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FOREVER YOUNG.

BY INEZ.

Her children's children gather round her knee,
In her old homestead their young voices ring,
But there is not one that with a livelier joy
Welcomes the earliest visit of the spring.

Over her head the summer's opening bloom,
The aged journeyer to the tomb,
The roof above her head is old and gray,
And mosses cling about its crumbling walls;

Within each room some shadow of the past,
Faint, but not dead, in gentle stillness lies,
The trees wave o'er its many a withered arm,
As if to guard it still from storm and harm.

Yet with elastic step she treads the path
Which in her bridal beauty first she trod,
She hears the music of the lullabies, which
Once loved, who now is sleeping close to God.

Why is this chancelled buoyancy of youth—
This warmth of springtime in the wintry hours?
It is not that her life has been so long,
Nor that her life has been so full of flowers.

She has known mourning, suffering and tears,
And cares that wear the spirit more than years,
But in her heart a mighty power has dwelt,
Which all her trials constant it has shewn.

The love of God—it made her weakness strength,
And kept her hopeful when the most alone,
Day after day its comforts round her sprung,
Year after year it kept her spirit young.

So may it be with us who look on life,
And see the unfolding sunshine of her face,
Thus may our sorrows ripen into joy,
Our souls grow beautiful with inward grace.

Fortune and youth and pleasures may depart,
Be ours the eternal freshness of the heart.

Miscellany.

THE UNMEANT REBUKE.

Charles Nelson had reached his thirty-fifth year and at that age had found himself going down hill. He had once been one of the happiest of mortals, and no blessing was wanted to complete the sum of his happiness. He had one of the best of wives, and his children were intelligent and comely. He was a carpenter by trade and no man could command better wages or be more sure of work. If any man attempted to build a house, Charles Nelson must boss the job, and for miles around sought him to work for them.

But a change had come over his life. A demon had met him on his way, and he had turned back with the evil spirit. A new and experienced carpenter had been sent for by those who could no longer depend upon Nelson; and he had settled in the village, and now took Nelson's place.

On a back street, where the great trees threw their green branches over the way, stood a small cottage which had once been the pride of its inmates. Before it, stretched a wide garden, but tall rank grass grew up among the choking flowers, and the paling of the fence was broken in many places. The house itself had once been white, but it was now dingy and dark. Bright green blinds had once adorned the windows, but now they had been taken off and sold. And the windows themselves bespoke poverty and neglect, for in many places the glass was gone and shingles, rags, and old hats had taken its place. A single look at the old house and its surroundings told the story. It was the drunkard's home.

Within sat a woman yet in the early years of life, and though she was still handsome to look upon, the bloom was gone from her cheeks and the brightness had faded from her eyes. Poor Mary Nelson! Once she had been the happiest among the happy, but now none could be more miserable! Near her sat two children, both girls, and both beautiful in form and feature, but their garbs were all patched and worn and their feet were shoeless. The eldest was thirteen years of age, and the other two years younger. The mother was hearing them recite a grammar lesson, for she had resolved that her children should not grow up in ignorance; they could not attend the common school for thoughtless children sneered at them and made them the subject of sport and ridicule; but in this respect they did not suffer, for their mother was well educated and she devoted such time as she could spare to their instruction.

For more than two years, Mary Nelson had earned all the money that had been used in the house. People hired her to wash, iron and sew for them, and besides the money paid, they gave her many articles of food and clothing. So she lived on, and the only joys that dwelt with her now, were teaching her children and praying to God.

Supper time came, and Charles Nelson came reeling home. He had worked the day before at helping move a building, and thus had earned money enough to find himself in rum for several days. As he stumbled into the house, the children crouched close to their mother, and even she shrank away, for sometimes her husband was very ugly when thus intoxicated. Oh, how that man had changed within two years! Once there was not a finer looking man in the town. In frame he had been tall, stout, compact and perfectly formed, while his face bore the very beau ideal of manly beauty. His noble form was now bent, his limbs shrunken and tremulous, and his face all bloated and disfigured. He was not the man who had once been the fond husband and doting father. The loving wife had prayed and wept and implored, but all to no purpose; the husband was bound to the drinking companions of the bar-room, and he would not break the bonds.

That evening Mary Nelson ate no supper, for of all the food she had in the house there was not more than enough for her husband and children; but when her husband had gone she went out and picked a few berries, and thus kept her vital energy alive. That night the poor woman prayed long and earnestly, and her little ones prayed with her.

On the following morning Charles Nelson sought the bar-room as soon as he awoke, but he was sick and faint, and liquor would not revive him; for it would not lay on his stomach. He had drunk very deeply the night before and he felt miserable. At length, however, he managed to keep down a few glasses of hot slings, but the close atmosphere of the bar-room seemed to stifle him, and he went out.

The poor man had sense enough to know that if he should sleep he would feel better, and he had just feeling enough to wish to keep away from home, so he wandered off toward a wood, not far from the village, and sank down by the side of a stone wall, and was soon buried in a profound slumber. When he awoke, the sun was shining down hot upon him, and raising himself to a sitting posture, he gazed about him. He knew that it was afternoon, for the sun was turning toward the west. He was just on the point of rising, when his motion was arrested by the sound of voices near at hand. He looked through a chink in the wall, and just upon the other side he saw his two children picking berries, while a little farther off, were two girls, the children of the carpenter who had lately moved into the village.

Come Katy, said one of these little girls to her companion, let's go away from here, because if anybody should see us with these girls they'd think we played with 'em. Come.

But the berries are thick here, remonstrated the other.

Never mind—we'll come out some time when these little ragged drunkard's girls are not here.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. IX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, OCT. 25, 1855.

NO. 15.

So the two favored ones went away hand in hand, and Nelly and Nancy Nelson sat down upon the grass and cried.

'Don't cry, Nancy,' said the eldest, throwing her arms around her sister's neck.
'But you are crying, Nelly.'

'Oh, I can't help it,' sobbed the stricken one.
'Why do they blame us?' murmured Nancy, gazing up into her sister's face. 'Oh, we are not to blame. We are good, and kind and loving, and we never hurt anybody. Oh, I wish somebody would love us; I should be so happy.'

'But we are loved, Nancy. Only think of our noble mother. Who could love us as she does.'

'I know—I know, Nelly; but that aren't all. Why don't papa love us as he used to? Don't you remember when he used to kiss us and make us happy! Oh, how I wish he could be so good to us once more. He is not—'

'—sh, sissy, don't say anything more. He may be good to us again! If he knew how we loved him, I know he would. And then I believe God is good, and surely he will help us sometime for mother prays to him every day.'

'Yes, answered Nancy, 'I know she does, and God must be our father sometime.'

'He is our father now, sissy.'

'I know it; but he must be all we shall have by and by, for don't you remember that mother told us, that she might leave us one of these days? She said a cold finger was upon her heart, and—'

'—sh! Don't, Nancy, you'll—'

The words were choked up with sobs and tears, and the sisters wept long together. At length they arose and went away, for they saw more children coming.

As soon as the little ones were out of sight Charles Nelson started to his feet. His hands were clenched, and his eyes were fixed upon a vacant point with an eager gaze.

'My God,' he gasped, 'what a villain I am. Look at me now! What a state I am in and what I have sacrificed to bring myself to it! And yet they love me and pray for me!'

He said no more, but for some moments he stood with his hands still clenched, and eyes fixed. At length his gaze was turned upward and his clasped hands were raised above his head. A moment he remained so, and then his hands dropped by his side, and he started for home.

When he reached his home he found his wife and children in tears, but he affected to notice it not. He drew a shilling from his pocket—it was his last—and handing it to his wife, he asked her if she would send and get him some milk and flour, and make him some porridge. The wife was startled by the strange tone in which this was spoken, for it sounded just as that voice had sounded in days gone by.

The porridge was made nice and nourishing, and Charles ate it all. He went to bed early, and early on the following morning he was up. He asked his wife if she had milk and flour enough to make him another bowl of porridge.

'Yes, Charles,' she said; 'we have not touched it.'

'Then, if you are willing, I should like some more.'

The wife moved quickly about the work and ere long the food was prepared. The husband ate it and he felt better. He washed and dressed, and would have shaved had his hand been steady enough. He left his home and went at once to a man who had commenced to frame a house.

'Mr. Manly,' he said, addressing the gentleman alluded to, 'I have drank the last drop of alcoholic beverage that ever passes my lips. Ask me no more questions, but believe me now you see me, true. Will you give me work?'

'Charles Nelson, are you in earnest?' asked Manly in surprise.

'So much so, sir, that were death to stand upon my right hand and yonder bar-room upon my left, I would go with the grim messenger first.'

'Then there is my house lying about us in rough timber and boards. I place it all in your hands, and shall look to you to finish it. While I can trust you, you may trust me. Come into my office and you shall have the plan I have drawn.'

We will not tell how the stout man wept, nor how his noble friend shed tears to see him thus; but Charles Nelson took the plan, and having studied it for a while, he went out where the men were at work getting out the timber together, and Mr. Manly introduced him as their master. That day he worked but little for he was not strong yet, but he arranged the timber and gave directions for framing. At night he asked his employer if he dared trust him with a dollar.

'Why, you've earned three,' returned Mr. Manly.

'And will you pay me three dollars a day?'

'If you are as faithful as you have been to-day, for you will save me money at that.'

The poor man could not speak his thanks in words, but his looks spoke for him, and Manly understood them. He received his three dollars, and on his way home he stopped and bought first a basket, then three loaves of bread, a pound of butter, some tea, sugar, and a piece of beef-steak, and he had just one dollar and seventy-five cents left. With this load he went home. It was some time before he could compose himself to enter the house, but at length he went in and set the basket upon the table.

'Come, Mary,' he said, 'I have brought something home for supper. Here, Nelly, you take the pail and run over to Mr. Brown's and get a couple of quarts of milk.'

He handed the child a shilling as he spoke, and in a half bewildered state she took the money and hurried away.

The wife started when she raised the cover of the basket, but she dared not speak. She moved about like one in a dream, and ever and anon she would cast a furtive glance at her husband. He had not been drinking—she knew it—and yet he had money to buy rum with if he had wanted it. What could it mean. Had her prayers been heard? O, how fervently she prayed then.

Soon Nelly returned with the milk, and Mrs. Nelson set the table out. After supper Charles arose, and said to his wife:

'I must go up to Mr. Manly's office to help him arrange some plans for his new house, but I will be at home early.'

A pang shot through the wife's heart as she saw her husband turn away, but still she was far happier than she had been before in a long while. There was something in his manner that reassured her and gave her hope.

door opened, and Charles entered. His wife cast a quick, keen glance at his face, and she almost uttered a cry of joy when she saw how he was changed for the better. He had been to the barber's and to the tatter's. Yet nothing was said upon the all important subject.

Charles wished to retire early, and his wife went with him. In the morning the husband arose first and built the fire. Mary had not slept until long after midnight, having been kept awake by the tumultuous emotions that had started up in her bosom, and hence she awoke not so early as usual. But she came out just as the tea-kettle and potatoes began to boil, and breakfast was soon ready.

After the meal was eaten Charles arose and put on his hat, and then turning to his wife, he asked:

'What do you do to-day?'

'I must wash for Mrs. Rixby.'

'Are you willing to obey me once more?'

'Oh—yes.'

'Then work for me to-day. Send Nelly over to tell Mrs. Rixby that you are not well enough to wash, for you are not. Here is a dollar, and do with it as you please. Buy something that will keep you busy for yourself or children.'

Mr. Nelson turned towards the door, and his hand was upon the latch. He hesitated and then turned back. He did not speak, but he opened his arms, and his wife sank upon his bosom. He kissed her, and then having gently placed her in a seat, he left the house. When he went to his work that morning he felt well, and very happy. Mr. Manly was to cheer him, and this he did by talking and acting as though Charles had never been unfortunate at all.

It was Saturday evening, and Nelson, had been almost a week without rum. He had earned fifteen dollars, ten of which he now had in his pocket.

'Mary,' he said, after the supper table had been cleared away, 'here are ten dollars for you and I want you to expend it in clothing for yourself and children. I have earned fifteen dollars during the last five days. I am to build Squire Manly's great house, and he pays me three dollars a day. A good job isn't it?'

Mary looked up, and her lips moved, but she could not speak a word. She struggled a few moments, and then burst into tears. Her husband took her by the arm and drew her upon his lap, and then pressed her to his bosom.

'Mary,' he whispered, while the tears ran down his own cheeks, 'you are not deceived. I am Charles Nelson once more, and will be as I live. Not by an act of mine shall another cloud cross your brow.' And then he told of the words he had heard on the previous Monday, while he lay behind the wall.

'Never before,' he said, 'did I fully realize how low I had fallen, but the scales dropped from my eyes then as though some one had struck them off with a sledge. My soul started up to a stand-pint from which all the tempters of earth cannot move it. Your prayers are answered my wife.'

Time passed on, and the cottage once more assumed its garb of pure white, and its whole windows, and green blinds. The roses in the garden smiled and in every way did the improvement work. Once again was Mary Nelson amongst the happiest of the happy, and her children choose their own associates now.

The Case of Passmore Williamson.

A citizen of the United States has been imprisoned at Philadelphia for nearly three months, at the discretion of Judge Kane, for a constructive contempt of Court, and for declining to acknowledge himself guilty of such contempt, when he had given simply an answer of plain truth and sobriety to a precept demanding of him what he had no right or power to perform.

As there are few people who exactly understand the facts in this case, we will briefly recapitulate them, as given from a source which has never been accused of fanaticism or ultra abolitionism.

In the month of July last, Col. Wheeler arrived at Philadelphia, accompanied by three slaves. By the law of Pennsylvania, these slaves on touching the soil of that State became free. Passmore Williamson was at that time Secretary of a Society founded by Dr. Franklin, for the relief of free blacks claimed as slaves. He informed the slaves in question, that by the laws of Pennsylvania, they were entitled to their liberty, whereupon they left their master, and went their way, as they had the most perfect right to do. Wheeler applied to Judge Kane, of the U. S. District Court, for a writ of habeas corpus, directing Williamson to bring the alleged slaves before his Court, to prove his return to the writ a contempt of Court. He could find no contempt in the allegation that the slaves were not, at the time of the service of the writ, under the control of Williamson, but he claimed that it had been proved that, at the time of their escape, they were so. The insertion, therefore, of this allegation, viz.: that the slaves had never been under the control of Williamson, he decided to be a contempt of Court, for which he at once sentenced Williamson to imprisonment.

The counsel of Williamson immediately asked permission to amend the return, by striking out the objectionable part; but this permission was denied, and the respondent was hurried off to prison, where he still remains. An application to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for a writ of habeas corpus to bring before the Court the alleged slaves, has been refused, on the ground solely, that the State Court could not go behind Judge Kane's adjudication. On this decision we make no comment. It was, perhaps correct, and seems to be supported by precedents.

Such are the facts in this case. They disclose an instance of lawless oppression and tyranny unparalleled in the annals of judicial proceedings.

The Hartford Courant, after reciting the facts in the case, makes the following among other comments: (In an article said to have been written by Hon. James Dixon, formerly a member of Congress.)

The special boast of our 'free and independent' people is their secure enjoyment of

personal liberty. No man can be imprisoned here, we are in the habit of asserting, without due process of law. The accusation must be specific—the accused must be confronted by the witness—he must be heard by himself or his counsel—and a jury of his peers must pronounce him guilty, before he can be deprived of life or liberty. This is the theory of our Government.

What is the crime for which Williamson is imprisoned? Is it in the fact that he announced to the slaves of Whichever their legal rights? This will not be claimed. On the contrary, it was his right and duty, as a man and a citizen, to give them the information concerning their right to freedom. They were oppressed and ignorant, and it would have been the duty, as has been well said elsewhere, of Judge Kane himself, and of every magistrate, every officer of justice in the State, to give such information and see that the laws were executed according to their benevolent object and intent, and not suffer the weak through ignorance of the laws in their behalf, to become the prey of the strong, evading and overriding those laws.

Was there any intentional contempt of Court on the part of Williamson? This is not even claimed by Judge Kane. How could it be, when the respondent desired to amend his return by striking out the immaterial part which was objected? No, the contempt for which he lies in prison was technical—constructive—made out by reasoning—was, indeed, no contempt at all, as any man of ordinary sense must see. It was a base pretext, and such must be the judgment of the people when the facts are understood.

In point of fact this statement in Williamson's return, that the slaves in question had never been under his control, was strictly true. They were as free, the moment they reached, by the voluntary act of their owner, the State of Pennsylvania, as Judge Kane himself. They were not under the control of Williamson, in any legal sense, and his return was therefore strictly correct.

The power of Judge Kane to imprison for contempt of Court, is defined by an act of Congress, passed March 2, 1831, the first section of which is as follows:

'Be it enacted, &c. That the power of the several Courts of the United States, to issue attachments and inflict summary punishments for contempts of Court, shall not be construed to extend to any cases except the misbehavior of any person or persons, in the presence of said Courts, or so near thereto as to obstruct the administration of justice, the misbehavior of any of the officers of said Court in their official transactions, and the disobedience or resistance by any officer of said Courts, party and juror, witness, or any other person or persons, to any lawful suit, process, order, rule, decree or command of the said Courts.'

Was Williamson guilty of misbehavior in Court? This is not pretended. He is guilty of disobedience to any writ, process, order, rule, decree or command of the Court? Let us see. What was the writ served upon him? It made it the duty of the respondent to bring the bodies of the alleged slaves into Court, or to make his return of reasons for not so doing. He made return accordingly. He stated that the persons were not, and never had been under his control, and that he could not therefore have their bodies in Court. Now we ask any lawyer to say how, under the act of Congress quoted above, Judge Kane had power rightfully to imprison for contempt of Court. There was no pretence of misbehavior in Court—there was no disobedience to the writ—which was in effect in the alternative—to bring in the bodies or make return of reasons for not complying. If the return was in fact, false, that was not disobedience. It was perjury, and for that, as is proved by the authority above cited, the respondent should have been recognized to appear at the next term to answer. Clearly, there was no shadow of authority for the arbitrary sentence of imprisonment. It was a lawless exercise of judicial power, which would result in the impeachment of the guilty Judge, if the Government of the United States were not under the control of the oligarchy of the South.

The Happy Man.

The happy man was born in the city of Regeneration, in the parish of Repentance unto Life. He was educated at the school of Obedience, and lives now in the town of Perseverance. He works at the trade of Diligence, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the country of Christian Contentment, and many times does jobs of Self-Denial. He wears the plain garb of Humility, and has a better suit to put on when he goes to Court, called the robe of Christ's Righteousness. He often walks in the valley of Self-abasement, and sometimes climbs the mountain of Spiritual-mindedness. He breakfasts every morning upon Spiritual Prayer, and eats every evening upon the same; he has meat to eat that the world knows not of, and his drink is the sincere milk of the word. Thus happy he lives and happy he dies. Happy is he who has Gospel submission in his will, due order in his affections, sound peace in his conscience, sanctifying grace in his soul, true humility in his heart, real divinity in his breast, the Redeemer's yoke on his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory over his head. Happy is the life of such a person, in order to gain which, pray fervently, believe firmly, wait patiently, love humbly, die daily, watch your heart, guide your senses, redeem your time, love Christ, and hope for glory. A true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man. Virtue is his business, Study his recreation, Contentment his rest, and Happiness his reward; God is his Father, the Church is his Mother, the Saints are his brethren, and he is a friend to all that need him. Heaven is his inheritance, Religion his mistress, Loyalty and Justice his two ladies of honor, Devotion his chaplain, Chastity his chamberlain, Sobriety his butler, Temperance his cook. Hospitality his housekeeper, Providence his steward, Charity his treasurer, Fidelity the mistress of his house, and Discretion his porter to let in and out as is most fit. Thus is his whole family made up of virtues, and he is the master of the family.

The Turnep Flavor.—A writer in the Michigan Farmer says that if rutabagas and other turneps are kept where they neither freeze nor heat, they will impart no bad flavor to the milk of cows that eat them. Keep them sweet, says he, and I will warrant the milk and beef to be sweet also.

THE PERPLEXED HOUSEKEEPER.

BY MISS F. D. GAGE.

I wish I had a dozen pairs
Of hands, this very minute;
I'd soon put all these things to rights—
The very deuce is in it.

Here's a big washing to be done,
One pair of hands to do it,
Shirts, shirts and stockings, coats and pants,
How will I e'er get through it!

Dinner to get for six or more,
No loaf left o'er from Sunday;
And baby cross as he can live—
He's always so on Monday.

And there's the cream, it's getting sour,
And must forthwith be churning;
And here's Bob wants a button on—
Which way shall I be turning?

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,
The bread was worked for baking,
The clothes were taken from the boil—
Oh dear! the baby's waking!

Hush, baby dear! there, hush-sh-sh!
I wish I had a whole lot more,
Till I could run and get some wood
To hurry up that kettle.

Oh dear! if I—comes home,
And finds things in this pother,
He'll just begin and tell me all
About his tiny mother!

How nice her kitchen used to be,
Her dinner always ready;
Her chambermaid, lean, dainty woman,
Hush, hush, dear little Freddy.

And then, when came little Freddy word,
Right out before I'm thinking—
They say that hasty words from wives
Set sober men to drinking.

Now isn't that a great idea,
That men should stop to sinning
Because a squawky, half-cocked wife,
Can't always smile so winning?

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble,
Had clothes and pocket money, too,
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I, A-LASS! was courted—
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper,
Chambermaid, laundress, dainty woman, and scrub
generally, doing the work of six.

For the sake of being supported!

The Prejudice of Color.

Frederic Douglass' work, entitled "My Bondage and my Freedom," is one of the most interesting books, which we have ever read. From that portion of the work devoted to the author's experience as a Freeman, we extract the following interesting passage:—

"Riding from Boston to Albany a few years ago, I found myself in a large car well filled with passengers. The seat next to me was about the only vacant one. At every stopping place we took in new passengers, all of whom on reaching the seat next to me, cast a disdainful glance upon it and passed to another car, leaving me in the full enjoyment of a whole form. For a time, I did not know but what my riding there was prejudicial to the interest of the railroad company. A circumstance occurred, however, which gave me an elevated position at once. Among the passengers on this train was Gov. George N. Briggs. I was not acquainted with him, and had no idea that I was known to him. Known to him however, I was, for, upon observing me the Governor left his place, and making his way towards me, respectfully asked the privilege of a seat by my side; and upon introducing himself, we entered into a conversation very pleasant and instructive to me. The despised seat now became honored. His excellency had removed all the prejudice against sitting by the side of a negro; and upon his leaving it, as he did, on reaching Pittsfield, there were at least one dozen applicants for the place. The Governor had, without changing my skin a single shade, made the place respectable which before was despicable.

A similar incident happened to me once on the Boston and New Bedford Railroad, and the leading party to it has since been Governor of the State of Massachusetts. I allude to Col. John Henry Clifford. Lest the reader may fancy I am aiming to elevate myself, by claiming too much intimacy with great men, I must state that my only acquaintance with Col. Clifford was formed while I was his hired servant, during the first winter of my escape from slavery. I owe it to him to say that in that relation I found him always kind and gentlemanly. But to the incident. I entered a car at Boston for New Bedford, which, with the exception of a single seat, was full, and found I must occupy this or stand up during the journey. Having no mind to do this, I stepped up to the man having the next seat, and who had a few parcels on the seat, and gently asked leave to take a seat by his side. My fellow passenger gave me a look made up of reproach and indignation, and asked me why I should come to that particular seat. I assured him in the gentlest manner, that of all others this was the seat for me. Finding that I was actually about to sit down he said, 'O! stop, stop! let me out?'

Suiting the action to the word, upon the agitated man got, and snatched to the other end of the car, and was compelled to stand for the way thereafter. Half way to New Bedford, or more, Col. Clifford, recognizing me, left his seat, and not having seen me before since I had ceased to wait on him, (in everything except hard arguments against his pro-slavery position), apparently forgetful of his rank, manifested in greeting me something of the feeling of an old friend. This demonstration was not lost on the old gentleman whose dignity I had an hour before most seriously offended. Col. Clifford was known to be about the most aristocratic gentleman in Bristol county; and it was evidently thought that I must be somebody, else I should not have been thus noticed by a person so distinguished. Sure enough, after Col. Clifford left me I found myself surrounded with friends; and among the number, my offended friend stood nearest, and with an apology for his rudeness, which I could not resist, although it was one of the largest ever offered. With such facts as these before me—and I have many of them—I am inclined to think that pride and fashion have much to do with the treatment commonly extended to colored people in the United States. I once heard a very plain man say (and he was cross-eyed, and awkwardly slung together, in other respects; that he should be a handsome man when public opinion changed."

Consumption.—I think it my duty to warn the heads of families against being easily persuaded either to banish their children to Madeira or Italy, or to shut them up in warm rooms at home. It is generally a very unnecessary practice, and even worse than useless. There is often extreme cruelty in it. We have already stated that Drs. Gourlay, Gordon, and

Heineker, each of whom resided at Madeira, discourage us from sending patients thither, the first declaring that whole families have been swept off there by consumption. It is of far greater consequence how the patients live out of the house and in the house, than where they live; and if people would only avail themselves of all the advantages they enjoy in this country, they never need think of visiting another.

[Dr. Graham's Modern Domestic Medicine.

Plain Talk.

It's of no use, if you are hollow hearted and animated by no high and ennobling sentiment,—if you have no principle, and sneer at virtue and religion, you cannot be a gentleman. Your manners may be fascinating, but they are the glitter of the serpent. Your clothes may be of the richest, but they only serve to hide a rascal. There is no restraint upon you but law and public opinion. You hunt for prey under specious garb, and decoy with a lying tongue. Your face wears a smile, but your heart is full of rottenness most foul. You never can give out the ring of the true coin—It's of no use.

A silly mother thinks she can make more than women of her daughters. She toils in the kitchen, they simmer and draw nonsense in the parlour. She rises with the sun to get her breakfast, while they read the last novel in bed. She toils over the wash tub while they dream on the piano. The earnings of the farm are squandered to put on their backs, and to put them through a fashionable school. They are reared in idleness, and become accomplished babies, utterly ignorant of all that womanly knowledge so creditable to the sex, and unfit for anything but to dress finely, talk nonsense, and marry simpatons like themselves. It's of no use, mother, your silly dreams will never be realized.

A young man—a smooth-faced stripling—with little breeding and less sense, ripens fast, and believes himself an exceedingly nice young man. He chews and smokes tobacco, swears gently, coaxes embryo imperials with bear's grease, twists a rattan, and stays with 'women across the gate by moonlight. At concerts he manifests his ill-breeding by ill-timed stamping and slang phrases. He stares at every lady, he courts, pulls at his shirt collar and sneers at the begrimed laborer as he presses him in the street. It's no use, young sir, you can never be a man.

A farmer has a son, and dreams that he will shine in the professions. He is taken from the farm, and crowded through until he is a 'college bred' young man, and comes home to waste cologne and burn the last negro melody. The father has never dreamed that brains have anything to do with the young graduate's future eminence and fame. He drops down into some village and hangs out his shingle, waiting for customers and living upon cold victuals sent from home. The father wonders why the genius of his son remains unnoticed by the world. It's no use, old man, you have attempted to make a whale of a pig's tail. A man may go through college, and yet have no brains. [Cayuga Chief.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE RECIPE.—

