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BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Is this the place?"  
I was sorry the next moment that the little emphasis which lingered on the second word of my question had betrayed me, for I saw my husband's face cloud over in a moment.

"Yes, Marion, this is the place. It isn't elegant, or stately, I know; but it's cozy and cheerful."

So it was; I couldn't deny that, as Harry lifted me from the gig, and set me down on the grass before the front gate of the cottage, which was to be our home. It was a white house, with long windows and green blinds; and there was a honey-suckle climbing over the slender pillars of the portico, and its golden bells were censors, filling the June air with sweet incense. There was a small lawn in front. I fancied that moss-roses and climbing vines would make a picture or a poem of the little yard; but still when I went up to the house, it was with a very heavy heart, and a great tide of tears, which kept sending up little bitter salt currents to my eyes. I drew my veil over my face, so that Harry shouldn't see them; but it was no use, for he divined the truth. The solitary servant, which our limited means would not permit to our household, met us at the door. She had the genuine Hibernian physiognomy, with all the obtuseness and awkwardness which usually accompany it, before it has received a little Anglo-Saxon modification and cultivation.

She ushered the doer and his lady into the parlor. How very small it seemed, and yet it was pretty, with the sunset freckling the white paper hangings, with the snowy curtains, and the pretty Brussels carpet with its dark-green ground and russet leaves.

There was a pretty cottage piano, and the chairs, and the pictures, and the ornaments on the mantel had all familiar faces for me.

After all, I liked the little house, with its tiny sitting-room, and kitchen, and its small chambers, and part of the cloud cleared up from Harry's face as I said with a laugh, "It's such a cunning little nest, I do believe we can be happy here, after all; when we've learned to manage so that we can turn round without unpleasant collisions on either side."

"O, Marion, that was your old laugh," he said, "and it's sweeter to hear once more than even the song of the birds in the apple-trees round here will be. I know it's a small nest, unlike, as possible, the gilded cage where I found you."

I think it was unfortunate that Harry added that last sentence. My thoughts went back, like a flock of startled birds, to the old home, and to all the great, terrible changes of the last six months—dear papa's death, following my marriage life of a month, and the knowledge which came fast on this that his liabilities and the dishonesty of his partner had swallowed up his entire property.

I remembered my childhood—rocked in tenderness and luxury—my youth so bright, and sheltered from all thought of care; and then the thought of that palace home on Fifth Avenue, with all the grace and glitter of our life, with our handsome equipage, and hosts of servants—all that old, rich, luxurious life came back to me and stood up in contrast with the present, and the future looked so strange, and bare, and cold to me, as I thought of the new, heavy responsibilities which had suddenly fallen on my life, and I sank into a chair.

"O, Harry, what will become of us!" and the tears and sobs came together. I had meant to be brave, and patient; to look this great change of fortune in the face with a strong heart and a resolute will, but it was harder than I expected; and though Harry had praised me very often, and said he wouldn't have believed that I could have borne these terrible reverses so bravely, still, it seemed now that all my fortitude had given way. But my husband's patience and tenderness did not fail. He laid my head on his shoulder, and stroked its curls, and said, "Come now, darling, you've borne your translation so well that you mustn't break down now; I can endure all the rest, but I can't see the bright face of my Marion changed and saddened before me."

"But, Harry, only to think we are poor folks now!" It was very weak, but I could not help it then.

"I know it, dear; that is a plain statement of facts. I've got to struggle up in the world, by the aid of a stout heart and a working brain, and you, my dear little, sobbing bit of human porcelain, nursed in all luxury, surrounded by every splendor, and one year ago the petted heir of a millionaire, will have to settle down in a little two-story cottage in the country, with a young physician, whose salary the first year won't be a dollar over a thousand." I sobbed harder than ever. "O, Harry, what will become of us! I do believe you are making fun of our troubles. Could anything be more terrible?" For I knew very well the light tones only concealed something deeper and heavier in the heart of Harry Raymond.

"I think there might, Marion. Something, I honestly believe, might have happened to you which would have been a heavier blow to you than the loss of your fortune, your city home, and your position there; I believe the blow would have been heavier to you, or you would never, against the advice of all your friends, accepted a poor physician, who had nothing but his heart to offer you, when you might have married the proudest and richest man in the land."

While Harry was talking, the tears stood still on my cheeks. "Well, tell me, Harry, what this heavier blow would have been," I said, with a vague, dim feeling after his meaning.

"It would have been the loss of me, darling. You'd sooner let all the rest go, wouldn't you, had I been as I am?" and he looked in my face with his brown eyes for my answer, as though he would read it there, instead of hearing my lips speak it.

And a sudden rush of tenderness drove, for the moment, all sorrow from my heart. "I put my fingers through the beautiful brown curls—O, Harry, and I know that my heart and face confirmed it; I would give up all the rest; position, luxury, for all my life, joyfully and cheerfully, for you."

He drew me to his heart, and there came a little, sweet silence between us. At last Harry spoke: "I know it, Marion, my precious, precious wife. I know that nothing the world could give you could buy that one true, little heart. O, they said, when the troubles came so fast on us, that you were a petted, spoiled child, that you would never endure to be the wife of a poor man, that you would sink into a miserable state of despondency and disgust; but I knew your brave soul, your loving heart better."

"Did they say that?" I said, springing up, and feeling the quick, indignant blushes going in and out of my cheeks. "I guess they'll find I'm made of better material than that, so long as I've got such a husband as Harry Raymond to live with; and that if I have gone 'down hill,' I'll stand at the foot of it stout and brave."

"I haven't a doubt of it, Puss. You look brave enough now to face an army. But there goes the bell. Can you get through it with-

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goes the tea bell. Can you get through it with-

out a silver service, do you think?" removing my hat and shawl, while he spoke, and looking into my eyes with his roguish ones.

"I think I can stand it, as my appetite is in a state of clamorous activity after this ride of a hundred miles!"

How pleasant the little table looked, with its white china and snowy napkins! There were some relics of our "better days" in the cake-basket and tea-urn, which Harry had saved for me; and the pile of snowy biscuit, and delicious cream and fruit, seemed just in keeping with the table appointments. I believe I never enjoyed a meal more in my life, than I did that first one in our little cottage at Woodside; and as for Harry, the cloud had quite gone out of his face.

The days went away very quickly, and dawned into the glow and heat of July. On the whole, I was happy, though my new life brought me many cares, and it was hard getting over the old, indolent habits, and accustoming myself to the supervision of all my domestic affairs; for though Betty had strong hands and a willing heart enough, she had little brain to direct them, and I was obliged to supply this without the smallest culinary knowledge and experience; I found myself, very frequently, in domestic juxtaposition, and relations which would have been comical, enough to an interested observer. Harry purchased a cow, as he is very fond of fresh cream and fruit, not doubting but Betty would be able to milk it; but that young woman was innocent of the smallest knowledge of the art.

My confinement to a few experiments which I made at a country farm house, where papa sent me one summer in the early half of my teens, while I was convalescing from a severe fever. I remembered what fine sport I used to have with the dairy-maids, in the old farm-yard; but I had no idea my awkward and amusing attempts at milking would ever be of any practical service to me.

But at last I seized the pail in a kind of desperation, and started for the cow, who stood slowly winking her eyes, in patient submission, at the back gate. I approached her with some trepidation, but she met my advances with so quiet a manner, and so honest a physiognomy, that I was reassured, and after a few awkward experiments succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations.

I was just returning, pail in hand, when Harry, who had just come in, met me at the kitchen door.

"Well, come, Marion!" he said, while I laughed amid my blushes. "Of a surety, blue milk is as becoming to you as saffron and diamonds, for you never looked so sweet to me as you do at this moment, my little country exotic."

I did feel pardonably proud as I gave Harry a goblet of warm milk that night, and he protested that none had ever tasted so delicious in his life.

I was cutting up the peaches for tea that night, and humming scraps of old tunes to myself, and looking at the sunset clouds which lay over the western mountains in great crimson furrows, and pausing amid the humming and the glances to hearken for the quick, sharp ring of a footfall, that my heart would have told me the passing of ten thousand. I was very happy that night. There were no harrowing memories at work and no regrets at my heart, as I stood before my little kitchen-table slicing the mellow fruit into the glass dish and thinking how Harry would enjoy it.

Suddenly our garden gate opened. I looked up and saw the burly figure and broad chest of one of our neighbors, farmer Downs, coming in at the gate, and he hurried with his rapid awkward stride up to the door. He was a kind-hearted man. I had learned that a generous and gentle spirit might underlie a harsh exterior and very uncultivated manner.

"Miss Raymond," he began, in an agitated voice, "I hope you can stand some bad news. The knife fell from my hands, as my heart seemed to drop into a stone. O, what is it—has anything happened to Harry?"

"Sit down, sit down a minute, Miss Raymond," said farmer Downs, looking in my face and reading something there which made his own grow paler. But I waived off the strong man as though he were a child, in the sudden agony of that great fear which was suffocating my heart. "Tell me, what has happened to my husband?"

"I think my wild eyes, my sharp, stern voice frightened the man, for he answered brief and rapid."

"You see, Miss Raymond, he was coming down Peak hill, when his horse took fright at a pile of lumber which lay in the road, and sprang on one side in such quick fashion that he jerked the reins out of his hands and run down hill to a pile of stones, where he threw him. I happened to be cutting wood in the forest near by, and hearing the noise I ran out and found him."

"And—I could not get out another word, but farmer Downs read the question in my wild hungry eyes."

"I was affected on't at first, for he lay as still as the stones. But I had him in my cart and brought him over to the house, and mother's got some brandy down his throat, and he's opened his eyes once. He's in the Lord's hands, Miss Raymond, that's all we can say."

Farmer Downs was a man who, in his daily life had the fear of God before his eyes, the love of God in his heart, and these last words of his were the simple outbreathing of that faith and trust which is above all the wisdom of this world, which anchors the soul firm and secure amid all the fever and the fret, the care and the storms of this life; and I think my heart unconsciously clung to the words of farmer Downs' speaking, as I rushed down the road, the next moment, with feet that it seemed never touched the grass. His house was not more than half a mile from ours. I rushed into the bedroom.

"O, Harry!"

My fear and anguish were translated to that cry. My husband lay on the bed, and his face was like the face of the dead. The small household was gathered round him, with every restorative in their power. My voice reached him, and he woke for a moment, out of his insensibility, and a gleam of consciousness went over the white face.

"Marion!" he gasped, and tried to reach me with his hand.

"What can be done for you?"

"Send for a surgeon, I am hurt." And he was unconscious again.

But farmer Downs' practical sagacity had

foreseen the request, and before I had time to learn this, his oldest son entered the house, accompanied by the physician, whom he had found at his home, two miles distant.

I can not write of the half hour that followed, during which I waited with such agony for the surgeon's decision. The mothers who have hung over cradles where lay struck down and wilted the sweet, fragrant blossoms of their households, the wives who have watched thro' dreary nights and mocking days over the husband suddenly stricken in the midst of their strong, proud manhood, all loving eyes who have seen the lights grow fainter over the waters of life, will know somewhat of the agony of that half hour!

At last the surgeon's answer came.

"I do not think Mrs. Raymond's husband is dangerously injured. He has broken his left arm, and he has probably received some internal injury."

"Thank God!" O, I had never prayed this prayer with my heart before.

In a little while the surgeon had restored Harry to consciousness and adjusted the fractured arm. He was not able to converse much, but he knew me, and held my fingers in his own, during that long night in which I watched his bedside in farmer Downs' little room that looked off toward the sunrise.

Still, it was not an unhappy night to me; for there was a song of thanksgiving put in my heart, and my whole life stood up with a new meaning and purpose to me, for I realized now how little wealth or station, state or luxuries were worth in comparison with that terrible loss, which had stood face to face with me for a moment, in order that I might learn how poor and paltry were all the treasures I had coveted, in comparison with that better treasure which God had given back to me!

At last the morning broke. Beautiful upon the far-off mountains were its feet, walking through the white spectral mist, and flushing the earth with glory, and for the first time in my life the burning tide of song, which flooded the heart of David the poet, king of Israel, broke from my lips in his old chant: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." That day Harry was conveyed home, and he was confined to his house for nearly three weeks; but we never think of those weeks as lost weeks; on the contrary, we think of them as especially sacred and beautiful in our lives—a time of precious seed-sowing, which was humbly brought forth its seed for the harvest.

Your face looks tired and worn, darling, exclaimed Harry as I went into his chamber one serene Sabbath morning in the late August.

He was sitting by the window, and the song of the birds was very sweet in the two old pear trees, through which came the bright, mutilated sunbeams.

"It doesn't tell the truth, then, Harry, for I never felt better in my life. How good it does seem to have you up again!" locking my hands upon his shoulder.

He seized them both in his old fashion—"Little girl," he said, "you're the best nurse, the best wife in the world. I didn't know you were worth half so much when I married you."

"Well, everybody thought I was worth half a million then."

"Half a million!" he said, opening and shutting his eyes with a pleasant smile loitering about his lips. "Half a million! how small it seems in comparison with what I have found she is worth—my wife, Marion Raymond!"

And those words, reader, were precious pearls, which my memory has strung, and my heart wears them like a necklace of jewels.

How little it seems now to me now, Harry—the old life, with its show and splendor, the stately house, the luxurious house, every thing that I delighted in there! I shall never have any more heart-burnings when I think of my fashionable acquaintances, and their condolences, and inward exultations, because I am 'down hill.' I wouldn't exchange my little cottage and the lessons it has taught me for the proud old home on Fifth Avenue.

Harry's eyes made answer better than his lips could. When he spoke again it was in a lighter tone.

"I don't like to find the roses have grown a little pale in your cheeks, and know your care for me has brightened them."

"Well, then, a walk will bring them back, and it's only a mile to the meeting-house on the hill; can you spare me for an hour and a half?"

After a pause—"No, but I can go with you."

"O, Harry, you're not able to endure the fatigue!" in a flutter of doubt and delight.

"Yes I am. This soft air will put fresh life into the most languid nerves, and it will be sweet to go together once more, Marion."

My tears—very sweet ones—only answered him.

The sweet voices of the Sabbath bells called through the still air as Harry and I went up to the worship of God together. I do not think we spoke to each other all the way; but God knew what the silence in my soul said to Him. I shall never forget that sermon. It seemed to me that God had put it into the heart of his minister to speak to me just the words that I needed, and I learned in that little country church on that still Sabbath, morning something of what that prayer meant, which was the minister's text. "Thy will be done."

I saw, too, that great mercy had led me from the mountains into the valley, and that my life would be stronger, and its womanhood purer and nobler because of the trials which had been appointed me. And as we came home together in the still, mellow Sabbath noon, I said to my husband, "How much blessed meaning there is in those words!" It is good for us that we have been afflicted!

The beautiful brown eyes sought mine with a new tenderness. "And have you found, Marion, that the 'up hill' for the 'down hill' of life has more of rest and enjoyment?"

My answer went up from my heart to my lips without hesitation or reservation, fully complete, emphatic, "Down hill!"

SAVING THE NORTH.—A friend, to whose word we have the fullest confidence, informs us that a large provision merchant of this city, who had long been known as a strong advocate of Southern rights, received about ten days ago an order for about fifty barrels of flour, with a lot of pork, fish, &c., to go to Charleston. Owing to the gloomy aspect of affairs, the merchant first hesitated, and then decided not to fill the order. He accordingly replied

that he preferred to extend no credit to South Carolina for the present. In a few days an answer was received in this city, declaring that he might keep his flour, fish, pork, &c., to himself; that South Carolina would have no more of them, having made up her mind to starve the North into submission!

[N. Y. Com. Adv.]

## Letter from Cassius M. Clay.

The following letter from Hon. C. M. Clay, was read at a Republican meeting, held at Indianapolis on the 22d ult.:

WHITE HALL, KY, Dec. 19, 1860.  
My Dear Friend:—Your favor of the 16th inst., advising me of a meeting of the people of the capital of Indiana, to take place on the 22d inst., and asking a word of counsel in reference to the pending issues of the United States government, which they propose to consider, is received.

I thank you most sincerely for this mark of your confidence in my judgment and patriotism. I yield to your request in a spirit of humility, but, I trust, with a fidelity and unselfishness which become one who knows how much all personal greatness is dwarfed in comparison with the magnitude of the events of our times.

The threatened dissolution of the government of the United States of America, takes no reflecting man by surprise. The existence of two elements of civilization, of free and slave society, of freedom and slavery, of Republicanism and despotism, of appeal to right and rule of force, in the same government, was an anomaly in theoretic unity—a was a disturbing influence before, and in the formation of the Federal Union. Thomas Jefferson and Roger Sherman, and all the leaders of the true Democracy looked upon the existence of African slavery as an alien and destructive element in our republic, and went down to their graves fearful of the issues which it now forces upon us, which are, in a word, to yield to its unqualified rule, or suffer a dissolution of the Union.

Before we can apply a remedy to the present ills, we must understand the real cause of the disease.

1. Then the Personal Liberty Bills of the Free States are not the cause. The very dispassionate editor of the *National Intelligencer*, after a full review of the laws of all the Free States, supposed to nullify the Fugitive Slave Law, admits that but four States have passed laws in conflict with the Fugitive Slave Law; and one of them, Massachusetts, stands in doubtful position. The intention of these laws seems to be simply to protect the rights of freemen generally, without reference to the Fugitive Slave Law; and but few of them to nullify the unconstitutional provisions of Mason's bill. Every Southern State has a similar Personal Liberty Bill; and my own State, in defiance of the Federal Constitution, generalizes Governor Dennison's illegal refusal to return Lago into a law.

All the Republican party ask is to have that law cleared of its unconstitutional and insulting clauses, and it will be carried out in good faith, as our fathers in the Constitution agreed; and all Personal Liberty Bills, conflicting with its legal enforcement, will be repealed.

2. Neither is the refusal of the Republican party to allow Slavery to go into the Territories a cause.

In this we follow in the footsteps of our fathers, and the footsteps even of the disunion Democracy, running down to a late period in our times.

The South knows very well that, under even the local territorial sovereignty of her Cincinnati platform, by sad experience, she cannot meet free labor by a free ballot and conquer. Her usurpation of political power in the persons of the Supreme Court of the United States, she only knows, as her great leader, Senator Douglas admits, cannot avail her, even if acquiesced in by Republicans, against the inevitable 'unfriendly' legislation of the free labor settlers of the Territories.

3. Neither is the election of Abraham Lincoln, the Republican President, the cause.

The South knows that Mr. Lincoln is a Kentuckian by birth, and has a Kentucky born wife and numerous slaveholding relatives—that he is an old Henry Clay Whig—a conservative by temperament, antecedents and avowals, and that all the constitutional rights of the South will be by him thoroughly protected. In fact, the leading minds in the secession movement now abandon this ground of offense.

What, then, is the cause of the disunion move? It is simply a desire to rule or ruin—the old passion in the hearts of our humanity, which we are told is as old as the race, and antecedent to it in the devils of old.

The irrepressible conflict between free and slave labor has been, by the natural laws of peaceful antagonism, fought out, and victory has perched upon the standard of liberty. South Carolina has tested the thing as early as 1832-3. Failing in her designs of a separate existence (by which alone she could compel some of the trade which centers in New York and the other free cities, into the building up of her own Charleston) upon the tariff issue, she has steadily aided her time, and now, as Andrew Jackson foretold, she takes hold of the slavery question to effect the same purpose, with the same disregard of the rights of others—even of the border slave States—but with more hope of final success.

In these aspirations of a separate existence, all the cotton States sympathize, with the additional desire of cheap slaves, imported from Africa, instead of the high priced slaves which they are now compelled to buy of the border slave States.

In view of these facts, in all the speeches which made in the late canvass I looked the coming danger fully in the face and let all the millions whom I addressed in behalf of the Republican cause know what they had to expect in their hour of triumph.

Now, what shall Republicans do?

They can have peace by acquiescing in all the demands of the slave power, but it is peace at the expense of their equality in the Government and the loss of their liberty! There may be some who, like Brooks' fat dog, will accept the terms; but I who, like his wolf, have not only seen the marks of his bite, but the scars, will not accept them! We can have peace by allowing the government to go into dissolution. Mr. Lincoln can say in his inaugural, whether issued from Washington or New York: "All those States which stand by the Union, come up and take the oath"

allegiance to the Constitution of the United States of America and the laws made in pursuance thereof; and those States who choose may peaceably file off to whatever new affinities may attract them." But look at our plains, our mountains, our rivers, our seas, and say how long would such a peace last? And, lastly, we can have peace by standing on the Constitution (and the laws of our fathers) as it was, is, and shall be, and making others do the same—a peace which will secure us safety at home and respect abroad—a peace which will continue the grandest development of civilization which the world has ever seen; and which, I trust, the providence of God designs shall be lengthened out into the far centuries, when the sword shall be turned into a pruning hook and the lion and the lamb shall lie down together forever!

But suppose the time has come when the justice of God shall be no longer withheld, and the madness of Slavery shall seek its own destruction by a dissolution of the Union—peaceable or forcible—what then? Shall we give up all as lost? Not at all. God rules still. If the cotton States go, they go to ruin, sooner or later. The grain growing States may stand by us—give up their slaves—double at once their whole property by the advance of real estate, by immigration and capital from the free States, and foreign nations; or if they prefer, keep their slaves with the same, or greater security in the future than in the past—subjecting their system to our economical laws, and advancing civilization, till such time as we all become a homogeneous nation, and all will still be well. But if double madness and folly shall send them off with the cotton States, still would the Federal Union, stand, with twenty million free hearts and free hands to defend it at home and abroad, safely against a world in arms.

In such case we would seek by friendly negotiation with England, the union of the Canadian, which would more than compensate us for the loss of the South, and in turn we would stand the ally of England in her contests with foreign despots; and the two carry on the progress and civilization of the nations in that union of sympathy, and race, and freedom, which only now slavery forbids.

I have thus hurriedly, my friend, given you my thoughts as they arise, without fear or concealment. Some have said that I ought to be silent.

Having just recovered partly from a long period of pecuniary embarrassment, brought on by my devotion to politics—with a family which now especially demands all my care—with prospects of peace, perhaps, which for a quarter of a century my principles have made impossible—I am invoked in the language of prudence to be silent. Standing in the vanguard of a great and dangerous movement, I am told that leaders of revolutions 'rarely survive them.' I may fall by the hands of violence—may be driven into exile, and suffer poverty and die in obscurity. What shall I say? What shall I do? I listen—I hear the voice of conscience—the voice of God—the great dead—'The man dies, but his memory lives.' Give me liberty or give me death!

Well, then, I think old Ben Wade's speech in the Senate is the true ground. Let us stand with and by him to the end. 'The Constitution, the Union and the laws—they must be preserved.' With old John Adams, 'living or dying, I stand by the declaration.' Your friend, C. M. CLAY.

ANYTHING IN REASON.—When the United States army started for Utah there was a scarcity of transportation, or, in other words, there were too few baggage wagons. Now every soldier knows how like the apple of one's eye are these same baggage wagons, drawn as they are by six mules, on the long marches across the plains. A colonel of dragoons, who had command of one of the columns, restricted the officers very much in their allowance of baggage, and was most bitter if any one tried to exceed the just amount. One morning the colonel met one of his captains, (a dragoon, of course,) when he burst out as follows:

"Captain, do you know what these artillery officers want to take across the plains?"

"No, colonel, I do not," said the captain, with an inquiring look.

"Well, said he, 'if you'll believe me, there's one of 'em wants to take across a box of books.'"

"Books!" exclaimed the captain: "what next, I wonder! Now, colonel, I have but little to take across myself—nothing, in fact, but a barrel of whiskey."

"Of course, captain, of course; anything in reason, anything in reason; but the idea of carrying a parcel of books across that stretch is a little more than I can stand."

Mr. Thomas M. Peters, a slave owner, has addressed a letter to President Buchanan, strongly opposing secession. We make the following extract:

"I hope your Excellency will see, at once, the importance to many of your fellow citizens, in this section of the nation, of a direct, unambiguous and prompt reply to this momentous inquiry. Are we to be protected by the general government, in our lives, our property, and our peace, at our homes, where we are, and where we wish to remain in quiet comfort, against the unconstitutional usurpation of those who are now plotting in many of the Southern States to destroy the national government, and all those who disagree with them, if they succeed? And if protection is to be given, when, how, and to what extent is it to be applied? No timid or diplomatic answer to this inquiry will satisfy or calm the deep anxiety and apprehension of many of your fellow-citizens in this section of the Union."

THE DEMAND FOR STIMULANTS.—The Louisville Journal beautifully says: "There are times when the pulse 'flies low' in the bosom, and beats slow in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep apparently, that knows no waking, in its house of clay, and the window shutters are closed, and the door hung with the invisible drapery of deliriously when we wish the golden sunshine plied darkness, and are very willing to fancy clouds where no clouds be. This is a state of sickness when phlegm may be thrown to the dogs, for we have none of it. What shall raise the sleeping Legerias? What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulse dance to it through all the myriad thronged halls of the house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the East, and the hills again for us with all his old awaken-

ing gladness, and the night overflow with moonlight, music, love, and flowers? Love itself is the great stimulant—the most intoxicating of all—and performs all the miracles; but it is a miracle itself, and is not at the drug store, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged god is not a money changer, we assure you."

Men have tried many things, but still they seek for stimulants. The stimulants we use, but a quite the use of more. Men try to drown the floating dead of their own souls in the wine cup, but the corpse will rise. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again and the pulses playing wildest music, and the thought galloping, but the fast clock runs down sooner, and the unnatural stimulation only leaves the house it fills with the wildest revelry more siffent, more sad, more deserted, more dead. There is only one stimulant that never intoxicates—Do y. Duty puts a bliss over every man—up in his heart, may be—in which is the lack. Happiness always goes singing.

THE LONDON TIMES UPON THE AMERICAN CRISIS.—The London Times of Dec. 20th has an article upon the Message of President Buchanan, in which, after stating that "if has much more the appearance of being made to calm his own apprehensions and misgivings, than for the purpose of convincing or satisfying any body else, and has in fact satisfied nobody," it proceeds to say:

"Like a skillful physician, Mr. Buchanan begins with his diagnosis of the disorder which now agitates the Union. The present difficulties arise neither from the claim of Congress or Territorial Legislatures to exclude Slavery from the Territories, nor yet from the efforts of the different States to defeat the Fugitive Slave Law; but the present peril springs, according to Mr. Buchanan, from the incessant and violent agitation against slavery in the North, which has at length produced its malign influence on the slaves, and inspired them with vague notions of freedom. The matrons of the South are frightened, and a servile insurrection is considered not impossible."

If we translate these communications into plain English, they seem to amount to this,—that in order to preserve the institution of slavery, the United States are bound to renounce the freedom of the platform, the assembly, the pulpit, and the newspaper. In the South we know freedom of discussion on the subject of slavery has long been prohibited under penalties, amounting in many instances to death preceded by torture; and we are now told, on the authority of the President of the United States, that the Union cannot be preserved unless the North not merely abstains from active interference with the domestic institution of the South, but imposes upon itself an eternal silence on the subject."

It is a significant symptom of the true nature of Slavery that it draws after it, by the admission of its warmest advocates, the proscription of that freedom of tongue and pen which we are in the habit of connecting with popular sovereignty, and seeks to establish in the midst of democracy a censorship on what is written, and espionage on what is spoken, for fear that the very echo of free discussion should generate in the hands of bold men vague notions of freedom. Mr. Buchanan has discovered the evil, and has only to propose the remedy. That remedy we should have supposed would have been simple enough.

The mischief has been done by the liberty of speech and action in the North. The remedy would seem therefore, to prohibit speech, and to fetter action. If the matrons of the South can never feel themselves safe so long as the North is allowed to 'talk and write,' to quote the Declaration of Independence, and appeal to the anti-slavery opinions of Washington and Jefferson, the case will be very little mended by the remedies the President proposes."

Let us assume that Congress can be prevailed upon to vote by the required majority of two thirds, and that three-fourths of the several States are prepared to ratify, an express recognition of the right of property in slaves, the right of bringing slaves into any Territory, and the validity of the F











