

GLEANINGS

Established in 1818.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.: TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1853.

New Series.—Vol. I. No. 9.

THE OBSERVER,

Published on TUESDAYS, by D. A. CAMERON, at his Office, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Flewelling & Reading.—TERMS: 12s. 6d. per annum.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD, Secretary. St. John, Nov. 11, 1846.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Partnership hitherto carried on by the Subscribers, under the Firm of SMELLIE & ABERCROMBY, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. The Subscriber, James Smellie, is authorised to uplift and discharge all debts due to and by the Company.

JAMES SMELLIE,
R. W. ABERCROMBY.
St. John, N. B., April 30, 1853.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late XENOPHON COUGLE, Esquire, of Sussex Vale, King's County, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, within Three Calendar Months from this date; and all Persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

MARY COUGLE, Administratrix.
Sussex Vale, May 28, 1853.

MARKET SQUARE,

MAY 3, 1853.

J. & H. FOTHERBY

HAVE received per Adams Liberia and St. John, and steamer *Perth*, an extensive assortment of GOODS, suitable for the season, consisting of Paisley, Cashmere and Barege Long and Square SHAWLS; An elegant assortment of DRESS MATERIALS, in Bagdare, Embroidered and Fancy Bares, Printed and Embroidered MUSLINS, CASHMERE, Delaines, Laines, &c. A large assortment of BONNETS, in all the new styles, with a very beautiful assortment of RIBBONS, PARASOLS, &c. Multin COLLARS, Habits, Under Slippers; Printed COTTON, Grey and White, do. Cotton Flannels, Satinets, Ticks, Braces, Dinemas, Drills, Cotton Warps, &c., which are offered at the very lowest prices, wholesale and retail.

The remainder of Stock still expected.

First Spring Importations.

J. & J. HEPTON

Have received per Packet Ship "MIDDLETON," CARPETS & HEARTH RUGS, PRINTED DRUGGETS, Moreens and Damasks, SHEETINGS, White and Striped SHIRTINGS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Tailors' Trimmings, &c. Prince William Street, 8th March, 1853.

NEW GOODS.

JAMES BURELL,

Corner of King & Germain-streets, Has received per St. John, *Belletrigue*, *Miramide*, and *Eastern City*, from Glasgow, Liverpool, London, and United States, a general assortment of Staple and Fancy

DRUG GOODS,

COMPRISE LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS, in Cashmere, Teas, ROBES, Veneers, Delaines, Lustras, Cribanna Cloths, Black and Coloured SATINS and GROSSES de Naps; Printed Muslin DRESSES; Paisley, Satin and Cashmere Long and Square SHAWLS; BROAD CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doekskins, Satinets, Russel Cord, Molskings, Vestings; Grey and White COTTONS, Fancy and Twilled SHIRTINGS; Tickings, Duck, Linens, Lawns, Hollands, Diapers, Towellings; Printed Cottons, Cotton Warps; Harness, Filled Bordered Book Muslin; Red and white FLANNELS, Muslin, Bosnet and Cap RIBBONS; Sewed Muslin Habits, Chemisettes and Collars; Laces, Edgings and Insertions, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, Black Silk Lace; GLOVES and HOSIERY in great variety, Fancy Neck Ties, and Brackets; Hair Nets and Platts, Boys' Belts, Girls' Silk and Cotton Neck and Pocket Handkerchiefs; SHIRTS, Shirt Fronts and Collars, Umbrellas, Wholesale Combs, Brushes, Braces, Straps, Braids, Silk Trimmings, Drivers' Buttons, Puff Coats, Toilette Covers, Counterpane, Small Wars, &c. &c. The Subscriber offers the above well selected stock of GOODS to his numerous friends and the public generally, and which are offered at the lowest prices for Cash.

May 27. Corner of King and Germain Streets

Willard's Butter Machines,

JUST RECEIVED—25 WILLARD'S BUTTER MACHINES; they are highly recommended to Farmers and keepers of Dairies.—For sale by B. TILTON. June 7.—News.

LONDON HOUSE,

Market Square, June 28, 1853. RECEIVED per *Lisbon*, *Cannore*, &c.—the Printed CASHMERE; Brocade Silks; Barege ROBES; Crapes and Norwich Cloaks, for Children's Dresses; Parasols, Goggles, Hosiery, Fishing Tackle, Osmburghs, GINGHAMS, Linens, *THE EDWARDS* are informed that the remainder of the stock of BONNETS are being sold at a liberal discount off former prices. June 25. T. W. DANIEL.

BRANDY

To arrive ex brig *James Reddin*, from Glasgow, 200 CASES fine old BRANDY.—In Store—10 lbs. Brandy, Martell's; 10 lbs. 25 gr. casks ditto, different brands; 30 lbs. GENEVA, Anchor brand; 6 lbs. 4 gr. casks superior SHERRY Wine; 10 cases, 2 doz. each, *CHELMPIGNE*, (English Importation); 25 lbs. SUGAR; 20 lbs. New York Mess PORK; 10 cases Paris White; 2 tons London White Lead; 25 lbs. Roman Cement (English). For sale by CUDLIP & SNIDER. June 28.

Poetry.

THE DEAD CHILD.

Beautiful shadow of a spirit gone,
Why should we mourn that thou art lost to earth?
Life would have brought thee cares, had years passed on,
And sighs and tears subdued thy sweetest mirth.
Thy beauty had not faded yet, thy smile was fair,
Unchanged thy features, as in dreamless sleep;
Death has but touched, not crushed, thee with his power,
Why for thine absence, loved one, should we weep!

Time to the living sorrow brings, and Age
Stamps the fair features with deep lines of thought,
Tears blot the leaves of youth's enchanted page,
Hairs, on the tresses by Experience taught;
But thou hast "scraped them all;" eternal light
Shines thy pure heart in realms of endless bliss;
Grief cannot pain thee in those mansions bright;
Oh! blessed change to heaven, from sphere like this.

Beautiful shadow, thou art passed away,
No care have we for thee—in "n' n' God's" alone;
We think not of thy role of earth—the clay
Could not with immortality have shone;
We see thee in the morning—hear thy voice,
Prattling with love, and know that love will last;
And, in the evening, in our prayers rejoice
That safely through this vale of tears thou'rt past.

Literature, &c.

THE BROWNS;

BOARDING IN THE COUNTRY.

—OR—

CHAPTER IV.

"Is this the home that you have promised me,
The Paradise you have so often dreamed of?
Melancholy had first pressed in on such
They would not much have mourned that were lost
And one great poem would have been a waste,
One glorious lyre have been forever mute."

A ride in the cars is not much of an event now-a-days, however might have been thirty years ago, when if I remember rightly, such a thing was not known at all.

The Browns had quite a comfortable ride, though Mrs. Brown's maternal anxiety was constantly excited by the perverse propensity of Master George, who had finally succeeded in obtaining exclusive possession of the seat by the window, to keep his head out, to the imminent hazard of having some of his more prominent bumps depressed by sudden contact with a post or passing train.

Selina's attention was quite taken up in observing a young gentleman who sat in front of her, whose "tout ensemble," as she remarked privately to her mother, showed him to be quite the gentleman. Mrs. Brown acquiesced, though she was not quite sure that she understood the meaning of "tout ensemble." She had concluded that it was a new name for a fashionable style of hat which the young gentleman sported at an angle of forty-five degrees upon his head.

"I declare," said Mrs. Brown, after riding about an hour and a half, "I believe we've passed the place, after all. Can you tell me, sir, according to the young gentleman with the tout ensemble, when we shall arrive at M—?"

"Last stopping-place, ma'am; we have already passed it."

"What shall we do?" inquired Selina, in consternation.

"Better get out at the next station," said a fellow-traveller, "and hire a conveyance to M—." This strange proposal, which Mrs. Brown at once rejected, she had hardly ever heard of before, surrounded by children and trunks, with no place to go.

"She agreed to the man's terms, and requested him to use all expedition.

Pretty soon he came up in a long wagon, with three seats formed by stretching bands across from side to side.

"You don't mean," said Mrs. Brown, in alarm, "that you are going to carry us in such a thing as that?"

"Certainly, I do. Why not? There isn't any other carriage round here big enough. I can get a carryall, if you like it better, only I should have to go twice, as it wouldn't hold all of you at a time, and of course, having the trouble of going twice, I should charge more. I'll do it for ten dollars, if you say so."

"Where am I to carry you?" said Mrs. Brown, beginning to feel a little uneasy. "We are to board there for a few weeks. What objection is there to it?"

"Then," said Jehu, laughing heartily at the idea, "I reckon the old horse 'll have to stretch itself a little, if it's got to accommodate this 'ere cartload."

"I am told," said Mrs. Brown, whose uneasiness every moment increased, "that it is a delightful place, and will make a beautiful retreat during the summer season."

"Did any ever tell you that had seen it?" inquired the driver, significantly.

"I have it from the best authority—from Mr. Green himself."

"Well, likely enough Jerry would put as good a face on it as he could. He isn't anything of a farmer, and I suppose that's what set him to taking boarders. But I don't see how he's going to accommodate you all, I'm sure. As for its being a pleasant retreat, I reckon you'll find it pleasant enough to retreat from it, before long."

The facetious driver whipped up his horses, at the same time laughing long and loudly at his own wit.

The road through which they were now traveling at the rate of perhaps three miles an hour, with the scenery on either side, was not calculated to allay the apprehensions which the representations of the driver had inspired in the mind of Mrs. Brown. It was little better than a lane, and not at all wider.

They rode for some time in silence till the driver, pointing with his whip, called the attention of Mrs. Brown to an unsightly house whose chief characteristic, outwardly, was the want of blinds and a marked deficiency of paint.

"There," said the driver, "that is Rosevale."

"The Browns looked with dismay at the object which met their view.

"There were no trees near by to screen the inmates from the heat of the summer sun—nothing approaching them, save a few stunted shrubs which seemed ashamed of their situation. As for the house, it was certainly deserving of the respect which old age claims as its especial right. It looked as if it might have been built somewhere near the time when our fathers first came over to New England."

"Surely, sir, you are mistaken," ejaculated Selina; "this rude hut cannot be Rosevale; it bears no resemblance to the sweet cottage which my fancy pictured."

"Can't help it, Miss. If this isn't Rosevale, it's the place where Jerry Green lives, and there's the old gentleman now."

"Here, Jerry," he exclaimed, "I have got some folks here that have business with you. They want to know whether this is Rosevale."

"Are you?" asked Mrs. Brown, in a faint voice, "the Mr. Green who advertised to take boarders, and of whom I enquired about?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I suppose you're Mrs. Brown. I hope you're pretty smart."

"I can't say I am. We were carried too far, and have had a very fatiguing time in returning."

"S'ry to hear it; but if you'll get out, I'll go and tell my wife you've come, and maybe she can let you have a dish of tea."

The Browns, with their baggage, were finally released from the "durance vile" into which they had been forced to remain for about two hours, and proceeded up the path, overgrown with weeds, which led to the door of the house.

"I hope you're well, ma'am," said Mrs. Green, extending her hand. "Tea'll be ready in less than no time. So just come in and sit down, and make yourselves at home."

Mrs. Brown was ushered into a room, which was probably the best room—the parlor. A canvas carpet covered the floor. At the side of the room stood a settee, and a chair, and a table, and an economical substitute for a sofa. One or two cheap trunks adorned the space over the mantelpiece—a caricature of Washington; the other, a lithograph representing the death-bed scene of General Harrison. A few chairs and a table, with a looking-glass, two benches, and a fire-place, completed the furniture of the room.

The table was soon drawn out, and covered with a repast which could scarcely be considered inviting, even by those whose appetites had been sharpened by a ride of two hours in a hot sun, and some slices of dry bread were set off by a plate of hard ginger cakes, the very sight of which might have given one the dyspepsia.

The Browns made a very light supper, and then inquired of Selina to know how they were to be disposed of for the night.

"Mrs. Green led them up stairs. "There," said she, pointing to a chamber which looked uncomfortably crowded with a bedstead and bureau, "you and your husband can sleep there. As for this young lady and her sister, here's another chamber that'll do for them, and as for the three boys, they'll have to sleep together."

"Oh, you mean your help. Well, I never thought of it. I reckon, as we haven't got another bedstead in the house, I shall have to make her up a bed on the floor in the dining-room. There isn't any other room free, except the kitchen, and I suppose she wouldn't want to go there."

"Haven't you any mattresses?" inquired Mrs. Brown, who, found, on examination, that she had no feather-beds, "I have always been accustomed to sleeping on one, and so have all of us."

"We haven't got one in the house. But if you want to sleep on straw-beds for you, by all means, we'll get some for you."

With this assurance Mrs. Brown was obliged to rest content. She looked round the room to see if she could note any other deficiency.

"I don't see any washtand," she remarked, at the close of her examination.

"The advertisement! Oh, Mr. Green got the school-master down to the village to write that. He didn't tell him what to say, only he asked him to put it in rather strong."

"After a little more conversation, equally embarrassing to Mrs. Green, and unsatisfactory to her guests, the former retired, leaving her guests to the uncertain visits of "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

CHAPTER V.

The bed had seen his last year's nest
The nest in the greenwood
His nest in the greenwood
His nest in the greenwood
I fear the morning here
I cannot live apart from thee—
A country life for me!"

It is extremely doubtful whether the brief

which Mrs. Brown had thus far had of country-life would justify her adopting the sentiment conveyed in the lines above quoted.

Not being accustomed to sleep on feathers, she passed a very restless night. It was with a sensation of relief that she inhaled through the unshuttered windows the cool grey streaks in the east which heralded the approach of the morning.

At least an hour before the usual time of rising, the Browns were collected in the parlor or dining-room; for it performed both parts in the household of the Greens.

The breakfast-table was spread with a variety of dishes belonging to different studies, presenting on the whole rather a miscellaneous appearance. But the proof of the breakfast lay in the eating, and though first appearances did not seem very favorable, Mrs. Brown remarked to defer her judgment till then.

The coffee proved to be remarkably ill-flavored, and was evidently of the poorest quality. The same remark might be applied to the sugar, which was of a dark brown, mingled with sticks, which, rising to the surface, lent additional attractions to the tempting beverage. As for cream, which Mrs. Brown expected to find as a matter of course, in a country farm-house, there was none at all, its place being supplied by a bowl of milk, of a sky-blue color, which led to the suspicion that even this had been defiled of its due proportion of cream.

Mrs. Brown ventured to ask—
"Don't you have cows enough to supply you with cream?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Green, "but we sell our milk to the milk-man every day, keeping only enough for our own use."

The younger Browns were making a resolute attempt to masticate a tough Indian cake, which formed the most substantial part of the meal.

It was impossible for them not to recall with a species of envy, the well-arranged breakfast-table at home, with its fragrant and steaming coffee, hot rolls, and golden butter. I am afraid Mrs. Green's table bore a very unfavorable comparison with it.

Breakfast was at length concluded, and the party were desirous of seeing something more of the out-door attractions which had been so vauntingly set forth in the advertisement, and of which, thus far, they had had but little opportunity to judge.

The farm occupied by Jeremiah Green was about one hundred acres in extent, and no inconsiderable portion of it consisted of pasture-land, well watered, with very long intervals, with well-kept trees, dwarfed and stunted, as they well might be, considering the small amount of nourishment they could draw from the unpromising looking soil.

Owing to the irregularities of the soil, there was not a house in sight. The railroad was about a mile distant, so that one who was able to achieve the distance in five minutes' walk, as set forth in the advertisement, must needs have been provided with a second edition of the celebrated "Seven Years' Boot."

"Mother, mayn't I go fishing on the lake?" asked George.

"Yes, if we can find out where it is."

Inquiry being made, it was ascertained that what was dignified by the name of lake, was a frog-pond, and situated in a circuitous distance of about a mile in the middle of the pasture.

"It that the lake?" exclaimed George, in a tone of exceeding disappointment. "I ain't fink any thing worth taking there."

"I'm going to the boat on the lake, as you call it, for the accommodation of visitors?"

"Well," said Mrs. Green, in a doleful tone, "so there is. At least there is a flat-bottomed boat, though I wouldn't advise ladies to go out in it as they're not used to it. But it wouldn't do any hurt for any part of it, as the water isn't above their heads in any way."

Obeying to this hint the boys started for the "lake," determined to make a trial of it at all events.

Mrs. Brown extended the letter of Mr. Green, in which he had spoken of a beautiful grove, on a hill in the rear of the house. She determined to walk thither with Selina and Mary.

Following the necessary directions, the three started on their journey. The hill, which was dignified with the title of "Mount of Olives," because some fanciful traveller thought he discerned in its configuration, a resemblance to this distinguished elevation, proved very fatiguing in the ascent. The scanty herbage was interlarded with briars, which scratched the shoes of our adventurers, and in some cases, entered their feet.

At length the summit was gained, and they began to wonder what had become of the beautiful grove which they had promised themselves so much pleasure. There was nothing that bore the least approach to it, save and except a few stunted trees, disposed in admirable confusion, upon the very crown of the hill.

"What's the matter with that grove?" exclaimed Selina. "What barbarians! How different from the beautiful ideal which my eager fancy painted in brightest rainbow hues!"

"That's the case with me," said Mrs. Brown; "that's the case with me. It has been a perfect series of disappointments from beginning to end; and as for the prospect, all we can see is a few hills about as bare and rough as this. Heaven preserve me from living in the country, if this is a fair sample!"

"But, mamma, I am sure it is not. The poet says—
"As for that," said Mrs. Brown, "with something of dryness in her tone, "if all hills are to be vine-clad after the fashion of this, I should much prefer to be a distance. All the good vines do me to scratch your feet, so far as I can see."

The temptation to remain on the hill not being very strong, the party descended, rather more fatigued than when they started.

It struck them that they should like to see, more nearly, something of the luxuriant vegetation upon which the fertile fancy of the village school-master had dilated.

A large field of potatoes—a vegetable which, under any circumstances, has greater claims to be considered useful than ornamental—and another field, which they were obliged to enter to bring through a sandy soil, were the chief specimens of crops; although just behind the house there was a small plot devoted to the manifold purposes of a kitchen garden, or, as Mrs. Green described it, "the place where we raise our own garden sauce."

Mary, who had strayed a little distance from them, just then came running up with the complaint that she had been stung by a bee. This proved to be the case, and they accordingly returned to the house for something that might alleviate the pain. Their return was precipitated into a retreat by a loud shriek from Selina, which announced that the pig which had broken loose the night before, was again a "fugitive from justice."

Mary's mishap having been properly cared for, Mrs. Green said she had some employment which might keep off the approaches of evening, which more frequently springs from want of occupation than from any other cause.

Selina, who was of a literary turn, inquired of Mrs. Green if she had any books in the house which she didn't know, but would look round and see.

Her search resulted in bringing to light an old volume of an old romance, a prayer-book, a school-boy's account of the most noted freebooters and rovers, from the earliest times.

Of this unpromising collection Selina selected, from curiosity, the last, and had read a few pages, when, on looking out of the window by chance, she saw her three brothers coming towards the house in a most wolf-like condition.

They had been captured and wet to the skin. The water being shallow, they had waded to shore, with no other inconvenience than that just mentioned, except that they were drizzled with mud, the bottom of the "lake" being very soft and unable to bear up against their weight.

Their appearance was sufficiently laughable and woe-begotten. However, their clothes were changed as speedily as possible, which ceremony being concluded, they vowed never again to trust themselves in such a rickety affair as a leaky, flat-bottomed boat. They were sufficiently recovered, however, to get up stairs in the afternoon, but without the least success.

George declared that he didn't blame the birds a mite for not coming to such a place as this; a sentiment in which his younger brothers cordially agreed.

Winter-time at length arrived. It found the Browns—especially the boys—provided with a good appetite, which enabled them to make a tolerable meal, notwithstanding the very inefficient fire with which they were regaled. I need not say that it bore no comparison to the dinners which they were in the habit of having at home.

As for the luxuries of the season, they were represented by a scanty dish of currants, which had been picked from the bushes in the garden.

The Browns were led to wear away the afternoon as best they might. They were very impatient for the arrival of Mr. Brown, who was expected in the evening. Selina employed herself, for want of something better, in continuing a perusal of the exciting narratives to be found in the "Pirates' Own Book."

In the course of the afternoon, Mrs. Brown inquired of her hostess whether she had made any arrangements about procuring mattresses, or at least providing straw-beds.

"The whole family were led to wear away the afternoon as best they might. They were very impatient for the arrival of Mr. Brown, who was expected in the evening. Selina employed herself, for want of something better, in continuing a perusal of the exciting narratives to be found in the "Pirates' Own Book."

Under the influence of this threat, Mr. Green was induced to go to the village immediately, and execute the desired commission.

In the evening Mr. Brown arrived, and was so much surprised and dismayed at the nature of the accommodations, or rather want of accommodations, provided, that he told his wife in the morning that he had changed his opinion about coming to board at a hotel in Boston.

A struggle had been going on meanwhile in Mrs. Brown's mind. She was beginning to think that it would have been altogether better to recanvass the matter, not understanding the possibility of Mrs. Smith's attempting to triumph over her. However her pride would not permit her to confess this yet. She managed to wear out a week in her country-prison, as she styled it, but by this time, she was so disgusted with her boarding-place and its surroundings, that they unanimously agreed to depart for the city, as soon as they could make preparations.

Mr. and Mrs. Green loudly complained of this agreement, but were reminded that they had fulfilled their share of the contract, nothing of this kind would have happened. However, in order to silence their complaints, it was found necessary to present them with an extra week's board, which, with their former board, could get nothing more remained satisfied.

Three summers have passed since Mrs. Brown's experiment of boarding in the country, but she has not once suggested that it is intolerable to live in the city during the summer months. She contents herself with an occasional excursion to Nahant or the Glades, or a drive to Mt. Auburn. These jaunts she always enjoys exceedingly, but she has formed a resolution that, fashionable or unfashionable, she will never again attempt "Boarding in the Country."

BATING FRUIT.

Fresh apples, peaches, and other fruits, are the edibles which nature has provided for the season, which if moderately indulged in, are as healthful as they are palatable. An unfounded prejudice exists, in the minds of many persons, against eating fruits in summer.—But the facts, in France and other European countries, fruit is the most solid article of food at this season, and that, instead of any deleterious consequences resulting, the highest state of health is maintained on such a regimen, ought to be sufficient to explode so senseless a notion. We have the testimony of great American physicians, that the eating of fruit at breakfast, as is done in France, is very conducive to health at this season. Indeed, fruit appears to be peculiarly fitted for the digestive organs during the hot, summer months, when the bowels, that may be enervated with impurity in winter, frequently bring on disease. Of course it is not every person to whom this recommendation will apply. Many articles of food agree, to some individuals, which to others, are disagreeable or offensive. No one but a quack, or a man who will maintain that every person should be made capable of digestion, or the reverse, can be so foolish as to advise, that every individual, yet others eat it with impunity. Fish agrees with most people, but to the few it is as indigestible as lead.

To have that which is ripe, however, care should be taken to have that which is ripe. Persons should maintain that fruit is unhealthy, when, if the truth was known, it would be found that unripe fruit was the cause of their sickness. The quantities of green fruit sold in our markets is immense. Not less than the quantity of decaying fruit exposed there, especially of whortleberries and blackberries, which many persons purchase because offered at a cent or two cheaper per quart than perfectly ripe fruit of the same description. In all such kinds of fruit, the seeds of disease exist. Whoever eats green, or far decayed, and if no ill effects result, it is in consequence of the iron constitution, not of the prudence of the transgressor.

Children are suffering from an unimagined extent, from eating unripe fruit, without capacity to distinguish right from wrong in this matter they yield to the temptation, so that the only safe rule is to keep all fruit out of the reach of children, until their parents can be trusted to have that which is ripe.

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