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Maxham & Wing

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WHO TEACHES BEST?

He teaches best who best doth learn:
We give what we receive:
We cannot give unless we get—
Let none their hearts deceive.

He teaches best who best doth pray:
Enriched by prayer, we give;
Our cries and tears bring down the rain
Which makes the seed to live.

He teaches best who best doth live:
Tis thus the truth we know:
The power which living hearts doth win
From earnest lives must flow.

He teaches best who best doth love:
This quickens, yet controls;
This grace must live and reign in those
Whose aim is to win souls.

He teaches best who best doth show
The merits of Christ's death:
Through whose kind words true love doth glow,
And breathe in every breath.

[From Scribner's Monthly Magazine.]

How One Woman Kept her Husband.

[CONTINUED.]

I went with John to Mrs. Long's, almost immediately after tea. He accepted the proposal with unhesitating delight; and I wondered if Ellen observed the very nonchalant way in which he replied when she said she did not feel well enough to go. He already liked better to see Mrs. Long without his wife's presence, cordial and unembarrassed as her manner always was. His secret consciousness was always disturbed by it.

When we reached Mrs. Long's house, we learned that she had gone out to dinner. John's face became black with the sudden disappointment, and, quite forgetting himself, he exclaimed: "Why, what does that mean? She did not tell me she was going."

The servant stared but made no reply. I was confused and indignant; but John went on: "We will come in and wait. I am sure it is some very informal dinner; and Mrs. Long will soon be at home."

I made no remonstrance, knowing that it might annoy and disturb Ellen to have us return. John threw himself into a chair in front of the fire, and looked moodily into the coals, making no attempt at conversation. I took up a book. Very soon John rose, sauntered abstractedly across the room, took up Mrs. Long's work-basket, and examined every article in it, and at last sat down before her little writing desk, which stood open. Presently I saw that he was writing. More than an hour passed. I pretended to read; but I watched my brother-in-law's face. I could not mistake its language. Suddenly there came a low cry of delight from the door. "Why, John!"

Mrs. Long had entered the house by a side-door, and having met no servant before reaching the drawing-room, was unprepared for finding any one there. From the door she could see John, but could not see me, except in the long mirror, to which she did not lift her eyes, but in which I saw her swift movement, her outstretched hands, her look of unexpressed gladness. In less than a second she had seen me, and with no perceptible change of manner had come rapidly towards me, holding out her left hand familiarly to him, as she passed him. Emma Long was not a hypocrite, but she had a almost superhuman power of acting. It was all lost upon me, however, on that occasion. I observed the quick motion with which John thrust into a compartment of the desk, the sheet on which he had been writing; I observed the clasp of her hands as she glided by him; I observed her face; I observed his; and I knew as I had never fully known before how intensely they loved each other.

My resolution was taken. Cost what it might, come what might, I would speak fully and frankly to my sister the next day. I would not longer stand by and see this thing go on. At that moment, I hated both John Gray and Emma Long. No possible pain to Ellen seemed to me to weigh for a moment against my impulse to part them.

I could not talk. I availed myself of the freedom warranted by the intimacy between the families, and continued to seem absorbed in my book. But I lost no word, no look, which passed between the two who sat opposite me. I never saw Emma Long look so nearly beautiful as she did that night. She wore a black velvet dress, with fine white lace ruffles at her throat and wrists. Her hair was fair, and her complexion of that soft pale tint, with a slight undertone of brown in it, which is at once fair and warm, and which can kindle in moments of excitement into a brilliant fair outshining any brunette skin. She talked rapidly with much gesture. She was giving John an account of the stupidity of the people with whom she had been dining. Her imitative faculty amounted almost to genius. No smallest peculiarity of manner or speech ever escaped her, and she could become a dozen different persons in a minute. John laughed as he listened, but not so heartily as he was wont to laugh at her humorous sayings. He had been too deeply stirred in the long interval of solitude before she returned. His cheeks were flushed, and his voice unsteady. She soon felt the effect of his manner, and her gaiety died away; before long they were sitting in silence, each looking at the fire. I knew I ought to make the proposition to go home, but I seemed under a spell; I was conscious of a morbid desire to watch and wait. At length Mrs. Long rose, saying: "If it will not disturb Sally's reading, I will play for you a lovely little thing I learned yesterday."

"Oh, no," said I. "But we must go as soon as I finish this chapter."

She passed into the music room, and looked back for John to follow her; but he threw himself at full length on the sofa, and said: "No, I will listen here."

My quickened instinct saw that he dared not go; also that he had laid his cheek in an abandonment of equality on the top of the sofa on which her hand had been resting. Even in that moment I had a sharp pang of pity for him, and the same old misgiving question, whether my good and sweet and almost faultless Ellen could be loved just in the same way in which Emma Long would be.

As soon as she had finished the nocturne, a low sweet strain, she came back to the parlor. Not even for the pleasure of giving John the delight of the music she loved would she stay where she could not see his face.

But I had already put down my book, and was ready to go. Our good-nights were short and more formal than usual. All three were conscious of an undefined constraint in the air. Mrs. Long glanced uneasily up at John's face as we left the room. Her eyes were unutterably tender and childlike when a look of griefed perplexity shadowed them. Again my heart ached for her and for him. This was no idle caprice, no mere entanglement of senses between two unemployed and unprincipled hearts. It was a subtle harmony, organic, spiritual, intellectual, between two susceptible and intense natures. The bond was as natural and inevitable as any other fact of nature. And in this very fact lay the terrible danger.

We walked home in silence. A few steps from our home we met Dr. Willis walking very rapidly. He did not recognize us at first. When he did, he half stopped as if about to

speak, then suddenly changed his mind, and merely bowing passed on. A bright light was burning in Ellen's room.

"Why, Ellen has not gone to bed!" exclaimed John.

"Perhaps some one called," said I guiltily. "Oh, I dare say," replied he, "perhaps the doctor has been there. But it is half-past twelve," added he pulling out his watch as we entered the hall. "He could not have staid until this time."

I went to my own room immediately. In a few moments I heard John come up, say a few words to Ellen, and then go down stairs, calling back, as he left her room.

"Don't keep awake for me, wife, I have a huge batch of letters to answer. I shall not get through before three o'clock."

I crept noiselessly to Ellen's room. It was dark. She had extinguished the gas, as soon as she heard us enter the house! I knew by the first sound of her voice that she had been weeping violently and long. I said:

"Ellen, I must come in and have a talk with you."

"Not to-night, dear. To-morrow I will talk over everything. All is settled. Good-night. Don't urge me to-night, Sally. I can't bear any more."

It is strange—it is marvelous what power there is in words to mean more than words. I knew as soon as Ellen had said, "Not to-night, dear," that she divined all that I wanted to say, that she knew all I knew, and the final moment, the crisis, had come. Whatever she might have to tell me in the morning I should not be surprised. I did not sleep. All night I tossed wearily, trying to conjecture what Ellen would do, trying to imagine what I should do in her place.

At breakfast Ellen seemed better than she had been for weeks. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks pink; but there was an ineffable almost solemn tenderness in her manner to John, which was pathetic. Again the suspicion crossed my mind that she knew that she must die. He too was disturbed by it; he looked at her constantly with a lingering gaze as if trying to read her face; and when he bade us good-by to go to the office, he kissed her over and over as I had not seen him kiss her for months. The tears came into her eyes, and she threw both arms around his neck, for a second—a very rare thing for her to do in the presence of others.

"Why, wife," he said, "you mustn't make it too hard for a fellow to get off!—Doesn't she look well this morning, Sally?" turning to me. "I was thinking last night that I must take her to the mountains as soon as it was warm enough. But such cheeks as these don't need it." And he took her face in his two hands with a caress full of tenderness, and sprang down the steps.

Just at this moment Mrs. Long's carriage came driving swiftly around the corner, and the driver stopped suddenly at sight of John.

"Oh, Mr. Gray, Mr. Gray!" called Emma. "I was just coming to take Ellen and the children for a turn, and we can leave you at the office on our way."

"Thank you," said John, but there are several persons I must see before going to the office, and it would detain you too long. I am already much too late," and without a second look he hurried on.

I saw a slight color rise in Mrs. Long's cheeks, but no observer less jealous than I, would have detected; and there was not a shade less warmth than usual in her manner to Ellen.

Ellen told her that she could not go herself, but she would be very glad to have some of the children go; and then she stood for some moments, leaning on the carriage door and talking most animatedly. I looked from one woman to the other. Ellen at that moment was far more beautiful than Mrs. Long. The strong, serene, upright look which was her most distinguishing and characteristic expression, actually shone in her face. I wished that John Gray had stopped to see the two faces side by side. Emma Long might be the woman to stir and thrill and entrance the soul and give stimulus to the intellect; but Ellen was the woman on whose steadfastness he could rest, in the light of whose sweet integrity and transparent truthfulness he was at his safest, and would be a far stronger man than with any other woman in the world.

As the carriage drove away with all four of the little girls laughing and shouting and clinging around Mrs. Long a strange pang seized me. I looked at Ellen. She stood watching them with a smile which had something heavenly in it. Turning suddenly to me, she said: "Sally, if I were dying, it would make me very happy to know that Emma Long would be the mother of my children."

I was about to reply with a passionate ejaculation, but she interrupted me.

"Hush, dear, hush. I am not going to die. I have no fear of any such thing. Come to my room now, and I will tell you all."

She locked the door, stood for a moment looking at me very earnestly, then folded me in her arms and kissed me many times; then she made me sit in a large arm chair, and drawing up a low foot-stool, sat down at my feet, resting both arms on my lap, and began to speak. I shall try to tell in her own words what she said:

"Sally, I want to tell you in the beginning how I thank you for your silence. All winter I have known that you were seeing all I saw, feeling all I felt, and keeping silent for my sake. I never can tell you how much I thank you; it was the one thing which supported me; it was an unspeakable comfort to know that you sympathized with me at every point; but to have had the sympathy expressed even by a look would have made it impossible for me to bear up. As long as I live, darling, I shall be grateful to you. And moreover it makes it possible for me to trust you unreservedly. I had always done you some injustice, Sally. I did not think you had so much self-control."

Here she hesitated an instant. It was not easy for her to mention John's name; but it was only for a moment that she hesitated. With an impetuous eagerness, unlike herself, she went on:

"Sally, you must not blame John. He has struggled as constantly and as nobly as a man ever struggled. Neither must you blame Emma. They have neither of them done wrong. I have watched them both hour by hour. I know my husband's nature so thoroughly that

I know his very thoughts almost as soon as he knows them himself. I know his emotions before he knows them himself. I saw the first moment in which his eyes rested on Emma's face as they used to rest on mine. From that day to this I have known every phase, every step, every change of his feeling toward her; and I tell you, Sally, that I pity John from the bottom of my heart. I understand it all far better than you can, far better than he does. He loves her at once far more and far less than you believe! You will say, in the absolute idealization of your inexperienced heart, that it is impossible for a man to love two women at once. I know that it is not, and I wish I could make you believe it, for without believing it you cannot be just to John. He loves me to-day, in spite of all this, with a sort of clinging tenderness born of this very struggle. He would far rather love me with all his nature if he could, but just now he cannot. I see very clearly where Emma gives him what he needs, and has never had in me. I have learned many things from Emma Long this winter I can never be like her. But I need not have been so unlike her as I was. She has armed me with weapons when she least suspected it. But she is not after all, on the whole, so nearly what John needs as I am. If I really believed that he would be a better man, or even a happier one with her as his wife, I should have but one desire, and that would be to die. But I know that it is not so. It is in my power to do for him, and to be to him, what she never could. I do not wonder that you look pityingly and incredulously. You will see. But in order to do this I must leave him."

I sprang to my feet. "Leave him! Are you mad?"

"No, dear, not at all; very sane and very determined. I have been for six months coming to this resolve. I began to think of it in a very few hours after I first saw him look at Emma as if he loved her. I have thought of it day and night since, and I know I am right. If I stay, I shall lose his love. If I go, I shall keep it, regain it, compel it. She spoke here more hurriedly. "I have borne now all I can bear without betraying my pain to him. I am jealous of Emma. It almost kills me to see him look at her, speak to her."

"My poor darling!" I exclaimed; "and I have been thinking you did not feel it."

She smiled sadly, and tossed back the sleeve of her wrapper so as to show her arm to the shoulder. I started. It was almost emaciated. I had again and again in the course of the winter asked her why she did not wear her usual style of evening dress, and she had replied that it was on account of her cough.

"It is well that my face does not show loss of flesh as quickly as the rest of my body does," she said quietly. "I have lost thirty-five pounds of flesh in four months, and nobody has observed it. Yes, dear," she went on, "I have felt it. More than that I have felt it increasing every hour, and I can bear no more. Up to this time I have never by look or tone shown to John that I knew it. He wonders what it means that I do not. I have never by so much as the slightest act watched him. I have seen notes lying on his desk, and have left the house lest I might be tempted to read them! I know that he has as yet done no clandestine thing, but at any moment I should have led him both into it by showing one symptom of jealousy. And I should have roused in his heart a feeling of irritation and impatience with me, which would have done in one hour more to intensify his love for her, and to change its nature from a pure involuntary sentiment into an acknowledged and guilty one, than years and years of free intercourse could do. But I have reached the limit of my endurance. My nerves are giving way. I am really very ill, but nothing is out of order in my body aside from the effects of this anguish. A month more of this would make me a hopelessly broken-down woman. A month's absence from the sight of it will almost make me well."

I could not refrain from interrupting her.

"Ellen, you are mad! you are mad! You mean to go away and leave him to see her constantly alone, unrestrained by your presence? It has almost killed you to see it. How can you bear imagining it, knowing it?"

"Better than I can bear seeing it, far better. Because I have still undiminished confidence in the real fastidiousness of the bond between John and me. Emma Long would have been no doubt a good, a very good wife for him. But I am his wife, and I am the mother of his children, and just so sure as right is right, and wrong is wrong, he will return to me and to them. All wrong things are like diseases, self-limited. It is wrong for a man to love any woman better than he does his wife; I do not deny that, dear, she said, half smiling through her tears at my indignant face; but a man may seem to do it when he is really very far from it. He may really do it for days, for months, for years, perhaps; but if he be a true man, and his wife a true wife, he will return. John is a true husband and a still truer father. John is mine, and I am his; and I shall live to remind you of all these things, Sally, after time has proved them true."

I was almost dumb with surprise. I was astounded. To me it seemed that her plan was simply suicidal. I told her in the strongest words I could use, of the scene of the night before.

"I could tell you of still more trying scenes than that, Sally. I know far more than you. But if I knew ten times as much, I should still believe that my plan is the only one. Of course I may fail. It is all in God's hands. We none of us know how much discipline we need. But I know one thing; if I do not restrain John in this way, I cannot in any. If I stay I shall annoy, vex, disturb, torture him! Once the barriers of my silence and concealment are broken down, I shall do just what all other jealous women have done since the world began. There are no torments on earth like those which a jealous woman inflicts, except those which she bears! I will die sooner than inflict them on John. Even if the result proves me mistaken, I shall never regret my course. But I know that the worst is certain if I remain. But I have absolute faith,"—and her face was transfigured with it as she spoke, "John is mine. If I could stay by his side through it all and preserve the same relation with him which I have all winter, all would sooner or later be well. I wish I were strong enough. My heart is, but my body is not, and I must go."

When she told me the details of her plan, I was more astounded than ever. She had taken Dr. Willis into her full confidence. (He had been to us father and physician both ever since our father's death.) He entirely approved of her course. He was to say—which in itself he could conscientiously do—that her health imperatively required an entire change of climate, and that he had advised her to spend at least one year abroad. It had always been one of John's and Ellen's air-castles to take all the children to England and to Germany for some years of study. She proposed to take the youngest four, leaving the eldest girl, who was her father's pet and companion, to stay with him. A maiden aunt of ours was to come and keep the house, and I was to stay with the family. This was the hardest of all.

"Ellen, I cannot! Do not—oh, do not trust me. I shall never have strength. I shall betray all some day and ruin all your hopes."

"You cannot, you dare not, Sally, when I tell you that my life's whole happiness lies in your simple silence. John is unobservant, and also unsuspicious. He has never had an intimate relation with you. You will have no difficulty. But you must be here, because, dear, there is another reason," and here her voice grew very unsteady, and tears ran down her cheeks.

"In spite of all my faith, I do not disguise from myself the possibility of the worst. I cannot believe my husband would ever do a dishonorable thing. I do not believe that Emma Long would. And yet when I remember what ruin has overtaken many men and women whom we believed upright, I dare not be wholly sure. And I must know that some one is here who would see and understand if a time were approaching at which it would be needful for me to make one last effort with and for my husband face to face with him. Unless that comes, I do not wish you to allude to the subject in your letters. I think I know just how all things will go. I believe that in one year, or less, all will be well. But if the worst is to come, you will with your instincts will foresee it, and I must be told. I should return then at once. I should have power, even at the last moment, to save John from disgrace. But I should lose his love irretrievably; it is to save that that I go."

I could say but few words. I was lifted up and borne out of myself, as it were, by my sister's exaltation of atmosphere. She seemed more like some angel-wild than like a mortal woman. Before I left her room at noon, I believed almost as fully as she did in the wisdom and the success of her plan.

There was no time to be lost. Every day between the announcement of her purpose and the carrying it out, would be a fearful strain on Ellen's nerves. Dr. Willis had a long talk with John in his office while Ellen was talking with me. John came home to dinner looking like a man who had received a mortal blow. Dr. Willis had purposely given him to understand that Ellen's life was in great danger. So it was, but not from the cough! At first John's vehement purpose was to go with them. But she was prepared for this. His business and official relations were such that it was next to impossible for him to do it, and would at least involve a tremendous pecuniary sacrifice. She overruled and remonstrated, and was so firm in her objections to every suggestion of his of accompanying or following her, that finally, in spite of his anxiety, John seemed almost piqued at her preference for going alone. In every conversation on the subject I saw more and more clearly that Ellen was right. He did love her—love her warmly, devotedly.

Two weeks from the day of my conversation with her they sailed for Liverpool. The summer was to be spent in England, and the winter in Nice or Montone.

Alice, the eldest daughter, a loving, sunny girl of twelve, was installed in her mother's room. This was Ellen's special wish. She knew that in this way John would be drawn to the room constantly. All her own little belongings were given to Alice.

"Only think, Auntie," said Alice, "mamma has given me, all for my own, her lovely toilettes set, and all the Bohemian glass on the bureau, and her ivory brushes! She says when she comes home she shall refurnish her room and papa's too!"

Oh, my wise Ellen, could Emma Long have done more subtly?

Early on the first evening after John returned from New York, having seen them off, I missed him. "I said bitterly to myself, 'At Mrs. Long's, I suppose,' and went up stairs to find Alice." As I drew near her room I heard her voice, reading aloud. I went in. "He and Alice were lying together on a broad chintz-covered lounge, as I had often seen him and Ellen."

"Oh, Auntie, come here," said Alice, "hear mamma's letter to me! She gave it to papa in New York. She says it is like the sealed orders they give to captains sometimes, not to be opened till they are out at sea. It is all about how I am to fill her place to papa, and there are ever so many little notes inside, more orders, which even papa himself is not to see! I only suppose he'll recognize the things when I do them!"

At that moment, as I watched John Gray's face, with Alice's nestled close, and his arms clasped tight around her, while they had Ellen's letter, a great roll of my heart, I went through many dark days afterward, but I never could quite despair when I remembered the fatherhood and husbandhood which were in his eyes and his voice that night.

The story of the next twelve months could be told in a few words, so far as its external incidents are concerned. It could not be told in a thousand volumes, if I attempted to reproduce the subtle undercurrents of John Gray's life and mine.

Each of us were living a double life; he more or less unconsciously; I with such sharpened senses, such overwrought emotions, that I only wonder that my health did not give way. I endured vicariously all the suspense and torment of the deepest jealousy, with a sense of more than vicarious responsibility added, which was almost more than human nature could bear. Ellen little knew how heavy would be the burden she laid upon me. Her most express and explicit direction was that the familiar intimacy between our family and Mrs. Long's was to be preserved unaltered. This it would have been impossible for me to do if Mrs. Long had not herself recognized the necessity of it, for her own full enjoyment of John's society. But it

was a hard thing; my aunt, the ostensible head of our house, was a quiet woman, who had nothing whatever to do with society, and who felt in the outset a great shrinking from the brilliant Mrs. Long. I had never been on intimate terms with her, so that John and Alice were really the only members of the household who could keep up precisely the old relation. And so it gradually came about that in most of our meetings under each other's roofs, strangers were asked to fill up the vacant places; and in spite of all Emma Long's efforts and mine, there was a change in the atmosphere of our intercourse. But there was enough of intimacy to produce the effect for which Ellen was most anxious, i. e., to extend the shelter of our recognition to the friendship between John and Emma, and to remove from them both all temptation to anything clandestine or secret. They still saw each other almost daily; they still shared most of each other's interests and pleasures; they still showed most undisguised delight in each other's presence. Again and again I went with them to the opera, to the theatre, and sat through the long hours, watching, with a pain which seemed to me hardly less than Ellen's would have been, their constant sympathy with each other in every point of enjoyment, their constant forgetfulness of every one else.

But there was all this time, another side to John Gray's life, which I saw and Emma Long did not. By every steamer came packages of the most marvelous letters from Ellen: letters to us all; but for John a diary of every hour of her life. Each night she spent two hours in writing out the record of the day. I have never seen letters which so reproduced the atmosphere of the day, the scene, the heart. They were brilliant and effective in narrative to a degree that utterly astonished me; but they were also ineffably tender and loving, and so subjective in their every word, that it was like seeing Ellen face to face to read them. At first John did not show them even to me; but soon he began to say, "These are too rare to be kept to myself; I must just read you this account;" or "Here is a page I must read," until at last it became his habit to read them aloud in the evening to the family, and even to more intimate friends who chanced to be with us. He grew proud beyond expression of Ellen's talent for writing; and well he might. No one who listened to them but exclaimed, "These never were such letters before!" "I think there never were. And I alone knew the secret of them."

These long, brilliant letters were not all. In every mail came also packages for Alice—secret, mysterious things, which nobody could see, but which proved to be sometimes small notes, to be given to papa at unexpected times and places; sometimes little fancy articles, as a pen-wiper, or a cigar-case, half worked by Ellen, to be finished by Alice, and given to papa on some special day, the significance of which "only mamma knows;" sometimes a pressed flower, which was to be put by papa's plate at breakfast, or put in papa's button hole as he went out in the morning. Oh, I was more and more lost in astonishment at the subtle and boundless art of love which could so contrive to reach across an ocean and surround a man's daily life with its expression. There were also in every package letters to John from all the children: even the baby's little hand was guided to write by every mail. "Dear papa, I love you just as much as all the rest do!" or "Dear papa, I want you to tussle me!" More than once I saw tears roll down John's face in spite of him, as he slowly deciphered their illegible scrawls. The older children's notes were as vivid and loving as their mother's. It was evident that they were having a season of royal delight in their journey, but also evident that their thoughts and their longings were constantly reverting to papa. How much Ellen really indited of these apparently spontaneous letters I do not know; but no doubt their atmosphere was in part created by her. They showed even more than did her own letters, that papa was still the centre of their life. No sight was seen without the wish—"Oh, if papa were here!" and even little Mary, aged five, was making a collection of pressed leaves for papa, from all the places they visited. Louise had already great talent for drawing, and in almost every letter came two or three childish but spirited little pictures, all labeled "Drawn for papa!" The true picture of our courier in a rage, for papa to see. "The washerwoman's dog, for papa," etc., etc. Again and again I sat by, almost trembling with delight, and saw John spend an entire evening in looking over these little missives and reading Ellen's letters. Then again I sat alone and anxious through an entire evening, when I knew he was with Emma Long. But even after such an evening, he never failed to sit down and write long pages in his journal letter to Ellen, a practice which he began of his own accord, after receiving the first journal-letter from her.

"Ha! little Alice," he said, "we'll keep a journal too, for mamma, won't we! She shall not outdo us that way." And so, between Alice's letters and his, the whole record of our family life went every week, to Ellen; and I do not believe, so utterly unaware was John Gray of any pain in Ellen's heart about Emma Long, that he ever in a single instance omitted to mention when he had been with her, where, and how long.

This is the way a Milwaukee girl has been affected by the Alexandrovitch: "Out of the glare and heat and weariness of the great ball given by Milwaukee to the Duke Alexis, I have brought a picture for my shadow gallery. The gaudy and rouge and pearl powder and rare perfume that surrounded it have all fallen off, just as the dark calyx that hides the beauty and fragrance of the rosebud shrivels all away into nothingness under the unfolded petals, and left me a flower as sweet and as simple as ever bloomed in a summer wildwood."

A physician who attended Mr. Webster for a number of years bears witness in a letter to Mr. Cushing, that the great statesman had little sympathy with the short-sighted view that a possible second term was a hindrance to fidelity in a President. He regarded the hope of re-election as a quite strong motive for good administration, and in this he agreed with some of the most cautious and conservative men in the Constitutional Convention.

When is a lady's cheek not a cheek?—when is a little pale (pall.)

VICE PRESIDENT COLVAX asserts that the sudden and serious illness with which he suffered some months ago, was the result of the prostration caused by arduous duties, and he thinks that the constant smoking of cigars had much to do with it. He adds that his life-long habit of total abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors has been of inestimable value to him, and he intends to abandon the use of tobacco altogether, very soon. [Boston News.]

We should look for a little more decision in Colfax—unless he thinks that a moderate use of tobacco will improve his chances for the Vice Presidency. He is satisfied that smoking had much to do with his serious illness, and he intends to leave off—very soon! Human nature.

Ten students at Moscow who signed the address in favor of liberty of the press have been, without exception, banished to Siberia. And yet we are trying to persuade ourselves that Russia and America can fraternize.

DO YOU KNOW A SLAVE?

Yes, I am a slave, you are a slave, most of us are slaves!—still we seem to be proud of living in what we call a free country!—Can I labor with my own hands and brains, and by prudence, care and short living save a little money with which to build me a small house for a home for myself and family and live in it unmolested? No; I must pay rent for the use of the house, or the collector will sell it for taxes. Can I take my hard earned money and go where I can procure the greatest amount of the necessities for living for what I have to pay, or can I go where I can sell most and buy for least?—no! A cordon of posts surround the country manned by commissioned inspectors to know how I go out, and what I bring back, and enforce the payment of a tax equal to about one third of all I have, whether it is sugar, molasses, cloth, hats or shoes for my children. Can I educate my children as I think best? no! I must conform to the manufactured demands of public sentiment. Can I freely worship God according to the dictates of my own conscience and sing his praise in my own way? no! I must bow to this or that theological dogma and help pay for quartette music or be cast out.

Now why is all this? Why cannot the honest, prudent middle class Christian man enjoy all the rights and freedom which he is entitled to in truth and theory?—Because he has the rich on the one hand to rob him and the poor on the other hand to scold and point at him. The rich and poor, eternal enemies; from their strife and complications come all the evil flesh is heir to, with the slavery to which all are subject. The rich call for taxes to improve their lands and roads, while they hide their stocks, bonds and money from the assessors; the poor vote taxes on the rich to support our schools. The rich demand import taxes to protect their investments in manufactures against foreign competition in trade, and *after* the poor into the belief that the same course is to protect their labor—while in the use and appropriation of these taxes, the use is largely lost, the substance falling into the hands of idle speculators. Speculators from the ranks of both rich and poor combine to produce abuses in our public schools in many ways, prominently in enforcement of the use of books we do not want, and strange as it may seem in a country where the constitution and statute laws ordain that every person shall enjoy entire religious liberty, the construction of our religious and social relations in the hands of leaders in different theological interests is so well regulated as to enroll every family, perhaps nearly every individual, under the head of some religious society (or some association claiming to be such) demanding pecuniary support for all the running machinery, minister and family, choir, (quartette) organs, Sabbath School, fuel, light and repairs of house—all making a burdensome tax on communities of limited means—and how is the tax to be secured? The one, two, or three (of any society) who are rich make their large subscriptions, then join with the pious poor in social convalescence according to supposed ability to pay, and then enforce payments by supplications, prayers and imprecations and in case of deficiency a trio of pleasant ladies may be detailed, arrayed in panoply complete, and sent out to assess and collect without partiality, to pay some of the "quartette singers" or make the minister a present of some nice article, which most likely he does not need and the *dunned man* may need much more for his own or the children of some poor friend.

Is this freedom in the exercise of religion and charity? Is it not a social way of prescribing laws for the violation of which the penalty is private proscription?—Is it not slavery as sure as that effected by the cordon of Custom Houses around the land? And while Christian restraint, which secures the greatest possible liberty, and municipal taxation strictly for mutual benefit is wise, just and necessary, is it not as true that *entire* free trade between all people and nations is the only Christian rule of trade and living?

For the Mail.

DO YOU KNOW A SLAVE?

Yes, I am a slave, you are a slave, most of us are slaves!—still we seem to be proud of living in what we call a free country!—Can I labor with my own hands and brains, and by prudence, care and short living save a little money with which to build me a small house for a home for myself and family and live in it unmolested? No; I must pay rent for the use of the house, or the collector will sell it for taxes. Can I take my hard earned money and go where I can procure the greatest amount of the necessities for living for what I have to pay, or can I go where I can sell most and buy for least?—no! A cordon of posts surround the country manned by commissioned inspectors to know how I go out, and what I bring back, and enforce the payment of a tax equal to about one third of all I have, whether it is sugar, molasses, cloth, hats or shoes for my children. Can I educate my children as I think best? no! I must conform to the manufactured demands of public sentiment. Can I freely worship God according to the dictates of my own conscience and sing his praise in my own way? no! I must bow to this or that theological dogma and help pay for quartette music or be cast out.

Now why is all this? Why cannot the honest, prudent middle class Christian man enjoy all the rights and freedom which he is entitled to in truth and theory?—Because he has the rich on the one hand to rob him and the poor on the other hand to scold and point at him. The rich and poor, eternal enemies; from their strife and complications come all the evil flesh is heir to, with the slavery to which all are subject. The rich call for taxes to improve their lands and roads, while they hide their stocks, bonds and money from the assessors; the poor vote taxes on the rich to support our schools. The rich demand import taxes to protect their investments in manufactures against foreign competition in trade, and *after* the poor into the belief that the same course is to protect their labor—while in the use and appropriation of these taxes, the use is largely lost, the substance falling into the hands of idle speculators. Speculators from the ranks of both rich and poor combine to produce abuses in our public schools in many ways, prominently in enforcement of the use of books we do not want, and strange as it may seem in a country where the constitution and statute laws ordain that every person shall enjoy entire religious liberty, the construction of our religious and social relations in the hands of leaders in different theological interests is so well regulated as to enroll every family, perhaps nearly every individual, under the head of some religious society (or some association claiming to be such) demanding pecuniary support for all the running machinery, minister and family, choir, (quartette) organs, Sabbath School, fuel, light and repairs of house—all making a burdensome tax on communities of limited means—and how is the tax to be secured? The one, two, or three (of any society) who are rich make their large subscriptions, then join with the pious poor in social convalescence according to supposed ability to pay, and then enforce payments by supplications, prayers and imprecations and in case of deficiency a trio of pleasant ladies may be detailed, arrayed in panoply complete, and sent out to assess and collect without partiality, to pay some of the "quartette singers" or make the minister a present of some nice article, which most likely he does not need and the *dunned man* may need much more for his own or the children of some poor friend.

Is this freedom in the exercise of religion and charity? Is it not a social way of prescribing laws for the violation of which the penalty is private proscription?—Is it not slavery as sure as that effected by the cordon of Custom Houses around the land? And while Christian restraint, which secures the greatest possible liberty, and municipal taxation strictly for mutual benefit is wise, just and necessary, is it not as true that *entire* free trade between all people and nations is the only Christian rule of trade and living?

MISCELLANY.

DISILLUSION.

BY MARK E. ATKINSON.

FAREWELL, sweet dream! 'Tis surely time to wake,
And shake from me the misty realm of sleep.
Across the sky the stars are falling,
I must arise and this illusion break.
Farewell, sweet dream! I may not even keep
A tender memory of thee, to make
Life warm, and light, and fragrant—no, nor take
The dewy comfort of the eyes that weep.
Farewell, sweet dream! fade, fade! I make no more,
The day shines cold across the ocean plain,
Yonder the pathway lies, I go alone,
Doubtless my footsteps will be dug by pain.
Yes, so—but never let the flinty stone
Be flushed by thy most fair mirage again!
—Christian Union.

PROTESTANTISM IN TURKEY.—Though it is but about twenty years since American missionary enterprise sought fields of labor in countries under Mohammedan rule, yet there has been steady and great progress, and it is not a little singular that while local governors here and there have done their best to oppose missionary labors, the imperial government has almost invariably been on the side of a large liberality. And it is no less singular that it is from one of the agents of the government, appointed for the purpose of ascertaining the progress of Protestantism, that we get valuable information on this subject. Hagop Effendi, the civil head of the Protestants, has recently made an extensive tour of observation, and his report to the Sultan is a document of interest to all who rejoice in the progress in Turkey of Christianity, and his letter to the directors of the American Board of Missions is a singular paper, and cannot be read but with pleasure. We have space for only a specimen of his statements. He honors the American missionary as true to all his American sympathies and institutions as well as to those of the Gospel. He says: "Verily, the missionary has been as true an American as Christian. The most zealous advocate of American civilization could not have done half so much for his country as the missionary has done. From the mountain Gauragh in Cilicia you may go across to the wild mountains of Bhotan on the border of Persia, or you may take Antioch if you please, and go on any line to the black shores of the Euxine, and you will certainly agree with me that the American missionary has served his country no less than his Master. Indeed, what Dr. Hamlin is doing with his Robert College, and the American missionary with his school looks and Theological Seminary, all European diplomats united cannot overbalance. After all this you will certainly not be astonished if you see three clocks, American chairs, tables, organs, agricultural implements, mills, Yankee saddles, and a Yankee rider on the mountains of Asia Minor, and hear congregations singing Old Hundred, as heartily as you ever heard it at home." To these views of the Turkish agent Dr. Hamlin adds: "I would like to say that the missionary operations in the Ottoman Empire have reached a stage of progress that gives us the highest hopes of the future."—Boston Traveller.

If we are to credit the statement, a number of retail liquor dealers in the city of Boston so far comprehend the situation, that they think of forming an association, of which the members will pledge themselves not to sell to drunken persons, nor to habitual tipplers, nor to loafers, nor to minors, nor to those who neglect their families and businesses through intemperance. "We want," say these gentlemen, "to make our business more popular and respectable." This is a commendable resolution so far as it goes, which is not far. While they are busy reflecting, will the retail dealers be good enough to consider that their business makes drunken persons and habitual tipplers and loafers and bad fathers? The plan seems to be to manufacture a class of these disreputable and unprofitable members of society, throw them over, supply their places with fresh recruits, in their turn to be discarded. Not very encouraging, after all.

—[N. Y. Tribune.]

A New York letter says of Stokes's lawyer: "John Graham is not a genius, but as the slang is, he is thundering smart. He has studied up our jury system to a dot. He is no orator, has a harsh grating voice, and is the most vulgar and quarrelsome man at the New York bar; but he just hits the nail upon the head every time he wishes to impress his point upon the twelve intelligent men before him. He worries witnesses, contriving to malign their characters without introducing a witness to asperse; then threatens to spank the opposing lawyers, and reads all kinds of uncivil lectures to the judge upon the bench. This is just the kind of thing to impress a New York jury, selected according to medieval usage."

F. A. WALDRON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

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was to attain the greatest perfection in

the preparation, practice and use of Vegetable

Remedies, and to secure a permanent place

where Families, Invalids, or any person could

obtain the best medical advice, and receive

remedies as each might require, without the use

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since its foundation, now more than

twenty-five years. Few men have had so

large experience in the treatment of chronic

diseases. Dr. Greene is in his fifty-fifth year

and has devoted his life to this branch of his

profession, and his success, we believe is with-

out parallel.

Among the diseases to which he gives es-

pecial attention may be noticed Cancer, Scro-

fula, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Consumption, Heart

Disease, Neuralgia, Asthma, Nervousness,

Rheumatism, Paralysis, Spinal Diseases, Dys-

pepsia, Liver Complaint, Female Complaints,

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of diseases and their proper treatment, will

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MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Winter Arrangement. - 1871-2.

The new line of road between Danville and Cumberland

will be opened on Monday the 13th inst., and on and after

that date, trains for Portland and Boston, via New Road

and Lewiston, will leave Waterville at 10:45 A. M.; lower depot

10:45 A. M. via Augusta.

For Bangor and East and Hallowell, leave upper depot

at 4:30 P. M.; lower depot at 4:50 P. M.

Mixed train for Bangor, Belfast and East, upper depot

at 7:10 A. M.

Night Express, with sleeping car, for Boston via Augusta,

leave lower depot at 9:15 P. M.

Trains will be due from Portland and Boston at upper de-

pot at 4:30 P. M.; lower depot at 4:50 P. M. Night Express

from Boston at 5 A. M. daily, except Monday.

Mixed train from Bangor at 8:30 P. M.

Passage to State House, every day at 6 o'clock, P. M. (Sundays

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Fare in Cabin, \$1.00.

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The new and superior steaming Steamer

JOHN BROOKS, and MONROE, leaving

Waterville for Boston, every MONDAY and THUR-

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Having purchased the interest of my late partner

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PARLOR AND COOKING

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They have also a new Cooking Stove, which they are

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stove which has many conveniences, can be used with

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Waterville, Nov. 4, 1869.

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