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THE WIFE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY KATE CAMERON.

"Ma, why don't you ever dress up?" asked little Nellie Thornton, as her mother finished brushing the child's hair, and tying her clean apron. There was a momentary surprise on Mrs. Thornton's face, but she answered, carelessly, "Oh, no one cares how I look."

"Don't Pa love to see you look pretty?" persisted the child. The mother did not reply, but involuntarily she glanced at her slovenly attire—the faded and worn calico dress and dingy apron both bearing witness to an intimate acquaintance with the dish pan and stove, the slipshod shoes and soiled stockings—and she could not help remembering how she had that morning appeared with uncombed hair and prepared her husband's breakfast before he had left home for the neighboring market town. "Sure enough," mused she, "how I do look!" And then memory pointed back a few years to a newly and tastefully dressed maiden, some times busied in her father's house, again mingling with her young companions, but never untidy in her appearance—always fresh and blooming; and this she knew full well, was a picture of herself when Charles Thornton first won her young heart. Such was the bride he had taken to his pleasant home; how had mature life fulfilled the prophecy of youth?

She was still comely in features, graceful in form, but few would call her handsome or an accomplished woman; for alas! all other characteristics were overshadowed by this repulsive trait. Yet she loved to see others neat, her house and children did not seem to belong to her, so well kept and tidy they always looked. As a housekeeper she excelled, and her husband was long in acknowledging to himself the unwelcome fact that he had married a sloven.

When, like too many other young wives, she began to grow negligent in regard to her dress he readily excused her in his own mind and thought "she is not well," or "she has so much to do," and perceiving no abatement in his kind attentions, she naturally concluded he was perfectly satisfied. As her family increased, and she went less into society, she became still more careless of her personal appearance, and contented herself with seeing that nothing was lacking which could contribute to the comfort of her husband and children, never supposing that so trivial a matter as her own apparel could possibly affect their happiness. All this chain of circumstances hitherto unthought of, passed before her, as the little prattler at her side repeated the query—"Don't Pa love to see you look pretty?"

"Yes, my child," she answered, and her resolve was taken—she would try an experiment, and prove whether Mr. Thornton was really indifferent on the subject or not. Giving Nellie a picture-book with which to amuse herself, she went to her own room, mentally exclaiming, "at any rate, I'll never put on this rag again—not even washing day." She proceeded to her clothes-dress and removed one dress after another; some were ragged, others faded, all out of style, and some unfit to wear. At length, she found one which had long been laid aside, as too light to wear about the house. It was a nice French print, rose colored and white, she remembered had once been a favorite with her husband. The old adage, "fashions come round once in seven years," seemed true in this case; for the dress was made in the then prevailing style.

"This is just the thing," she thought, and she hastened to perform her toilet, saying to herself, "I must alter my dark gingham to wear mornings, and get it all ready before Charles comes home." Then she released her long, dark hair from its imprisonment in a most ungraceful twist, and carefully brushing its still glossy waves, she placed it in broad braids which Charles used so much to admire in the days of her girlhood.

The unwonted task brought back many reminiscences of those long-vanished years, and tears glistened in her eyes as she thought of the many changes time had wrought in those she loved, but she murmured, "What hat sadness like the change that in ourselves we find?" In that hour she realized how an apparently trivial fault had gained the mastery over her, and imperceptibly had placed a barrier between her and the one she best loved on earth. True he never chided her—never apparently noticed her altered appearance—but she well knew he no longer urged her to go into society, nor did he seem to care about receiving his friends in his own house, although he was a very social man, and had once felt proud to introduce his young wife to his large circle of acquaintances.

Now, they seldom went out together, excepting to church, and even dressing for that was generally too much of an effort for Mrs. Thornton. She would stay at home to "keep house," after preparing her little ones to accompany their father, and the neighbors ceased expecting to meet her at public worship, or in their social gatherings—and so one by one, they neglected to call on her, until but very few of the number continued to exchange friendly civilities with her. She had wondered at this, and felt mortified and pained; heretofore, now she clearly saw it was her own fault; the veil was removed from her eyes, and the mistake of her life was revealed in its true enormity. Sincerely she repented of her past error, and calmly and seriously resolve on future and immediate amendment.

Meanwhile her hands were not idle, and at length the metamorphosis was complete. The bright pink drapery hung gracefully about her form imparting an unusual brilliancy to her complexion. Her best wrought collar was fastened with a costly brooch, her husband's wedding gift, which had not seen the light of day for many a year. Glancing once more at her mirror, to be certain her toilet needed no more finishing touches, she took her sewing and returned to the sitting room.

Little Nellie had wearied of her picture-book and was now playing with the kitten. As Mrs. Thornton entered, she clapped her hands in childish delight, exclaiming, "Oh, ma, how pretty—pretty!" and running to her, kissed her again and again, then drew her little chair close to her side, and eagerly watched her as she plied her needle, repairing the gingham dress.

Just before it was completed, Nellie's brothers came from school, and pausing at the half open door, Willie whispered to Charlie, "I guess we've got company, for mother's all dressed up."

It was with mingled emotions of pleasure and pride that Mrs. Thornton observed her children were unusually docile and obedient, hastening to perform their accustomed duties without being even reminded of them. Children are natural and unaffected lovers of the beautiful, and their intuitive perceptions seldom suffer from comparison with the opinions of mature worldly wisdom. It was with a new feeling of admiration that these children now looked upon their mother, and seemed to consider it was a pleasure to do something for her. It was, "let me go and get the kindlings," "I will make the fire," and "May I fill the tea-kettle?" instead of, "I don't want to do the housework," "I don't want to do the housework," "I don't want to do the housework."

Nellie was too small to render much assistance, but she often turned from her frolic

with her kitten to look at her mother, and utter some childish remark expressive of joy and love.

At last the clock struck the hour when Mr. Thornton was expected, and his wife proceeded to lay the table with unusual care, and to place thereon several choice viands of which she knew he was particularly fond.

Meanwhile let us form the acquaintance of the absent husband and father, whom we find in the neighboring town, just completing his day's traffic. He is a fine-looking, middle-aged man, with an unmistakable twinkle of kindly feeling in his eye, and the lines of good humor plainly traced about his mouth—we know at a glance that he is cheerful and indulgent in his family, and are at once prepossessed in his favor.

As he is leaving the store, where he has made his last purchase, he is accosted in a familiar manner by a tall gentleman just entering the door. He recognizes an old friend, and exclaims,—"George Morton, is it you?" The greeting is mutually cordial; they were friends in boyhood and early youth, but since Mr. Thornton had been practicing law in a distant city, they have seldom met, and this is no place to exchange their many questions and answers. Mr. Thornton's fine span of horses and light "democrat," are standing near by, and it needs but little persuasion to induce Mr. Morton to accompany his friend to his home, which he has never yet visited. The conversation is lively and spirited; they recall the feats of their early school days, and the experience of their after life, and compare their present position in the world, with the golden future of which they used to dream. Mr. Morton is a bachelor, and very fastidious in his tastes, as that class of individuals are prone to be. The recollection of this fact flashes on Mr. Thornton's mind as they drive along towards their destination. At once his zeal in the dialogue abates, he becomes thoughtful and silent and does not urge his team onward, but seems willing to afford Mr. Morton an opportunity to admire the beautiful scenery on either hand, the hills and valleys clad in the fresh verdure of June, while the lofty mountain ranges look blue and dim in the distance. He cannot help wondering if they will find his wife in the same sorry predicament in which he left her that morning, and involuntarily shrinks from introducing so slatternly a personage to his refined and cultivated friend.

But it is now too late to retract his polite invitation; they are nearing the old "homestead" one field more and his fertile farm, with its well kept fences, appears in view. Yonder is his neat white house, surrounded with elms and maples. They drive through the large gateway, the man John comes from the barn to put out the horses, and Mr. Thornton hurries up the walk to the piazza, leaving his friend to follow at his leisure—he must see his wife first and if possible hurry her out of sight before his visitor enters. He rushes into the sitting room—words cannot express his amazement, there sits the very image of his lovely bride, and a self-conscious blush mantles her cheeks as she stoops to kiss her with the words of joyful surprise—"Why, Ellen!" He has time for no more, George Morton has followed him, and exclaims,—"Hal! Charley, as lover like as ever—hasn't the honeymoon set yet?" and then he is duly presented to Mrs. Thornton, who, under the pleasing excitement of the occasion, appears to far better advantage than usual. Tea is soon upon the table, and the gentlemen do ample justice to the repast spread before them. A happy meal it was to Charles Thornton, who gazes with admiring fondness upon his still beautiful wife. Supper over, Mr. Morton coaxes little Nellie to sit in his lap, but she soon slides down, and climbing her father's knee, whispers, confidentially, "Don't mamma look pretty?" He kisses her and answers, "Yes, my darling."

The evening passes pleasantly and swiftly away, and many a half forgotten mile of their life pilgrimage is recalled by some way mark which still gleams brightly in the distance. They both feel younger and better for their interview, and determine never to be so like strangers again. Mr. Morton's soliloquy as he retires to the cosy apartment appropriated to his use, is—"Well, this is a happy family! What a lucky fellow Charley is—such a handsome wife and children—and she so good a housekeeper, too! May be I'll settle down some day myself," which pleasing idea that night mingled with his visions.

The next morning Mr. Thornton watched his wife's movements with some anxiety—he could not bear to have her destroy the favorable impression which he was certain she had made on his friend's mind, and yet some irresistible impulse forbade him offering any suggestion or alluding in any way to the delicate subject so long unmentioned between them. But Mrs. Thornton needed no friendly advice; with true womanly tact she perceived the advantage she had gained, and was not at all inclined to relinquish it. The dark gingham dress, linen collar and snowy apron, formed an appropriate and becoming morning attire for a housekeeper, and the table afforded the guest no occasion for altering his opinion in regard to the skill and affability of his amiable hostess. Early in the forenoon, Mr. Morton took leave of his hospitable friends, being called away by pressing affairs of business.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton returned to the accustomed avocations, but it was with renewed energy, and new sense of quiet happiness, no less deeply felt because unexpressed. A day or two afterwards Mr. Thornton invited his wife to accompany him to town, saying he thought she might like to do some shopping, and she, with no apparent surprise, but with heartfelt pleasure acceded to the proposal. The following Sunday the village gossips had ample food for their hungry eyes; (to be digested at the next sewing society,) in the appearance of Mrs. Thornton at church clad in plain but rich costume, an entire new outfit, which they could not deny "made her look ten years younger."

This was the beginning of the reform, and it was the dawning of a brighter day for the husband and wife of our story. True, habits of such long standing are not conquered in a week or a month; and very often was Mrs. Thornton tempted to yield to their long tolerated sway, but she fought valiantly against their influence, and in time she vanquished them. An air of taste and elegance now pervaded their dwelling, and year after year the links of affection which united them as a family, grew brighter and purer, ever radiating the holy light of a Christian home.

But it was not until many years had passed away, and our little Nellie, now a lovely maid-

en, was about to resign her place as pet in her father's household, and assume a new dignity in another's home, that her mother imparted to her the story of her own early errors and earnestly warned her to beware of that insidious foe to domestic happiness—disregard of little things,—and kissing her daughter with maternal pride and fondness, she thanked her for those simple, childlike words which changed the whole current of her destiny, "Don't Pa like to see you look pretty?"

A Beautiful Sketch.

We select the following beautiful picture from a recently published address of Richard V. Cook, Esq., of Columbus Texas, on the "Education and Influence of Woman." It will touch the heart of the reader. We seldom stumble upon so well expressed an idea of woman's true mission:

I fancy a young man just emerging from the bright elysium of youth, and commencing the bright journey of life. Honest, noble, and gifted—the broad world to his warm hopes is the future scene of affluence, fame, and happiness. Under his active energies business prospers, and, as a consequence, friends come about him. Ere long he meets a sensible and simple girl, who wins his heart, and who loves and trusts him in return. He does not suspect what the world will say about the match in case he marries her. Not he. The world is kicked out of doors, and he determines to be the architect of his own happiness. He does not stop to inquire, whether the girl's father is rich in lands and slaves and coin; but he marries her for that most honest and philosophic of all reasons—because he loves her! He builds his home in some quiet spot, where the green trees wave their summer glories, and where bright moonbeams fall. Here is the Mecca of his heart, towards which he turns with more than Eastern adoration. Here is a green island in the sea of life, where rude winds never assail, and storms never come. Here, from the troubles and cares of existence, he finds solace in the society of her who is gentle without weakness, and sensible without vanity.

Friends may betray him and foes may oppress, but when towards home his weary footsteps turn and there beams upon him golden smiles of welcome, the clouds lift from his soul, the bruised heart is restored, and the strong man made whole. I see the man fall into adversity. Creditors seize his property, poverty stares him in the face, and he is avoided on all hands as a ruined bankrupt. When he sees all go—friends, credit, and prosperity, grief stricken and penniless, he seeks his humble home. Now does the wife desert him too? Nay, verily! When the world abandons and persecutes the man, she draws closer to his side, and her affection is all the warmer because the evil days have come upon him. The moral excellence of her soul rises up to the disasters of fortune. And when she sees the man sit mournful and disconsolate, like Themistocles by the Household Gods of Admetus, hers is the task to comfort and console. She reminds him that misfortune has oft overruled the wisest and the best; that she still is near to love, to help and encourage him. The man listens, his courage rallies, and the shadow flees from his heart; armed once more he enters the arena of life. Industry and energy restore him to competency; fortune smiles upon him, friends return, and—

"Joy mounts exulting on triumphant wings." Again the scene shifts. I see the man stretched weak and wasted on a bed of sickness. The anxious wife anticipates every want and necessity. Softly her foot falls upon the carpet, and gently her hand presses the fevered brow of the sufferer. Though the face gives token of her own weariness and suffering, yet through the long watches of each retreating night her vigils are kept beside the loved one's couch. At last disease beleaguers the fortress of life, and the physician solemnly warns his patient that death is approaching. He feels it too; and the last words of love and trust are addressed to her who is weeping beside his dying bed. And, in truth, the last hour hath come. Imagine it is a fit time to depart; for the golden sun himself has died upon the evening's fair horizon, and rosy clouds bear him to his grave behind the western hills! Around the couch of the dying man, weeping friends and kinsmen stand, while the minister slowly reads the holy words of promise:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever believeth in me shall never die." Slowly the clock marks the passing moments, and silently the sick man's breath is ebbing away. Slowly the cold waters are rolling through the gateways of life. And now, as the death drape is on the victim's brow, and the heart throbs in its pulsations, the glazed eye opens and turns, in one full, farewell glance of affection upon the trembling weeper who bends over him; and ere the spirit departs, forever, the angels hear the pale wife whisper—"I'll meet thee—I'll meet thee in Heaven!"

THE TRADE OF THE LAKES.—In the Pittsburgh Gazette we find the following description of the Commerce of the Lakes, which, exaggerated as it evidently is, has yet a shadow of truth in it, and indicates the revolution which the railway is making in the commerce of the country:

"When those great avenues the New York Central and New York and Erie Railroads were built, the course of trade was upon the bosoms of the great lakes. The great lakes in a very roundabout, but a most capacious way, made vast acres of the southwest available or tributary, and the trade struggled as best it might to their surfaces, finding vent to the seaboard by the Erie Canal, and finally by the New York Central and New York Erie. But meantime the Great Southwest busied itself with railways, railways built to carry her products to the lake shores. Instead of carrying the trade to those shores, these roads have mysteriously sucked it away from them, and taken it to more natural outlets than the excessively devious pathway which the New York railways and canal afford.

To-day then, these great reservoirs, these Mediterranean seas, have no commerce—no scarcely enough to pay the lighthouse men. Chicago is mortgaged to probably 100 per cent. above its value; Cleveland has 15,000 idlers in it; Sandusky has 12,000, and a railroad depot that cost \$500,000 in charge of a watchman; and at Buffalo there exists a perpetual Sabbath. Take a fishing-smack from any of

these ports for a day's sail, when you have got out of sight of land you will find yourself

"Alone, alone—all, all alone!
Alone, on a wide, wide sea!"

For hours you see no shred of canvas—no dusky volume of smoke belching from the funnel of a steamer. The horizon is clear, a well defined, uninterrupted line of water and sky, occasionally serrated by the waves in a storm.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.—Mr. Everett in one of his Ledger papers thus describes Francis Joseph, the young Emperor of Austria:—

"The Emperor of Austria, now twenty-nine years of age, was, at the age of eighteen called to the throne of the Hapsburgs, at a period of perilous convulsion, by the abdication of his imbecile uncle, the Emperor Ferdinand, and the voluntary renunciation of the right of succession, by his father. He was thought, even at that immature age, to evince a capacity for sovereign power in arduous times. Under the influence of his mother the Archduchess Sophia, and the advice of wise counsellors, coming in aid of no ordinary tact, firmness and resolution, he carried the empire through the immense perils of the crisis—brought the revolution to a close—appeased Hungary, in appearance if not in reality—harmonized the various races subject to his rule—preserved the neutrality of his empire in the Crimean war, though sorely pressed and greatly tempted by France and England to take an active part,—and maintained, when strained almost to rupture, relations of friendship with the great rival power, the King of Prussia. With eleven years prosperous experience of power, the youthful Sovereign is said to retain an impatient recollection of the humiliations of his family and Empire in the war of the French revolution, and to burn to wipe out the names of Austerlitz and Wagram from the history of Europe."

ITALY AND SARDINIA.—Of Italy and Sardinia he says:—"Sardinia herself is but a second rate power, but she represents both a physical and a moral force of the most formidable character. She represents the traditional hatred towards the 'barbarian,' the passionate longings of Italy for political independence; the fervid dream of a patriotic nation, which has glowed unsatisfied in the Italian imagination, for three or four hundred years. Clothed in no constitutional forms—hopeless of any such forms; in the judgment of the cool observer,—this feeling operates with so much the greater intensity. The moment an attempt is made to turn it into a reality, the gravest practical obstacles present themselves; but while it is confined to the aspirations of the ardent and generous children of the one Italian soil, and comprehends within the range of its heart-sick and long-deferred possibilities, all who, on whichever side of the Apennines, and whether they breathe the refreshing gales of the Adriatic or Tuscan sea, cherish the gorgeous vision of a regenerated and united Italy, it mingles in the contest with the force of twelve legions."

Unhappily however for Italy, the bright vision vanishes like a perturbed spirit, at the breaking of the chilly dawn of real life. The Sardinian hates the barbarian from beyond the Alps, but he hates the Lombardo-Venetian brother on the other side of the Po, not less intensely. The Genoese has not yet forgotten that he was robbed of his sea-born independence, and made subject to the crown of Turin, by that Congress of Vienna, which sat to redress the wrongs of revolutionary France. Tuscans and Neapolitans and Sicilians and the Ecclesiastics state have for ages regarded each other with aversion and scorn; and it is probable, at this moment, if the practical sense of the people of the various Italian States could be polled, not one of them would exchange its present allegiance to become subject to Sardinia.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.—This bold and ever faithful friend of liberty and the Right, was invited to attend the recent Convention that assembled at Cleveland, Ohio, to discuss the odious provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law. He replies in a letter of characteristic ardor and point. We quote the concluding paragraph:

"Men do not lay down power voluntarily; our masters, the Slaveocracy, are not going to go out like a snuff. The 'Democracy' intend to rule the Union or ruin the Union! I don't intend, so far as I can prevent—so far as I can control or influence the Republican party, that they shall be allowed to do either. I want a man at the head of the party, who will be the platform of the party. I want now no earnest general, but a real general. I want a man whose banners bear no uncertain sign. When I see Slave Propaganda on the banners of the Democracy, I want to see, in legible colors, Liberty Propaganda on the flag of the Republicans. When I read 'Slavery is higher than all laws and constitutions,' I want a scribe who will write under it, and on it, in letters like those of John Hancock, that it is a lie! When the slaveholders say if you elect a Republican President, we will dissolve the Union, I don't want any one to put off the evil day which would follow such an event by saying, 'let it slide!' but some one who would stand by the tomb of Andrew Jackson, and become infused to such extent with the spirit of that old patriot and Hero—that he would be ready to cry out in the fullness of inspiration:

"By the eternal, the Union shall be preserved!—I would have no man to be precipitate—bandy no hard words—be by no means 'fussy'—but, standing upon the great rocks of State Sovereignty and National Supremacy, I would defy the cunning traitors to Liberty, Law, Civilization and Humanity! That's what I mean by asking you, are you ready to fight? If you have got your sentiments up to that point, I will have you all through to the end! But if not, I'll have none of your Conventions—no more farcical campaigns; no more humbug, no more Fourth-of-July orations—no more Declarations of Independence—no more platitudes—no more glittering generalities—no more rights of man—no more liberty, equality and fraternity! I will obscure places—in silence and humility, I will crush out the aspirations of earlier and better days—and attempt the faithful but hard task of forgetting that I was born free!"

Your obedient servant,
C. M. CLAY.

"O, the rain, it raineth every day."

THE LINNET.

BY JAMES HENDERSON.

Tuck, tuck, tuck—from the green and growing leaves:
Lo, lo, lo—from the little song-bird's throat;
How the silver chorus weaves in the sun and 'neath the
boughs.
While from dewy clover fields comes the lowing of the
cows,
And the Summer in the heavens is afloat!

Wee, wee, chirp—'tis the little linnets sing:
Weet, weet, weet—how his pippy treble fills:
In his bill and on his wings what a joy the linnets bring,
As over all the sunny earth his merry song he flings,
Giving gladness to the music of the hills!

Lo, lo, lo—from the happy heart unbound!
Lug, lug, jee—from the dawn till close of day:
There is rapture in the sound, as it fills the sunshine
round,
Till the ploughman's capless whistle and the shepherd's
pipe are drowned,
And the mower sings unheeded 'mong the hay.

Jug, jug, jee—oh, how sweet the linnets theme?
Fau, pau, jee—it is wooing all the while?
Does he dream he is in heaven, and is telling to his
dream,
To soothe the heart of simple maiden sighing by the
stream,
Or waiting for her lover at the stile?

Pipe, pipe, chirp—the linnets never weary?
Bel, bel, ty—his pouring forth his vows?
The maiden lone and certain may feel her heartless dream,
Yet none may know the linnets' bliss, except this love so
cheerily,
With her little household nestled 'mong the boughs.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The Supreme Judicial Court of this State have just rendered an important decision in relation to the liability of Stockholders for debts of Corporations. It was in the case of Wm. E. Coffin vs. Abram Rich.

In March, 1857, the plaintiffs recovered judgment against the K. & P. Railroad Company for the sum of \$1900.38. The debt which was the basis of this judgment was contracted in 1855. The defendant was at that time, and ever since has been, a member of said company, owning twenty-two shares of the capital stock, of the nominal value of one hundred dollars each. The plaintiffs being unable to find corporate property to satisfy their judgment, instituted proceedings against the defendant, as a stockholder, to render him personally liable to them. The defendant admits the regularity of the proceedings, but he denies that the stockholders are in any case personally liable for the corporate debts.

By the act of Feb. 16, 1856, the individual property of stockholders was made liable for the corporate debts of the corporations thereafter afterwards created, each member being liable for a sum equal to the amount of his stock. By the Revised Statutes of 1841, the act of 1836 was repealed, and a new provision, substantially the same, but differing in some respects, was enacted to take the place of it; but this statute was repealed in 1856. Say the Court in their opinion.

When the statute of 1836 was repealed by that of 1841, pending suits, and all "liabilities, rights and obligations, already effected," were saved from the operation of the repealing clause. But in the repealing act of 1856 there is no saving clause, except of "suits and processes then pending." This does not embrace the suits before us, as it was not commenced until 1857. We are therefore brought directly to the question—whether the legislature of 1856, by repealing the statute imposing personal liability upon stockholders for the debts of the corporation, did not thereby absolve them from all such liability for corporate debts contracted before that time?

After reviewing the legal principle upon which the case depended, the opinion says, "We have carefully considered the able arguments of counsel in this case and in several others now before us of like impression. And we apply to it those rules of construction which have been recognized in courts of law, we are brought to this conclusion—that this action cannot be sustained upon the statute of 1841, because it has been repealed, and there is no saving clause in the repealing act which embraces actions subsequently commenced; and that it cannot be maintained upon the statute of 1856, because the debt was contracted prior to its enactment. According to the agreement of the parties a nonsuit must be entered."

A FRESH WATER SAILOR.—You may not know it, but it is a fact that political influence very often gets officers in our revenue navy, who never scarcely had a glimpse at salt water before they shipped with a lieutenant's epaulettes.

One of these "cases," the son of a well-to-do planter in the interior of Georgia, went down to the cutter at Savannah, went to sea in her on a three or four days' cruise, and then, on her return to port, got leave to go home for a couple of weeks, after more "rocking," or something of the kind.

When he got there he was the biggest frog in the pond by odds. The "tales of the sea," and the dangers of those "who go down in great ships," which he told, were Munchausenish to an intensity.

About midnight, after all had retired to rest, his father and his family were aroused from their slumbers, by hearing buckets of water dashed against the side of the house, in the part where the young lieutenant's apartment was situated. And every little while they would hear him roar out to a negro servant:

"More tempestuous, Pompey, more tempestuous, you black imp!"

They thought him insane, and hurried to ask what was the matter.

"I'm so accustomed to the delightful dash of the waves against the side of the vessel," said he, "that I find it impossible to sleep without something as near like it as I can get in this benighted region."

There was, probably, some "nicker" about that time.

THE SIMPLE SECRET.—Twenty clerks in a store. Twenty "hands" in a printing-office. Twenty apprentices in a shipyard. Twenty young men about a village. All want to get on in the world, and all expect to do so. One of the clerks will rise to be a partner and make a fortune. One of the compositors will own a newspaper and become an influential and prosperous citizen. One of the apprentices will come to be a master builder. One of the young villagers will get a handsome farm and live like a patriarch. But which is destined to be the lucky individual? Lucky? There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the Rule of Three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who never gets into debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and puts his money into the savings bank. There are some ways to fortune that look shorter than this old dusty highway. But the staunch men of the community,

the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune, good name, and a serene old age, all go this road.

'He Works for his Living.'

That labor of any kind is honorable, whether with hand or head, is a part of the democratic creed of free government. On this account no distinctions are made by this creed between the mechanic and the lawyer, the drayman of the clerk, the farmer or the literateur, the field laborer or the statesman, in the exercise of the right of suffrage or any of the privileges which appertain to freemen. It is the glory of republican institutions that it is so. Yet, despite of all this, it cannot be denied that there is a species of mushroom aristocracy growing up in various portions of the United States, which bases its claims to superiority upon the fact that the individuals constituting its component parts do not work for a living. Happening to be rich, either by inheritance from some lucky shoemaker, tallow chandler or soap manufacturer of another generation, or by a fortunate speculation of their own, or on account of any of the various turnings of the wheels of fortune, they set themselves up as an order of superior beings and affect to look down with scorn upon the endowments of honesty, intelligence, morality and social virtues generally in those who have to work for their living. Our American government and our social system, which partakes of its nature recognizes no such distinctions, and the greatest intellects that we have ever had have despised the spirit which gives such distinction importance. Daniel Webster, that intellectual giant among men, was proud of the honest life of labor which his sturdy New England father led, and proud of the humble log cabin in which he himself was born. Scarcely any of our great men in America have had any tincture of aristocratic lineage to boast of, but the great majority of them have been the sons, as the phrase goes, of poor but honest parents. As far as political or literary position is concerned, the would-be aristocrats of wealth in this country have been "pushed from their stools" by the loftier aristocrats of intellect, an aristocracy which springs as well from the horny-handed, weather-beaten classes of labor as from the families of wealth and ease. Intellect is not the birthright of the rich any more than of the poor, and intellect rules in free governments.

There is no sense in the aristocracy of a republican country. In monarchical or oligarchical countries, it is different; because, there, the whole system of government is based upon the distinctions of property, birth and things of like character. These distinctions are arbitrary, exist from the very necessity of the political system which rules, and cannot be over come or disregarded. The peer, the baron, the knight, the gentleman, the tradesman, the mechanic, the day laborer—these are classes recognized by the political and social system, and consequently one class being more favored than another naturally puts on those airs of superiority which its superior social and political position gives it. God and nature never made any such classifications. Intellect and virtue are the glory of man, and God and nature never narrowed those qualities into the limits of any particular class of society. It is easy to see, therefore, that distinctions which are merely arbitrary, and which have no foundation in natural laws, are entitled to no respect intrinsically, and that where there are no laws to maintain them they are entitled to no respect either intrinsically or extrinsically. In our free country, as we have said, there are no such discriminations or classifications by the law, and it is simply nonsense for anybody to undertake to set up anything of the kind. The masses will never recognize the validity of the assumption—intellect will invariably dispel it, and the genius of republican institutions will crush it out.

Occasionally, even in this State, where above all other States in the Union, labor has been invested with peculiar dignity, for the reason that it has been so largely and richly rewarded, we see manifestations of this pitiful, would-be aristocratic spirit. It bubbles, however, more to isolated individuals than to any recognized social class, and displays itself in quiet sneers at men or women who work for their living. Sorry are we to say, too, that persons who have once been in good circumstances, but have been reduced by misfortune, show their sensitiveness to the existence of this most despicable spirit, by being ashamed that they have now to support themselves and their families by the labor of their hands. On the contrary, they should be proud of their honest ability to help themselves, and that they owe their support, according to nature's great primal law, to the sweat of their own brows. Let the fawning creatures of despotism, the miserable sycophants of royalty, the buttressed and gawgaw dependants of titled aristocracy, be ashamed of honorable toil, and cling to their gilded servitude of power, but let no free-born American or true-hearted adopted citizen of a free country ever disgrace the Land of Liberty and the name of free government, and the manhood that his God has given him, by being ashamed to tell the proudest and the wealthiest of his fellow citizens, "I work for my living."

GUTTA PERCHA STEREOTYPES.—Gutta percha stereotypes, with gutta percha matrices, are now made to such an extent, and to such a degree of perfection, that it is no longer a matter of doubt as to whether gutta percha can be rendered available for such a purpose. The whole process may be gone through with in a few minutes, by help of some artificial cooling agency, or within a very short time without it. The matrix is just taken by pressure from the block of types, while the sheet of gutta percha is hot and soft, and it is capable of taking a sharp and fine impression. When cold and hard, this stereotyped plate of gutta percha is ready to have a like impression, or reverse of itself taken also, by pressure of a second soft and moist sheet of gutta percha on it, and this, when cold and hard, is ready at once for the press plate or cylinder. The specimens of printing from letters and engravings thus formed are as sharp as if taken in metal, and the flexible nature of the substance admits of its being curved round a cylinder, to adapt the surface more completely to the cylinder printing machine. The gutta percha type is found to be quite durable, and to possess the advantage of printing the impression on dry and even on glazed paper.

THE WAR.—The effects of the European war on our monetary system are becoming more and more marked, and confirm all that we have hitherto expressed in our remarks on the probable result of such a war. The supply of food being abundant in Europe, the supply of specie becomes and is still, the first necessity of the European Governments, and of the European markets for money. Our country being a specie producing country, and European merchants being creditors of our merchants, the demand was immediately felt in every channel of our trade. Importations are pouring in upon us, and gold is pouring out to an extent which is alarming for its consequences in the fall. The banks have hardly been up to what is awaiting them, for money is felt to be abundant still, though perhaps long circumstances point to very great stringency when money will become more in demand for the fall trade.—[N. Y. Independent.]

