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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

I hope I shall be forgiven for quoting my aunt as authority in various matters. It is a habit I have fallen into, and it originated, no doubt, in a certain feeling of reverence with which she inspired me in my early life, when she stood in the place of mother to me. I used to wonder why she never married, little appreciating in my childhood, her unselfish devotion to me and my orphan brothers and sisters. The only return I could make her for her many sacrifices for me, was to offer a home with me for her declining years. Still this was only to introduce her to a new set of cares and responsibilities; for I had a family of little children, all about the same age; and being somewhat pinched in fortune, of course my duties were manifold and arduous. My aunt appreciated fully all my labors and anxieties, and was always ready with her help and her counsel. My children owe her much, but their mother more than she can repay.

Poor, hard-working, harassed, and, often-times sick and broken-down mother, from morning to night and from night to morning without rest or repose, sleeping with one eye and carping up and down through the whole night, and night after night, tried in so many ways by the sickness, the willfulness, the carelessness, and the mischievous propensities of these little household comforts, who are always active—undoing what you have just done, and doing what they ought not to do. I know how to pity you. I have been through it all. But take comfort. By and by you shall reap your reward, if you faint not. I know that the domestic life of a quiet, unobtrusive, and in no wise remarkable woman, can have no interest except to simple minds, who may read their own histories therein, and perhaps find help and strength from the wisdom, or it may be, from the mistakes of others. It is for those who can understand and sympathize with me that I now write. I married young, because I was in love—for no other reason whatever. This was in my favor, but everything else seemed to be against me. Poverty, youth, inexperience, and, worse than all, a want of maturity of character, seldom met with in one of my years, rendered it unwise in the extreme for me to assume the duties and responsibilities of married life. But I was determined to marry, and I married. My brothers and sisters were all settled in life, and were very happy, and why should I remain single when so good an opportunity—for so I thought it—offered for me to change my condition? I had reached the age of seventeen. My lover had just past his twenty-first birthday. Who should interpose to separate us? My aunt advised—remonstrated gently upon our haste; suggested that as we were both so young, it would be better to wait till Henry was established in business—he was then but a clerk on a small salary—but we were not to be reasoned out of our decision by one whose age and condition of single blessedness could give her no clue to the right apprehension of our feelings. She found that we were determined, and did the next best thing she could, which was to prepare us, as far as possible, for the new sphere upon which we were to enter.

I loved my aunt, and as I said before, I revered her judgment and respected her feelings. It was only on this point that I was headstrong. I thought the happiness of my whole life was at stake. It was with me, marry the being beloved and be supremely happy, renounce him and be forever miserable. I was full of all sorts of romantic notions. Poverty seemed the least of all evils; privation and self-sacrifice were just what I desired, to prove the depths of my devotion. I saw that the lives of many married people of narrow means were matter of fact and hard realities; but that, I thought, must proceed from some fault in themselves. They lacked taste, refinement, sentiment, something that would poize existence—something that I possessed, and perhaps they did not marry for love. My aunt used sometimes to repeat the old adage, "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window;" but these were mere words to my ear and produced no impression.

I married and went to housekeeping. My aunt furnished my house and made her home with me. We lived in a small country village. Our house was externally simple and plain enough, but it had plenty of ground about it, and was embowered in trees. The blossoms were just opening in the spring, and the air was sweet with their perfume, when, with a heart swelling with love and happiness, and a fancy thronging with delicious dreams of the future, I took possession of my new home—my paradise.

I began to "keep house," as the phrase is. I had been but a few months from school, and had not been long initiated into the mysteries of domestic economy. I had some practical knowledge of what was called housework, for my aunt had no servants; but she was so good a manager, so systematic, and so orderly, that everything seemed to go on by clockwork, and the mysteries of the science of housekeeping had never been revealed to me. I thought it all came by nature. My own experiments soon convinced me that I was mistaken. My aunt left me to myself, seldom advising that her advice ought to be asked, knowing that we must be wise for ourselves and gain knowledge by our own experience, if we would advance our capacities and become strong for the battle of life. At this age I may well say battle. Thirty years have passed; yes, thirty years have passed, since with light step and beating heart I set my foot upon my own door-stone on a bright May morning, amidst the odor of blossoms and the music of birds, a young wife of seventeen, full of health and hope—full of poetry and romance and love. This too life became a conflict. I would not have had it otherwise. Blessed be God, who has given me the victory through faith and trust in Him.

I am not going to give a detail of my married life. The glowing views of my vivid imagination, and my experience of disappointment and trial, have been similar to those of many others. Realities usurped the place of visions; the necessity of work compelled me to relinquish my day-dreaming; cares and anxiety, sometimes absolute need, nipped my young romance in the bud; the hero of my fancy sunk to the level of a mortal man, with all a man's imperfections; moonlight came and went, flowers blossomed and faded, sunrise and sunset showed undimmed amidst the multitude of my household duties—cooking, sweeping, washing, brooming, and the like—children to be fed and clothed, and nurtured—this was my daily life for many a year, intermingled, it is true, with many events and emotions, awakening a sense of joy and gratitude, and not unmarked with sorrows and tears, which chastened and subdued my heart, and revealed the great purpose of life to my struggling soul.

A year from the time of my first inauguration into a home of my own, just at that very season, which has always been the one eventful season of my life—spring—a cup of happiness was filled to overflowing by the birth of a little boy. He came with the buds and blossoms, the sunshine and the dew—my bud of

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blessing, my bud of promise, my beautiful, my first-born child. My capacity for happiness was now full. This was something happier than I had ever yet known; something of which, I felt it was known, I had never even dreamed. Fresh and pure from the good Father my boy's soul seemed a bright link in the chain which bound together earth and heaven. I took the sole charge of him; I could hardly trust him out of my sight a moment, not even with my aunt, hardly with my husband. I carried his little cradle with me wherever I was at work—in the kitchen, in the parlor, in the garden. Wherever I was compelled to stay, there my boy was also. I dressed him in snowy white. I did not allow a stain of earth to remain upon him. In the long summer days, when my household work was done, I would take my sewing and sit under the shade of the trees, with the basket wagon beside me in which lay my idol. My work would fall idly by my side while, encircled with a halo of happiness, I sat and watched him as he lay, with upturned eyes—which seemed to have caught from Heaven—their brightness and their hue—the shadows of the leaves dancing over his fair face, and his hands outspread to catch the golden streaks of light that shot through the inter-twined boughs. I gazed upon him with a fullness of rapture that only a mother's heart can understand; with a depth of love that no words can utter, and only God, who made the heart, can fathom. I did not want anything more than that the present might last forever. It was enough. It was too much. My full heart overflowed in prayers of gratitude to Him who had made my life so rich. I wondered that my aunt looked sadly upon me sometimes, as I called upon her to admire my darling. I pitied her, that she could not understand the bliss of maternal love. As the child grew older and could run alone, my anxiety increased, lest some danger should overtake him, or lest he should fall and be hurt, and perhaps inflict lasting injury upon himself.

"Do not make yourself uneasy," my aunt would often say to me. "Trust the boy out of your sight sometimes; leave something to God's Providence. What if he does fall? An occasional tumble will do him good. How is he ever to learn to take care of himself? And don't be afraid to let him get in the dirt. A little dirt is wholesome for children. Indeed, I am of the opinion that it is absolutely necessary to their health. Let him play in the dirt as other children do. It will make him fat and rosy. And don't be trying to teach him so much while he is so young. Stop telling him stories and singing him songs, unless it may be some of Mother Goose. You make him too old for his years. You are trying to make him too perfect."

But I did not heed this sensible advice. I wanted to see him perfect. I delighted in his intelligence. My maternal pride glowed in his remarkable quickness—the thoughtfulness his observations indicated, and I encouraged him to talk and to ask questions. I talked with him, read to him, sang to him, raked my invention for stories and songs to please him. And when he was restless and wakeful at night—ah! how often was this the case, for his active mind was feeding upon the vitality of his frail body—he used to call for a story, and lie perhaps for an hour or more wide awake, his attention on the stretch to hear me talk, while I, from very weariness, forgot half the time what I was saying, and would go to sleep with an unfinished sentence dying upon my lips.

"He will be a poet, aunt," I used often to say. "Can't you read it in his eye? Can't you see it in the play of his beautiful features? And his remarks are so wise, so bewitching, so unlike the everyday sayings of common children."

And then I would repeat the little things he had said about sailing away on the white clouds to God's world, or sleeping in the lily's cradle, and hearing the blue-bells ring in the wind. O, will he be a poet, I asked again and again, if, while he is but a mere baby, he has such an insight into nature! And then how fond he was of flowers; not of pulling them to pieces as most children do, but of wreathing them in his little hat, and putting them in his bosom—cherishing them as if they had life and could retain his love.

I wish he would pull them to pieces, for my part, said my aunt; it is more natural and more childlike.

And can you say, aunt, I asked with surprise; can you say that my little darling would be like the dirty little fellow we saw just now digging in the sand, besmeared from head to foot with clay and dust, hair disheveled, face and hands filthy, barefooted, bareheaded, and apparently as much of a clod as the ground he is grubbing in?

I had rather see our little Willie in just such a plight," replied my aunt. "Don't flatter our mother earth, whose ample bosom affords nourishment to our mortal bodies, for on that sure foundation our feet must stand firmly if we would attain to the perfect stature of maturity. Healthy children love the dirt, not because it is dirt; for to them it is not so; but love it because it is useful to them. The garden loam is fragrant to their senses. Is it not so to yours, when the spring rains sink deep and penetrate, with their grateful moisture, the teeming soil? Let them grub, if you choose to call it so, in the dirt. Water will wash out the stains. Let children grub, and leave them alone in their grubbing. Don't try to make them too wise, unless, indeed, you are educating them for another world. Don't anticipate their desire for knowledge. Wait till they ask before you begin to feed their minds."

But, aunt, Willie is healthy, I replied, half doubtfully; he has never been sick in his life. Why do you talk of educating him for another world?

"Because, in all my experience, I have found that this overtasking the young brain, and forcing the mind too early to think and reflect, was unnatural and unhealthy. Remember, my dear Willie is not your child, but God's. There are certain laws, physical and mental, plain enough to understand, if we will look at them with a single eye to truth, which can not be disregarded in the bringing up of children. Human creatures are not all spirit. We have natural bodies, fitted to this world, which must be properly taken care of. A little dirt—a little wholesome freedom is necessary to this end, and a confidence in the protection of a kind Father. Leave more to God, more to time, more to nature. Sacrifice your maternal pride and fondness to the health of your darling, or mother earth will claim her own, and the immortal spirit seek its kindred in the skies and leave you bereft of your idol."

But I was not warned. The temptation was too great, the delight too exquisite, of watch-

ing the expanding of this immortal germ. He had passed his third year, a creature of beauty and promise; but unlike a child. He was my constant companion. I had then no other to share my maternal affection. His little footsteps followed mine as an echo. He was always by my side. If I worked he remained near by, playing with my questions. If I sewed, he would bring his little chair and read from his picture story-book; and, at night, he slept with his little arms entwined about my neck. My joy in him sometimes amounted to pain. I thought, what if God should take him from me, could I live without him? I felt that it would be impossible. God knew my heart better than I knew it.

Three years from the birth of my child, with spring and sunshine to the earth, came trouble and care to my home. My husband received an injury, caused by a fall from his horse, which disabled him from business for a year. As our sole dependence was upon his small salary, it was hard for us to get along. The birth of another child rendered it very difficult for me to perform my duties to my family; and my aunt's means, which had been sufficient a few years back, were now diminished by a failure of a brother, to whom she had entrusted almost the whole of her property. Now came the reality of life to me. My household duties were increased, and my physical strength very much impaired. The anxieties of my mind robbed me of my former buoyancy. My poor husband was depressed and irritable at being disabled and incapable of furnishing a comfortable support for his family. In the midst of these trials a heavier cloud burst upon me. My first-born began to droop and lose his wonted animation. He would sit by the hour in his little chair, gazing with his large blue eyes into the fire, and occasionally interrupting me at my work with some question so mysteriously deep that it startled me, and filled me with painful forebodings. How it made my heart ache to be compelled to turn him off no longer to be able to take him on my knee and hold him to my bosom! I could hardly feel grateful to God for the new life he had entrusted to my care, because the little one seemed to have usurped the place that belonged to my boy. I could not endure his earnest patient, longing glance, or to see his weary head leaning against his chair or upon his little hand in uncomplaining weakness. I longed for summer to come, for I thought its soft, balmy air would revive him. "I will let him play in the dirt as much as he will, aunt," said I. "But O the weeks are so long; it seems as if June would never be here!"

But it did come at length, and the whole earth was clothed with beauty. Surely, I thought, my sweet Willie will revive now, and the roses will bloom again on his cheek. Surely the summer will restore my husband also, and then, I thought, I shall be so grateful! I shall love the good God more than ever; for I shall feel more than ever before how much I owe him.

My aunt shook her head sadly. "We should be grateful to God for our trials, my dear," said she, "and love the hand that smites us in mercy."

But if he should take from me my Willie, aunt?

"Still should you love Him, and be grateful that you have had him so long."

"O no! Anything but this, aunt," I exclaimed. "Anything but to lose my boy, my angel child. Poverty, hard work, privation—anything but to lose Willie. It would break my heart. He must not die. Then I would take him in my arms and walk through the garden, and sit with him under the trees. I did not dare talk with him. I evaded his questions. I tried to make myself a child for his sake to amuse him; but his eyes were with his soul, and that was far away. He waxed paler and paler. His form grew every day more light. Still he wore a patient smile—still clung to me as to his all in life. And when he could not speak, he fixed upon me his earnest eye, that seemed to read my soul and understand its anguish. My baby was so good—thank God! yes, I see how great a blessing it was now—that I could leave her and devote myself wholly to my sick boy. I will not tell how I watched, and prayed, and struggled to attain submission. I felt that he was dying. Sometimes the thought of losing him would rush upon me with such power that I would fling myself in utter agony upon the ground and pray, "O my Father, let this cup pass from me! I tried, but I could not say the rest. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

It was at the close of a summer day. Willie had been lying nearly all the afternoon upon his crib, in a state of stupor. A sudden change seemed to spread over his features. I thought it was death. I called my aunt hastily. She looked sadly. "It is a slight convulsion," she said, and hastily prepared to administer the proper remedies. It passed away, but left him weak and almost unconscious. "I will watch with him a while," said my aunt, "while you put the baby to sleep. You must not neglect the little babe, I bent down to take a last look at my boy. Good night," he whispered. It was his last good night to me—a night of darkness to my soul. The morning brought its sunshine to the earth; but to me, for weary months, there came no morning. To me the earth had lost its beauty, the heavens their brightness. My home and my heart were desolate. I could not say "Thy will be done." I did my duties mechanically, and because I was compelled to. But I longed to die that I might be once more united to my child.

Gradually, however, my grief was softened. Sorrow left me, but it left me not the being I was before. Something had gone from my life which time could not restore. Children were born to me, and my heart welcomed them all with gratitude; but one place was yet vacant. As my responsibilities increased I became less anxious and troubled, and my little boys and girls were not deprived of the privileges they so much enjoyed of playing, as all children like to do, according to their own fancy, even if soiled faces and clothes were the consequence. They were not, it is true, so interesting to others as if they had been a little more quiet, a little cleaner, and not so restless. They were, indeed, in no way remarkable, except for health and good nature. They learned their A B Cs as other children did at school, and with their learning picked up a variety of uncouth ways, particularly the boys, who were as disagreeable as boys can be; in whom the manly element has not room to develop, and requires a safety valve continually open to let off the accumulation of energy. Strangers never stopped any of our little ones in the street to admire their beauty or grace. No-

body ever brought me accounts of their smartness. But this did not trouble me. I knew they were not stupid, and if they lived would be able to make their way in the world. I did not endeavor to make poets and philosophers of them; but to develop a sound and healthy mind in a sound and healthy body. Not that I left them entirely to themselves, or suffered their minds to run to waste; on the contrary, I strove to answer their questions, which, if thoroughly done, will not only gratify but stimulate their love of knowledge, and is no slight tax upon one's own ingenuity.

My aunt seemed perfectly satisfied that I allowed them some "wholesome neglect," since she saw it was the result of more rational views of life than had before actuated me. She looked upon my boys, in their rough-and-tumble sports, out-doors in all weather, thick-booted in winter, and often barefooted in summer, with satisfaction she had never shown in gazing upon my first-born. "They are of the earth, earthy," she would say, "as children should be. They must grow up strong, healthy animals first, and the rest will follow in its order. First the natural, then the spiritual. The creed of childhood is very simple—Children, love and obey your parents, for this is well pleasing to God." Always tell the truth; scorn to do a mean action; learn to give up your own will and pleasure for the sake of others; be kind to everybody and everything; do to others as you would have them do to you. This is religion enough for childhood. But do not look for the results of experience and trial in a fresh young heart, nor impose a false solemnity upon them, which is unnatural and must be hypocritical. Do not try to force the experience of life too fast upon them, for thus you thwart the design of Providence, who puts the burden to the back that is to bear it. What if it is hard to make a serious impression sometimes, when it seems desirable? Don't be discouraged. You anticipate the age of reflection, and expect the child to look from your point of sight. You must overlook many things in children that seem wrong—little annoyances, occasional stupidity, a burst of ill temper or a breach of decorum. Don't let it vex and worry you; and, above all things, don't peck at a child forever, unless you would spoil his temper forever. Never pass over serious faults, but shut your eyes at times at little peccadilloes.

"What do you call peccadilloes?" I asked my aunt.

"Lying, cheating, disobedience, cruelty to animals, unkindness to each other, vulgarity, profanity," etc.

Just then Jimmy came thundering in, boy-like, from school, with a loud whoop and halloo, and one after another followed with a deafening shout of happiness—but what are peccadilloes? Any mother can answer. A soiled dress, a noisy shout, a muddy foot on the carpet, and other things too numerous to mention, which parents who think to make their children perfect, reprove with as much severity as if they were positive evils, and sometimes without even the excuse of that good motive, but from an irritability in themselves, as unreasonably as the spirit they seek to exorcise from their little ones.

I have lived to see my children grow up; I know the varied experiences of the mother of a large family. It is hard work she has to do. Let her not make it harder by needless anxieties, which destroy her hopefulness and cheerfulness, and create a sphere about her unfavorable to the healthy development of those whose welfare and happiness lies nearest her heart. Plant the good seed in their young minds. Let the sunshine of love shine upon it. Remove carefully the weeds that spring up around it. Its growth may be slow. All sure and strong growth is slow. It is God who gives the increase. Anxious mother, trust God more!

It may be thought that in the account I have given of the short life and early death of my first-born, I wish to present the danger of too much care and too much love of these dear little beings who are given to us to love and protect. But I would not be misunderstood. We cannot love our children too well; but we may love them unwisely, selfishly, idolatrously. They may have the place in our hearts sacred to God only. So it was with me. So unwisely did I love my boy—force the growth of his mind beyond his years, to gratify my selfish pride in him. I sinned ignorantly; no, not wholly so, for I had a kind Mentor by my side. But the temptation was too great; my love for him swallowed up all other loves, and when he died, darkness, the darkness of doubt and disbelief, shrouded my soul.

We must not love our children selfishly, but for their best good; and what that good is we must strive to learn by studying God's laws and applying them to life. We may help each other, and it is with a view of contributing my mite to the general good of others that I have been induced to give these fragments of my own experience, with the addition of my aunt's wise but somewhat homely counsel.

"Social Nostrums."

There are as many "pills" and "plasters" and "panaceas" for "society" now-a-days, as for individual ailments. Some of them are imported, and many are of home production. One class of empirics would cure social ills by equalizing the gains of industry and laziness; and create an earthly paradise by making all men idlers and vagabonds. Another, would usher in the reign of purity by sweeping away the marriage institution. Another, would practically withhold the gospel until certain evils are removed, and men become enough better to deserve it. Another, trace all social evils to government, and would away with civil institutions unless they may control them. The name is legion of the nostrums sought to be palmed on the world in the cause of philanthropy and religion.

The radical and insidious error of all this quackery savors of infidelity. A false philosophy usurps the place of divine revelation; and human woes are read in the smoke of German Kantism, or the fumes of French Fourierism, instead of the light that streams from inspired pages. The remedy is sought in "association" or revolution or anarchy—some change of circumstances—rather than in the renovating power of the gospel, in individual application by the Holy Spirit. The great lesson of the world's history, and of the Book of God, that sin brings suffering, which human interposition and social changes can no more mitigate or remove, than the lion can be changed into a lamb by being brought from the forest and encaged; and that the only adequate remedy is one that makes men better singly, man by man; these

simple truths are overlooked by the pride that rejects an old-fashioned gospel, and the self-sufficiency that would ignore sin as the disturbing element of social being.

Much of the wrong thinking and writing on this subject comes from European refugees and emigrants, whose irreligious and socialistic theories are the offspring of continental training. They have been oppressed by governments allied to and supported by the church; and they hate the gospel because of its alleged affinities for despotism in the hands of their birth. Without knowing enough of the institutions under which they now live to discriminate as to the abundant rights secured to our citizens, or as to the total severance of church and state authority, they confound the old world with the new and propagate social and political theories having no possible application to existing realities. And native philosophers, of semi-infidel affections, are ready to echo these dogmas, because of their hostility to evangelical religion. What arrogant nonsense is the outcry in this country about *pampering of the priesthood*, when it is stated that the highest authority that the entire amount of salaries paid to the ministers of the gospel is only about *one sixteenth* of the amount paid to the same number of physicians. But our reformers find their data not in the practical application of American principles put in the hierarchical establishments of Europe, and nourish their infidelity by imported materials.

We can conceive of no more cruel or delusive course than one which turns the eyes of a sinning and suffering being away from the true cause of his misfortunes, and from the only radical remedy, to some undefined social defects, and some possible reconstruction of the social fabric; and this in the name of humanity and philanthropy. Millions have been thus deluded to their ruin. Owenism, and Fourierism, and Hegelianism fail to point to a single successful experiment of their multifarious theories. Society is as sick as before their nostrums were invented, and will be sick forever, with sin, and without the gospel—the gospel, not as a mere liberal, social economy, but as a system of pure spiritual truth, the divine and only remedy for personal and social ills.

The weighty truth cannot be too deeply impressed on the public mind, that the glorious gospel of the blessed God is the only adequate remedy for sin, the only reliable agent of moral and social reform. Until applied by the Holy Spirit to the individual conscience, and in the personal change of the heart, we have no security for the well-being, for time or eternity, for individual or social life, or any human soul. With that great change, all else follows as the fruit and evidence of it. The husband, the father, the friend, the neighbor, the citizen, the magistrate, all mature under the culture of divine grace; the family becomes a type of heaven; the neighborhood is rendered safe and peaceful; just and equal laws honor the statute book; society is freed from its ills, or bears patiently those that are for the present irremediable; oppression in every form becomes a fete; the state is firmly established in its legitimate authority; and the world is prepared for its millennial day. There will be just as much of true social progress as there is of true religion—no more; and with the complete ascendancy of a spiritual faith, will come the day of civil, social, personal freedom and happiness for a sin-stricken world.

[American Messenger.]

## RECONSTRUCTION OF SOCIETY.

### A PATRIOTIC SONG.

When others once as poor as I,  
Are growing rich because they try,  
While my capacity and will  
Give me a taste for sitting still;  
When all around me are at work,  
While I prefer to rest at home,  
Or spend in drinking or at play  
The greater part of every day;  
When as the unpaid of it, feel  
That I must either starve or steal;  
The only remedy I see,  
For such abuses, is the re-  
construction of society.

When others know what I know not,  
Or bear in mind what I forget  
As age and date to dark spots  
In print of Latin and of Greek,  
As if a tongue unknown to me  
Of any earthly use could be;  
When public sentiment is allowed to rule  
In University and School;  
While I because I am a fool,  
Or happen, by the merest chance  
To have learned nothing save the dance,  
Am set aside, or thrust away,  
Or not allowed to have my say;  
The only remedy I see,  
For such abuses is the re-  
construction of society.

When judges frown and persons scold  
Because a gentleman makes bold  
To hint at unpopularity,  
And violate oppressive laws;  
When pinching want is not atone,  
For taking what is not your own;  
When public sentiment is allowed to rule  
In University and School;  
While I because I am a fool,  
Or happen, by the merest chance  
To have learned nothing save the dance,  
Am set aside, or thrust away,  
Or not allowed to have my say;  
The only remedy I see,  
For such abuses is the re-  
construction of society.

When, after turning round and round,  
And occupying every ground  
I find an enemy within,  
Who dares to talk to me of sin,  
And whispers, even in my dreams,  
That my disorganizing scheme  
Can never conquer black to white,  
Or clearly prove to him is right,  
A nuisance that can never cease;  
Till conscience learns to hold its peace,  
And then no longer can be awed  
By apprehensions of a God—  
All these are gifts for which I see  
No salve even in the re-  
construction of society.

When, over and above the scorn  
Of men, which leaves us thus forlorn,  
I find an enemy within,  
Who dares to talk to me of sin,  
And whispers, even in my dreams,  
That my disorganizing scheme  
Can never conquer black to white,  
Or clearly prove to him is right,  
A nuisance that can never cease;  
Till conscience learns to hold its peace,  
And then no longer can be awed  
By apprehensions of a God—  
All these are gifts for which I see  
No salve even in the re-  
construction of society.

The editor of the Columbus Statesman went to the Ohio State Fair, where he saw the Ayreshire bull, from Clinton County, that is well entitled to the Latin term *bos*, with a double *s*. The kinks in the hair of his neck, if that be any sign of good blood, were as thick as the ringlets of a seminary girl; and his eye—well, we left when he looked at us. Since the election, we can stand almost anything, but the ring in the animal's nose looked insecure, and we did not know but that he might have subdued prejudices against democratic editors.

**How to Avoid Consumption.**

The recent letter of N. F. Willis, is a most scholarly picture of the insidious progress of that very fatal disease, consumption. That consumption is the most fatal disease of our climate no one denies. The combined mortality of cholera and yellow fever have never equalled that of consumption alone, and probably never. Let the two first cause the greatest.

At the mere whisper of their approach, individuals personally study how to avoid them, public bodies expend large sums in sanitary precautions; and the newspaper press is filled with suggestions and advice. All this time consumption is slaying its tens of thousands annually, without any serious attempt being made to check its ravages or prevent its approach.

That consumption, when once seated, is incurable, has long been the verdict of the medical profession. The right way, therefore, is to avoid taking it. Nor is this so difficult a matter as is generally believed. Even when consumption has attacked a person, but it has not become seated, its cure may be effected by a strict attention to diet and exercise, as was proved in the case of the venerable Dr. Farish, one of whose lungs was electrized after his disease, as he had foretold it would be. How much more easily, therefore, may its access be prevented! If we avoid those things that conduce to it, if we fortify our body against its approach, we are almost sure to secure exemption from it, even though, perhaps, constitutionally disposed to the disease.

It is amongst women that consumption finds most of its victims in America, as might be expected from their almost universal indifference to the preservation of health. The neglect to dress with sufficient warmth, or suitable to the season, is a general error of the sex. If the new winter cloak is not bought, when a cold spell suddenly comes, the fall mantle is still worn, because the last year's cloak is out of fashion. Through the same foolish vanity, a light bonnet is continued when the temperature imperatively demands a thick warm one. Can it be wondered at, if colds are caught? Or, when this mad conduct is persisted in, year after year, that a series of colds ends in consumption? There is one fatal habit of the sex, which has often been commented on, but alas, in vain; we mean the wearing of thin shoes, the thickest gaiter worn by a woman, on the dampest day, is proverbially thinner in the sole, and lighter in the upper, than the summer boot of a gentleman. Yet of the two sexes, the female is certainly not the hardiest by nature. Even when women wear gum overshoes, on slushy or rainy days there is nothing to protect the ankle from the wet skirts. A man who should keep his feet and ankles damp continually, as ladies do theirs, in fall, winter and spring, would very soon be in his grave!

But this, though perhaps the most fatal, is not the only careless habit of which rich females are guilty. The winter balls, with every large city and even rural district is overrun, offer opportunities for women to destroy their health, of which they would seem to avail themselves with malicious promptness. As if the late hours, the indigestible suppers, the excessive excitement, and the over-crowded and ill-ventilated rooms were not sufficiently deleterious, they allow fashion to dictate to them a mode of attire for such festivals, which is an almost certain provocation of colds, those foster mothers of consumption. A ball dress, alike in its cut about the shoulders, is the very worst costume a young woman can wear at a dancing party. If she participates in the amusements of the evening, she is sure to become heated. She is almost as sure afterwards to rush to a window, or into the hall, in order to cool herself. The consequences are that the pores are suddenly closed, and colds and fever superinduced. Under any circumstances such conduct would be perilous, but with a ball dress on it is almost certain danger. Four or five seasons of behavior like this would sap the health of a giant. Is it strange that it carries off so many of this young and beautiful?

There are still other causes for consumption. Some of these are such as are little suspected. Hundreds of women die annually, for example, the want of fresh air. American women live proverbially too sedentary a life. Their time is spent in close, hot rooms, and often they do not take exercise enough; it is certain that, as a mass, they neglect inspiring exercise in the fresh out-of-door air. Many a wife and mother, who is fully aware to the folly of fashionable ball dresses, or even to the neatness of their shoes, yet sacrifices her life by sitting all day within doors, and often during winter in over-heated rooms, and breathing impure air into her lungs. A cold accidentally caught, perhaps without any fault of the victim, is often an almost certain precursor of consumption to such a woman, enervated by her indoor life, as her constitution is.

It is the common cry that the variability of our climate is the cause of so much consumption. But quite half the mortality from this disease might be avoided, if the laws of life and health were often obeyed, especially by the female sex. An old proverb says that an ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure. In consumption, it is worth two of cure; for there is really no cure and therefore prevention is everything.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

**BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.**—Miss Elizabeth Green of Oldtown, Me., has received 1-625 dollars in shape of damages, for breach of promise of marriage, in a suit against a Mr. DeWolf, who wrote some very sentimental poetry in his letters to Miss Green. He argued his own case before the jury of the Supreme Court at Bangor—but they would not believe his story; and thinking his poetry had more real argument than his plea, gave a verdict as above. The lady, however, claimed 10,000 dollars for broken heart or promises—so that he accomplished something in the way of stopping the bleeding with which he was threatened.

**LUCK.**—The worst misfortune that ever befel man, is the conceit that we are better under particular stars, that there is a fatality in our destiny, and that good or evil gilds the course and distribute the fortunes of our lives. In this pervading and over-mastering idea lies the secret of the misery of thousands in our midst, and everywhere around us. The notion is prevalent, far more than our philosophers have dreamed, that no matter how we exert ourselves, whether we are honest, industrious, temperate and religious, or not, we can make no headway in the world until we obtain our lift of luck. The poor cry luck, while they gaze on the possessions of the rich, and the idle echo luck when their ragged clothes in contact with the garments of the thrifty.

The real causes of difference in classes of society, and between the tasks and enjoyments of individuals, are overlooked by the pauper and more consoling exclamation—"it's all luck!" Satisfied with this explanation, the beggar, though starved and able to cast off his mendacity, clings to his staff and accepts the charity of those whom he calls lucky. Nor the beggar alone, but men in all the marts and professions of life, drag themselves along, faint, bleated, miserable, and murmuring against the apparent evil destiny that denies to them the prosperity, ease and luxury of their neighbors. Professing to believe in an equitable Providence, they ascribe the success of those whom they envy, but will not impute to some stroke of chance, and like the fabled remaster,



Dr. Saint Foix, who was a great collector of news, got leave to print sheets to distribute among his patients. The reading of them took their attention from themselves, and was favorable to a cure. Now-a-days, papers are no doubt for the health of the public; but generally death to editors and publishers.







