



8-29-1861

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 08): August 29, 1861

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 08): August 29, 1861" (1861). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 735.  
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## MARRYING A WIDOWER.

BY LIZZIE WILLIAMS.

"Do tell us how it was that you married a widower, cousin Nelly."

"Steady girl! as if the act were one requiring explanations," laughed cousin Nelly. "But I see you are all interested; so settle yourselves quietly to your needlework, and I'll try to satisfy your curiosity."

"I first met Albert Gillman at a picnic, where our acquaintance began in the true novel style. I was standing heedlessly on the very brink of our pretty little lake, when one of my companions playfully gave me a push forward. In one moment I was floating off on the lake, and the next Mr. Gillman had me in his arms, gallantly bearing me back to dry land. Of course, we fell in love forthwith; and what else could be proper under the circumstances? Albert proposed to have found in me the angel of whom he had long dreamed; I was obliged to admit that he fully realized my *beau idéal*. Sister Edith, who, being my guardian, my second mother, had a word to say in the disposal of my hand—pronounced him eligible; having learned that he was a lawyer of Springdale, an easy, if not affluent, circumstances. For once, the course of true love seemed destined to run smooth enough; but it was soon ruffled.

"When my sister made a definite proposal for my hand, he gave me an outline of his history. I was overwhelmed. A widower, and with two children! Mercy! I never could marry a second-hand husband, to use our Sally's expression. And yet when I would have spoken a decided refusal, my father's tongue would not utter these words, but murmured something about my sister, from which he understood that her consent alone was wanting, and he lost no time in conferring with her. Edith scarcely knew what to say. The two children were a serious objection, she thought; but, to make matters worse, his elder sister had always had a home with him, and since the death of his wife, three years before, had exercised supreme control over house, children, and servants. Sister Edith considered the state of affairs decidedly unpromising; but she evaded a direct answer to Mr. Gillman. He was going on a journey which would detain him some five or six weeks. On his return, he would stop to see us, and then, he said, he would expect to be made happy, etc.

"For several days after his departure, Edith and I studied the matter in all its aspects. 'Miss Caroline,' the maiden sister, was her pugbear. 'If she should chance to be of a pleasant disposition, and not disposed to regard wife as an intruder on her domain—but that is a not very probable. I think after all, sissy, you had best give him up.'

"Give him up! It is astonishing how coolly persons will talk of renunciation and self sacrifice when they are not the parties concerned. Loving Albert Gillman as I did, it was not easy to make up my mind to this summary proceeding. At length a bright idea darted into my perplexed brain. The farmer who supplied us with butter and eggs lived near Springdale, and would spend a few weeks at the farmhouse, and learn something of Miss Gillman; perhaps he would not prove to be the formidable being we imagined. Sister approved of this project, and I was soon busy with all needful preparations.

"Next market day, farmer Blake and his wife were consulted, and agreed to take a boarder for three or four weeks; and that evening found me snugly settled in the old farmhouse. You may be sure not many days elapsed ere I expressed a desire to see the neighboring village. Cynthia Blake remembered she had some shopping to do; so, as it was only a pleasant walk of a mile, she and I got ready and away we went. On the road, we met one of Cynthia's acquaintances, and she accompanied us into town. Our stay at the store became very tedious to me, for Cynthia was as hard to please about her 'shilling ballico' dress as a city belle would be hesitating between rival styles, each exquisite and becoming. So I stepped to the door to see what ever was to be seen. The store stood at the intersection of the business thoroughfare with one of the more private streets. Looking down the latter, I espied a place which at once arrested my gaze. It was not a stately mansion, nor a Grecian villa, only a plainly built house of gray stone; but it was abundantly supplied with shady verandas and balconies, without which no country residence is pleasing to me; a small lawn led on either side stretched a garden, now gorgeous with August's richly tinted flowers. Unconsciously I had strolled toward the garden, and was feasting my eyes on the fine floral display, when a little boy sprang out from a rustic pavilion. Surprised at beholding a stranger, he stood still for an instant on the path, shyly peeping at me from beneath his long curls, which the wind and his merry play had tossed in graceful confusion around his brow. My heart leaped at the glances of those fine hazel eyes; I needed no other evidence to convince me that I looked upon Mr. Gillman's little son. Just then a lady approached, leading by the hand a fairy girl of six or seven summers, who called her aunt Caroline—additional proof that I was correct in my surmise.

"Something like guilty consciousness made my face burn, as the lady courteously invited me to enter and walk around the garden. Awestruck enough, I imagined, I declined the invitation; saying that, having come to the village with farmer Blake's daughter, I had just stolen away to see the gardens while she was 'busy shopping.' Looking up the street, Miss Gillman saw the two girls, and signaled them to join us, saying, 'she opened the gate, that she knew the farmer's family very well. So the next moment I was promenading the garden with little Fanny as guide, while her tiny brother, holding tight to his aunt's hand, led her and the two girls closely in our footsteps. On parting, we all accepted an invitation to take tea with Miss Gillman on the succeeding Tuesday.

"We went accordingly and passed a delightful afternoon. Miss Gillman was a capital housekeeper, the servants old and trustworthy; in short, I found the house and every person in it quite to my liking. Miss Gillman and I grew very friendly; that visit was succeeded by others, and each one seemed to increase our mutual liking. Only one thing frequently made me feel uncomfortable; I wished that the could know of my acquaintance with her brother; but how could I muster resolution to tell her a secret which might be very unpleasant intelligence to her?"

"On the day previous to that on which I was to return home, I was at the house quite early, in accordance with Miss Gillman's urgent request, that we might have a good long day together. By turns chatting and sewing, we were passing the morning quite pleasantly, when suddenly we were startled by a wild scream that echoed loudly through the house. Trembling in apprehension of some dreadful catastrophe, we rushed to the parlor door, and met the screaming chambermaid with little Bertie in her arms; while she held at arm's length an empty bottle, and cried frantically, 'Oh! he's gone—he's poisoned—he's swallowed every drop of it before I saw what he was doing—our poor little Bertie!'

"One glance at the bottle was enough—how fearfully distinct looked those fatal words—corrosive sublimate. The aunt took the darling child in her arms, and bent over him in mute, hopeless agony. I could have been but a few moments since the poison was swallowed, but already its effects were visible; the large, hazel eyes were losing their brightness; the face was growing black; the little teeth firmly set as in a spasm. For one moment my faculties were paralyzed; then remembering that albumen was the antidote for corrosive sublimate, I sprang to the dining room, closet and seized the basket of newly laid eggs, which I had just before helped Miss Gillman to collect. As I re-entered the parlor, the gardener, reached it, attracted by the continued cries of the servants. He was a sturdy, active young fellow, who dearly loved little Bertie, and his voice trembled, as he asked, if there was nothing he could do. Miss Gillman shook her head sadly. 'The doctor had been sent for, but we feared he would come too late.'

"Forcing myself to be calm, I broke open an egg, telling Sam at the same time to open Bertie's mouth. The firmly clenched teeth, at first resisted his effort, but he succeeded at last, and the white of an egg was poured down the throat. Again and again the mouth was forced open and the antidote administered.

"Ah! you shrink and shudder, girls; so did we. We were all sick at heart; and the fond aunt moaned, 'Don't torture him any more; he can't save him—let him die in peace!'

"Sam looked at me, as if to ascertain if I had lost hope, and would give over what seemed only useless cruelty to the dying. But I could not desert. A wild determination to save that precious little life—a strong conviction that I could do so—urged me on. There were no signs of life in the child; his eyes were tightly closed; his face blackened as if he were already dead; the subtle poison was doing its work with fearful rapidity. Sam's fingers were shockingly mangled; my own were bleeding from several sharp gashes; yet I persevered. And at length, oh, joy of joys! there was a slight quiver of the eyelids—then the little chest heaved convulsively—the teeth relaxed from their fierce tension—and at length the eyes opened, and we knew the worst was past.

"Not long afterward the doctor arrived, and our fears were set at rest by his assurance, that though the child's condition was certainly critical, yet a few weeks of careful nursing would quite restore him. To this day the doctor often describes the scene that followed this announcement as being to him quite ludicrous. 'Miss Caroline,' he says, 'burst into tears as if she had not already shed a plenty of them, and throws her disengaged arm around Miss Nelly's neck; Miss Nelly, in her turn, falls fainting on Miss Caroline's shoulder; Sam, poking his bleeding fingers into his eyes, runs blubbering out of the room! Were the child dead they could but cry; but seeing that he is likely to live and do well, they must needs cry anyhow.'

"When little Bertie had been properly attended to, there was other work awaiting the physician. Sam's fingers were shockingly lacerated, and though he half reluctantly insisted that 'he wanted no doctoring; what were them little cuts?'—he'd get along—better see to the child, etc., the doctor coolly proceeded to dress them after his own skillful fashion. Then Miss Gillman must needs call his attention to me, expatiating on all I had done; the doctor turning his keen glance often on me as she spoke, and muttering, 'I like that—sensible young woman—no fine lady airs—no nonsense—no falling in a swoon when anything happens, and coming to life again as soon as the work is done. Let me feel your pulse—humph!'

"And he peremptorily ordered me to bed, telling Miss Gillman I should be kept very quiet, as my nervous system was overtaxed and the reaction close at hand. In fact, I was utterly prostrated, and for two days could scarcely raise my hand to my throbbing head; but I had the best and kindest attendant in Miss Gillman. How lovingly I watched her as she went to and fro between Bertie's bed and mine, cheering me with accounts of his progress as she administered my composing draught, and nursing him night and day with a devotion that was proof against fatigue or drowsiness.

"On the third day, finding I was able to go down stairs, she left the sleeping child in charge of Sam, upon whose prudence she could rely confidently, and we walked slowly along the garden path, resting by times in a shady arbor. There I told the secret which had now become insupportable. When I had finished, she drew me closer and kissed my forehead with a sort of solemn tenderness, and I felt that in her heart she adopted me as a sister. Thus encouraged, I could give vent to a fear that now haunted me continually. What would her brother think of my thus seeking the acquaintance of his sister and his children? Would he not, perhaps, consider it unbecomingly? The thought made my heart sink as I uttered it.

"But my auditor spoke now. Raising my burning face from her shoulder, she regarded me with her calm, thoughtful smile, as she said, 'Can you not trust his love, little Bertie? If I can see nothing to condemn in your conduct, think you his opinion will be less lenient?'

"Her confidence inspired me with a similar feeling; but of course, I had no wish that the master of the house should find me in it on my return. By the end of the week, little Bertie was quite out of danger, and I prepared to return to the farmhouse. But that very morning I heard a well known voice in the parlor, and knew that Miss Gillman was informing him of what had transpired during his absence. Girls, you may judge how I felt just then; how my heart alternately palpitated and stood still till I grew faint and dizzy. But how quickly my failing spirit was restored to hope and happiness, when I was encircled by his arms, listening to his dear tones, as he murmured my name coupled with every endearing epithet, and telling me that heaven had sent me hither to preserve the life of his boy!

"Hark! it is the supper bell! Just in time, for I have no more to tell. You know now how I came to marry a widower."

"NEW WAY OF BOILING FISH.—The addition of a few herbs and vegetables in the water gives a very nice flavor to the fish. Add, according to taste, a little sliced onion, thyme,

## The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1861.

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bayleaf, winter savory, carrots, celery, cloves, mace, using whichever of these ingredients you can procure; it greatly improves skate, fresh haddock, gurnet, &c. Fresh water fish, which have no particular flavor, are preferable done thus, with the addition of a little vinegar.—Choose whatever sauces you please for any of the above fish.

THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN.—At a certain town meeting, the question came up whether any person should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, and physician, strange as it may now appear, all favored it. One man spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when all at once there arose from one corner of the room, a miserable female. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment of silence, and all eyes became fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called upon all to look upon her.

"Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declare its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage, in health, is excess. Look upon me. You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town. You all know too that I had one of the best, the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had fine, noble hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side in yonder churchyard; all, every one of them, filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe; excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, pointing with her shred of a finger to the minister, deacon, and doctor, as authority. They thought themselves safe under such tender teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects, with dismay and horror; I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin; I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons; I begged, I prayed; but the odds were greatly against me."

"The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the deacon (who sits under the pulpit there), and took our farm to pay his rum bill,) sold them the poison, the physician said a little was good, and excess ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare and they could not escape. (There were no Washingtonians then, and one after another was conveyed to the dishonored grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again; you probably see me for the last time; my said has almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present abode—your poorhouse—to warn you all—to warn you, I mean to warn you, false teacher of God's word! and with her arms high flung, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch she exclaimed, 'I shall stand before the judgment seat of God; I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all.' The miserable female vanished—a dead silence pervaded the assembly—the minister, deacon, and physician, hung their heads; the president of the meeting put the question, shall we have any more license to sell alcoholic poisons, to be sold as a beverage? The response was unanimous, no!"

FALL TRADE IN PHILADELPHIA.—The Philadelphia Gazette says that the domestic goods and commission houses there are beginning to exhibit some activity, and buyers are arriving, principally from the West. It says: "The feeling among the trade is much improved. With the great northwest to be supplied, and an ample crop of cereals to pay for their goods, Philadelphia must certainly do her share of the general business, and especially with this particular section of the Union.—What will be the aggregate of the fall trade, time alone can determine. The war has brot everything to its level, and no buyer can secure a dollar's worth of goods unless he first discharges every outstanding obligation. Credit has not been given this season, in a single instance, for a longer period than eight months—a much shorter term being the general rule. Whatever trade we have, therefore, will be a healthy trade.—With 19,000,000 of people in the free States alone, and a high tariff upon foreign goods, the demand for home products must soon be active. So far from depression, it is the opinion of numerous merchants that inflation is rather to be looked for, when consideration is given to the immense expenditures by the government."

GARIBOLDI NOT COMING.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says: "There is no truth in the reports that Garibaldi proposes to help us out of our troubles. A gentleman here, personally acquainted with Garibaldi and his son, received a letter from the latter a few days ago, in which the son says he desired himself to come out and take a part in the struggle now going on here for liberty, but that his father objected, on the ground that ours was a family quarrel, and could be settled more easily without foreign interference than with it; and that it was based upon a political question in which the nations were not interested, and in the settlement of which they could not become parties. These are now the views and sentiments of Garibaldi, as expressed by his son in private correspondence of very late date."

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.—One of the meanest things a young man can do, and it is not an uncommon occurrence, is to monopolize the time and attention of a young girl for a year or more, without any definite object, and to the exclusion of other gentlemen, who suppose him to have matrimonial intentions, and sending themselves from her society. It prevents the reception of eligible offers of marriage, and fastens on the young lady, when the acquaintance is finally dissolved, the unenviable and unmortifying appellation of 'spinster.' Let all your dealings with women, young men, be frank, honest and noble. That many, whose education and position in life would warrant as in looking for better things, are culpably criminal on these points, is no excuse for short comings.

That woman is often injured or wronged through her holiest feelings, adds but a blacker dye to your own meanness. One rule is always safe. Treat every woman you meet as you would wish another man to treat your innocent, confiding sister.—[Nevada Transcript.]

FALSE PROPHESY.—A young fellow must sow his wild oats. In all the wide range of British maxims there is none, take it for all in all, more thoroughly abominable than this one as to the sowing of wild oats. Look at it on what side you will, and I will defy you to make anything but a devil's maxim of it. Whatever man, be he young, old, or middle-aged, sows, that and nothing else shall he reap. The only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long tough roots like couch grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive, and you and nobody else will have to reap them; and the common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again. Well for you if, with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again by your dying day. 'Boys will be boys,' is not much better, but that has a true side to it; but this encouragement to sowing of wild oats is simply devilish, for it means that a young man is to give way to the temptations, and follow the lusts of his age. What are we to do with the wild oats of manhood and old age—with ambition, overreaching, the false weights, hardness, suspicion, avarice—if the wild oats of youth are to be sown, and not burnt? What possible distinction can we draw between them? If we may sow the one, why not the other?

[From 'Tom Brown at Oxford. EDWARD EVERETT UPON SECESSION JOURNALS AND THE RIGHT OF FREE SPEECH. Mr. Everett's last paper in the New York Ledger discusses the rights and duties of war, with especial reference to the proper distinction to be observed between the ordinary usages of law and the necessities of military authority in time of war. We copy a part of Mr. Everett's remarks on this subject:

Secessionist Journals.—There are presses, for the most part in the border states, though some of them are found in cities more remote from the scene of action, which are daily pleading the cause of the enemy, misrepresenting and vilifying the government of the United States, exaggerating every article of unfavorable intelligence, and exerting themselves to the utmost to dishearten the friends and defenders of the constitution and the Union. But such is the all but superstitious devotion of people to the liberty of the press, that these pernicious journals have, with the exception of a single instance in St. Louis, never been interfered with. It seems to have been thought better by those in authority to tolerate the mischief of these unpatriotic presses, than to elevate them to greater importance by prosecution, or to encroach in the slightest degree upon that freedom of public discussion which in ordinary times is justly regarded as one of the great safeguards of liberty.

But it is preposterous to sacrifice the end to the means. We should in this respect learn wisdom from the enemies of the Union. While we regard, as unbefitting our Christian civilization, that resort to Lynch law, by which every expression of opinion adverse to the popular sentiment is suppressed in the seceding States, we ought to remember that in tolerating a traitorous press among ourselves we practice a liberality which awakens no gratitude at home, and is never reciprocated by the opposite party. It is in fact an absurdity in terms, under the venerable name of the liberty of the press to permit the systematic and licentious abuse of a government which is tasked to the utmost in defending the country from disintegration and political chaos. The Governor of Malta was once censured in Parliament for some alleged severity toward the editor of a journal in that island, and the 'liberty of the press was declared to be in danger. The Duke of Wellington said he was as friendly as anybody to the liberty of the press in London, but a free press in the island of Malta was as much out of place as it would be on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war. We suppose the most enthusiastic champion of the liberty of the press would hardly think it right to publish a journal within the walls of Fort Mifflin, in which the officers of the garrison should be daily advised to desert, and the men be constantly exhorted to mutiny; and whose columns should be filled with persistent abuse of the government and all engaged in its defence. Why should journals of that description be allowed to diffuse their poison beneath its walls amidst the excitable population of a large city?

Freedom of Speech and Debate.—So too with freedom of speech in debate, one of the vital conditions of republican liberty. The late session of Congress has witnessed a magnanimity on the part of the majority in both Houses of a truly romantic cast. The acts and the motives of the government, in the suppression of an insurrection, (admitted by one of its most distinguished chiefs to proceed mainly from the disappointment of leading aspirants to office,) assailed from day to day with a virulence and a persistence which would be harmless in time of peace, but which in time of war can have no other effect on the popular mind than to perplex and dishearten those who are seeking life and fortune in the cause of the country.

This generosity excites no gratitude on the part of those to whom it is practised; and so far from being reciprocated, the member of the Confederate Congress at Montgomery or Richmond, who should assail the conduct and policy of that body as the government of the United States has been assailed by the sympathizers with secession at Washington, would not reach his home in safety. He would swing from the next lamp post.

Not merely is all freedom of speech and of the press prohibited in the seceding States, but the most quiet and the humblest rights of citizenship are interdicted. When the ordinance of secession was about to be submitted to the people of Virginia, a distinguished Senator of that State in Congress, and who in that capacity was under oath to support the Constitution of the United States, published a letter, signed with his name, in which he declared

that such citizens of Virginia as did not approve the ordinance, must leave the State; a summary sentence of banishment and confiscation against a third part of the people of that ancient commonwealth; a sentence which the seceding majority are now attempting to enforce at the point of the bayonet, to illustrate the principle, that 'the right of government rests upon the consent of the governed.'

CHEAP FOOD.—A New Dish. A writer in one of the Eastern papers says that probably not one farmer in fifty knows what excellent, hearty, wholesome food he can have directly from the wheat field, stack or barn. He says: 'The writer's family breakfasted this morning, July 20, mainly on boiled wheat. Boiled wheat and wheat gravy. Boiled wheat and milk. Boiled wheat and maple sugar. Not wheat flour, nor wheaten grouts, nor cracked wheat, but whole grains of wheat, shelled from the best heads, the larger the better, and soaked in cold water two or three hours, and then boiled in the same water one or two hours, or until it is quite soft, and the water all absorbed. It should be cooked while other culinary operations are going on, as it needs to boil or simmer on a slow fire a good while, and care must be taken at the last that it does not burn. To prevent this it may be finished off in a sand bath, that is a pan of heated sand, or a pan of water, or in a tin-kettle set upon a thick earthen plate on a stove; or in a slow oven with all the heat over the top. How easy for our soldiers to have a change in the eternal bread and salt meat rations, if they may be allowed to glean a few wheat heads from the 'sacred soil' of the enemy, and boil the grains in their camp kettles. How convenient would this little item of knowledge in domestic cooking be to the wife of many a farmer, who would gladly get up an extra dish for the tired harvest hands! Try it. How many families are this day living on short allowance, right alongside of a wheat field, or with grain in stack or barn near the house, because they cannot get it ground, the mill being dried up or broken down, or occupied by 'the army,' or suffering a collapse, so that no grinding can be had.'

AN INTERESTING AND TOUCHING INCIDENT.—We learn the following facts in relation to a young man recently enlisted in the navy at the recruiting office in this city. Some three years since, and just previous to his sailing on a whaling voyage, he became acquainted with a young girl in Fall River, of unsponsored reputation, who was an operative in one of the mills in that city. Returning from his voyage, not long since, he was surprised to learn that this girl whom he left so pure was an inmate of one of the foulest dens in our city. He at once found her out, listened to the sad story of her wrongs, and at length induced her to abandon her vicious course of life. She is now an inmate of the Home for the Fallen, and like a good Samaritan, the young sailor, before he went to join his ship, left a half pay ticket for the benefit of the girl. We state but the simple facts (not all of them) to show the touching kindness of heart and unselfish generosity of the young sailor, and the benefit of an institution which furnishes to the penitent girl an asylum.

[New Bedford Mercury.]

SCOTTISH CHARACTER.—We take the following from Ramsay's collection of anecdotes illustrative of Scottish Character:—

'A friend has informed me that the late Lord Rutherford often told with much interest of a rebuke which he received from a shepherd, near Ronally, amongst the Pentlands. He had entered into conversation with him, and was complaining bitterly of the weather, which prevented him enjoying his visit to the country, and said hastily and unguardedly, 'What a d—d mist!' and then expressed his wonder how or for what purpose there should have been such a thing created as east wind. The shepherd, a tall, grim figure, turned sharp round upon him. 'What ails you at the mist, sir? it was the sod, it stinks the yowes, and it adds with much solemnity—'it's God's will,' and turned away with lofty indignation. Lord Rutherford used to repeat this with much candor as a fine specimen of rebuke from a sincere and simple mind.'

An admirable addition to that scene, says Dean Ramsay, was the shepherd's answer to Lord Cockburn, the proprietor of Ronally. He was sitting on the hillside with the shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he observed to him, 'John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill.' The shepherd answered, 'Ay, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep ye would hae roared sense.'

'Mr. Miller of Ballumbie, had occasion to find fault with one of his laborers who had been imprudent and known better days. He was digging a drain, and he told him if he did not make better work he should turn him off. The man was very angry, and throwing down his spade, called out, in a tone of resentment, 'Ye are over prideful, Davie Miller; since I mind ye I' the world when ye had neither cow nor ewe.' 'Very well,' replied Mr. Miller, mildly, 'I remember you when you had both.'

The Jewish Messenger says: 'Among the incidents of the conflict at Bull Run, one has been recounted to us posing peculiar interest, in that, the participants were co-religionists. Lieut. Isaac Cohen, of the Eighth Regiment N. Y. V. M., espied on the field of battle a wounded soldier, who asked him 'for God's sake to give him a drink of water.' Lieut. Cohen at once complied, and the poor fellow, recognizing him as an Israelite, said 'Shemang Yessroile' ('Hear, O Israel') with him and died. Lieut. C. had his body decently interred. How sad the recollection that our co-religionists should be in arms against a government that has ever protected them, and thus be compelled to meet in deadly conflict brothers in a twofold sense—brothers in faith and nationality.'

AN OBEDIENT SON.—A boy was tempted by some of his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree his father had forbidden him to touch.

'You need not be afraid,' said they, 'for if your father should find out, you had taken them, he is so kind he would not hurt you.'

'That is the very reason,' replied the boy, 'why I should not touch them. It is true my father may not hurt me; yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than any thing else.'

Was not this an excellent reason?

THE TWO THIMBLES; A Story for the Young of the Household. By the author of 'A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam.'

Were you ever in a carpenter's shed, little folks? a large shed, with its piles of shavings, its strange, quaint looking tools, its endless pieces of wood, of all shapes and sizes? because if you ever were there, you know what a famous place it is to play in. What a mysterious awe hangs over the tools that we must not touch, and therefore look at with longing eyes. What a delight to build houses there, with those pieces of wood, so much nicer than our own neat box of bricks at home. What fun the piling up shavings to 'pretend' it's a bonfire and the still greater delight of having the hammer and the nail box, and driving a whole row into a piece of wood, with no earthly object but to make the same noise as the carpenter! Such pleasures as these were being thoroughly enjoyed by a little, bright eyed, dark haired, gypsy looking child, one warm, summer afternoon, when I shall first introduce her to you. Her name is Jessie Hay; she is the second child of an Alfred Hay, the village carpenter, and, perhaps, it may be owned, his darling; for, in spite of the never ending scrapes into which she continually got, she was so merry, so clever, and so winning, that he could not help loving even while he scolded her. Mrs. Hay said her father spoiled her—but I don't quite think that; Mrs. Hay made the mistake too often made with children—she thought if a child was always quiet, and never worried her, it was good; but if, on the contrary, it was full of life and restlessness, it required constant correction. So it happened that the little meek faced, quiet, unexcitable Lucy, Jessie's eldest sister, rarely incurred her mother's displeasure, whilst poor Jessie was in constant disgrace. Mrs. Hay had never been fond of children before she was married, and though she had a natural love for her own, her 'little ways' irritated and vexed her. Exquisitely clean, neat, industrious, and remarkably quiet herself, the mess that children make was a source of real pain to her—the ringing of their fond, eager voices—the impatience to be heard and attended to, however much she was engaged herself—the spoiling of their clothes—the destruction of books and playthings—all combined to prevent her finding any pleasure in her children. She loved them with a tender, anxious love, which made her willing and desirous to spare them from pain or ill usage; but she wished in her heart that she and her husband had shared their home alone—that the spotlessly clean cloth that she loved to spread on the table was never soiled with dirty fingers, and clumsy 'upsets'; that the nicely swept floor was never strewn with broken rubbish nor shreds of linen; in short, that she could sit down peacefully to enjoy the neat home she took such pains to keep so.

Lucy being a naturally quiet, dull child, she had trained her to her notions of right and wrong, so that before her mother Lucy was never in mischief, always neat and clean, and supposed by her and all who visited the cottage to be a model child; but Jessie—wild, restless, joyous Jessie—was her mother's perpetual torment, and, as I have said, constantly in disgrace. And let me pause a moment to address you, the 'Young of the Household,'—I, who love you all, from the tiniest baby cradled in its mother's arms, to the sturdiest boy or girl among you, rich or poor, high or low, the lordly infant in its silks and laces, as well as the cottage child in its patched and, it may be, dirty pinafore, let me tell you I can understand how it was that Mrs. Hay did not like her children, and how it is that so many do not; how it is that they are so glad to shut them up in their nurseries with their nurses, or turn them out into the streets, anywhere so that they are rid of them, because you forget, most of you, the good old proverb, 'Little children should be like old men's beads, seen but not heard.' You should try to remember that there is a time to play and be merry and noisy; and a time to be quiet; when you must be contented not to be noticed, nor engage attention; but to steal away in some little corner, and be so still that no one shall know you are in the room; a time to cease the eager questionings, to rest the restless feet; so that it may be said of you, that, though always in the way, you are never in the way.

Lucy Hay had learned this lesson, but unhappily she had only learned it to serve herself, not because it was right and good; and, moreover, it was not so much merit to her to be still as it would have been to Jessie, because it was no trouble to her. She liked to be quiet, she liked to listen to what other people said, and above all, she liked the sugar plums, and half pence, and sweet words her mother lavished on her for 'being good,' as she called it, and dreaded the scoldings that fell to poor Jessie's share.

On the afternoon when I tell you Jessie was so happy in the carpenter's shed, Lucy was quietly seated in a corner of her mother's best room, listening to the conversation between her mother and a visitor who had just arrived. At last her mother turned to her and said—

'Lucy, love, where is Jessie?—in mischief somewhere, I'll be bound!'

'I don't know, mother,' answered Lucy, meekly, 'I think I saw her going into father's shed.'

'Into father's shed! She heard me say I wouldn't have her go there. I never saw such a child in my life. I declare, Martha,' continued the mother, addressing the visitor, 'I don't know what to do with her; you'd never think the children were sisters, or had been brought up alike. Lucy's always quiet and good, and no trouble; but as to Jessie, she almost drives me distracted. Go, and tell her to come here directly, Lucy; she shall have bread and water for dinner, for not minding what's said to her.'

Now do you know, Lucy well knew that Jessie was not in the room when her mother had said she did not like the children to go into the shed, and she had quite forgotten to tell her sister so; but, fearful of getting scolded herself for not mentioning it, she allowed her mother to imagine Jessie was wilfully disobedient. She found Jessie very happy among the shavings, and beckoning her out, said—

'O, Jessie! Aunt Martha's here, and you're to come in; and mother said we were not to go into the shed any more, and I forgot to tell you. Don't say I forgot, Jessie dear—pray don't, mother will be so cross.'

'All right,' said Jessie, cheerfully, and throwing down her bundle of shavings, she ran into the house with her sister. Her hair hanging in rough, disordered masses about her face, with pieces of shavings sticking to her clothes, and her little brown hands anything but clean, Jessie certainly did not present a very elegant appearance; but the honest glance of her loving brown eyes won her aunt's heart at once, and the angry rebuke of her mother was interrupted quickly by Aunt Martha who, taking the rough head kindly between her hands, said,

'Don't scold the child, sisters; we have all been children once; and this is a loving, honest face, that can't belong to a very naughty child, I think.'

'She is a naughty child, Martha. What business had you in the shed, when I said you should go there no more? It's not the place for girls. You should bide at home with your

hands, said,

'You need not be afraid,' said they, 'for if your father should find out, you had taken them, he is so kind he would not hurt you.'

'That is the very reason,' replied the boy, 'why I should not touch them. It is true my father may not hurt me; yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than any thing else.'

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