeds; he keeps his bed clean by pulling out all intruding plants; but is at no pains to protect his plants from being winter killed. His soil is a stiff clay loam, but he is of the opinion that he has no special advantage from that fact. Many strawberry cultivators complain that the birds gather the fruit as fast as it ripens; but so luxuriant is the growth in Mr. M.'s bed that the berries are out of sight, and no visitors of this sort trouble him until after he begins to gather, and even then he has but little trouble. We are unable to name this variety, but believe it is not the famous Hovey Seedling, which we notice does not stand in the first rank; for at a meeting of the 'Auburn Rural Club' a few days since, at which twelve varieties of strawberries were tasted, Walker's Seedling received the highest number of votes as the best flavored berry, and Wilson's Seedling had the next highest vote.

THE OBERLIN RESOURCES.—These gentlemen have all been released from prison—the government authorities declining to prosecute further. On returning to their homes they were received with warm demonstrations of respect and esteem.

Professor Morrill made a speech of welcome at the cars; Father Keep and Professor Rock made speeches, and the Town Council entered a minute upon its records to commemorate the event. The record ordered to be placed upon the books of the town concludes as follows:

'And finally, in view of all the consequences attendant upon this prosecution, and all the light shed upon the subject, we unanimously express our greatly increased abhorrence of the Fugitive Slave Act, and avow our determination that no fugitive slave shall ever be taken from Oberlin, either with or without a warrant, if we have power to prevent it.'

According to a statement report in the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, the set speeches were delivered in 'the great church of the town'; the audience numbered 3000 persons, and the choir was composed of 125 singers, and it was brought before the ceremony ended.

THE PAPAL STATES.—Excited by the patriotic and warlike demonstrations all about them, some of the Pope's subjects, thinking that the Pope had come, acted accordingly; but their spiritual father and temporal ruler convinced them of their mistake by sending three regiments from Rome to Perugia, where the rising occurred, and shooting them down indiscriminately. Neither age nor sex were spared. Among the murdered by the soldiers, after the fighting had ceased, were three married couples, five elderly ladies, three unmarried females, a girl four years old, &c. An

infant was taken from its mother's breast and thrown into the Tiber.

PENOBSCOT AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD CO.—At the annual meeting of this Co., at Bangor, on Tuesday last, the following gentlemen were chosen a board of directors for the current year:—Hollis Bowman, Jabez True, T. W. Baldwin, Franklin Muzzey, William Connor, John Webber, and Ira Crocker, who made choice of Hollis Bowman as President.

Elias Merrill was elected Clerk and Treasurer, by the board, and the following committees were chosen:—

On Finance.—Hollis Bowman, T. W. Baldwin, Wm. Connor, and Ira Crocker.

On Claims.—Jabez True, T. W. Baldwin, and Franklin Muzzey.

On condition of the Road.—William Connor, John Webber, and Ira Crocker.

In consequence of the diminished business and receipts of the road, the Directors were unable to pay the coupons on the third bonds falling due in Sept. '58, and March, '59, and a loan is recommended to meet existing and prospective liabilities. The Directors complain of unreasonable opposition to the consolidation of the two roads, on the part of other companies, and express the opinion that such consolidation would be mutually advantageous.

An increase of \$2780.63 in the earnings of the road over those of last year is reported.—The condition of the road bed and equipment is as good as it has ever been, but the fences need repairing.

TALLER.—Some one has hunted up two stalks of rye measuring 3 ft. 10 1/2 inches, and presented them to the editor of the *Clarion*, whereupon Moses crows lustily, thinking Somerset has done something wonderful. He has only to refer to our paper of last week to find that he was badly beaten in advance; and that we know it is not advisable to bid against one's self, we are compelled to spoil that story by telling a bigger one. Mr. Eaton's rye, we said, measured 6 ft. 2 in.; but we have some in our office now, from the field of Mr. Curtis Mayo, that measures 6 ft. 8 in. Who will beat that?

A SHOCKING AFFAIR.—On Friday last, as we learn from the *Clarion*, in the town of Brighton, a man named Alonzo Thomas, about 20 years of age, went to the barn, built a fire among the straw and hay, and then shot himself with a gun. He was discovered by his brother's wife, who ran for help and then attempted to rescue him from his perilous condition—the fire having got well under way. He resisted her efforts, and in the struggle her clothes were set on fire, but help arriving opportunely he was removed and the fire in her clothing extinguished. The barn, shed and house, however, were consumed, with a loss of 600 or 700 dollars: no insurance. Mr. T. was living on Saturday, but it was thought he could not survive.

BANGOR WHIG AND COURIER. This able republican paper has just donned a new dress and comes out as neat as a new pin, and with as sharp a point well warrant. Messrs. Wheeler and Lynde are noted for their industry, and display much tact and talent in the conduct of their paper, and we are pleased to see this evidence that their enterprise is well rewarded. We particularly admire the 'Whig and Courier' for its honesty, candor, and courtesy, and these traits are so marked that they exert warm encomiums even from bitter political opponents. 'Long may it wave,' for the good of the country, and the pecuniary advantage of its gentlemanly proprietors.

CASCADE DIVISION S. OF T.—This Division, located at West Waterville, elected the following officers for the present quarter:—

E. P. Blaisdell, W. P. J. U. Hubbard, W. A. S. Cornforth, R. S. John Libby, A. B. S. G. B. Benson, F. S. Charles Folsom, T. W. Smith, C. E. Smith, A. C. N. Wilber, I. S. Geo. Benson, O. S.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST. The July number, from which we have made liberal extracts, is rich in good things and is full of valuable information for the practical farmer. No better agricultural paper than this can be found in the country. Published monthly by Orange Judd, New York, at \$1 a year.

SEMINARY ANNIVERSARY AT BANGOR.—This will occur on Wednesday, Aug. 27th. J. O. Fiske, of Bath, will address the Alumni, and Prof. Egbert C. Smyth, of Bowdoin College, the Rhetorical Society. On Wednesday afternoon the Seminary Chapel will be dedicated.

PLUMMER, THE MUTINEER.—In answer to the prayer of 20,000 petitioners, the President has commuted the sentence of Plummer, under sentence of death for killing the captain of the whaler ship Junior, to imprisonment for life.

ALL OF A PIECE.—The Gardner papers do not hesitate to complain of the public dinner furnished to the guests of the city on the Fourth, charging the fault, by implication, upon the contractor. If we are correctly informed, it would seem that the city authorities have a still bigger load of meanness to shoulder.

The Vignettes of Kendall's Mills, went down by special invitation, and contributed something, to say the least, to the attraction of the procession. As it happened, they had no opportunity to play for the prize trumpets, but they did have a poor dinner at the Fair ground, for which they were charged a dollar apiece.—Was that right?

The 'Della Upsilon Fraternity,' of Waterville College, (the anti-sect.) hold their anniversary at the Congregational Church on Monday evening, Aug. 8. Joseph Odell, of Lebanon, Ky., is to deliver the oration, and Geo. M. Preston of Medford, Mass., the poem. Supper at the society's rooms in Phenix Hall.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.—This body met at Portland, on Thursday last, and permanently organized by making choice of John B. Brown as President, a Vice President from each of the counties, and seven secretaries. Two hundred and seven votes were represented by 655 delegates. Lot M. Morrill received 596 out of 600 votes for candidate for Governor. J. H. Drummond, Esq., of our place, we see, is put upon the State Committee.

Nine resolutions were passed, the first of which re-affirms the declaration of the Philadelphia Republican platform of 1856. The second, on popular sovereignty, we copy:—

Resolved, That we hold unequivocally to the doctrine of genuine popular sovereignty and the right of the people in every State and territory to establish their own institutions in their own way, subject only to the constitutional powers of Congress and the restraints of a just morality. But we deny the right of any community to oppress the weaker, to enact laws that do not operate with equal and exact justice upon every man who is subject to them. And we denounce the heresy that one class of men have a right to enslave another as an equal denial of the doctrine in question, and a bold assault upon the only just foundation of government, and dangerous to the liberty of the people.

The third censures the proposition for reopening the African slave trade and the inaction of the general government in not bringing slave pirates to justice, or sending them for trial where acquittal was certain.

The fourth approves the homestead bill, giving 160 acres to every settler.

The fifth accuses the leaders of the Democratic party of being in favor of extending slavery.

The sixth charges the Democratic party with apostasy from its great cardinal principle of the equal rights of men.

The seventh charges the present administration with hypocrisy in denying protection to naturalized citizens, alien when beyond the limits of our country. This alludes to the recent letter of Secretary Cass.

The eighth pledges the Republican party to the encouragement of manufactures, the settlement of the public lands, and the improvement of the public schools.

The ninth expresses unwavering confidence in the Republican nominee.

The tenth—but stay, there was no tenth, though there should have been, pledging the party anew to the support of the principles of the Maine Liquor Law.

Speeches were made by Gov. Morrill, Hon. Freeman H. Morse, Hon. W. P. Fessenden, and T. K. Pangborn, Esq., of Boston. With enthusiastic cheers the convention adjourned to enter upon the active labors of the campaign.

A correspondent of the *New York Tribune* says there was a strong desire in this convention to present Mr. William Pitt Fessenden as a candidate for the Presidency, but his expression was prevented by Mr. Fessenden's decided opposition to such a use of his name. The *Tribune* endorses Mr. Fessenden as one possessing 'elements of great popular strength as a candidate, which must insure to his name a careful and friendly consideration in the Republican National Convention.'

THE CROPS.—Since the 3d day of July there has been no rain, and the continued series of sunny days and warm nights has brought forward all classes of crops at a rapid rate. Grass is not only growing finely, but is going into the barns in excellent condition and large quantities. The thermometer on Tuesday marked 93 in the shade. New potatoes and green peas are taking the place of Jacksoms and baked beans; and Mr. Harrison Cole, of Benton, tells us that he has some of that early corn already in the silk. About the first of August he expects to offer it in our market. Pastures are in fine condition and are telling a good story for butter and cheese, fat lambs and thriving farm stock generally. Fruit promises well, and the season as a whole gives an unusual hope for an abundant harvest of everything. God is good, and the prayers of the husbandman have been of the practical kind—thankful, hopeful, faithful and industrious. 'Nothing moves the divine favor without energy and industry. Pray for rain with the hoe, and for good hay weather with the scythe and rake—and for a luxurious harvest with both hand and heart. No man ever starved with a hoe in his hand, and famine never yet fell upon a free and industrious people. God surely helps such as help themselves, but there is no certainty for the rest.'

CLERGYMAN DROWNED.—Rev. Kingman A. Noy, pastor of the Broome-st. Baptist Church of New York, and one of the most prominent clergymen of the city, was drowned at Ambury, N. J., while bathing with some friends on Thursday last. Fruit of Maine—a son of Rev. H. G. Noy, now of Newburyport, who resided and preached in this village a short time, some years ago. He was educated at Rochester, N. Y., and though but twenty-five years of age, was regarded as one of the ablest and most eloquent preachers in the Baptist denomination.

AROSTOOK RAILROAD BILL.—The following official return of the votes on this bill we find in the *Bangor Whig*:—For the act 14,922; against it 18,795.

A SIGN.—We enjoyed yesterday, with our otherwise staid dinner, a fine dish of string beans, from the garden of landlord Williams, of the Williams House. This is early, and indicates the effect of the late fine weather upon crops generally; though Mr. W. always 'comes in ahead' when he tries.

Be careful of the oxen and horses during these hot days. It is the unwhimsical man's ox, that falls down in the furrow. Bear this in mind, and conceal your shame by softening your heart.

A TRIP TO FLAUNDERCAST. The beautiful simplicity of good taste is thrown away upon

the world generally—in most things. In language, particularly, however, certain classes of vulgar people respect you more, in proportion as your words are high, sounding and unusual. 'Once,' said Coleridge, 'I sat in a church opposite a Jew—a symbol of old clothes bags—an Isaiah of Hollywell street. He would close the window; I opened it. He closed it again; upon which, in a very solemn tone, I said to him, 'Son of Abraham, thou smellest! son of Isaac, thou art offensive! son of Jacob, thou smellest foully! See the man in the moon! he is holding his nose at thee at that distance. Dost thou think that I, sitting here can endure it any longer?' My Jew was astonished, opened the window forthwith himself, and said 'he was sorry he did not know before that I was so great a gentleman.'

But there is also a misuse of high-flown or too learned a phraseology, as illustrated in the story told of Governor Barbour, of Virginia. The new invention of horizontal ploughing was introduced into the State about the same time as the ruta-baga turnip, and the Governor, meeting one of his constituents on the road, a plain farmer, said:

'Well, sir, have you adopted the modern method of subverting your soil at angles of equal departure?'

'I s'pose you mean ruta-bagas,' replied the man; 'yes, I sowed some last month.'

[N. Y. Home Journal.]

CUTTING AND CURING CLOVER HAY.—According to the thirty years of close observation made by the writer of this article, there is but one method of curing clover hay which pays well for the labor, and that I shall describe shortly.

Observation has taught me that the best time for cutting clover is when two-thirds of the blooms begin to turn brown. At this stage it makes the best hay, and it is not soappy enough to reduce much in the curing process.

When the clover is in the above stage, cut it as rapidly as possible; but never cut when there is dew or rain water on the clover. Let the green clover be put in small shocks as fast as cut down, so that the sun may not wilt it.

When enough is cut and shocked for a large stack, haul up and stack as fast as possible. The stack should be some 14 or 15 feet at the base and 18 or 16 feet high, so put as to make it the shape of a cone. With a hay fork, let one throw up the green clover, while two hands stack and tramp it so, as to make it as near air tight as possible. Every foot in height should have about one quart of salt sprinkled regularly over it. This will require about 75 pounds to the stack. In finishing, top it off and rake it down so as to turn rain. In ten or twelve days it will become wet and hot, and smoke like a coal kiln, so as to have all appearance of rotting; but in ten or fifteen days more, it will cool off and be found dry, bright, sweet hay.

If the clover were allowed to wilt before stacking, the hay would be dark and mouldy; but if put up green, the hay will be bright green, and sweet and free from mould. This process preserves all the leaves of the clover, so certain to be lost by any other process; and it also preserves all the volatile constituents of clover, which are sure to be lost when it is cured in the sunshine or open air.

The whole management is summed up in a few words. Cut and stack free from moisture, in the perfectly free state; salt it well, and make the stack as near air tight as hard tramping can make it.—[From the *Genesee Farmer*.]

CUTTING HAY.—There are at present a multitude of conflicting opinions in relation to the period when grass should be cut—some contending that the operation of mowing should be commenced as soon as the development of the flowers has commenced; others that the seed should by no means be introduced till the seed has become partially matured, as they suppose the material value of this adds more to the value of the plant as a whole, than it abstracts. No definite rules, however, can be laid down in this matter, as practice must necessarily vary with the contingencies of temperature, aspect, climate and the specific character of the grasses ordinarily cultivated. For my own part I think that one should commence as soon as inflorescence begins. He will then have time to get forward having before the crop becomes too far advanced towards maturity, and his hay, though less heavy, and consequently somewhat less valuable as a market product, perhaps will be much more succulent and sweet than if permitted to stand till a later period, or till it becomes dead ripe.

The old method of making hay in the sun, and drying it till scarcely a particle of moisture is left in the fiber, is now almost universally deprecated. On this subject, one of the greatest farmers who has ever lived, has the following remarks:

'As soon as the grass is fairly freed from moisture, it is put into narrow heaps, which are made as high as possible; and to prevent these from falling down, a small stake is driven into the ground, around which the grass is carefully arranged with the hand. A handful of grass is then taken from one of the swaths, and the longest and strongest portions are chosen from it to cover the top of the heap or haycock with care being taken to trim the upper or flowering part of the grass downward. These pyramidal heaps are suffered to remain until the grass of which they are composed is thoroughly dry, which is generally somewhere between the eighth and fifteenth day. On the heap being opened, the grass in the interior of it will generally be found to retain its hue and freshness. I have seen grass thus made into huge heaps, in dry and windy weather, which has made very rapidly without requiring to be mowed, and has been quite green. Temporary rain or showers will not do harm beyond that of depriving the exterior parts of some portion of its greenness; but should the wet weather continue for any considerable period of time, there is a possibility of the hay becoming too much compressed; it will then be necessary to open the heaps, and shake and loosen the hay, in order to prevent it from acquiring an unpleasant flavor.'

This may be obviated by making the cocks small—say of about eighty pounds weight, when first put up, and covering them carefully with green grass. I give you this for what it is worth—some may be induced to try it this season, on a small scale, and report the result. One thing is admitted by every one, which is, that the less the hay, in making, is exposed to the sun, the more valuable it is—it retains its color and flavor better, and is consequently worth a great deal more per ton, than when dried up by the burning rays of the sun.

[From the *Germania Telegraph*.]

DARING BURGLARY.—On Wednesday night a daring burglary was perpetrated at the house of Gen. John L. Hodson, on Stillwater Avenue. The thief procured a plank and ascended to the window of the room occupied by a servant girl, the window being up, passed through her room, stepping and soiling a portion of her clothing and entered the apartment occupied by Gen. Isaac Hodson, who was on a visit to his son, and stole from his pants a wallet containing \$12 in money together with

a valuable watch. From thence he entered the room of Gen. John L. Hodson, took from his pants a wallet containing \$50 in money, a check for \$400, and a note for \$50, without waking any person in the house, made his exit through the dining room window. 'It would seem as if the days of Woodbine had returned. The villain had evidently acquainted himself with localities within the house.—[Bangor Dem.]

The Battle of Solferino.

Our dispatches by the Hungarian, though four days later, are very meagre in relation to the great battle of Solferino, and not very full. But the slightest information upon such a topic is eagerly welcomed, and puts us under obligations to piece it out with whatever data we have at command.

First, in regard to the locality. The extreme right wing of the Austrians rested on Pozzolega, which is five or six miles southeast of the fortress of Peschiera, and about the same distance from the Mincio; while the extreme left was pushed as far as Cas Cioffredo, which is near the banks of the Chiese. This last named town is twenty miles north-west of Mantua, is surrounded by old walls, and has a population of 3200. Thus the Austrian line instead of being parallel with the Mincio, here north and south, ranged in a north-easterly and south-westerly direction—Cas Cioffredo being twelve or fifteen miles from the Mincio. A range of hills runs southward in broken lines from Pozzolega, to Solferino and Carriana, there wheeling round easterly towards the Mincio, and commanding the road from Castiglione, to Volta. The ground occupied by the Austrian left wing is nearly level and open. Solferino, where the main fight seems to have taken place, is about seven or eight miles west of the Mincio—a town of 1500 inhabitants, and surrounded with some old fortifications.

As to the order of the battle, we are left pretty much in the dark. The French Emperor says the battle began at 4 o'clock in the morning of the 24th; while the Austrian dispatch (which, by the way, is the most explicit statement yet given to the public) says that the collision took place at 10 A. M. The discrepancy is reconciled by the probability that skirmishes, on either or both of the wings, were going forward all the morning. Thus, the Austrian left appears to have been driven back from Cas Cioffredo and Guidizzolo before 10 o'clock, as we are told that when the main collision took place, the left, under Gen. Wimper, advanced as far as the Chiese. Their right also repulsed the Piedmontese; but the French attack upon the centre near Solferino seems to have carried all before it, when developing powerful masses against the Austrian left, and continuing the advance of their main body against Volta, they swept the field in triumph.

Why the Austrians should have abandoned their strong position on the east bank of the Mincio, where they could so effectually have harassed the allies as they crossed the river, and whence they had such facilities for drawing back—why they should have voluntarily given up such a position, in order to meet the French army as it lay at rest, coiled (to use Mr. Russell's expressive comparison) for a spring in any direction that might be required—passes our comprehension. With the scanty means of information at our command, it looks like the veriest specimen of foolhardiness. Still they appear to have fought well, if we may judge from the rumors of the French losses, viz: 10,000 or 12,000. But of this, as well as of the Austrian loss, we have really no account. The tokens of the French victory are the retreat of the Austrians, and the capture of thirty cannon, three flags and more than 7000 prisoners. That these were obtained at a dear rate, is evident from the fact that, while the battle was fought on the 24th, the dispatch announcing the crossing of the Mincio by the allies is dated the 28th. The Austrian force is estimated at 150,000; and the French certainly could not have numbered much less. Louis Napoleon appears to have commanded in person; but he ascribes great credit to Gen. Niel and his (4th) corps of the army. If he be true, as reported, that another great battle will be fought before the fortresses are to be relied on, nothing could afford a stronger evidence of the traditional obstinacy of the Austrian generals.

Both parties, however, act as if the contest had but just begun. The Austrian reserves, numbering 175,000 men, each of whom has served eight years—the flower of the imperial army—are on the way to Italy. In France, Cherebourg is alive with naval preparations, large reinforcements are constantly leaving for Italy, and in two months the force in the field is expected to be raised to 450,000 men. In the meantime the points of attack on the Austrians are rapidly multiplying. A force of nearly 4000 Piedmontese and volunteers are advancing, on the north, towards the foot of the Stelvio pass; on the south, Prince Napoleon has reached Parma, amid the rejoicings of the inhabitants; and in the Adriatic, the present naval force is to be augmented by 40,000 men from Algeria, whose arrival, however, is not to be waited for, inasmuch as the attacks on Venice and Tagliamento were expected to take place on the 28th of June. A 'battle summer,' such as the world has not seen for forty years, is evidently before us, wherein human lives will be but as grass beneath the mower's scythe, and nothing but sorrow will be gathered within ten thousand households.

THE FORCES AT SOLFERINO.—The battle of Solferino is truly called 'the great battle,' even of the century. The forces engaged on both sides could not have been less than 250,000—add were probably nearer 300,000. Compared with such a mass of combatants, some of the most celebrated battles of the century appear like skirmishes, in point of numbers. Thus, at the famous battle of Marengo, the French force was 32,000 and the Austrian 40,000. At Austerlitz, the French numbered 70,000, while the Russians and Austrians had 90,000—all together being but ten thousand more than the Austrian strength alone at Solferino. Wagram comes nearer in the magnitude of forces engaged, having reckoned 130,000 French and somewhat over 100,000 Austrians. At Waterloo, there were 75,000 French, and 110,000 allied opponents. Not more than 15,000, on both sides, were in the battle of New Orleans. At Buena Vista, Gen. Taylor, with 4900 Americans, routed Santa Anna's 19,000 Mexicans. At Inkerman, in the Crimea, the allied French and English numbered 18,000, and the Russian 46,000.

ACCIDENT.—A lad by the name of John Doran was run over by the cars in Yarmouth, on Wednesday morning. His leg and one foot were crushed to a jelly, and he died in the evening of the same day. This accident should serve as a caution to boys. He was standing as near the cars as he could, while they passed him, and probably became dizzy by their motion. He pitched forward upon the track, in front of the rear car, and was fatally wounded, as stated. It is, we are told, a common prac-

tice for boys to place their feet on the rails, or to stand upon the track as the cars approach, as a reprehensible act of courage and daring. This is reprehensible in the extreme, and costs many a boy his life.—[Argus.]

INTERESTING DECISION.—The High Court of Errors and Appeals in Mississippi, the Court of last resort in that State, has decided that a free negro of another State cannot take property by will in Mississippi. The course of the reasoning appears to be this: In the absence of a positive law in force within the State, the citizens or inhabitants of other States have no other rights within the State, except those resulting from the comity of nations. Under the Constitution of the United States, negroes are incapable of becoming citizens; but are an inferior class, towards whom there is no comity under the law of nations. Their legal character is that of alien strangers, who have no rights except those specifically granted to them by the jurisdiction in which they are, and these are not transmissible beyond the jurisdiction. In Mississippi all negroes are, *prima facie*, slaves. Alien free negroes are prohibited by statute from entering the State. A free negro, within the State by permission, is only capable of the customary rights founded on the *jus gentium*; but a free negro, prohibited under the law, is without the pale of comity, incapable of acquiring rights of property. Hence the courts will not maintain any rights to property in the State by bequest to free negroes out of it who would not be permitted by law to reside in Mississippi.

Persons struck down by lightning, should be thoroughly drenched with cold water. We have the record of a case of resuscitation after hours of drenching; therefore do not get discouraged, but continue drenching till animation is restored. The season of the year for the frequent occurrence of thunder-storms is at hand, and this notice may be the means of doing some good.

HEAVY BURGLARY IN BRADLEY.—The house of Moses Knapp, Esq., of Bradley, is reported to have been entered on or about the night of the Fourth, and robbed of a small trunk containing about \$2000 in gold, \$2500 in bank bills, and nearly \$4000 in notes of hand—as good as the gold. Mr. Knapp, it is said, received a hint nearly two weeks ago, from one of the prisoners in the jail in the city, that a scheme was on foot to rob him, and warning him to be on his guard. Mr. Knapp took such precautions as he deemed necessary to protect himself and property.—[Bangor Patriot.]

HOW TO AVOID THE DANGER OF LIGHTNING.—During thunder storms persons in houses should sit or lie in some place as far distant as possible from the chimney, and the most exposed part of the walls—the middle of the room, if it is large, is the safest locality. Sailors on the sea should keep as far from the masts as possible, and farmers in the field should never seek shelter under trees. Horizontal strokes of lightning sometimes take place, and several persons have been struck while sitting at an open window during thunder storms. Every window of a room in which persons are sitting, in such cases, should be closed; a flash of the fluid, which would pass through an open window into an apartment, will be conducted down through the floor and wall to the earth if the window is shut.

TO KEEP MOTHS FROM FURS AND WOOLENS.—Shake and beat them well, then tie them up tight in a cotton or linen bag, and hang them in a dry place, or put them into a closet. Nothing else is necessary. This process is effectual, because the moth cannot get in to deposit its eggs. It shuns camphor, tobacco, or anything else of the kind, as much as a hungry boy would a good apple. We once deposited some nice furs in the centre of a cask of tobacco; but the moth, cared as little for it as for a cask of rose leaves, and ruined our furs. Tie up the furs, and they will be safe.

A REMEDY FOR POISONED SHEEP.—Give them a table-spoon twice full of weak ley, and it will raise them in fifteen minutes after given. One morning I found fifteen or twenty sheep poisoned by eating ivy the day before. Some of them when found were flat on their sides; others frothed at the mouth, grated their teeth, and staggered about badly from the effects of the jelly. Those that were not found sprawling were cured by putting a gag in their mouths, which would keep the sheep from swallowing the poison, but let it rise and run out of their mouths. After I had lost three out of six, that could not hold up their heads, and appeared lifeless, one of my neighbors recommended weak ley as a sure cure; it was given them, and in ten minutes one of the sheep was eating again. It had the same effect on the others, and the whole flock are now as lively as any of the flock.—[New England Farmer.]

SUMMER DRINKS.—*Sherbet.*—Eight ounces of carbonate of soda; six ounces of tartaric acid; two pounds of loaf sugar, finely powdered; three drachms of essence of lemon. Let the powders be very dry. Mix them intimately, and keep them for use in a wider mouthed bottle, closely corked. Put in two good-sized tea-spoonsful into a tumbler; pour in half a pint of cold water, stir briskly and drink off.

Raspberry, Strawberry, Currant, or Orange Effervescent Draughts.—Take one quart of the juice of either of the above fruits; filter it, and boil it into a sirup with one pound of powdered loaf sugar. To this add one ounce and a half of tartaric acid. When cold put it into a bottle and keep it well corked. When required for use, fill a half a pint tumbler three parts full of water, and add two table-spoonsful of the sirup. Then stir in briskly a small tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda, and a very delicious drink will be formed. The color may be improved by adding a very small portion of cochineal to the sirup at the time of boiling.

THE VALUE OF STORIES.—A gentleman who acted as private secretary and amanuensis for Prescott, the historian, gives some extremely interesting particulars in relation to the daily habits of that remarkable man. He was as regular in his movements as clock-work, and among his invariable habits was that of listening every day of his life, for the space of an hour, to some story or tale, read to him by his wife or his secretary. He needed this kind of mental refreshment, as a relief from his grave study of the matter-of-fact histories in which he worked, as much as he needed sleep or exercise in the open air. And what he required every mind requires. Stories, therefore, are as necessary to the preservation and improvement of the human intellect as any other kind of literary exercise. It is only the thoughtless and unphilosophical who speak of stories with contempt. They are to the sober realities of earth what flowers are to the vegetable world. —Roses and Violets are as important in the economy of the universe as the oak and the cedar. The story writer, therefore, is not to be held in less esteem than the author of ponderous volumes of history or dissertations of philosophy and political economy. Each has his sphere, and is entitled to respect according to the degree of ability with which he fulfills the duty which his talents qualify him to discharge.

