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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

When will your parting be—Sadness and Mirth?
Bright stream and dark one—oh, sorrow on earth?
Nearer, which is mirth and which is not to fear,
While Death and Love walk the same dim sphere;
While flowers unfold where the storm may sweep,
While the heart of man is a soundless deep and deep?

"We are very, very well, aware, dear reader, that we are about to depart, widely from the common usage of Author-land. Still, as we are merely a people, we hope to be forgiven. But we have yet another excuse to plead; we are not writing a regular romance, with its full share of castles and dungeons, murders and banditti, but a plain story of every-day life; one which, indeed, has more than its foundation in fact. We are aware, too, that in the opinion of the younger and more imaginative class of readers, the interest of our story will be greatly diminished if we say that Adelaide neither died of a broken heart herself, nor caused her husband to do so." But such was the true state of the case—and we are compelled to acknowledge it.

Adelaide Lindsey, led on by pride and resentment, had committed a grievous error. She had, by her hasty marriage, placed the happiness of at least two lives in the most imminent danger. But, as she had said to Kate, she was not heartless; and she was by no means devoid of principle. She was young and sorely tempted; and she did not fully realize the risk she was incurring.

And, in truth, it was not till long after her marriage—not till she had learned how much there is in the very happiest union to call for mutual love and forbearance; not until she had tasted by her husband's side in sorrow as well as in joy—not until she knew, from actual observation and experience, how much there is in the familiar intercourse of home-life, that will inevitably grow tame and common-place, and devoid of interest, unless the elevating and refining influence of affection invests it with grace and dignity—that she became fully sensible how terrible had been the precipice upon which she had stood. But, even before she had been many weeks a wife, her eyes were sufficiently opened to make her gratefully thank God that every day and every hour was making her husband still dearer to her heart—that he possessed such noble traits of character—that he was so devoted to her—so tender and forbearing, that she could not help loving him.

Just one year after her marriage she wrote as follows to her sister:

"I presume it is not necessary for me to tell you, dear Kate, that this is the anniversary of my wedding. All day long have I been blessing my Father in Heaven that I have not been punished as I deserved, for having dared to approach the altar with such irreverent footsteps. I do not wonder that you, my sister—you who realize so fully the holiness and sanctity of the true marriage—thought me wild—mad. I was so; for fearful is the hazard incurred by any woman who places her happiness in the keeping of one whom she does not love, no matter how strong or deep may be his attachment to her. Had my husband been anything but what he is—he had been one who was worthy of love, or less calculated to inspire it. I tremble to think what my fate would have been. An unloving wife! Oh, Kate—can you think of any other combination of words so fraught with depth and mournful meaning? The danger is past in my case; for no wife ever loved her husband more devotedly than I do mine now. But I do not the less regret the past. The first few months of my married life were embittered constantly by the knowledge that William was grieved and disappointed that I was not to him all he expected his wife would be; and that he thought me cold, and, perhaps, heartless. All this would have been avoided—made and hours both on his part and my own, if I had but taken your advice, Kate, and been less hasty.

"But I must still disagree with you on one point. I have always been glad that William knows nothing of my former engagement. I think it would have troubled him, particularly when we were first married; he has some peculiar ways of thinking, and one of his notions is, that a second attachment, if ever felt at all, can never equal a first in depth or intensity. You see it is well that he is ignorant of this affair; and since I have known his ideas on this subject, I have been in constant fear lest he should hear of it. I shall probably be with you in June, and remain a month or two—and won't we have fine times? It is often said that marriage weakens the ties that bind a woman to her early friends; but I do not believe it. Certainly, I never loved you, dear Kate, or our dear father, any better than now; and I sometimes think never half as well.

"Very proud and very happy was Adelaide, when she returned to Middleburgh the ensuing summer to pass a few weeks beneath the shadows of the same trees that had sheltered her in childhood, for she bore a little Kate with her, who must needs be presented to William and Aunt Kate.

"What a happy meeting! well. Mr. Lindsey and Kate had both visited Adelaide in her own home; but that was her first return to the paternal roof, since she left it as a bride. Let me here hear. Let me hear her," cried Kate, "and her arms for the baby, and her arms for me to greet Mr. Fletcher and her sister. Oh, the dear little thing! what black eyes she has, and I really believe she knows as much as Ada, for the smiles when I speak to her. I presume she does, was the laughing reply. I have talked to her about Aunt Kate, and I think she ought to know you if she has any brains at all—which her father seems fully inclined to doubt. He won't believe that she even knows me, and pretends to think it is nothing, but a sort of instinct that she can reach out her little arms and spring in to take hold. Oh, you need not go to defend yourself, William; I was only saying Kate was an unbeliever you are, and you don't think that this child knows any more than I do."

"Not quite so bad as that, Ada," replied the young father. "I am willing to admit that she does not know when she is hungry; and when she sleeps, she generally goes to sleep. I am not aware whether mothers consider that an evidence of remarkable genius or not. If you are credulous enough for both of us, I will think Mr. Liodley, she was trying to make me believe yesterday, that the baby said 'papa'—and she let me see—she is all of a month old, isn't she, Ada?"

"You needn't be uneasy lest she is too precocious," said Mr. Lindsey, as he stooped to look at the delicate little creature that Kate was pressing so fondly. "I have seen young children before, and they do not to have precocious children. But she is really a pretty little thing. Let me have her name, dear Kate, and I will let you look like me. I shall be called—there! but come, let me first have you, you know you must be tired."

Eliza, take the baby." And giving the child to the nurse, Kate led the way to the tea-table.

Late as the hour of her arrival was, there was not a room in the dear old house that Adelaide did not visit before she slept—not a nook in the garden that she did not explore—not a flower-bed over which she did not bend, nor a path which she did not retread. Her bright happy eyes flashed everywhere, and seemed to take in every thing at a glance; and her voice and Kate's were heard, now in one room and now in another, mingling like the humming of bees.

"You must play and sing for me to-night, my daughters." Come, Ada, leave the rest of your explorations until to-morrow, and let us have one of your old songs.

Adelaide complied. Her husband was passionately fond of music, and at his request she had devoted much time to perfecting herself in the art. She had really made wonderful improvement; and Mr. Lindsey and Kate were delighted.

Ada has been learning to play the harp. I wish you had one here—she really performs admirably," said Mr. Fletcher, as his eye dwelt fondly upon his wife. "We are going to take you home with us, Kate, and you must take lessons of Signor Massonelli, or whatever his name is, too."

"I should like it very much," replied Kate, "and we will talk more about it by and bye. But you are not to even think of home in less than two months!"

"How this music reminds me of Theresa Gordon," exclaimed Ada; "she has never written to me, and I think it very strange." Do you hear anything from Mr. Gordon, papa?"

"Yes," I told you, you know, when I was in New York; that he married again soon after he returned from Europe. He did not make a very prudent choice, I imagine. His wife is but a very few years older than Theresa—and they have never been able to agree. I am afraid that my old friend's home is anything but a Paradise."

"I am sorry to hear it," replied Adelaide.

"I always liked Mr. Gordon very much; and I used to love Theresa, too. But she certainly neglects us very strangely."

By the way, Mr. Lindsey, said Mr. Fletcher, what has become of that young man from the South—he was a ward of Mr. Gordon's, I believe—whom I used see here occasionally? I think his name was Tilden—George Tilden, or James Tilden, or something of that sort."

"I have not heard from him, directly, for a long time—not since you were married, I believe." Mr. Gordon sometimes alludes to him in his letters, but says nothing very definite."

"Well, your young friends are both rather negligent, and not too grateful, I think—"

By the way, Ada, didn't I hear once that he was very much in love with you? It seems to me I remember some such gossip as that years ago."

How Adelaide's cheek turned, and how her heart throbbled! It was one of the penalties of the deception she had practiced toward Wilis, that she was in constant fear of detection: But the light did not fall upon her face, and she was not aware of it. She was in the adjoining room, just then, she flew to the cradle, while her sister replied—

"I suppose he was married about a month after you were—we heard that he was going to be."

A new subject was broached before Adelaide returned; and as she entered the room, her father extended his hand and drew her to his side.

How pleasant this is, my daughter. Come here, Kate, and sit down on this side, and I shall almost fancy you are little girls again, trying to see which shall cling closest to papa. Oo look more like your mother as you grow older, Ada; he continued, passing his hand over the rich, dark hair, that was simply parted on her forehead, and gathered in a knot behind—don't you think she does, Kate?"

Al! it was a likeness perceptible only to the eye of affection. They were as unlike as mother and daughter could be; but Mr. Lindsey loved both, and fancied there was a resemblance between them.

It was very late before the family-party separated for the night; and even after they had all arisen and stood with the lighted candles in their hands, Mr. Lindsey still lingered as if unwilling to retire. After he had once left the room he returned on some trivial errand, and again tenderly kissed them.

God bless you, and keep you, my children," he said; "I do not know but I am foolish, but do not like to leave you this evening. I feel just in the mood for sitting here and chatting all night. But good-night once more, all of you; and with his usual smile, even more reassuring and kindly than its wont, he went up stairs."

It was past the usual breakfast hour when the family, excepting Mr. Lindsey, assembled at the table next morning. He had not at come down. They waited ten or fifteen minutes for him; and then Kate rang the bell. Still they heard no movements in his chamber; and he was directly over the breakfast-room; and after a little more delay, Kate said,

"I will go up and speak to him. It was much later than usual when he retired last night; and he is probably sleeping so soundly that he has not heard the bells."

"Why not let him sleep, Kate?" asked Mr. Fletcher; "he is growing old now, and ought to be taking his ease, and as you say, it was very late when we separated last night."

"Oh, he never likes to sleep later than this," replied Kate; and besides, he will be particularly disappointed if he cannot take his coffee with you this morning. I will be back in a moment."

They heard her run lightly up the stairs, up along the hall, and tap at the door just now and then. There was no answer, and she knocked again more loudly than before.

"Father, are you awake?" she cried.

Still there was silence, and she softly opened the door. Another moment, and a shriek so loud and piercing that the listeners started wildly to their feet, and their hearts stopped beating—rang out upon the still morning air.

"Stay here, Adelaide," said Mr. Fletcher, restraining his wife as she would have rushed out of him. "Let me go first." But she would not be kept back; and they entered the chamber together.

The bed was undisturbed, and had evidently not been occupied during the night. The candle was still burning dimly in the socket—a long, black wick looked grim and weird; and the faint light that struggled feebly through

the blinds, and a close, sickening odor filled the room." Mr. Lindsley was sitting in an arm-chair by the head of the bed, with a broken Bible upon his knee, and they noticed afterward that his finger rested upon these words:—"There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God." His head had fallen upon one side, and lay upon the pillow, and his white hair was swept back from his forehead, leaving it calm and undisturbed as that of an infant.

The same smile with which he had left them on the previous night, still lingered on his lip; but one glance was sufficient to tell them that the spirit had fled forever—he was stone-dead.

Kate had fallen upon her knees by his side, and, with her hands clasped convulsively together, was gazing upon his lifeless form, with a look of terror and agony upon her face far more terrible to behold than the pale calm features of the dead.

Adelaide's strength and self-control seldom failed her in an emergency, and, with a firmness that surprised her husband, she sprang quickly to her sister's side.

"Kate, Kate, look at me! speak to me! Do you know me, Kate?"

The dim eyes turned partially toward her, and the white fingers were knir still more firmly together; but there was no other token of recognition. "By this time, the terrified servants and a near-neighbor or two, who had been startled by Kate's shrill, piercing scream, came crowding into the room. With a waive of the hand Mr. Fletcher motioned them back, and raising Kate in his arms bore her into her own chamber, and laid her upon the bed.

Adelaide hung over her in speechless agony. Physicians were summoned; but their efforts were all in vain. Before the sun, which she had so gayly welcomed at its rising, had reached the zenith, Kate Warren lay cold and white and motionless—a thing of clay!

She had been, for two or three years, more or less affected by a disease of the heart; but it had never given either herself or her friends much uneasiness, as her general health seemed scarcely less firm than usual. But this sudden shock had been more than her delicate frame could endure, and the father and daughter together slept the sleep that knows no waking.

Kind friends and neighbors, instead of the hired undertaker, performed the last sad offices for the dead—arraying them for their long repose, and with light and reverent touch, arranging upon the pale, still brows the white locks of the one, and the soft, brown tresses of the other.

Adelaide lay silently in her husband's arms, in the very room where, on the last evening, they had all sat together conversing so quietly and happily. She did not sigh or moan, and the suddenness of the blow seemed to have stunned her. Mr. Fletcher longed to see her weep; but to his tender words and caresses she returned no reply save a light pressure of the hand. Occasionally a shudder would pass over her frame, but her eyes were bright and tearless.

Suddenly the church bell rang. There were a few quick strokes, and then a pause; and then once—twice, it sounded, and again ceased.—Adelaide had not, at first, seemed to notice the sound, but now she lifted her head and listened eagerly.

"Hark, Willis! that is for Kate!—the bell struck twice."

Presently, in rapid succession, one stroke followed another until they had counted twenty-five.

Yes, she was twenty-five years old last month. Oh, my poor, poor Kate!

But still no tear moistened Adelaide's cheek; her lips were parched, and her hands dry and burning.

Then the bell tolled solemnly and slow; and as the low peal floated to their ears, tender and sadly sweet, the tears, that had hitherto refused to flow, rose to Adelaide's eyes, and rolled slowly down her cheeks.

Willis clasped her still closer to his heart.

"They are at rest, my Adelaide. Our God hath taken them, and He doeth all things well!"

"I know it—I know it! But oh, they are calling for father now!" she exclaimed, starting up. "Mother, father, sister—not one left!"

Willis laid her gently on the sofa, and stole out of the room. In a moment he returned, bearing his babe in his arms. Kneeling by her side, without speaking, he placed the little one on her breast, and it nestled closely to her bosom, smiling softly.

Adelaide clasped both the child and her husband's hand to her heart, with an exclamation of passionate love.

"Oh, my husband, my little Kate! I will not murmur, or repine, while you are still left to me. I thank Thee, oh, my God!" she continued; "that in the midst of wrath Thou hast remembered mercy!"

The next day, but one was appointed for the funeral. A long and mournful procession accompanied the bodies from the house to the church, and the two coffins were placed, side by side, within the plat. A chapel of white flowers rested upon the black pall that covered the one in which Kate lay, and the soft, trembling petals gleamed in strange contrast with its sombre hue.

The aged minister, who had been Mr. Lindsley's associate from early manhood, who had breathed the baptismal blessing over their little ones in their infancy, who had knelt by his dying wife, and wept with him over her grave; who had, at that very altar, united both Kate and Adelaide to the husbands they had chosen—now stood there with his own blanched locks and trembling frame, waiting to bury his friend. His voice was so tremulous that the listeners strained eagerly forward to catch the sound as he pronounced his text—"There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God!"

There was not a dry eye in the house when he ceased speaking; and then, one by one, all who wished approached to take a last look at the dead. Slowly, reverently they came, while the choir chanted a wailing dirge, and the organ's low, deep tones just stirred the trembling air: the old, the middle-aged, the young, and the little ones, who were lifted up that they might gaze wonderingly within the coffin.—Then the bereaved drew near, and with uncovered heads they carefully lifted their precious garments, and bore them gently down the aisle, against the bell filled solemnly, and the sad procession proceeded on its way; wending along the village street, and through more than one green lane, until they reached the graveyard.

They laid them in one grave—the father and the daughter—beside the wife and the mother who had been so deeply mourned; and

more than one heart in that large assembly turned sadly away from the scene before the girl, to give a thought to the lonely road far to the setting sun, where Kate's young husband had been 'buried out of her sight.'

CHAPTER VI.

I would forget,
Alas! I strive in vain—in dreams,
The radiance of thy glance upon the beams;
No star has met
My gaze for years, whose beauty does not shine,
Whose look of speechless love is not like thine!

PAKKE BENJAMIN.

Mr. Fletcher and Adelaide remained Middleburgh a few weeks, and then returned sadly to their own home.

Mr. Lindsey's heart and hand had always been as open as the day, and he had always lived liberally, though not extravagantly. After the settlement of his affairs but little remained except the house where he had lived ever since his marriage; and that Mr. Fletcher declared, should never pass into the hands of strangers.

'We will find some good man and woman who will be willing to occupy the back part of the house, Ada, and take care of the rest of the room, when we want to come here, we shall not have to ask leave of any one.'

Ada's fearful, yet pleased assent to the proposition, told him how painful had been the thought of yielding the occupancy of the dear old rooms to those who could not revere the associations that, for her, clung round each window and doorway; and she turned away with a comparatively light heart, when she thought that she might return when she would and find all things in their accustomed places.

Three years passed swiftly away. Little Kate had become a marvel of beauty and loveliness in the eyes of her fond parents, and Adelaide often sighed when she thought what a pet she would have been with her grandparents and her aunt Kate; Willis fairly worshipped her, and the child returned his love with enthusiastic fondness.

'Here, Ada,' said Mr. Fletcher one morning, as he entered his wife's dressing-room and threw some cards down on the table, 'here are invitations for a party given in honor of Edward Greyson and his bride, who are to be in town next week. I really wish that you would lay aside your mourning and go; will you love? You know Ned is an old friend of mine, and I would like to show him some attention.'

'I will do so, certainly, if you wish it, Willis. I do not need these sable garments to remind me of my dear father and Kate; and her lips quivered as she glanced at her black robes.

'I know it, my dear Adelaide; your true heart has never needed them, and it will really gratify me very much if you will go to this party. You need a new dress for the occasion, I suppose. Every thing that you have must be out of date by this time.'

'Oh, entirely—I have nothing that is wearable. But suppose you give me the benefit of your taste as well as your purse,' she continued laughing, as her husband threw the last mentioned article into her lap—'What shall it be?'

'Oh, I don't know anything about such things; only don't wear white.'

'Why not? White is always pretty and becoming.'

'Yes; and for that very reason two-thirds of the women in the room will be arrayed in it—so I would rather you would wear something else.'

The evening arrived, and when Adelaide came down to the parlor where her husband was waiting for her, he thought he had never seen her look so lovely. She was, in truth, far more beautiful than in her girlhood; her figure was rounder and fuller, and the look of laughableness and pride that had, in her earlier days lent a rather unpleasant expression to her face, had given place to one of womanly sweetness. Her eyes, with their long sweeping fringes, were as deep and resplendent as ever, and there was somewhat more of grace added to the usual dignity of her bearing. Her luxuriant hair, arranged as she generally wore it, in rich, glossy braids, forming a natural coronet, was entirely without ornament. A robe of ruby velvet, simply relieved at the throat by a small diamond pin, fitted exquisitely her tall and graceful form, and the loose, hanging sleeves were looped up by diamond clasps, leaving her white and rounded arms uncovered and in beautiful contrast with the rich, dark hue of her dress.

'Well, Ada, either your dress to-night becomes you wonderfully,' said Mr. Fletcher, after surveying her a moment in silence, 'or else you are very becoming to the dress; which is it?'

'That is too momentous a question to be decided without due reflection,' replied Ada, with a gay laugh—'though, provided the effect is the same, I don't know as it is of much consequence after all. So you like my dress, do you?'

'Very much; but I have a trifling addition to make to it. And opening a small basket that lay upon the table beside him, he lifted a magnificent bracelet from its bed of white satin, and clasped it on his wife's arm. 'There, now we will go; and stopping her hands with half a dozen kisses, he wrapt her cashmere carefully about her and placed her in the carriage.'

The rooms were thronged, and after the first half hour Adelaide scarcely saw her husband until quite late in the evening. Then, as she happened to be standing directly beneath one of the massive chandeliers in the music-room, carelessly turning over some new songs, he approached and addressed her in a low tone.

'Ada, who can that gentleman be—the one who is leaning against the mantle in the drawing-room? He has hardly turned his eyes away from you for the last quarter of an hour. His countenance looks familiar, and I am sure I have seen him before, but I cannot imagine where.'

Adelaide raised her eyes without moving, and directly before her, though not in the same apartment, stood George Tilden. She recognized him instantly, and in spite of every effort to prevent it, a burning blush mounted to her very forehead. At the same moment the gentleman, perceiving he was observed, turned hastily away.

'Why, who is it, Ada—any one you know? Or ought to know, I should say, for I am betraying my ignorance.'

Ada made some evasive reply, and then consciously saying something about wishing to speak to a friend who was passing, she hastily joined the lady in question.

Original Poetry.

LET THEM COME.

BY LILY.

Ay, let them come: raise not the door to waive
 Their knock, for 'neath the "welcome" grave
 A humble home, or even perchance a grave
 In this our blessed land, and poor, the name—
 Give them a welcome, one and all the same,
 From wretchedness, and crime, and grief to save.

'Tis true they come not bearing gems and gold
 To deck our land with pile and turret grand;
 They lack, young glory's brow they fold;
 Nor come they as a noble, faithful band,
 With loyal heart and ever ready hand,
 To bless the new home, and forget the old;

But see the heavy, lifeless eyes, where dwells
 The thought of woe—the wasted frame—the air
 Of listlessness and grief, that plainly tells
 The spirit still is lingering lonely there
 Where hearts are warm, and scenes are passing fast
 But pride, with power, a nation's life-blood saps.

Ay, let them come; and fear not for our land—
 But let us up and work while now 'tis day,
 Let no one sleep, or idly fold the hand,
 But onward, though a throb impede our way
 And loudly seek our noble country's aid;
 The God who gave will cause our power to stand.

Original Sketches.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,

Author of "Home, Sweet Home,"

BY S. HERBERT LANCY.

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tier
 Pleased his pale ghost, or graced his funeral bier;
 By foreign hands his dying eyes were closed,
 By foreign hands his decent burial speeded,
 By foreign hands his humble grave adorned,
 By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned.

ROPER

How few there are, who, as they sing, "Home
 sweet Home," in their joyous hours, give or
 thought to its gifted and unfortunate author
 and fewer are those who are acquainted with
 his name, not to speak of his unhappy
 lot. It is not strange that it should be the
 for not one of his friends have given to the
 world a sketch of his life. In obscurity
 later days, were passed, and in obscurity,
 his countrymen, he died, and was consigned
 a stranger's grave, in a foreign land. It
 was the wish of his later years,—that among
 strangers, in a foreign land, he might lay him
 self down and die, and by stranger hands be
 laid in an humble grave. And this is not
 strange desire, for one situated as he was—
 Sensitive, to a fault, he felt that he was friend-
 less, in his own country; that in if he had
 "Home sweet Home," nothing to endear it
 him, and he felt that it had been ungrateful
 him in removing him from his Consulship
 to him, and feeling thus, he wished to claim por-
 tion of it, as a last resting place for his
 poor frail body.

J. Howard Payne had faults; as we all have,
 but they were few and of a harmless char-
 acter. The greatest was sensitiveness. Annoyed
 as he constantly was, by his poverty and
 misfortunes, his sensitive nature caused him to
 brood too much over his hardships; to look
 dimly at the star of hope, to feel discouraged
 instead of manfully breasting the tide of mis-
 fortune, and at last reach the hill of Propser-
 ty. But he was not always thus. There was a
 time when success crowned him with honors
 "thick and fast," when he laughed at sorrow,
 misfortune and poverty. That time was when
 he was distinguished as the American Roscius
 when he stood in his youthful beauty and man-
 liness upon the American stage, as its bright-
 est ornament. In his favorite character of
 Norval, he has never been excelled.

It was a beautiful sight to see him in the
 characters of Selim, Hamlet, Norval, and like
 others, and witness his youthful eloquence and
 dignity. In those days of success and honor
 friends gathered around, and life seemed all
 joyousness and prosperity to him.

When his fame was at its height, and still
 undimmed; he quitted the stage at the earnest
 solicitations of his relatives. "It was his wish
 even his ambition to remain, but yielding to
 their desires he retired from a profession which
 he had honored by his talent, deportment, and
 private character; to the disappointment and
 regret of the public. No actor ever sustained
 a better private character than did he—
 Generous, kind, and gentlemanly to all; free
 from vanity and vice, possessing a handsome
 face and fine form; agreeable and fascinating in
 conversation, he could not fail to be a general
 favorite and exceedingly popular among the
 fair sex. Upon his retirement from the stage,
 he devoted his time and talent to dramatic
 composition, and produced many excellent and
 then popular Tragedies, Farces and Operas,
 thus keeping undiminished the fame he had
 won as an actor. Wherever he went, and
 whenever he appeared, he was cordially ad-
 mired and applauded. The theatrical world
 looked upon him as a prodigy; and his country
 prided herself on having given birth to so ex-
 traordinary a genius. The honors which were
 bestowed upon him, he bore with the same gen-
 tleness and unassuming dignity that marked
 his earlier efforts. The following "Ode to
 Payne" shows the esteem in which both his
 private and public character were held. Gen-
 erous and Virtue are represented as showing the
 various gifts which they had lavished upon him.
 It was written in 1813:

Hail Payne! cease! and be Graced and
 No shall my constancy be tried
 "Flower" will reign my part,
 I'll give his heart,
 Sweet Virtus! cry, and we will join
 Our best accents, and combine
 All gifts of Virtus, Genius, Fame,
 And shower them on our darling Payne.

For a number of years after his retirement
 from the stage, his life was one of happiness
 and prosperity. He spent many years in Eu-
 rope, still engaged in dramatic composition—
 His productions became the most popular un-
 der the British and American stages, and

It is true that he had friends to whom he could go for what would assist him, but he scorned to beg or borrow with no prospect of payment, and for this, and this reason only he continued a homeless wanderer. Many a time, he said, he had stood with tears in his eyes and listened to a hand organ playing his "Home, sweet Home, without a penny in his possession. Such is the unhappy fate of Genius." Such it has ever been, but we hope it will not always remain thus, although the unhappy life and death of the gifted Poe reminds us that it is even so now.

Payne often repeated the following beautiful lines of the poet Montgomery, and admitted their beauty, but always added that they did not, could not apply to him:

There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;
Where man, created in thy image, meets
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride;
While in his softened look, benignly bent,
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend,
A woman's right, the mother's duty meet,
Strewn with fresh flowers the narrow way of life,
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of loves and graces lies;
Arose her loved domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet,
Where slutt that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? A patriot? Look around!
Oh, turn thyself right, however far thy foot has strayed,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

Through the kindness of his friends, he received the appointment of Consul to Tunis, but before he had again begun to look upon the bright side of life, he was ungenerously removed from his office, and gave place to a meaner man. This was the death blow to all his hopes; it wounded his pride, and was probably the means of hastening his death. Soon after his removal he returned to this country to endeavor to gain a reappointment to his former office, which he succeeded in doing. He returned to his native land an altered man. He was no longer the Norval of earlier years, with all his youthful beauty, eloquence, and manliness, nor the admired and gifted Payne of later years; alas, he was changed. He came a man of sorrow, friendless, homeless, and almost penniless. Little did they know why he sought a reappointment: why, after weeks of humiliation, such as he had never before known, even in his extremest poverty, he accepted the appointment, and returned to Tunis. He left this country with the determination never to return to it. He had gained his object, and his reappointment took from his heart the sting of mortification at his removal, and it was his desire that he might die, ere he should again be removed; he cared not how soon. His wish was gratified. His increasing cares and sorrows, added to the approach of old age, brought him to his death-bed, and without a single murmur he resigned himself to the arms of Death.

"He died, and left the world behind
His once wild heart was cold!
His once keen eye was quelled and blind!
What more?—His tale is told."

Thus lived and died a true child of genius; one who, like many others, commenced life with bright and glowing prospects, which continued, uninterrupted by sorrow or misfortune, until he deemed that life was all sunshine, that no clouds of sorrow e'er darken the sun of prosperity, and when reverses came, he was unprepared for them. He had not been taught to expect, or bear up against them, consequently he sank beneath his sorrows and misfortunes. He who immortalized home, by his sweet song, was himself a homeless wanderer.

A recent paragraphist, makes the following suggestion: "Whether his remains have ever been brought to this country I know not. They should be; and if none others would do it, let the homeless throughout the world give a penny for a monument to 'Payne.' I knew him, and will give my penny, and for an inscription the following:

JOHN EDGAR HAYNE,
BORN JULY 19, 1809, IN NEW YORK;
THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."
A wanderer in life, he whose songs were heard
Singing in glory, and found an
EPIGRAM
NEVER HAD A HOME,
HE DIED IN A FOREIGN LAND.

We trust there are others to whom his song has brought joy and gladness, who have enjoyed all the comforts of home, who will gladly contribute to this object; we for one would give ten dollars; and we believe there are those who would give fifty, could some one only start the project. American genius should not be disregarded or dishonored; it is not so extensive but what we can easily protect, honor and aid it. Then let us do it. The late Mr. Milton, London, Goldsmith, and the mer of genius of other lands, speaks loudly to us, to appreciate and aid true genius.

His song, "Home, Sweet Home," will live as long as the English language lasts, and will be a proud monument to his fame, but a monument made with hands, and erected by the American people, would honor alike his memory and his country. "Home, Sweet Home," was written for one of his operas, and the melody composed by the celebrated Bishop. Many believe that it was written by the late Tom, Moore, and have accorded to him the honors so justly due our own countryman. It has been sung in every land, and by every tongue. It was the means of "introducing" a talented author into circles which his fame would not have penetrated, and also protected him from insult and wrong. It is a popular song as it was twenty years ago, and will remain so for centuries. Let those who admire it, who feel its beauty and sentiment, give to its unfortunate author a tear or pity. We close this poor sketch, hoping that other pens will yet give to the world a history of this strange man's life. It would form a book such as has never yet been written. Kind readers, whenever you listen to "Home, Sweet Home," again, when all is joyous around you, think of the

friendless, homeless, and penniless, and know that such was the fate of its gifted author—
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Woodbine Cottage, Pond Eddy, Penn., '53.
(From the New England Farmer.)

The Tomato.
To many persons there is something unpleasant, not to say disgusting in the flavor of this most excellent fruit. It has, however, been used for culinary purposes in various countries in Europe, and has of late years been extensively cultivated in this country. It is one of the most powerful deobstruents of the Materia Medica; and in all those affections of the liver and other organs where calomel is indicated, it is probably the most effective and least harmful agent known in the profession. A chemical extract may be obtained from it that will altogether supersede the use of calomel in the cure of diseases. When used as an article of diet, it is almost a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia, and indigestion. It is also a most powerful alterative. Eaten as fruit or as a common food, it is a most excellent article; and as a sauce, pickle or preserve, equal if not superior to any, and may be prepared and eaten in as many different forms. I have often used it in complaints of the liver and other organs with the happiest success.

The method commonly adopted of preparing the fruit, is to cut them in slices, and put them in salt and vinegar like cucumbers.

To stew them, take them ripe from the vines, slice them, put them in a pot over a stove or fire, without water; they will cook in their own juice; stew them slow, and when done, put in a piece of good butter and eat them like apple sauce.

To preserve them in imitation of figs, to which they probably are equal, cut them in slices, lay them in a stone pot with alternate layers of good brown sugar. Supposing the method of raising them to be generally understood, it is probably not necessary to describe it here.

How to Cure Warts.
Mr. Editor:—Reading in the Farmer a communication of inquiry for the cure of Warts on the tests of cows, I relate the following for what it is worth:

Some two years ago, I was very much troubled with an abundance of warts on my hands, and to rid myself of them, tried, as I thought, all the remedies—such as lunar caustic, turpentine, saleratus water, and the juice of milk weed, &c., without a cure.

Now every farmer knows that the shell of our walnuts or butternuts (for I used both) contains a juice which acts in the character of caustic, we call it fat.

I observed that fat, and took the benefit of it to kill my warts, which I most certainly did. It was an experiment that proved well with me, and I have no other desire in this communication, than that others should try the experiment so simple and easily obtained. If any one should see fit to try it, I hope he will tell the results for the information of all.

[Cor. N. E. Farmer.]
THE GARGLE.—Relative to an 'Inquiry touching the Gargle' in cows, I have to say, that in every case that has come under my notice, I have prescribed the root of what is commonly called 'Cow Berry,' and have never known it fail of curing the malady.

Mode of application: cut a piece of the root, about the size of a gill cup, in small pieces, and mix with Indian meal; give twice in twenty-four hours. Cows will eat it in this way as readily as they will eat potatoes.

[Cor. N. E. Farmer.]
POTATOES.—The potato should not be harvested till it is perfectly ripe. If the tubers are moist, with much soil adhering to them, it is better to convey them at once to the bins; as they are, than to free them from the soil, as it is utterly impossible to do this with economy without drying them, and equally as impossible to dry them sufficiently for this without essentially deteriorating their eating qualities.

In some sections it is a common practice with the cultivators of this root to place the crop in barrels or boxes, as soon as dug, and secure them from the contact of the atmosphere by a stratum of sand. This retains them in a moist condition, and effectually secures the preservation of all their excellencies. Since the prevalence of the potato disease, instances have come to our knowledge, where potatoes that were dug and immediately deposited in the cellar, remained sound, while those placed in barrels and standing a day or two out of the cellar, and intended for the early market, have badly decayed.

[N. E. Farmer.]
SCHNAPPS SCHNAPS.—Gottlieb Funchell, a jolly Dutchman from Adams County, was brought up, under imputation of carrying a certain building material in his head covering. He bore the charge with much good humor, shook hands with all the watchmen when introduced into the office, and offered to 'shake hands with the mayor, but the etiquette of the bench would not admit of such familiarity.

"You are accused of being drunk," observed his honor.

"Oh! I shat all? Vell I wash drunk, drunk as—but I wash not rasal drunk; I wash shentleman drunk. I not drink any sheep and nemboge stuff, like dar yankee-sage; no viskey, or rome, or brandy, you see. I nicks him much."

"You admit that you were intoxicated; the law requires you to pay a fine."

"Yaw, I admit I wash shentleman intoxicated; I pay so, tree time afore."

"Then you must pay one dollar and fifty cents."

"Bail! how much you charge der loaser? rot his drunk mit der dirty brandy-wein? How much must pay der Irish ragun? rot toasien e mit der pion nighend viskey!"

"They all pay the same, one dollar and fifty cents."

"Vell, den, I get drunk mit Myshet Doffe Wolfe's Aromatic Schnaps. Schnaps. Vot for am I going to pay der loaser, rot fifty? Is dat geniel feger? I wash five dollars!"

"And to Myshet Funchell planked his half cent with an air of insolent dignity, feeling justly increased at being treated like a common loaser, who gets pay at the three cent grocery."

By the way, the idea is not a bad one, a man who can afford to drink the best liquor should pay the highest price for too much indulgence in it.

FALSHOOD IN CHILDREN.—Perhaps there is no evil into which children so easily and so extensively fall, as that of lying. The temptation, too, is strong, and therefore the encouragement to veracity should be proportionally strong. If a child breaks anything, and honestly avows it, do not be angry with him. If a child procures a good sounding, depend upon it, he will soon be discouraged. In such cases do not speak till you can control yourself. Say, 'I'm glad you told me. It was a very valuable article, and I am truly sorry it was broken, but it would have grieved me much more to

have my son deceive me.' But having said this, do not reproachfully allude to the accident afterwards. 'I was about to say that children never should be punished for what was honestly avowed. But perhaps there may be some cases where they do wrong, from the idea that an avowal will excuse them; in this case they tell the truth from policy, not from conscience, and they should be reasoned with and punished. However, it is the safe side to forgive a good deal, rather than run the risk of fostering bad habits.'—[Mrs. Child.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 15, 1853.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. D. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scott's Building, Court St., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. Cor. Third and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia; S. W. Cor. North and Fayette Sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PRATT, & Co., Newspaper Agents No. 10 State St., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

H. RICHARDSON, Boston, Me., Agent for Newspapers, Magazines, Books, &c., is authorized to obtain subscribers and receive payments for this paper.

Local Agents.

Persons wishing to subscribe or pay for the Mail, can do so by calling on the following persons:

C. C. HARRISON, Canaan; I. R. TOZER, Waterville; J. W. BENTON, E. S. PAZ, Kendal's Mill; D. H. BELLING, Clinton; E. FORTER, N. Vassalboro'; R. AYER, Winslow.

A. T. DOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

The Telegraph Line.

The subscription books for the telegraph stock at the Express office, where stock seems to be freely taken by such as have money to invest. Nobody seems to doubt the safety of the investment, and the amount apportioned to Waterville has a prospect of being promptly taken. As soon as this is done, it is understood, an office will be opened here for business. We hope so great a convenience will not be unnecessarily delayed.

Ram Outrage in Belgrade.

Constable H. F. Crowell, of Waterville, arrested a rumrunner by the name of Furbush, at Belgrade, on Tuesday last; whereupon, under the countenance of two or three magistrates who were present, a gang of fellows, such as usually fight the battles of the rumrunner, tore the prisoner forcibly from the officer, and put him out of his reach. We saw Mr. Crowell a few hours after the arrest, bearing evident marks, in torn garments, that he did not surrender his prisoner without a sharp struggle. This is one of the most serious cases of open resistance to law that has been enacted in this vicinity, and we hope, for the sake not only of the Maine Law, but of all law, that Mr. Crowell will make such an example of the fellows as will tell strongly in favor of law and good order.

The magistrates who advised the outrage—and whose names we would give if we had them—should if possible be held to answer to such a violation of their pledges to society. That a gang of miserable fellows, whom rum has degraded from men to beasts, should be coaxed into such an act, is by no means singular; but the instigators of the outrage, to whom society has confided its protection, should by all means be held by the strong cords of the law, to answer for their treachery.

Attention, Boys!

Prof. Agassiz, of Cambridge, wishes to procure specimens of the various kinds of fish in the Kennebec. They may be delivered to Mr. Boutelle, of the Coast Survey, now at the Elmwood Hotel. One or two of each kind will find a market—large or small, and no matter what kind, if caught in the Kennebec. Now, boys, bring them in; and don't fail to get a full variety, from the sturgeon and salmon down to the minnow.

Messrs. Editors.—With this please to accept a bottle of tomatoes, being just one year since they were put up from my garden, and prepared in the following manner:

First prepare the tomatoes in the usual way for cooking, then fill strong bottles within a 2 inch of the cork. After cooking, cut the cork close to the bottle, and secure it with a piece of fine wire; then place the bottles in a kettle of cold water over the fire, and bring them gradually to a boil, and then boil thirty minutes; then take them quick from the kettle, (using some kind of thick cloth to protect the hands from the heat of the bottles,) and dip the cork into warm sealing wax, being careful to see that the wax effectually covers every part of the cork, then put the bottles away to cool, and when you use them cook them in the usual way. If prepared right, they will be as fresh in one year as when first taken from the vine.

Respectfully yours, C. J. WINGATE, Waterville, Sept. 15, 1853.

CANTALING THE CRAFT.—The names of two printers are put on the Bread and Butter Committee of the forthcoming North Kennebec Agricultural Fair. This would be undecidable were it not that several of their associates on the Committee are married ladies, who, we dare say, know how to make first rate bread and butter.

Bra. Maxham & Wing, please send us the crumbs that fall from your table on this day. Bangor Jeffersonian.

We do not wonder that our brethren are a little envious of our good fortune, but we hope, for the dignity and honor of the craft, that they will make no greater parade of their poverty and destitution, than will be necessary to secure for themselves a like appointment.

As for the crumbs, we beg to say that although our pockets are rather capacious, yet our numerous families have the first claim, of course. He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel. Go to, then, ye poor, hungry devils.

Our thanks are due to our friends of the Barn Mirror, for a slip containing early election returns. Messrs. Haines & Freeman are wide awake on such occasions, and allow no one to be ahead of them.

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"Among the Diplomatic Corps, was, of course, Mr. Sandford, the Charge d'Affaires of the United States, who, in compliance with the recent instructions of the American Secretary of State, appeared in the simple dress of an American citizen. This unassuming costume, which presented a striking contrast with the glitter of embroidery and the blaze of stars and the crosses around, caused much sensation, and is a topic of conversation in all the political circles. Mr. Sandford had previously intimated that he should so appear. This, I believe, the first occasion that the instructions of the American government have been carried out, as they were this day, faithfully to the letter, by Mr. Sandford."

THE WHOLE STORY IN A NUTSHELL.—The Albany Knickerbocker, under the head of 'Independence and Progress,' tells the whole story of our nation's birth and greatness, and progress in the arts and sciences, in a remarkably short paragraph for a theme so comprehensive. The style is rather racy, but decidedly to the point.

"It is seventy-seven years since Uncle Sam was born, and what an eventful seventy-seven years he has lived! Seventy-seven years ago the United States was a remote, circumstanced, they now compose the second commercial nation in the world. In three quarters of a century we have revolutionized the world, built up an empire, licked our mother, and fenced in a continent. In less time than it took Methuselah to get out of swaddling clothes we have made more canals, famed more lighting, and harnessed more steam, and at a greater cost in money than the whole revenues of the world could have paid for the day he got out of his time. In seventy-five years we have not only changed the politics of the earth, but its wearing apparel—cotton shirts being as much the offspring of the United States as ball boxes and democracy. Since the fourth of July, 1776, the whole world has been to school, and what a better has learned more common sense than was taught in the previous four thousand years. The problem of self-government has been solved, and its truth made immortal as Washington or yellow corn. Its adaptation to all the wants of the more aspiring nation has been made most singularly manifest. Under its harmonious working, a republic has grown up in an ordinary lifetime that would have taken any other system of government a thousand years to have brought about. Yes, in less time than it has taken some green-house plants to arrive at maturity, we have built a nation that has spread itself from Maine to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a nation that has taught more whales, licked more Mexicans, planted more telegraph poles, and owned more steamboats, than any nation that has ever lived or ever will live. For all this, we again say, thank God, and praise Thomas Jefferson."

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RUFFIANISM IN PORTLAND.—On Tuesday evening, Mr. John G. Myers, while riding with a woman on Munjoy, having alighted to secure some article dropped, was assaulted and severely beaten by a man evidently bent upon robbery, if not murder. Mr. M. succeeded in getting into his carriage and driving away, with the loss of the skirt of his coat, containing his pocket-book and valuable papers. He was much injured.

On Monday evening, two men, Wm. Turner and Orrin Curtis, from Livermore Falls and Leeds, entered a complaint against Henry Winslow, of Portland, for keeping a shop at which they drank and were defrauded of about \$40 at a game, and Winslow was held to bail in \$150. On Tuesday evening, as Turner and Curtis were on board the steamer, about to leave for Boston, they were assaulted and driven from the boat by four or five individuals, who followed them up with blows and insults, to the head of India street. Here Turner made his escape, but Curtis was seized and thrust into a hack, which the assailants had at hand, and driven rapidly away and out of the city.

ARREST OF THREE OF THE ABDUCTORS.—Three of the men engaged in the abduction of Turner, an account of which appeared in our last issue, were arrested between 2 and 3 o'clock yesterday morning, or very soon after their return to the city. One, too drunk to get away, was taken to the Elm House stable by the Watch, who by some unaccountable means suffered the other three to escape them. The man taken at the stable is John E. Waite, who keeps a barber's shop over Winslow's store. Augustus H. Raymond, another one, was arrested in the same building in Union St. by Deputy Marshal Mason, who deceived him into the meshes by the ruse of whistling. Charles J. Morrison, another one, was taken at his father's house. Upon the appearance of the thiefholder he coolly remarked that he expected him; but thought he would take a nap at home in preference to the watch-house.

The remaining one of the gang, Gerry Averill, the hack driver, and the ring-leader, as is supposed, has thus far kept clear and invisible.

Late on Tuesday night the search for these fellows was kept up out of the city, between here and Gorham; but they saved the officers the trouble of bringing them into the city. Upon being questioned in reference to Turner, they stated that they left him in Mr. Abbott's tavern at Gorham Corner. Not placing much confidence in this, yesterday morning the Marshal dispatched an officer to Saco, in anticipation that Turner might be found in the train to Boston, and with reference also to Averill.

The officer returned without having seen him. Another officer was then dispatched to Gorham Corner. He was there informed by the landlord of the public house at that place, that Turner came to his house at four o'clock yesterday morning, alone, and asked for a team with which to go to Saco; this, with a driver, was provided him; and on his way to Saco he related the circumstances of his abduction, saying that he had been roughly handled, that his head was pretty badly bruised, &c. But with reference to his treatment out of the city we are not very fully informed at present.

The three fellows who were taken, rest for safe keeping in the county jail. Their examination is deferred for the testimony of Turner, when he shall come to light. Turner's companion, who luckily made his escape from the carriage, is still in the city.

THE SICKNESS AT THE SOUTH.—The New Orleans papers report the number of deaths in that city for the week ending the 3d inst. at 955, of which 884 were of fever. Friday, the 2d inst., was observed in New Orleans as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer, in view of the ravages of the fever. The stores were all closed, and business of all kinds was entirely suspended, and the day presented an aspect of solemnity on that day never before witnessed.

But while sickness is declining in New Orleans, it is appearing and spreading elsewhere. In Mobile there is said to be, by the Mobile papers, probably as much sickness as there has been at any time in New Orleans. The whole number of interments on the 2d inst. was forty-three, in a population of some 10,000—one half of the inhabitants of the city being, as is supposed, absent from the city. The state of things at Natchez is very sad. The city is said to be deserted by its inhabitants, only a few hundred remaining, and yet deaths are reported to be from ten to fifteen a day. At Vicksburg, at Grand Gulf, at Port Gibson, Baton Rouge, and other places along the Mississippi, there is said to be more or less fever. It had also appeared at Galveston in a mild form.

The Mayor of Mobile had issued a proclamation—a most appropriate and touching one—for a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer, in view of the terrible visitation of Divine Providence on that city. The day appointed was the 6th inst.

SMASH-UP ON THE AT. & ST. L. R. R.—The down train on the At. & St. L. Railroad, of last evening, the 10th, at 7 o'clock, was passing through Lenoxville, Mo., about 12 o'clock, M., yesterday, at the rate of 40 miles an hour, when an axle of the tender broke.

After dragging about 100 yards, the broken end stuck into the ground; the wheel end of the engine checked the baggage car, and threw it off the track, down an embankment about 20 or 30 feet high, and was crushed completely in its side. The front end of this car checked the foremost passenger car, and drew it down the left bank.

This car would have turned over and over, had not the axle held it securely to the second passenger car, and thus prevented the accident from being more serious. Providentially, and most miraculously, no lives were lost, and no one was seriously hurt.

The damage to the company will not be less than \$1,200. The train arrived here about two o'clock this morning.

PORTLAND STATE MAIL.
ARTISANS.—There has been a time in our city when artisans of every class have been so much in demand, or commanded, as high wages as at the present. The increase of workmen has not kept pace with the rapid increase of business, large numbers of artisans having left our city for the South and West of late. Good machinists are eagerly sought, and command \$2 and \$2 1/2 per day; whereas, last year the same men could earn but \$1.50.

Boilermakers and blacksmiths also command \$2 an advance of thirty or forty cents over rolling prices last year. Iron moulders are in great demand and are receiving an addition of twenty-five and fifty cents a day. Painters, too, always a large number of floating artisans who can be hired at low rates. Carpenters are very scarce, and can obtain very high wages. Two dollars is an average for workmen that a twelvemonth since were worth but \$1.50.

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THE EASTERN MAIL.
AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
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MAXHAM & WING.
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
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