

# The Union and Eastern Journal.

"ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO EVERY FORM OF OPPRESSION OVER THE MIND OR BODY OF MAN."—JEFFERSON.

LOUIS O. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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## UNION AND EASTERN JOURNAL.

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## Agricultural.

**GRAND AND MODES OF APPLICATION.** We are often asked which is the best mode of using guano; and to save much time we will tell at once the substance of what we know of its operation. Five or six years ago we bought a few hundred pounds and sowed the same on a mowing field early in May. We marked off the ground and set boundaries. This was an important operation for we should not otherwise have known where the guano had been sown. It proved of no use and we are not sure whether it would have done any service in any mode of application. It contained lumps as large as a man's fist and they could not be dissolved short of hard blows of the sled hammer.

The next year we bought a few hundred pounds of a better quality, and mixing it with common soil, we put a small handful on each hill of corn after it had come up, leaving it exposed on the surface till the first hoisting took place, then the whole was nearly covered with earth at the first hoeing. We could perceive that the guano had some good effect without having stakes to mark off the favored lot.

In 1853 we bought half a ton and mixed it with four cart loads of rich loam, to be applied to the hills of corn at the time of planting, putting but one quart of compost in each hill. This proved to be a very powerful compost, and in many cases, where the corn was covered deep, it entirely destroyed the young roots. In some of the hills one stalk only was spared. Still, on the whole, the compost proved useful to the field.

In 1854 we bought a ton of guano, at Breck & Son's warehouse, in North Market Street. We emptied one third of the bags in May, on to some good soil in a field near the house, and made a pile or compost heap, large enough for the three cartloads of compost, (90 bushels). This heap was overhauled three times and well mixed till all the lumps were dissolved.

After this had lain one week, exposed to the weather, it was carted to a distant field and sown broadcast on furrows that had been turned in the previous autumn. The field was then thoroughly harrowed and corn was planted in the usual mode. Three hundred weight of guano was used per acre on two acres.

On the remainder of the same field we spread twenty-four cart loads of barn manure per acre and harrowed it as in the other case. The soil of the whole field was a sandy loam and warm enough for corn.

On a critical examination through the summer and at harvest time all of us who saw the field judged that the corn on the guano part was quite equal to that of the other, which was dressed with 25 loads per acre from the barn yard. That is, we had 40 to 50 bushels from each acre. The whole field was sown with grass seed at killing time, in July, and was used as a pasture during the last summer.

We had no other means of determining the value of the guano than by comparison with the barn manure, and though the pasture ground last summer looked as well on one portion as on the other we cannot yet say how long the guano will last in the soil. It operates quick and powerfully but it is not probable that it will endure as long as the larger quantity from the barn.

Three hundred pounds of guano per acre costs nine dollars, and the spreading, or sowing, may cost one dollar. For if you cart 24 loads one half a mile the mere cost of carting and spreading will be more than half of the whole cost of manuring with guano. Distant fields are the proper ones on which to apply guano.

Last summer we bought another ton of guano and prepared it in the same way as in 1854. We used it on carrots, beets and turnips, in various stages of their growth, and we were satisfied that it is a valuable fertilizer when well mixed and applied. We think it should never be put in the hill, and it should not be sown broadcast without mixing with other matter that will prevent loss of the dust and ammonia that it contains.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

**NO GUANO AT HOME.** Above all things, there should be no guano in the home. The shades of dark discontent and wasting fretfulness, should never cross the threshold, throwing their large, black shapes like funeral pall, over the happy, young spirits gathered there. If you will, your home shall be heaven, and every inmate an angel there. If you will, you shall sit on a throne and be the presiding household deity. O' faithful wife! What privileges, what treasures greater or purer than these?

And let the husband strive to forget his cares, as he winds around this long narrow street, and behold the soft light illumining his little parlor, spreading its precious beams on the red pave before it. He has been harassed, perplexed, persecuted. He has borne with many a cruel task, many a cruel taunt, many a cold word, and nerved himself up to an energy so desperate, that his frame and spirits are weakened and depressed. And now his limbs ache with weariness; his temples throb with the pain caused by too constant application. He scarcely knows how to meet his wife with a pleasant smile, or sit down cheerfully to his little meal, which she has provided with so much care.

But the door is opened—the overcoat thrown hastily off. An sweet, singing voice falls upon his ear, and the tones are so soft

and glad that Hope like a winged angel, flies right into his bosom and nestles against his heart.

A home where gloom is banished—provided over by one, who has learned to rule her household. O! he is thrice consoled for all his trials.

He cannot be unhappy. That sweetest, best, dearest solace is his—the cheerful home. Do you wonder that the man is strengthened anew for to-morrow's career?

**PRUNING AND CULTURE OF CURRANTS.** No fruit pays better for good culture than the currant, yet none is more generally neglected. As there is likely to be a scarcity of Summer fruits this year, owing to the destruction of the peach and cherry buds, etc., all who have currant bushes should bestow upon them special attention, so as to increase their fruitfulness. Old and neglected bushes should have some of the old branches cut away, so as to give the young shoots a chance to fill their places, and these should be thinned out if numerous, and shortened if long, so as not to crowd each other. But especially dig out the grass, if any, about the roots, and apply a dressing of manure and ashes, spreading it in; and when hot weather commences, cover the entire surface under the bushes with tan bark, saw dust, old leaves from the woods, or chip dirt from an old wood pile, to the great prevention of the growth of weeds, and keep the ground moist, greatly promoting the quantity and quality of the fruit.

Gooseberry bushes should be treated in a similar way, only more attention should be given to pruning, so as to keep the bushes open and the leaves and fruit freely exposed to the air—cutting away full half of the last year's shoots, and shortening the rest one-half.

Cuttings of gooseberry and currant bushes should be taken off as early as possible, selecting the shoots of the past season's growth, and shortening the tops, say to 8 or 10 inches in length. They may be placed in the cellar with the butts in earth or sand, until the ground is fit for planting, then set them in warm sandy soil, about two thirds of their length in the ground.

## The Farmer's Home.

We have really but few farm houses and farm barns that approximate that style of architecture or utility of arrangement so essential to pleasing effect and to the highest comfort and convenience of the occupant.

I would not urge the farmer to an extravagant outlay for a house to live in, but I would have him keep in view neatness of appearance, comfort and convenience. Every one knows, who has them, what inconvenient houses and barns are; but once built, it is no easy matter to improve them; if ever undertaken they are seldom put right. It is in building as in everything else, always cheapest in the end to begin right.

Every man's house should be a house in the broad and best meaning of that word: neatness and order should be the presiding divinity of the place. This cannot be unless each part have a corresponding fitness to every other part.

The grounds should be more ample and better arranged than is generally common, admitting of such an arrangement of out-buildings as will add to the convenience and general appearance of the whole.

No farmer's house is a comfortable home if crowded to the line of the highway by fence, or closely attacked by pig-sty and bird-lairs in the rear. There should be room, also, for ample shade. Sylvia is the fair Goddess that sheds her choicest blessings on him who leads a rural life, little less than Ceres, the annual draught from whose horn is so grateful.

The barns of the farmer should be constructed after the most utilitarian model. While it needs a combination of utility and nice taste to plan and construct a home that shall be worthy of the name, it requires not a low combination to construct a set of farm barns. The health and thrift of stock will depend much upon the comfort and convenience of the stable arrangement. Facility for performing the labor in and about the barns will be greatly increased, by constructing every part only after the best model.

Housing of manures is an important consideration with every farmer, and should not be overlooked in laying plans for farm buildings in which stock of any kind is to be kept.

In short, everything about farm buildings should be commenced right from the foundation, if we would have what is really desirable, and what shall best subserve the purpose intended.—*Western Paper.*

**What Constitutes an Improved Farm.** Much has been said and written on this subject, a good deal of which is not adapted to the great mass of our country farmers. Our views and remarks on this subject are intended to be within the reach and ability of every man who owns and tills his own soil, and knows the value of time and economy in its use.

In the first place we must insist that everything should, be snug, neat and convenient about the house, barn, sheds, yards and garden, with good plain substantial board or picket-fence, and light, simple, well-made gates. The next point, and what we consider an absolute requirement, the fences, of whatever variety, must be well and neatly put up, of sufficient height and properly secured against hogs, cattle and wind.

There should be a lane through the center of the farm, if the highways do not provide the proper convenience. The farm should be divided into five or ten acre lots, so that it shall not be necessary to have more than one kind of crop in a field, and every field be supplied with a good strong gate attached to a large post, set deep in the earth.—The next duty will be, to keep the line of

fences clear of all noxious plants, not only for safety against spreading and bad seeds, but against the reaching and pushing of animals, kept in the long pasture—the highway after the fresh leaves and twigs.

Now we will look after the condition of the soil—the most important and vital part of good farming. The first duty, after a field has been a proper time under tillage, is to remove the stones and stumps—yes, every stump, for they are unmitigated nuisances—taking up space—fostering briars and weeds, and being great stumbling blocks in plowing, causing bad balks in the lands, breaking plows, harness, &c. Out with them, it costs a mere nothing, and may be done at odd spells in almost any month, even in winter.

Then commences the great and important consideration, how is it to be drained, for good drainage is of as much importance to secure good crops, as good soil and good seasons. In this country land is too cheap and farmers too poor to resort to systematic under-draining with tile at a cost of from \$50 to \$100 per acre, though a great many soils would be materially benefited by this process. It has nearly doubled the productive ability of the old, worn out lands of England, that have been subjected to that course; but with our new, pervious and unworked soils, the immediate benefits would not generally meet the outlay. Therefore, for small land owners, and with moderate means, surface draining will be principally depended upon.

There are few fields, not absolutely swamped from inequalities of surface and mounds, from wind falls, but that the plow and sower may be very advantageously used, not only to level but to grade for drainage. Deep ditches and cuts in plowed fields cannot be tolerated; they fall in and fill up and disturb a regular system of plowing and cultivation. In all such cases, ditches should be made by sloping off with the scraper so gradually as to allow the wagon and plow to pass without disturbance. There is a way, and a best way to drain every field in the country, and it requires but little science, if aided by a good eye and sound judgment, to discover it and carry it out in detail.

A field thus prepared, should previous to a thorough and deep plowing, have a good dressing of manure on all the parts where the scraper has removed the soil, the low places that have been filled in, will need none. Estimate the number of plowings it should receive, and so contrive it, that the last shall leave the deep furrows in the right direction for drainage, and then the field, if in good heart, will prove a Savings Bank in which you may draw almost unlimitedly.

If you set out an orchard, set the trees from 40 to 50 feet apart; so that if you wish to plow for the benefit of the trees, they will be open enough that you can raise sufficient to pay for the labor of breaking.

Operate every field thus, as you find time and opportunity; follow a regular rotation of crops and manuring, keep out Canada thistles, red root, elder, and johnswort, and you will have what is so much talked about and so seldom seen, an Improved Farm.

*Rural New Yorker.*

**A VALUABLE HINT TO BUILDERS.** The Scientific American publishes the following suggestion from a correspondent, and endorses it as sound and reasonable advice. We venture to say it is worth more than five dollars, to any man who is about to build a house in our old latitude.

"This cold winter brings to mind a matter connected with the building of houses which I do not remember ever to have seen in print, and which, if generally known, is seldom practiced. It is this, in any cold climate cold walls of houses should never be filled in around with loam or clay, or earth that retains much moisture, because the frost expands it, and it exerts a great pressure against the walls, tending to thrust them out of position. The effects of this are seen in the many cracked walls; the breaking of window and door sills and lintels; unjointed verandas; and windows and doors rendered incapable of opening and closing, &c. In our New England States, this costs us many thousands of dollars yearly, all of which may be saved by filling in a few inches of sand or clean gravel next the walls."

*[Correspondence of the New York Tribune.]*

**Cassius M. Clay—His Alleged Slaves.** ALBANY, March 26. A number of papers here and elsewhere in the interest of the Pierce and Fillmore parties, are endeavoring to make capital against the Republican movement, and against Cassius M. Clay, by charging him with being a slaveholder while professing to have emancipated all his slaves.

The charge is based upon a recent advertisement in a Lexington paper of the sale, by assignees, of Mr. Clay's property, among which are enumerated: "22 hands to be sold during his life."

Some eight or nine years since the same charge was made against Mr. Clay's consistency, and to the inquiries of some friends the following facts were furnished by him in explanation:

He did emancipate all those whom he held in his own right by the laws of Kentucky. A relative in dying bequeathed to the children of Mr. Clay 22 slaves, to be held by him during his life, and at his death to go to his children named. By the laws of Kentucky and most of the Slave States, slaves are made real-estate for all such and similar purposes, and therefore it is beyond the power of Mr. Clay to emancipate the persons in question, or divest himself of their interest which, as the natural guardian of his children, the law has invested him with, at least until his children arrive at maturity.

Yours, &c., WILSON MILLER.

**EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.**—The Rochester Advertiser states that a few days ago a man cut a canal from Blackbird Island, overhanging Niagara Falls. The feat was done in this wise:—The ice had made from the shore

a considerable distance, until it was almost met by the ice from this island; but still there was a frightful space between, where the water was boiling and surging over the cataract. Nothing daunted at this, he procured an eighteen foot ladder, with which he crept along the ice, and managed to throw it over, so that both ends rested on the edge of the ice across the gulf, and then went across himself on the rounds of the ladder. After cutting a stick of red cedar, sufficient to make three or four canes, he fastened it over his shoulder, and then made the perilous return over the rounds of the ladder, in the same way he went. The slightest giving way of the ice, his frail bridge and himself would have been hurled into instant destruction; or had he missed his hold in the least, certain and instantaneous death would have been the consequence. The river has never been so filled with ice above the falls as at present, and a century may roll around before this perilous feat could be accomplished again.

## Glorious Victory in Rhode Island.

The Providence Journal contains returns from every town of that State at the election held Wednesday. For Governor the vote was: Hoppin, (American and Republican) 9949; Potter, (Democrat) 7096; scattering 15. Hoppin's majority 2853.—For Lieut. Governor—Brown, on the American ticket only, has 7990; Pell, Democrat, 7146; Robinson Republican, 1828; scattering 24. There is, therefore, no choice of Lieut. Governor.

John B. Bartlett was elected Secretary of State and Charles Hart, Attorney General, by about the same majority as Mr. Hoppin. They were on both the American and Republican tickets. The Lieut. Governor and General Treasurer will be elected by the Legislature from the two highest candidates, which are in this case the American and Democrat.

In regard to the Legislature, the Journal says the Americans and Republicans generally united on their candidates for the General Assembly. It is not easy to classify the members with entire accuracy, as some of them belong to several organizations; but we judge that the Americans and Republicans have already a clear majority of the Grand Committee. They have 17 of the 31 Senators, and there are 5 vacancies.—They have 38 of the 72 members of the House, and there are 13 vacancies."

## Miscellaneous.

### The New Hampshire Gipsy.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Hark! a rap at my door. Welcome anybody, just now. One gains nothing by attempting to shut out the sprites of the weather. They come in at the key-hole; they peer through the dripping panes; they insinuate themselves through the crevices of the casement, or plump down chimney astride of the rain drops.

I rise and throw open the door. A tall, shaggy, loose-jointed fellow; a pinched, shrewd face, sun-browned and wind-dried; small, quick-winking, black eyes. There he stands, the water dripping from his pulpy hat and ragged elbows.

I speak to him, but he returns no answer. With a dumb show of misery, quite touching, he hands me a soiled piece of parchment, whereon I read what purports to be a melancholy account of shipwreck and disaster, to the particular detriment, loss and damnation of one Pietro Frugoni, who is, in consequence, sorely in want of the alms of all charitable Christian persons, and who is, in short, the bearer of this veracious document, duly certified and endorsed by an Italian consul, in one of our Atlantic cities, of a high sounding, but, to Yankee organs, unpronounceable name.

Here commences a struggle. Every man, the Mahometans tell us, has two attendant angels, the good one on his right shoulder, the bad on his left. "Give," says Benevolence, as with some difficulty I feel up a small coin from the depths of my pocket.—"Not a cent," says selfish Prudence, and I drop it from my fingers. "Think," says the good angel, "of the poor stranger in a strange land, just rescued from the terrors of the sea-storm, thrown half naked and helpless on our shores, ignorant of our language, and unable to find employment suitable to his capacity." "A vile impostor!" replies the left hand sentinel. "His paper, purchased of one of those ready writers in New York, who manufacture beggar credentials at the low price of one dollar per suit customers."

Amidst this confusion of tongues, I take another survey of my visitor. Ha! a light dawns upon me. That shaggy old face with its sharp wrinkling eye, is no stranger to me; Pietro Frugoni, I have seen thee before! Se, Senor, that face of thine has looked at me over a dirty white neckcloth, with the corners of that cunning mouth turned downwards, and those small eyes turned up in santonian gravity, while thou wast offering to a crowd of half grown boys an extemporaneous exhortation, in the capacity of a traveling preacher. Have I not seen thee pouring out from under a blanket, as that of a poor Penobscot Indian, who had lost the use of his hands while trapping on the Malabar? Is it not the face of the forlorn laborer of six small children, whom the "mercenary doctors" had "pined" and crippled? Did it not belong to that downcast, unfortunate, who had been out to the "Genesee country," and got the "fever-nager," and whose hand shook so pitifully when held out to receive my poor gift?

The same, under all disguises—Stephen Barrington of Barrington—him and none other! Let me conjure him into his own likeness.

"Well, Stephen, what news from old Barrington?"  
"O, well, I thought I knew ye," he answers, not the least disconcerted. "How do you do and how's your folks? All well, I hope. I took this ere paper, you see, to help a poor furriner, who could n't make himself understood any more than a wild goose. I thought I'd just start him for'ard a little. It seemed a mercy to do it."

Well and shiftily answered that ragged Proteus. One cannot be angry with such a fellow. I will just inquire into the present state of his gospel mission, and about the condition of his tribe on the Penobscot; and it may not be amiss to congratulate him on the success of the steam-doctors in sweat-bath, "the pizen" of the regular faculty out of him. But he evidently has no wish to enter into his conversation. Intent upon his benevolent errand, he is already clattering down stairs. Involuntarily I glance out of the window, just in season to catch a single glimpse of him ere he is swallowed up in the mist.

He has gone; and, knave as he is, I can hardly help exclaiming, "Luck go with him!" He has broken in upon the sombre train of my thoughts, and called up before me pleasant and grateful recollections. The old farm house nestling in its valley; hills stretching off to the south, and green meadows to the east; the small stream, which came noisily down its ravine, washing the old garden wall, and softly lapping on fallen stones and mossy roots of beeches and hemlocks; the tall sentinel poplars at the gate-way; the oak forest, sweeping unbroken to the northern horizon; the grass grown carriage path, with its rude and crazy bridge; the dear old landscape of my boyhood lies outstretched before me like a daguerotype from that picture within, which I have borne with me in all my wanderings. I am a boy again; once more conscious of the feeling, half terror, half exultation, with which I used to announce the approach of this very vagabond, and his "kindred after the flesh."

The advent of wandering beggars, or "old stragglers," as we were wont to call them, was an effect of no ordinary interest in the generally monotonous quietude of our farm-life. Many of them were well known; they had their periodical revolutions and transits; we could calculate them like eclipses or new moons. Some were sturdy knaves, fat and saucy; and, whenever they ascertained that the "men-folks" were absent, would order provisions and older like men who expected to pay for it, seating themselves at the hearth or table with the air of Falstaff—"Shall I not take mine ease in my own inn?" Others poor, pale, patient, like Sterne's monk, came creeping up to the door, hat in hand, standing there in their gray wretchedness, with a look of heart-break and forlornness, which was never without its effect on our juvenile sensibilities. At times, however, we experienced a slight revulsion of feeling, when even these humblest children of sorrow somewhat petulantly rejected our proffered bread and cheese, and demanded instead a glass of elder. Whatever the temperance society might in such cases have done, it was not in our hearts to refuse the poor creatures a draught of their favorite beverage; and wasn't it a satisfaction to see their sad and melancholy faces light up as we handed them the full pitcher, and on receiving it back empty from their brown, wrinkled hands, to hear them, half breathless from their long, delicious draught thanking us for the favor as "dear good children!"

Not unfrequently these wandering tests of our benevolence made their appearance in interesting groups of man, woman and child, picturesque in their squalidness, and manifesting a madman's affection, which would have done honor to the revelers at Poesie-Nansies—immortal in the cantata of Burns. I remember some who were evidently the victims of monomania, haunted and hunted by some dark thought, possessed by a fixed idea. One, a black-eyed, wild-haired woman, with a whole tragedy of sin, shame, and suffering, written in her countenance, used often to visit us, warm herself by a stock of winter fire, and supply herself with a stock of cakes and cold meat, but was never known to answer a question or to ask one. She never smiled; the cold, stony look of her eyes never changed; a silent, impassive face, frozen rigid by some great wrong or sin.—We used to look with awe upon the "still woman," and think of the demagogue of Scripture, who had a "dumb spirit."

One—I think I see him now, grim, gaunt, and ghastly, working his slow way up to our door—used to gather herbs by the wayside, and call himself Doctor. He was bearded like a he-goat, and he used to counterbalance his mother's prudery got the better of her charity. The regular old "straggler," regarded her as an unfeeling friend; and the sight of her plain cap was to them a assurance of forthcoming creature comforts. There was indeed a tribe of lazy strollers, having their place of rendezvous in the town of Barrington, N. H., whose low views had placed them even beyond the pale of her benevolence. They were not unconscious of their evil reputation, and unrepentant had taught them the necessity of concealing, under well contrived disguises, their true character. They came to us in all shapes, and with all appearances save the true one, with most miserable stories of mishap and sickness, and all the ills which flesh is heir to. It was particularly vexatious to discover, when too late, that our sympathies and charities had been expended upon such graceless vagabonds as the "Barrington beggars." An old withered hag, known by the appellation of "Hipping Pat,"—the wise woman of her tribe—was in the habit of visiting us, with her hopeful grandson, who had a "gift for preaching," as well as many other things not exactly compatible with holy orders. He sometimes brought with him a tame crow, a shrewd, knavish looking bird, who, when in the humor for it, could talk like Barnaby Rudge's

cattle late in the evening, and climbing into the mow to pitch down hay for that purpose, I was startled by the sudden apparition of a man rising up before me, just discernible in the dim moonlight streaming through the seams of the boards. I made a rapid retreat down the ladder; and was only reassured by hearing the object of my terror calling after me, and recognizing his voice as that of a harmless old pilgrim I had heard before.

Our farm-house was situated in a lonely valley, half surrounded with woods, with no neighbors in sight. One dark cloudy night, when our parents chanced to be absent, we were sitting with our grandmother in the fading light of the kitchen fire, working ourselves into a very satisfactory state of excitement and terror, by recounting to each other all the dismal stories we could remember of ghosts, witches, haunted houses, and robbers, when we were suddenly startled by a loud rap at the door. A strippling of fourteen, I was very naturally regarded as the head of the household; and with many misgivings I advanced to the door, which I slowly opened, holding the candle tremulously above my head, and peering out into the darkness. The feeble glimmer played upon the apparition of a gigantic horseman, mounted on a steed of a size worthy of such a rider—eclipsed, like images cut out of the solid night, the strange visitant greeted saluted me; and, after making several ineffectual attempts to urge his horse in at the door, dismounted, and followed me into the room, evidently enjoying the terror which his huge presence excited. Announcing himself as "Dr. Brown, the great Indian doctor," he drew himself up before the fire, stretched his arms, clenched his fists, struck his broad chest, and invited our attention to what he called his "mortal frame." He demanded in succession all kinds of intoxicating liquors; and, on being assured that we had nothing to give him, he grew angry, threatened to swallow my younger brother alive, and seizing me by the hair of my head, as the angel did the prophet at Babylon, he led me about from room to room. After an ineffectual search, in the course of which he took a jug of oil for one of brandy, and, contrary to my explanations and remonstrances, insisted upon swallowing a portion of its contents, he released me, fell to crying and sobbing, and confessed that he was so drunk already that his horse was ashamed of him. After bemoaning and pitying himself to his satisfaction, he wiped his eyes, and sat down by the side of my grandmother, giving her to understand that he was very much pleased with her appearance; adding, that, if agreeable to her, he should like the privilege of paying his addresses to her. While vainly endeavoring to make the excellent old lady comprehend his very flattering proposition, he was interrupted by the return of my father, who at once understanding the matter, turned him out of doors without ceremony.

On one occasion, a few years ago, on my return from the field at evening, I was told that a foreigner had asked for lodgings during the night; but, influenced by his dark, repulsive appearance, my mother had very reluctantly refused his request. I found her by no means satisfied with her decision. "What if a son of mine was in a strange land?" she inquired, self reproachfully. "Greatly to her relief, I volunteered to go in pursuit of the wanderer, and taking a cross path over the fields, soon overtook him. He had just been rejected at the house of our nearest neighbor, and was standing in a state of dubious perplexity in the street.—His looks quite justified my mother's suspicions. He was an olive-complexioned, black-bearded Italian, with an eye like a live coal—such a face as perchance looks out on the traveler in the passages of the Alarico—one of those bandit visages which Salvator has painted. With some difficulty I gave him to understand my errand, when he overwhelmed me with thanks, and joyfully followed me back. He took his seat with us at the supper table; and when we were all seated around the hearth that cold autumnal evening, he told us, partly by words and partly by gestures, the story of his life and misfortunes, amused us with descriptions of the grape-gathering and festivals of his sunny clime, edited my mother with a recipe for making bread of chestnuts; and in the morning, after breakfast, his dark, sullen face lighted up, and fierce eye moistened with grateful emotion, as in his own silvery Tuscan accent he poured out his thanks, we marvelled at the fears which had so nearly closed our door against him; and, as he departed, we all felt that he had left with us the blessing of the poor.

It was not often that, as in the above instance, my mother's prudery got the better of her charity. The regular old "straggler," regarded her as an unfeeling friend; and the sight of her plain cap was to them a assurance of forthcoming creature comforts. There was indeed a tribe of lazy strollers, having their place of rendezvous in the town of Barrington, N. H., whose low views had placed them even beyond the pale of her benevolence. They were not unconscious of their evil reputation, and unrepentant had taught them the necessity of concealing, under well contrived disguises, their true character. They came to us in all shapes, and with all appearances save the true one, with most miserable stories of mishap and sickness, and all the ills which flesh is heir to. It was particularly vexatious to discover, when too late, that our sympathies and charities had been expended upon such graceless vagabonds as the "Barrington beggars." An old withered hag, known by the appellation of "Hipping Pat,"—the wise woman of her tribe—was in the habit of visiting us, with her hopeful grandson, who had a "gift for preaching," as well as many other things not exactly compatible with holy orders. He sometimes brought with him a tame crow, a shrewd, knavish looking bird, who, when in the humor for it, could talk like Barnaby Rudge's

raven. He used to say he could "do nothing at exhortin' without a white handkerchief on his neck and money in his pocket;" a fact going far to confirm the opinions of the Bishop of Exeter and the Puseyites generally, that there can be no priest without tithes and surplice.

These people have for several generations lived distinct from the great mass of the community, like the gypsies of Europe, whom in many respects they closely resemble.—They have the same settled aversion to labor and the same disposition to avail themselves of the fruits of the industry of others. They love a wild, out-of-door life, sing songs, tell fortunes, and have an instinctive hatred of "missionaries and cold water."

"The proper study of mankind is man," and according to my view, no phase of our common humanity is altogether unworthy of investigation. Acting upon this belief two or three summers ago when, in company with my sister, a little excursion into the hill country of New Hampshire, I turned my horse's head towards Barrington for the purpose of seeing these semi-civilized strollers in their own home, and returning, once for all their numerous visits. Taking leave of our hospitable cousins in Old Deer, with about as much solemnity as we may suppose Major Laing parted with his friends, when he set out in search of desert-griddled Timbuctoo, drove several miles over a rough road, passed the "Devil's Den," unmoored, crossed a fearful little streamlet, noisily making its way into a valley, where it turned a lonely, half-ruinous mill, and climbing a steep hill beyond, saw before us a wide, sandy level, skirted on the west and north by low, scraggy hills, and dotted here and there with dwarf pitch pines. In the center of this desolate region were some twenty or thirty small dwellings grouped together as irregularly as a Hottentot kraal.

Unfenced, unguarded, open to all comers and goers, stood that city of the beggars—no wall or paling between the ragged calve to remind one of the jealous distinctions of property. The great idea of its founders seemed visible in its unappropriated freedom. Was not the whole round world their own, and should they huddle about boundaries and titles? For them, on distant plains, ripened golden harvests; for them, in far-off workshops, busy hands were toiling; for them if they had but the grace to note it, the broad earth put on her garments of beauty, and over them hung the silent mystery of heaven and its stars. That comfortable philosophy which modern Transcendentalism has so feebly shadowed forth—that poetic Agrarianism, which gives all to each, and each to all—is the real life of this city of Unwork. To each of its dingy dwellers might not be inaptly applied the language of one, who, I trust, will pardon me for quoting her beautiful poem in this connection.

"Other hands may grasp the gold of forest,  
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;  
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine!"

But, look! the clouds are breaking.—  
"Fair weather cometh out of the north."  
The wind has blown away the mists; on the gilded spire of John street glimmers a beam of sunshine. And there is the sky again, hard, blue and cold in its eternal purity, not a whit the worse for the storm. In the beautiful Present, the Past is no longer needed. Reverently and faithfully let its volume be laid aside; and when again the shadows of the outward world fall upon the spirit, may I not lack a good angel to remind me of its solace—even if he comes in the shape of a Barrington beggar.

The subject of the following article (the first of a series of four which we shall insert in the *Even*) is of vast interest to the Public. The writer has thoroughly studied it, and she deals with it in a way that must command attention.—*National Era.*

## HEALTH FOR THE PEOPLE.

No. 1.  
To the Editors of Newspapers in the United States.  
The American Women's Educational Association is an organization of ladies, (with an incorporated board of gentlemen co-operating with them,) to promote improved modes of Education, especially in reference to their own sex. They aim to direct more attention to the distinctive duties of woman as the educator of the mind, the guardian of early health, and the conservator of domestic economy and the family state.

They are led to the present effort by a painful conviction that the customs of domestic life and the modes of education during the present century have induced a universal debility of constitution, and, in consequence, a decay of national health, especially among women.

It is believed that these evils can be remedied, and that the first step must be to set forth to all the people these evils, and the remedy. The only medium for attempting this is the Newspaper Press.

It is therefore proposed that this notice, and four short articles, prepared by one of the ladies of the Association, should be admitted into all the newspapers of the land, and that the editors direct special attention to them.

These articles will be headed "HEALTH FOR THE PEOPLE," and will contain a brief statement of those changes in our domestic habits and modes of education that have tended to destroy national health, the evils thus induced and the remedies for these evils.

The Boards of Managers for the Association in whose behalf this request is made, embraces many of the most distinguished educators and authoresses in our nation, such as Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Conant, Mrs. Ricard, Mrs. Stowe, and others.

The undersigned, in behalf of this Board, asks the favor above indicated of all the editors of this nation. Very respectfully,  
WILLIAM L. PARSONS,  
Cor. Secretary and General Agent of the American Women's Educational Ass'n.

## Causes of the Decay of National Health.

Two things are generally conceded, viz: that the American women are not as healthy as the European; and that the present generation, especially the women, are not as healthy and vigorous as former ones.

What are the causes? Not our climate, for that is the same as it was when the women of this country were as healthy as the English,











## Beethoven and the Blind Girl.

Some months ago I was at Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven. I met there an old musician, who had known this illustrious composer intimately; and from him I received the following anecdote:

"You know," said he, "that Beethoven was born in a house in the Rhein Gasse, (Rhein street); but at the time I became acquainted with him, he lodged over an humble little shop in the Bomer-platz. He was then very poor—so poor that he only went out to walk at night because of a dilapidated state of his clothing. Nevertheless, he had a piano, pen, paper, ink, and books; and notwithstanding his privations, he passed some happy moments there. He was not yet deaf, and could at least enjoy the harmony of his own compositions. In later years even this consolation was denied him.

"One winter evening I called upon him hoping to persuade him to take a walk, and return with me to supper. I found him sitting at the window, by the moonlight, without fire or candle, his face concealed by his hands, and his whole frame shivering with cold, for it was freezing hard. By degrees I drew him from his lethargy, persuaded him to accompany me, and exhorted him to shake off his sadness. He came out with me, but was dark and despairing on that evening, and refused all consolation.

"I hate the world," said he with passion. "I hate myself. No one understands me or cares about me. I have genius, and am treated like a pariah; I have a heart, and no one to love. I am completely miserable."

"I made no reply. It was useless to dispute with Beethoven, and I let him continue in the same strain. He did not cease till he re-entered the city, and then he relapsed into a silence. We crossed a dark narrow street near the gate of Coblenz—all at once he stopped.

"Hush!" said he; "what is that noise?"

"I listened, and heard the faint tones of an old piano issuing from some house at a little distance. It was a plaintive melody in triple time, and notwithstanding the poverty of the instrument, the performer gave to this piece great tenderness of expression.

"Beethoven looked at me with sparkling eyes. 'It was taken from my sympathy in F,' said he; 'here is the house. Listen; so well it is played!'

"The house was small and humble, and a light glimmered through the chinks of the shutters. He stopped to listen. In the middle of the finale there was a sudden interruption, silence for a moment, then a stilled voice was heard.

"I cannot go on," said a female voice.

"I can go no further this evening, Frederick."

"Why, sister?"

"I scarcely know, unless it is because the composition is so beautiful that I feel incapable of doing justice to it. I am so fond of music. Oh! what would I not give to hear that played by some one who could do it justice!"

"Ah? dear sister," said Frederick, sighing, "one must be rich to procure that enjoyment. What is the use of regretting when there is no help for it? We can scarcely pay our rent; why think of things beyond our reach?"

"You are right, Frederick; and yet, for a moment, when I am playing, I long once in my life to hear good music well executed. But it is useless! It is useless!"

"There was something singularly touching in the tone and repetition of the last words. Beethoven looked at me. 'Let us enter,' said he abruptly.

"Enter!" said I; "why should we enter?"

"I will play to her," replied he with vivacity. "She has feeling, genius, intelligence; I will play to her and she will appreciate me." And before could prevent him, his hand was on the door. It was not locked, and opened immediately. I followed him across a dark corridor, towards a half open door to the right. He pushed it, and we found ourselves in a poor, destitute room, with a little stove at one end, and some coarse furniture. A pale young man was seated at the table working at a shop.

Near him, bending in a melancholy manner over an old piano, was a young girl. Both were cleanly, but very poorly dressed. They rose and turned towards us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, somewhat embarrassed; "pardon me; but I heard music, and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed, and the young man assumed a grave, almost severe manner.

"I heard also of your works," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like to hear, would you like to hear me play to you?"

There was something so strange, so abrupt, so comical in the whole affair, and something so agreeable and eccentric in the manner of him who had spoken, that the ice was broken in an instant, and all involuntarily smiled.

"Thank you," said the young shoemaker; "but our piano is bad, and there we have no music."

"No music!" repeated my friend; "how then did Madame play?" He stopped and colored; for the young girl had just turned towards him, and by her sad, veiled eyes, he saw that she was blind.

"I entreat you pardon me," stammered he; "but I did not remark at first. You play then, from memory?"

"Entirely."

"And where have you heard this music before?"

"I heard a lady who was our neighbor at Brühl, two years ago. During the summer evenings, her window was always open, and I walked before her house to hear her."

"And you have never heard any other music?"

"Never—excepting the music in the streets."

She seemed frightened; so Beethoven did not add another word, but quietly seated himself at the instrument and commenced to play. He had not touched many notes when I guessed what would follow, and how sublime he would be that evening, and I was not deceived. Never, never, during the many years I knew him, did I hear him play as on this day for the young blind girl and her brother. Never did I hear such energy, such passionate tenderness, such gradations of melody and modulation. From the moment his fingers commenced to move over the piano, the tones of the instrument seemed to soften and become more equal.

We remained sitting, listening to him

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