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THE ORPHAN'S CHOICE.

One magnificent morning in the year 1811, a couple of little girls, not more than thirteen years of age, sat crying by the roadside, some distance from the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris. These children much resembled each other, but were yet quite dissimilar. They both had dark brown hair, large dark bright eyes, and clear complexions; both were tall, slender and graceful, and of the same height and size; but the one was low and narrow; one had a sweet, intelligent, and loving expression of countenance, indicating judgment and fortitude, while the looks of the other denoted a fiery impetuosity and recklessness that would give great energy in a sudden emergency, but which would soon weary under continued annoyance.

As the children sat crying by the roadside, with their arms round each other's necks, an elderly, honest-looking farmer came singing round a curve which had hidden them from view, and astonished by the sudden apparition of the little weepers, he stopped short and exclaimed:

"What, now, my pretty ones! Has the mother died down away? or have you strayed away from your nest? Why do you weep?"

"Alas! we are orphans—Pauline and I," said the low-browed one. "We have nobody to care for us. We have come here to die."

"Soul of my mother!" exclaimed the honest farmer, throwing up his hands; "spirits so young and yet weary of wing. Who could have imagined it? Are you sisters?"

"No," replied the one who had been called Pauline; "Camille is my cousin—her father was my mother's brother."

"By kind questioning, Jean Hudet, (for that was the farmer's name), learned that the little orphans had come from Provence to Paris, with the mother of Pauline, to find an uncle, who had been protected them; but, alas! the good man had died before their arrival, the mother and aunt soon died also; and now they were left alone, without a friend in the world."

And Camille again said that they wished to die; but Pauline said that her mother had taught her to trust in God, and that she should trust in Him.

"How intelligent they seem," soliloquized the farmer, "and so handsome, too. But Pauline is the angel, while Camille is the devil in pantalones—that is plain enough to be seen. I can't leave them here to die—poor things; nor can I support them at my home. My good Marie would welcome them, to be sure, as she would any suffering creature, but that will not keep them and us from starving."

With the good Josephine was Empress, I'd take them to her; but this new blue-eyed wife of the little corporal is as cold and sour as a Dutch cheese—besides she didn't know that I saved her husband's life in Egypt."

At that moment an open carriage, drawn by six milk white horses, dashed round the curve in the road, and Hudet leaped to one side to avoid the carriage of the Emperor and Empress, who were taking one of their accustomed morning rides, with only a postillion and two footmen for their attendants.

Napoleon had only recognized the old soldier of Italy and Egypt, and with a democratic impulse which gave him such a hold upon the masses, he ordered the postillion to rein up, and then beckoned Hudet to approach. The latter believing his old comrade to be both amiable and omnipotent, was frightened that he had declined uncomplimentary reflections upon the character of his new blue-eyed wife; but telling the children to remain where they were, he approached the carriage with a fluttering heart. The Emperor's manner at once reassured him, however. Napoleon extended his hand, and cordially grasping that of the farmer, said:

"Ah, my brave comrade, is it you then? And you have turned your word into a ploughshare, eh? But as you were not a lancer, where did you get your pruning hook?"

Then, gently pinching the cheek of Maria Louise, he laughingly added: "You see that I am familiar with the propheta. This brave man has saved my life in Egypt. Does not your love him? I like to meet my old braves thus, in the garb of peace, and smelling of clover. But tell me, he said, more seriously, are you prospering, Hudet? Are you safe against want, in case of blight or sickness? Confide in me!"

The good farmer, overwhelmed by this spontaneous kindness on the part of his renowned master, could hardly articulate a word. But he finally managed to say that he did not own the farm he worked, and that he was far from being prepared for any serious misfortune.

As soon as the Emperor understood this much, he impetuously interrupted Hudet, and said: "Leave that to me. Give me your address. Your family shall be provided for before the sun goes down. And now if you have any particular request to make, speak to me. Don't hesitate. We did not hesitate at Lodi or at Mount Tabor, did we? Ah, Hudet?" said Napoleon, with a beaming smile.

While the Emperor was speaking, Hudet had been earnestly thinking of the two orphans and whether he had better prevent their case to his old master. Napoleon's last word and friendly smile gave him courage, and he said: "Yes, sire, I have a request to make, but not for myself."

"For whom, then?" quickly said Napoleon. Hudet at once stated the case of the two orphans; and the Emperor at once said: "Bring them hither, and tell them that I am as you are along."

In a few moments the children stood before the imperial pair. Camille, who seemed highly delighted at having her case taken up by such a distinguished personage, came eagerly forward; but Pauline drew timidly back, and tried to hide behind the farmer.

Napoleon, who was perhaps the best judge of human nature that ever lived, and who could enter the most gallant and complimentary things that ever fell from mortal lips, at once noticed the difference in the characters of the children; and, beckoning to Pauline, he said with a low smile:

"Ah, my pretty one, how fresh and innocent you are. What is the news from heaven?"

"The child understood the compliment, blushed coral, and again slunk behind the farmer."

"And you, my angel," said the Emperor, turning to Camille's luminous eyes, "how have you robbed the sky of its brightest star?"

Camille blushed also; but it was a conscious blush, and she did not try to hide it, but gave the Emperor a grateful and admiring smile.

"Well, my brave comrade," said Napoleon, turning to the farmer, "what is to be done with these little fairies? We cannot leave them to wander here. Here, I have it; you know who I am; and you see that man standing by your side. Now, you may choose one of us for your guardian. If you choose me, I will be your guardian; if you choose me, I will be your guardian; if you choose me, I will be your guardian."

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virtuously and find you honest husbands among his neighbors' sons. Now which will you choose? Speak; for as you decide, so shall it be."

"Oh, sire, I will choose you," said Camille, bounding forward and kneeling by the side of the carriage. Then raising her tearful eyes, and glancing alternately at the Emperor and Empress, she said: "Oh, I am so happy. I can ask nothing more than to have such a hero and such an angel as my guardians."

Maria Louise smiled at this double compliment and seemed well pleased, though she said nothing. Napoleon only smiled, and made a sign to one of the footmen, who leaped to the ground and opened the carriage door.

"Come into the carriage," said Napoleon to Camille; and like a young leopardess she bounded to the feet of the Empress, where she remained, although the latter motioned her to take a seat beside her.

"Well, mademoiselle," said Napoleon, with a playful and gallant air to Pauline, "we wait your decision."

"I will stay with this good man," said Pauline, clinging to Hudet.

At this unexpected decision, the Emperor uttered an exclamation of astonishment, the Empress looked displeased, and poor Hudet, fearing it might bring his master's displeasure upon him, was too much frightened to appreciate the compliment the child paid him.

"Do you know what you are saying," said Napoleon kindly. "Are you afraid of me? I shall love you and you shall play with the King of Rome. Think again; and remember that you will be separated from your cousin, if you do not go with us."

"I will stay with good Hudet," said Pauline firmly; and I wish Camille would come, for I do not like to have her separated from me."

Napoleon, probably more for the purpose of ascertaining the workings of the child's mind than any intention of influencing her to change her decision, again resumed:

"But just think of the difference between Hudet and myself. I am powerful and can make you a queen if I like, while the most he can do is to marry you to a peasant."

"My mother told me," said Pauline, with deep emotion, "when she was on her death bed, to trust more to the good and honest than to the rich and great. She said it was sometimes safer to have the humble for protectors, because the great might fall and crush us in their ruin."

The blaze of Napoleon's eyes would have quenched the eagle's gaze, as he leaned over the side of the carriage, and said:

"Your mother was wise, and you do well to obey her teachings. What was her name?"

"Letitice d'Harcourt."

"The wife of Colonel d'Harcourt, who fell at Jena?"

"Yes, sire, Colonel d'Harcourt was my father," said Pauline, wiping the big tears from her cheeks.

"He was a very good friend of mine, and so was your mother. Did your mother never speak of me?"

"Yes, sire, she did often speak of you, and she loved you very much, until—until—"

"Until when?" said Napoleon quickly, and with a piercing look. Speak; I shall not be offended."

Being thus commanded, Pauline said, as she shrank behind the farmer:

"Until you sent Josephine away."

Poor Hudet uttered a cry of terror, and nearly fell to the ground. The Empress started, and her face flushed with anger. The positions sat as still as though they had neither eyes nor ears. For an instant Napoleon's face was as white as marble, and the next moment it was rigid and motionless. He knew that every word spoken would be retailed through the circles of Paris, and he was determined that the gossip should reflect no discredit upon him. Smiling upon Pauline he said:

"Your mother was a wise and good woman, would that France had many like her; but she could not understand the necessities which the interests of the State imposed upon me and Josephine. Your mother has left you her sweetness and wisdom—a valuable inheritance. In selecting your guardian you have not chosen badly. My brave Hudet will be a kind father to you. I, too, shall always remember and love you. Step into the carriage and embrace your cousin, for you must separate."

A short embrace and a leap to the ground, a cracking of the postillion's whip, a dash of the equipage, a waving of hands, and the farmer and the orphan were left alone.

"Soul of my mother! but this is a strange world. Who would have thought, five years ago, that this would have been the end—when I, a poor laborer, was standing in the road with the orphans, and the little corporal, sitting in the carriage with the Empress, was the most powerful monarch the world had ever seen? Camille chose the emperor for her guardian, and Pauline the peasant."

Now, the Emperor is a prisoner, Camille is sleeping in the churchyard, while I am rich, Pierre is famous, and Pauline the belle of Paris. Holy father, you are wise, read me this riddle."

"It is a simple riddle, good Jean," said the priest slowly rubbing his hands. "You remember what Pauline's dying mother said: 'The humble may rise and carry us with them, while the great may fall and crush us in the ruin.' As for the rest, the lesson is this: Seek first the kingdom of righteousness, and every good thing shall be added unto thee."

And Marie said: "Amen."

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

Come near me, let me lay my hand
Once more upon thy brow,
And let me whisper in thine ear
Words that will comfort thee.

The lips that breathe these trembling words
Will soon be cold in death,
And thy dear cheek can feel no more
Their warm and loving breath.

I go from this; God only knows
How I have longed to stay—
How I have shuddered thus to tread
The lone and shadowed way.

With tell me that I soon may know
The joys the blessed find,
And yet I falter while I cast
A lingering look behind.

I see thee bowed before me here
And soon thou wilt be dead,
But I cannot leave thee something said
To fight thy weary years.

Young, tender forms will cling to thee,
And thou wilt feel the weight of care,
And though they may not share thy grief,
They will not feel alone.

Fold them still closer to thy breast,
And soothe their childish woes,
And cheer the many lonely hours,
The motherless must know.

The world with all its hopes and joys,
Will seem to thee but a vain show,
But they must find round a hearth
All that a mother should.

And O! when time shall call me grief,
Perchance the hour may come,
When thou wilt feel the weight of care,
And cheer the many lonely hours.

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directly in front of them, under a glaring lamp. Pauline uttered a cry, and sprang towards the melancholy apparition.

The cousins had met once more. Pauline attempted to embrace Camille, but the latter threw her off with a fierce gesture, and fled down a narrow street ending in impenetrable darkness. Two days after, Pierre, who, aided by the police, had been searching for Camille, found her lifeless body at the dead house on the Seine, where it had been deposited dripping from the water about an hour before. Three evenings afterwards, Pauline and Pierre sat with Hudet and Marie and the good parish priest, before the old kitchen hearth, on which a cheerful fire blazed. Deep silence reigned, and each seemed busy with melancholy thoughts, suddenly the old farmer exclaimed:

"Soul of my mother! but this is a strange world. Who would have thought, five years ago, that this would have been the end—when I, a poor laborer, was standing in the road with the orphans, and the little corporal, sitting in the carriage with the Empress, was the most powerful monarch the world had ever seen? Camille chose the emperor for her guardian, and Pauline the peasant."

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and the neighborhood. Such are our farmers' daughters—the best specimens of them. They are not all after this picture; but then, the exceptions are few. Those that we have studied, as you can find them all along through our northern States, and in New England especially, are the models of their sex. To be sure they may be a trifle too timid; they may not yet feel exactly at their ease in all sorts of society; nor may they be fully aware of the decided beauty—for nature alone offers the enviable endowment—that breathes from their forms, their faces, and their free graces; but still, as the city is driven to make regular drafts upon the country for its men, just so is it obliged, and always will be obliged, to go to the same green fields and grassy lanes, and old brown houses, for its women and its mothers for the coming generations. We are heartily glad, too, it is so.

A farmer's girl in these times is not what she used to be, by any means. Once they were tied down to pining and cowering apathy, to spinning wool and flax, to doing general scullery labor, and to various avocations that we now consider a trifle beneath the province of our women—that is, for regular occupation. Now the spinning is not done in the farmer's kitchen, the apples are pared and cored by machinery, the hard work is not performed by the 'woman,' and a general spirit of refinement is slowly working its way in. One can readily detect it in the changed appearance of the door-yards. It confesses itself in the beautiful parterres of flowers that are tended with so much care during the summer months. It appears in the disposition to read more, to be less timid and shy, to establish something like a truly social state and neighborhood, and to court those graces that always and everywhere imply a heightened culture on the part of those who give them their attention and thought.

And just in this place it is impossible to keep out of mind the influence which one graceful, beautiful and pure-minded woman exerts in a house in the country. A home without her presence would be no home. Desert land could not be more barren. She throws around the dwelling all the charms that belong to her individual character. From her person itself radiates an atmosphere that seems to make all things a heaven. By her look, by her smile alone she is able to light up any spot, and diffuse cheerfulness where man himself would be a melancholy hermit. Where she lives, roses blow in the early summer, and grass ramble up in the very door. The buttercups and dandelions intrude. Ser dwelling with gold, as if the earth around her was a mine of wealth. Children's feet patter where she goes, and their merry voices you can hear on every side. Life accompanies her. Beauty walks in her path. Happiness hovers around her presence; and there is hope, and rest, and peace only where she is.

A good farmer of to-day is ambitious to give his daughters all the advantages he can; so he consults friends and the passing catalogues, and resolves on sending them to as good schools as are to be had. But they, every one of them, know how to make bread before they go. That's a consideration. And the moment they are through with their schooling, and have taken a little time to recruit their strength by a reasonable respite on the old homestead, they are competent to take care of the household to which they are generally called.

But not all have the luck, good or bad, to go away to school. They learn what they can near home, and perhaps set up as a teacher of the District school during the summer months, under the auspices of the school committee. They go through the old sing-song routine of teaching the children how to read and spell, perhaps the girls how to execute plain sewing, and then fall back on their reserved rights as assistants in their respective households. Sometimes they are indispensable at home, in which case they are held fast by the button of affection, and sundry other inducements of their parents. They are soon installed mistresses of their own homes, and occupy the position in spite of even the most desperate and persevering efforts of lovers and admirers to entice them away. We know very many such, who have, with a sacred devotion to father and mother, consented to forego all their hopes and ambition world-wise, and consecrate their lives to the support of the hearts of their parents. But such instances are not to be found except for the looking.

But not all farmers' girls get the advantages they so much deserve. Some of them stay at home in the quiet old brown house, and look out over the green grass or the white snow drifts, longing eagerly to see that great world which something tells them lies beyond. They do their daily work in the kitchen; they wash, and iron, and sew, and help in the dairy; they make beds, wash floors, set things to rights, run to the windows when strangers pass on the road, and make up, more or less, the life and light of the household. When you take your summer excursion into the country, you will see them standing in the door-way, staring at you while you pass, feeding the poultry in the back-yard, perhaps hanging out the clothes, with sprawling white hoods on out of doors, and always robust, rosy, bright and charming. Their faces speak only health, and their figures are generally the perfection of the true female form.

Just let us call in at this nice old farmhouse, that is nestled here under the hillside, and see how the old man's girls live; what they look like; what they busy themselves about, and chat a moment with them on matters in which their guileless hearts feel the deepest interest. There, for example, are three lively young creatures under the same roof. The farmer himself welcomes you warmly, and then with a knowing nod, tells you that the woman on the other side of the table is his wife. And a farmer's wife is somebody that no home in the country knows how to do without. Then in comes first Jane, next Lucy, and lastly Betsey. They adhere to the plain old names, you see. The girls drop a very timid courtesy, fall to fussing over their wristbands, or collars, and run about the room in quest of something to do that shall make the visitor more comfortable, when he is well enough pleased.

You sit in the chimney-corner, if it is winter, and wait till the girls get supper. In that interval you have a grand opportunity for seeing how the domestic arrangements are conducted. You can observe the nice and exact family discipline; study the ways of the household generally, and find out for yourself what farmers' daughters are. Jane draws the tea. Lucy finds all the muddle-pie, cuts the bread, keeps the cat out of mischief and has a corner of her eye to the guest. While Betsey takes care of

the children, sees that the bread doesn't toast too brown before the fire, runs hither and thither in response to the commands of her mother, and keeps an eye on the stranger likewise. Those three buxom girls form one of the prettiest household pictures. The Graces are nothing to them. Father sits back in his chair in the corner, and regards them with pride and delight. Mother bustles about generally, stopping now and then to see if the stranger is a young man, and how he might do, in certain fanciful exigencies, for one of those ruddy girls of hers. But they all do their best to make a visitor comfortable, and some understand the simple little trick better than others do. Some fret and fuss enough about it to do for the reception of the President; and here and there you can find those rare and beautiful souls in the country that always have a feast spread for chance travelers, and receive them with all the native grace, and ease, and simplicity, of native queens and princesses. Why do not such inhabit the green spots of God's earth altogether, and not chiefly they who debase, in too many instances, the sacred earth in which they claim a proprietorship?

The farmer's girls are up before the morning, with a window wide open and a bed early made. In summer you will see them all about the house. Sometimes in the barn-yard milking a favorite cow, or throwing corn to the hens and ducks, or stuffing dough down the throats of downy young chickens. They are gay creatures then; romping hoydens, with rosy cheeks, and arms bared to the sun and dew. One would fall in love with them at such a time, in spite of himself. If cheese is to be made, they have a hand to dip in it, or if butter, then their arms are bending over the butter-milk as far up as their elbows. They know all that is worth knowing about house-keeping, from kindling a fire on a frosty morning, to beating a goose and putting it upon the table as it should be. They are up to all the little tricks of living. You need not go among them thinking to teach them how to make improved bread; and though it is true that they may not be familiar with the numerous arts of such a caterer as Soyer, yet they can set as good a cold, hearty, appetizing dishes before you as you can ask for from one year's end to another. Even when they pour the milk from the picher, as you sit over against them at table, it looks and sounds as it does not seem to anywhere else. It gurgles, and froths, and foams, and gushes, and your very lips water for a tumbler before it is set down again; and forever after that you never think of fresh country milk and cream, but you think at the same time of country maids with their fair arms and healthy faces. The two things will go together as a necessity.

The country girl generally finds her husband, however, at the singing school. These winters, with their sociable evenings, are what do the mischief. Then it is that Lucy gets a beau home pretty regularly, and her less fortunate sisters affect to laugh at her. And then if the young fellow is inclined to make a serious matter of it at all, commences a regular course of visits. And these visits vary in length and frequency, from once in two weeks to oftener. In many localities that we might mention in the rural districts, they occur exactly once in two weeks, and then only on Sunday evenings. We have seen many and many a light burning Sunday night, when none but those who were either traveling or courting ought to have been up. The 'best room' in the farmer's house is open then, even if they insist on shutting out the sunshine all the rest of the week. One who took pains to pass by slowly, might discover the shadow of a head primly set up on a pair of shoulders, across the paper window curtain, which he would know at a glance to belong to some likely farmer's fellow not over a mile or two off. Besides, there is a horse standing shivering in the lee of the house, perhaps with a blanket stretched over him, his nose dropping down between his knees.

In time, courtship comes to marriage. And this is the great crowning event of all. The house is turned topsy turvey for it. There is no end to the fuss and hurry. And if the design is to make the affair as secret as possible it is remarkable how much pains are taken to make it as public as possible. Any goose could guess in a moment that something was going on, very much like a wedding, which generally winds up the whole arrangements. And to go to a country wedding, let us tell you—a real, honest, no make-believe country wedding, is to go where you will always wish you could have stayed a great deal longer. The business is entered upon so heartily and with so much zeal. All hands are in earnest, nor care more about the real ceremony than the frolic that make the time such a time as it was. There is actually more good kissing done at those gatherings than during the rest of the year put together. And many a timid pair, naturally shy of each other, spruce up their courage when they come to take a part in these festivals, and pop the important question right there on the spot, before they stop to think what has hurt them.

Then the newly married couple settle down for themselves. If they do not get west the first year, the husband either settles on the home-place under his father, or else buys or hires a farm by himself, and enters upon his calling as naturally as a newly hatched duckling takes to water. This beginning life as some of the farmers' girls begin it is truly refreshing. It has such a flavor of good sense in it, too. These are the girls that rear the men for us; the men who build the steamboats and railways, who are to raise the character of their own calling, on whom our cities make regular drafts for the bones and sinews of white power; they are held together, and who carry in their hearts and hands the hopes of coming years.

Blessed are the men whose mothers were country girls. At least they inherit vigorous health, and in these days of decadence that is something. They have heard something in their youth, if they had not themselves seen it, about fresh country scenes, about the trees, the grass and the dew, and the sunset; and these things enter farther in the nature than worldly people with poor souls are apt to suppose. If we were to marry over again, no money would tempt us to hunt for any but a ruddy, fresh, free hearted, buxom, country beauty. And we know where such are to be had, too!

DEVOTION TO AN IMPRISONED HUSBAND.

The fact was announced some days since of the determination of the wife of Mr. James O. Brayman, lately sentenced to the State Prison for the post office robbery in Chicago, to accompany her husband to Alton and to remain there during his term of imprisonment. The resolve of Mrs. Brayman is a noble one, and the sympathy of every generous and feeling heart will be with her. A similar case has recently occurred in Lorain county, Ohio. A man named Holmes Fleming was sentenced to the Penitentiary for larceny. His wife, Mary Jane Fleming, immediately made an attempt to get fire to her house, delivered herself up, and pleaded guilty of arson. She did this for the purpose of sharing her husband's captivity.

In connection with these instances of woman's devotion, we may mention the singular fact, communicated to us by a state prison inspector of long experience, that during his term of office, only one husband of a prisoner ever called at the prison to see his wife. There are, of course many married women confined for crime

but their husbands invariably desert them in their trouble. On the other hand, a large majority of the married male prisoners are visited constantly, and consoled with by their sorrowing wives. And yet how many of these poor women have suffered harshness and brutality at the hands of their criminal husbands.

[Albany Statesman, Nov. 17th.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . DEC. 3, 1857.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this Paper and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston; Tribune Building, New York; W. W. Corcoran and Co., 10 State street, Boston; and Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payment.

STIR IN REAL ESTATE.—The cry of hard times seems to be no bar to the sale and purchase of real estate in our village. The last two months have witnessed more changes than the two previous years. And we hear of no very great bargains—property is not going for a song. The purchasers are shrewd men, and most decidedly shrewd men, if there are any—and evidently see light ahead. Let's make a record:

Wm. Moor has purchased the late residence of Gen. W. B. S. Moor, on Front street, known as the "Shorey house," and built by David Shorey. Before the construction of the railroad, which sadly crowds the rear of the garden and out-buildings, this was one of the best residences in our village. It has been getting a little rusty since it lost the tasteful care of its first proprietor, but is capable of being made one of the homes that rank as village landmarks. It is at present the residence of Messrs. B. & W. Platt.

The "Dr. Small house," late residence of ex-sheriff Kimball—so prettily smothered in trees and shrubbery, on the corner of Church and Pleasant streets—has become the property of "Mr. Conductor Bodge," who we hope will make it his home to the oriental measure of "a thousand years." This was once "our own hired house," and more than one of its fine trees are of our setting. We confess to envying the man (and woman) who enjoys the pleasant task of making this one of the prettiest, coziest little homes in Waterville; and all for its trees and shrubs.

R. W. Pray has bought the "Paul Bailey property," consisting of his residence on School street and a farm of 30 or 40 acres of choice land just across the Mesallous. Mr. P. is going to farming, and has arranged a good plan. If we owned a mare for his farm, just alongside, we should like to "give him a try" in the way of competition. Success to him, till we get one.

Prof. Hamlen has purchased the late residence of Rev. George B. Gow, on Pleasant street. That vicinity is making good improvement; though at the time we claimed to be "conductors" of the premises on the corner, which was in '48, we had no neighbor on the north nearer than "Uncle Mark Winn," whose premises were afterwards burnt; and on the south we looked out upon Wadsworth Chipman and E. H. Piper. Surely, Waterville has not "wilted" badly in that branch.

Joshua Nye has bought the "William Ellis house," opposite Hancock's Building, on Main-st. This is also one of the comparatively new houses, of which our village shows a good number; and its central location renders it good property.

Chas. M. Morse has bought the late residence of Hon. Isaac Redington, corner of Elm and Spring-sts. This is one of our village landmarks, though its entire history is with the late proprietor. Its beautiful trees add much to its beauty, and consequently to its cash value—a point not to be forgotten by those who have none. It is never too late to plant a tree.

John Ware, of Athens, president of the A. & K. Railroad, has bought the late homestead of Mr. Sanger, on Elm-st. We hope the new proprietor will so far appreciate its quiet and inviting aspect as to make it his residence—as we understand he designs to do.

We mention these sales more for record, than as items of news—also as showing that men who have money are not afraid to invest it in good real estate in our village.

HOME ENTERPRISE.—Mr. Charles Eaton, of Kendall's Mills, has commenced the manufacture of flour from a superior quality of white Western wheat. If his success proves equal to the quality of the flour, he will find the enterprise a good one. A barrel we have in use proves superior to any we have found in market; and we hear it mentioned in high terms by others who have tried it. If Maine cannot raise her own wheat, she has at least the ability to manufacture her own flour; and an enterprise like this should be met with the encouragement it deserves. The "Fairfield Mills" are extensively known as the best in the State, and we hope that in the enterprising hands of Mr. Eaton, they will meet such evidence of appreciation from the public as will "keep their wheels greased" for a long time. Let those who talk of encouraging home enterprise try a barrel of this flour, and they will find it as much a privilege as a duty to do so. We say, try it!

Burglars are busy in Portland, many stores and dwellings having been entered by them.

FOUND.—A package of letters, addressed to E. M. Denmore, which was picked up near the residence of Mr. Alfred Wood, in Winslow, may be found at this office.

MAILS LOST.—That portion of the California Mail, by the Black Warrior, destined for Maine was lost this side of New York. After abstracting the money, the rogues should in some way have forwarded the letters, that hungry hearts might not starve for testimonials of love and affection, more precious than gold. Valuable letters, too, have recently been lost from the mails, sent from Portland to N. York.

OUR TABLE.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The December number of this new magazine has been received from the publishers, through Federhen & Co., periodical dealers, Boston. It is well up to the mark and realizes the idea of what a magazine for thinking, cultivated men, should be. The contents are—Florentine Monarchs, (continued) by John Lotrop Motley; The Battle of Lepanto—a chapter from one of the forthcoming volumes of Mr. Prescott's History of Philip the Second; The Wind and the Stream, Turkey Tracks—a very excellent story; Robin Hood—an elaborate and readable piece of historical fiction; The Ghost Redivivus—an Italian Tale; The Golden Mile-Stone, by Professor Longfellow; The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, by Dr. Holmes; and amazingly good food the Autocrat provides; Thomas Carlyle—perhaps as just an estimate of that extraordinary man as we are likely to have; The Button Box—a Sentimental story; Our Birds and their Ways—a well-written chapter of Natural History; The Indian Revolt, being a synopsis of the history of that event; Skipper Ireson's Ride; Solitude and Society—reported to be by Mr. Emerson; Akin by Marriage, (continued); Where will it End?—the only political article in the number, but evidently from some eminent hand of the anti-slavery school; My Portrait Gallery; and Literary Notices.

Under this last head the Homoeopathists will find themselves nicely out by that old joker, Dr. Holmes.

This new candidate for public favor is everywhere warmly welcomed, and its ultimate success and permanence are no longer in doubt.

Published by Phillips Sampson & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

For sale in Waterville by J. S. Carter.

THE LITERARY RECREATION.—This magazine, devoted to Literature and Religion, and published under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, closes the year with a well filled number, which contains two handsome steel engravings—A Glimpse in New Hampshire; and 'Cromwell's Last Interview with his Favorite Daughter.' We know of no periodical that excels this in the beauty of its embellishments, while nothing is allowed to soil the purity of its literature. It is an excellent magazine for the family, and the coming volume will surpass its predecessors. Published by Swornsted & Poo, Cincinnati, at \$2 a year; J. P. Magee, Boston, agent.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.—From J. S. Carter, Newspaper and Periodical Dealer, we have received a copy of this illustrated paper, for the week ending Nov. 28. Among its numerous attractions will be found a plan and view of the city of Delhi, several chapters of 'What Will He Do with it?' Butler's new novel, and a continuation of 'The Lazy Tour of the Two Idle Apprentices,' by Chas. Dickens.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—Among the number of publications which have been issued of late, is one that is rapidly securing for itself popular favor. Its title is 'The Student & Schoolmate,' and the object which the publishers have in view, is that of furnishing the scholar with matter immediately connected with his course of instruction in the day school, although not excluding objects more remote from such topics. Connected with it, as editor, is a person who, occupying the post of school teacher, is eminently fitted to conduct a work of this kind. His attention has for several years been particularly given to juvenile writing, and his success in this department has been complete. The work has the unanimous good opinion of educational people, and has attained a very large circulation throughout New England.

In the number before us, we notice an excellent article by the editor, on the science of common things, written in a style that never fails to interest. We perceive, also, a fine declamation exercise, marked according to the best rules in practice for right delivery, and a dialogue, which, considering the making of self dependence it contains, approves itself highly to every parent who wishes the inculcation of manly principles into the mind of his child. We can commend it heartily to the attention of all.

Published by James Robinson & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

Mr. Cobb is engaged in canvassing the town for subscribers, and we hope our people will patronize him abundantly.

QUERY.—In regard to Dr. Ayer, did the publishers of the Bangor Whig and Courier fail in their duty to the public, or did the editor of the Jeffersonian transcend his? If the latter be true, two professional gentlemen were badly damaged in purse and reputation; we lost a good job of printing, and neighbor Seavey was deprived of two profitable boarders; if the former, then the public generally, and the worthy landlord of the Elmwood (who pays for the Whig and Courier and receives it daily) and ourselves (brothers of the craft) were exposed to an outrageous swindle through the unfaithfulness of a public watchman of high position. "We pause for a reply."

THE BRIDGE.—The famous old Ticonic—assisted by the new Ticonic—is now in full tide of successful operation; and business in our streets is feeling the benefit of its renewed relation to the substantial farming interests of the East side of the Kennebec. The contractors have exhibited a degree of perseverance and enterprise that commands high praise; and they are reported to have been sustained by a gang of workmen that can hardly be equalled in skill and energy. It is said that on the final completion of the structure, somebody is to give somebody else a complimentary supper. Whether the workmen give it to the contractor, or the contractor to the workmen, or the stockholders to both—or, indeed, whether the public give it to all these—is beyond our power of guessing. It is a plain case, however, that the completion of so important an enterprise demands a "good time," and no doubt it will come—and probably with "chicken fixings."

We deeply regret to learn that Zebulon Sanger, Esq. of this place, who is on a visit to his son, Dr. E. F. Sanger, in Bangor, is lying sick at the Bangor House, of paralysis of the left side.

THE DALTON DIVORCE CASE.—which has made so much noise, has been discontinued by consent of the parties interested. It is understood that Mr. and Mrs. D. have been living together in retirement for some months.

SINGING SCHOOL.—A few persons interested in music, and feeling desirous that others than themselves should share its benefits, have succeeded by private subscriptions in getting up a very promising school, under the instruction of Mr. McGregor. The classes met yesterday for the first time, in Town Hall—an afternoon class of youth, at 2 o'clock, and an evening class of adults at 6 1/2. These classes are to meet regularly on Wednesday and Saturday. The school is open for additions to both classes, pupils being liable only for such contributions as they may please to make to the general fund; and the managers are desirous that all who wish to learn should come in.

Such an opportunity rarely offers, and we hope parents generally will secure its benefits to their children.

STROKE BY LIGHTNING.—A very heavy thunder shower passed over this city and vicinity early on Friday morning of last week, about 3 o'clock. The vivid flash, which was seen distinctly in this city, struck the house of Mr. Abner Hammond, in Northport, Little River, and completely demolished it. It came down the chimney, bursting it asunder from top to foundation and carrying away one of the gable ends of the house entire, and shattering every room it contained. Strange to tell, no one in the house was injured. A looking glass in Mrs. Hammond's room, close by her bed, was shattered to atoms, and parts of it were found the next day in the cellar. An ordinary case-knife which was sticking in a crevice near the window in the pantry, was found several feet distant driven through a portion of the head of a flour barrel, which had been opened the day previous. The family of Mr. Hammond had a most miraculous escape from instant death.

[Belfast Age.]

THE FEELING IN KANSAS.—The following is the latest intelligence we have from Kansas direct. It is from the correspondence of the Chicago Tribune:

"The excitement in Leavenworth on the subject of the 'bogus' Constitution is intense. A meeting was held there last Saturday which was addressed by Gen. Lane, Mr. Parrott, and other prominent Free State men. Mr. Henderson of the Leavenworth Journal, one of the framers of the Constitution, indiscreetly made his appearance in the hall. The excitement and indignation were so great that the officers had great difficulty in restraining the people from visiting him with the punishment of treason against liberty on the spot.

Another meeting will be held at Leavenworth on the 28th, to decide whether to vote at the constitutional election or fight."

TEA.—The New York correspondent of the Boston Traveller discourses upon tea as follows:

"Oolong and Ning-Yong tea drinkers will rejoice at the prospect of these favorite herbs being greatly reduced in price. The shipments from China ports to the United States during the months of June, July and August, inclusive, appear to have been double that of last year, during the same time. Very respectable black and green teas have recently been sold in New York, by the chest, at auction, at a reduction of twenty cents a pound from the prices obtained a short time ago. It may be advantageous to some of your numerous readers, perhaps, to know how to detect a good black tea from inferior qualities. The best black tea should have the color of a black cat, leaves of a moderate size, a little rounded in their shape, and a little reddish in their hue. If it resists, and as it were, pricks the hand upon being touched, it is a proof that it has been properly dried; but if it crumbles to powder, as it often does, it is a certain proof that it is quite too old or has been too much roasted."

The usual manner of proving teas by the tea brokers is to put a quantity into a porcelain cup and pour on it hot boiling water, placing the saucer above the cup, which they fill also with hot water, in order to increase the heat. The Pekoe, generally called Orange Pekoe, was formerly considered one of the most desirable among the better grades, is the mildest flavor, the least heating in its effects, and has a sweet violet smell."

A queer article is modern shun democracy. Jefferson Davis, a leader 'in good and regular standing' in the party, says:

"By the organic law of Kansas, the Convention were not required to submit the Constitution they might adopt, to the people; the popular approbation would give it no validity; the instrument would be void until approved by Congress. As the Convention had plenary powers, it could refer the Constitution to the people, or send it directly to Congress, as it might deem proper. He could not see any good reason why the latter course should not be pursued. A different one would necessarily lead to a continuance of agitation, which was the great object of the Kansas act to allay."

Kenny quotes the foregoing and declares that it is in distinct and flagrant violation of the Kansas Bill. As that bill was interpreted at the North, Forney is right. Watch now and see which interpretation receives executive and congressional sanction.

NIGGERS AIN'T HUMAN.—John Randolph, a South Carolina nigger, represented the county of Atchinson in the Dogus Convention of Kansas and some allusion being made to slavery as involving "a traffic in human flesh," Mr. Randolph delivered himself as follows:

"What does the gentleman mean by talking about traffic in human flesh? Does he think niggers are human? that they are flesh and blood like ourselves? Why, if John Randolph believed that niggers were men, no matter in however slight a degree, this convention would not find John Randolph on this floor of this hall advocating slavery. No! if he thought that niggers were human flesh and blood, possessed of human blood, possessed of human feelings, affections and thoughts, having an immortal soul, John Randolph would be an abolitionist. What! buy and sell our own flesh and blood! Trade in human souls! No! no! he believed no such sickly stuff as that; and for gentlemen affecting to hold that slavery was abstractly right, and put themselves forward as advocates of southern rights, to talk about the traffic in human flesh and blood, was simply balderdash. He didn't believe niggers to be human any more than a horse or a dog. If he did, he should advance their right to freedom."

Monstrous as Randolph's views are, they are more consistent, and indeed more honorable to him than are the views of those who acknowledge niggers to be human beings, with immortal souls 'like as themselves,' and yet favor the traffic in them the same as in beasts of the field.

SLAVES HELD IN IOWA.—MORE BEAUTIES ON THE DRED SCOTT DECISION.—The Fairfield (Iowa) Ledger is informed, on good authority, that a Missouri slaveholder has removed to Warren county, in that State, and has brought with him five or six slaves, which he claims a right to keep and work on the free soil of Iowa, under the Dred Scott decision. If that decision is not repudiated, such practical illustrations of its teachings will be found in every free State. Iowa owes it to herself to strike the manacles from every slave brought within her limits by an explicit and peremptory statute.

General Hamilton, who was drowned by the late steamboat collision in the Gulf of Mexico, was the famous South Carolina nullifier. When the tariff of 1828 was passed, he resigned his seat in Congress, and went home to resist its execution by force. He was elected Governor, and recommended the nullification act, under which he was subsequently—Hayne being Governor—was made General of the State troops. He imported, at his own expense, some sugar, refusing to pay the duties, in order to bring on a contest, which was subsequently avoided by the tariff compromise act. He was about 65 years old.

Letter from Ethan Spike.

THE FAIRFAX HOUSE, BOSTON, NOV. 1857.

Figgeratively speaking, we are for the most part sitting in sackcloth and ashes. We might as well be, for them as aint into the ashes, is bung up on willers, and the mourners go about the streets playin on tinklin symbols. We aint aisy up here—it takes some time, but we're dead sartin to have a touch of everything that's goin. Union savin, the veto, an the itch, arter ramblin all round us in the distant hypotheories of the futer, finally bust upon us like a lion roarin for his pray, an seekin whom he might devour somebody. So the great fle-Nance-shall places, which has bin chawin things up in other places, got along here a week ago come next tuesday night.

The first victim was the house of Spontaneous Spooner & Co. They shot up about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, an afore sundown that was a general panic all over town. A crowd got round the store and proposed tearin it down and hangin the enterprisen proprietors, but when one on em said they would go into lickerdick, an said how the back door to the bar was unfastened, people cobbled off properly. Folks generally went round to the backside, where they got sich an insite into the siteration of the house as wor very satisfactory, and when they adjourned at 9 o'clock gin three pernickish cheers for lickerdick. Next day a jinit speshial committee examined the affairs of the concern, an reported as follows:

"Horribly S. S. N. B.—P. S. Forasmuch law witnamely. We on our oaths do say, not havin the fear of nothin aour aour eyes an without favor (except so far as the house stood treat) an bein morover nevertheless instigated by the devil, that the said house, on the 4th day of November—tew wit on the 4th day of October—also tew wit on the 4th day of December next—comit likewise at sundry other times—to dependents unknown, with sticks, stouns, guns, carriageboxes, knapsacks, staves, blunderbusses, clubs, jackknives and other deadly an onlawful weapons not speshally sot forth—did flax, gin, squize, back daoun an totterly flumuxx—naou tharfore, we—the honorable commission aforesaid, do find the said house—tew wit the said Spontaneous & Co. with all the impertinences, privileges and choes therunto belonging—situated as follows—

Assets—\$40000000—22.
Liabilities—\$10000000—16.
All of which is respectfully submitted,
TRACIOUS TUTTLE—Charmen.

OXFORD, D. F. Personally appeared the undersigned an acknowledged the foregoing to be his free act an deed, according to his best belief an knowledge.

Before me, ETHAN SPIKE, Esq.,

One of the Justices.

The panic soon bekim general. Every body stopped payment, an the foundations of society was shook. Even I hev at last gin in to the pressure, an hev gone inter lickerdick. Taint a full case of suspension—about half. I make all that owes me pay up—but untill things get more settled, I dont keet to pay any demands that is agin me.

Public opinion is ondedicet respectin the cause. Some allow its the war in Ingy, others that its the tetter rot, while others still alkulate its all owing to free love. We haunt, it is true, got any very peculiar cases of free or any other 'love up here, but we've ollers bin more or less noted for takin an interest in any thing that turns up anywhere, whether it concerns us or not, more perticklerly if it does't.

Thars about a half a dozen old wimmin, of both sexes, which has made themselves miserable in their deep concern about this institution. It dead sartin thar aint anybody in the town that could come within tew rows of apple-trees of the meann of the tarm free love, but its a curus an time honored custom in aour place, to talk most about wat we know the least. Thers ere half dozen I spoke of, an proper nice folks—in their way, an all belong to four or five moral societies. I dont bieve that ifter er em would do anything wrong—if they thought would be found aout. Such as these is natrally severe on all new fangled notions. They say that niggers an love should never be free. Thers on account of bein descended from Kane, who slew his brother with the jaw boan of an ass an a weaver's beam, an love becase it had't orter. Notwithstandin thes ere conservators of public morals is so good, they've been affixed. One of em has fit with his wife every day for these ten years, an generally has the mark of her nails on his face—but then they are awful loving to one another in public, so nobody thinks anything of that. Nother 'one loved her husband so much—(twant free love)—that sheen how he was kinder poor, an didn't enjoy life, she was willin to lose his society—put rats-bean into his tea an sent him right straight to glory across lots. Twant proved though, an as she sot up in the moral line, nobody thinks nothin of that either. Then thers Lige Peabody—she's bin dreful unfortin. He's an aout an aout tottaller—never takes anything stronger than cider, except medically or mechanically, an yet whenever he goes to market some enemies of the cause ollers drugs him. an he kims him in the bottom of the waggin, Lige dont approve of free love at all, becase he's so moral himself, an yet appearances has bin sometimes hard agin him. Once when he was down to Portland an was stoppin at the City Hotel, he went down to Middle-st, arter dark, lost his way, got over to Washington-st, into the 'wrog house, an never knowed it till he was ketcht by a neighbor comin aout of the house aween day and sunris.

Aw hell, its a pity we haunt more sich men an wimmin as these, an when they are taken away from us, as they will be, each of em havin secured through tickets for heaven, who will fill their shoes? Wal, twont make much difference to me—I've aout gin out. I'm hoarse an hev got the brownrotters in the tonsils of my throet, a screamin for liberty—besides a dozen corns on my toes, made by keepin in step to the Union, and cant expect to last ollers. If I get through this pressure, you'll hear from me agin. If you dont hear from me in a reasonable time, you may conclude that the times has been too much for me, that the last spike is druv, an may write my obituary as soon as you please, commencing with these touchin lines—

"Now I lay me down to sleep—"

ETHAN SPIKE.
[Portland Transcript.]

THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.—A state of anarchy prevails as usual, according to the latest advices, over all Spanish America, except Chile, which alone enjoys tranquillity, and there in the South, the centre of the agricultural region, they are complaining of famine.

In Peru, the revolution is in the same state of uncertainty as for a long time past, neither party obtaining any important advantage over the other, though constantly fighting.

In Bolivia, the revolutionary party are said to be obtaining the upper hand, and there appears to have been a good deal of fighting, accompanied by murders, robberies, and other outrages committed by the Indian followers of the two armies.

In Central America, Costa Rica and Nicaragua, after having expelled the filibusters from the United States, are about to fight each other, while from the West coast of Mexico we have accounts of a sanguinary civil war, and a horrible account is given of the sacking of Chelapa, by the government troops, in revenge for the interest it had taken during the last five months in favor of the cause of the revolutionists. It was effected most thoroughly, and it will be a day long to be remembered by the female portion. The deeds done were too gross, too revolting to find a place in print. Shrieks and cries for mercy, upon the bonded knees, softened not the design of the brutal victors.

PITY THE DRUNKARD.—I pray you do not hate the drunkard; he hates himself. Do not despise him; oh, he cannot sink so low in your opinion as he is sunk in his own. Your hatred and contempt may rivet, but will never rend his chains. Lend a hand to pluck him from the mire. With a strong hand to shatter that bowl—remove the temptation which, while he hates, he cannot resist. Hate, abhor, tremble at his sin. And for pity's sake, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, for humanity's sake, rouse yourself for the question, What can be done? Without heeding others, whether they follow or whether they stay—rushing down to the beach, throw yourself into the boat, push away, and bend on the oar, like a man, to the wreck. Say I will not stand by and see my fellow creatures perish. They are perishing. To save them I will do anything. What luxury will I not give up?—What indulgence will I not abstain from? What customs, what shackles of old habits will I not break that these hands may be freer to pluck the drowning from the deep? God my help; His word, my law; the love of His Son my ruling motive; I shall never balance a poor personal indulgence against the good of my country and the welfare of mankind.

Brethren, such resolutions, such high, and holy and sustained, and self denying efforts, the height of this evil demands.—Dr. Guthrie.

A BACKWOODS SCHOOLHOUSE.—A correspondent of the Boston Journal who is on a hunting excursion in the backwoods of Maine, gives the following account of a schoolhouse he discovered in the wilderness. Those who have the advantages of our city schools should read it, that they may appreciate the privileges they enjoy:

In returning to camp I came across a clearing of about an acre, in the center of which stood a log hut, which on nearer inspection proved to be a schoolhouse; there was no other house in sight; but it was no doubt in the center of the district or settlement. It was the most primitive construction, (of what order of architecture I was unable to decide,) about twenty feet square, built of rough logs, dovetailed together, and the chimneys filled up with mud. The floor was of the same material. Two hewn logs with legs in each end, were provided for desks, the seats were duplicates, with shorter legs, the fireplace was built of stones, and the chimney of sticks laid crosswise and plastered with clay; but the teacher's desk was the main feature; it could be dignified with such a name. It consisted of an old empty nail cart bottom; everything was coarse and unfinished, forming a wide contrast to the temples of learning in more favored localities. Truly, thought I, the attendants of this school must realize the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. It is '46 wonder that the hardy sons of New England, with scarcely an exception, have the rudiments of a good education, when we see such laudable efforts made in their behalf in an out of the way place like this. I wished to get sight of the *rara avis*, the schoolmaster; but he was not 'abroad' when I called. If school had been in session I think I should have made a few remarks. It was such an excellent place to commence stump speaking.

PIN THIS UP.—There are some things which should be "stuck up with a pin," over the fireplace. The following advice by H. W. Beecher, is one of them. In his sermon on the money crisis, he says:

"Take care of yourselves. In the first place, every man should take care of his body. If your body fails, your energy is gone. If it must not fail you. You want food and sleep. Sleep is to a man's brain what the rain is to our clustens, with this difference—that our clustens hold a supply for several days, whereas our brain holds a supply for one day only. Sleep over night is the shower that fills it up. We owe it as a duty to ourselves to see that this central power be not exhausted by sleeplessness. It is a duty to sleep enough. A man who cannot sleep may as well stop business, and put business in the hands of the doctor. He who broods over red-hot plans will end his days in a lunatic asylum. Both sleep and food are greatly under the control of the will. They must be treated as you treat refractory children, who refuse to get when setting out on a journey. If they say, 'I can't,' you are to say 'you shall, you must!' Then, beware of substituting stimulants for nutriment. This is one which will make ten thousand men go down to a drunkard's grave. Brandy may take you throughly but it will be out of the wrong gate. Beware, too, of nervousness. A hot brain is like a new candle put into a hot candlestick; it burns out at one end, and melts off at the other, and is all gone in a moment. Don't talk too much. It is wonderful how much a man may talk himself away. Men talk over their troubles going up Broadway—talk them over going over the ferry—talk in their houses. Meet your friend with a cheerful face. Do not make a reel of your mind, to wind and unwind your business upon every day. Never let it cross your threshold, any more than you would a wolf. Rest yourselves at home, leave your business behind you, and change the current of your life every night, in the company of your wife and children. If necessary, go home to a bath. It would do you good to bathe every day, some of you. Bathe in music. Try that. If you have no piano, no band of 'chorded instruments' half as sweet as the voice of an affectionate wife and the prattle of children. Don't go home to burrow in your bed as an animal burrows in the earth, to hide yourself. If you have been in the habit of riding out, don't sell your horses. Take your ride as you have been accustomed to do—morning, afternoon and evening. Love music. Find recreation. Go to the Philharmonic concerts; go and buy tickets to them, if the times are hard; the music will do you good. Beware of uneasableness. Now is the time to let the bucket go down to the very bottom of the well of friendship, and let it bring up cooling draughts.

Among the many phenomena attending the present financial revolution, none are more astonishing and unaccountable than the great abundance, we might say superabundance, of specie in the country; and when this is taken in connection with the beautiful harvests of the past year, we have two facts which present a difficult problem to be solved by the experts in political economy. In contemplating these

facts one is almost forced to believe that there is some truth in the theory of those who ascribe the greater part of the disasters of the past three months, to an extravagant and baseless panic. Three months will develop enough to test the truth of many wise things that have been said and written in regard to the great revolution.

THE WESTERLY CASE.—The strange story from Westery, R. I., of a man named Bourne, suddenly becoming deaf and dumb, and afterwards as suddenly recovering, is explained, in a letter in the Providence Journal, from his physician, Wm. Torney Bourne, who states that in August last Mr. Bourne suffered from a sun-stroke, from the effects of which he has experienced several severe attacks of illness, the last of which was on the 28th of October. Dr. Thurston says:

"On reaching his bedside, I found him perfectly insensible; very much in the condition of a person in a syncope, swoon or fainting fit. The pupils of his eyes were quite insensible to light, widely dilated, and not contracting on the application of sudden and vivid light. He was in fact, perfectly insensible. Powerful counter-irritants were applied, which he gave no evidence of feeling.

Various, and I may say, judicious remedies were resorted to, which, as this is not intended to be a medical treatise, it is not necessary to enumerate. Suffice it to say, that on my visit to him on the following Friday, I found consciousness had in a measure been restored. His sight was then evidently perfect, but there still continued great disturbance of his brain, confusion of intellect, with vacant staring. I mention these circumstances to show the fact that Mr. Bourne's case is clearly attributable to a disturbed and disordered condition of the functions of the brain, and if possible, to do away with the absurd and superstitious notion that there is anything marvellous or miraculous in the case.

The loss of hearing and of speech was owing to a paralysis of the motor nerve of the tongue, known as the Hypoglossal nerve, and of the auditory nerve. The recovery was owing to no wonderful nor miraculous power, but may be accounted for in a very rational and philosophical manner. Mr. Bourne had been treated actively by electro-galvanism and those remedies which intelligent physicians resort to in the treatment of paralysis.

Mr. Bourne is a sensible and intelligent man, and views his own case in a rational and christian-like manner.

On conversation with him since Sunday last, at which time his hearing and speech were restored, I find that he has no desire on his part to encourage the absurd opinion that he has been the subject of a miracle, but attributes his recovery, by the blessing of God Almighty, the author and giver of every good and perfect gift, to the means and measures adopted by his physician.

FREE LOVE'S CATASTROPHE.—We learn from the Springfield Republican that the spiritual tree free establishment at Berlin, Ohio, has been broken up by the arrest of its inmates for adultery, for which they are under examination before the mayor of Sandusky. They all avowed without hesitation their repudiation of the legality of marriage, and maintained the right of 'attractional' or 'affinitive' cohabitation. One of the cases is a very painful one. Mrs. Mary Lewis, wife of Harlow Lewis, of Skaneateles, New York, the mother of five children, recently became a convert to spiritualism, and free love, and was induced by E. S. Tyler, a member of the Berlin community and an apostle of the new creed, to forsake her husband and go with him to establish spiritualism, to enjoy its perfect freedom. It was at the instance of her husband and her own family that the wife was issued against the occupants of the house, and Mrs. Lewis appeared before the mayor in tears of unfeigned distress. The other women, who were dressed in Bloomer costume and wore their hair in long ringlets on their shoulders, bore themselves with great boldness, and seemed to enjoy the anticipation of martyrdom for the faith. The men all wore heavy mustaches and whiskers and long hair, and were very respectably dressed. The community at Berlin Heights includes fifty male men and thirty female men. They keep a hospital for 'the world's people,' on vegetarian and hydropathic principles, which they call the 'Love Cure,'—not the cure of love, as we take it, but the cure by love. In other words, they consider all distempers as originating from derangements of the love principle, and think they have discovered a process for restoring human nature to its primitive health and purity. The Mormons think the same, and the two systems though differing somewhat in theory, are practically very much alike.

[Portland Advertiser.]

The Lewiston Falls Journal furnishes the particulars of the burning of the poor house in Leeds on the night of the 24th inst. The house and barn, with nearly all the furniture in the house, 36 tons of hay and other articles, were consumed. More terrible than all else, two girls named Mary Ann Brigham and Mary Frizell, both idiots and paupers, and about 25 years of age, perished in the flames. The fire caught between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, in the wood-work around a chimney where two paupers had a very hot fire. Mr. Mason, the overseer of the house, discovered that the two girls had not come out of the house, and she endeavored to persuade them to leave. But they would not, and before she could obtain assistance it was too late. After the building fell, their bodies could be distinctly seen burning in the midst of the fire. It was a bitter cold night, and many of the paupers had lost their clothes. One old woman was found under a stone wall, partially naked and almost frozen. Those who were present describe the scene as dreadful to behold.

