

A Singular Story from Maine of a Temporary Return to Life.

The Augusta, Me., *Journal*, of Friday, 19th of March, tells this marvelous tale: We have an event to chronicle that would scarcely be believed were it not authoritatively vouched for by competent witnesses, parties whose testimony can not well be disputed or set aside. A young man in the town of Vassalboro', in this county, was suffering in the last stages of consumption, the disease which had insidiously and stealthily brought him to the verge of the grave. For several weeks he had been entirely prostrate and unable to speak, even to articulate a syllable. He became so oppressed for breath that he compelled his attendants to raise the windows in his room, put out the fires, and resort to every means to obtain fresh air. One day last week—Thursday, we understand—the young man died. Friendly hands prepared the poor emaciated body for the burial; but just as the attending friends were arranging the remains for the casket, there appeared unmistakable evidences of returning life, in what seemed to them an inanimate mass of clay. The ear of an attendant was bent down to the side of the dead man, and it was discovered that the heart had begun again its slow and measured palpitations, the pulse throbbed, and the young man arose from the death shroud, opened his mouth and spoke in clear and distinct words to those who stood appalled in the death chamber. There was no huskiness in his voice; he appeared lively and active, said he felt not the slightest pain, but to use his own language, "I feel just as well as I ever did." At his request the neighbors were all called in, who crowded the house for hours, declaring that the recovery of the man was equal to any miracle recorded in the Scriptures. He told this startled assemblage of his friends and neighbors that as he died all things seemed dark, but only for an instant; his eyes suddenly opened to a new world, the real heaven, which had been so many times in his thoughts and had given him so much comfort in his last weeks of pain and sorrow. He stood upon an eminence which overlooked a vast and beautiful plain; the magnificent plain stretched farther than his enlarged vision could penetrate, and he described in language, which to his mortal auditors seemed extravagant in the extreme. But the revived life of the young man was not to continue long. Before night he again resigned himself to death. The body was kept a reasonable length of time, and buried on Sunday last, the funeral being largely attended. We have written out the particulars of this remarkable event substantially as we have heard them, allowing our intelligent readers the privilege of drawing their own inferences."

Wonderful People.

We never believed entirely that Truth was stranger than Fiction until the Beecher trial began; but since then we have become satisfied that the Adventures of Alice in Wonderland are quite possible, and that the Jabberwock may very likely inhabit the "tulgy woods" of Brooklyn. For the world into which we are introduced is emphatically a new world. It is altogether alien to our experience, whether of fact or fiction. Nothing at all like Tilton, or Beecher, or Mrs. Tilton, or Moulton, or Bowen, or Sam Wilkeson, or Bessie Turner, ever were heard of before. Mrs. Morse is the only figure at all natural, and even she shakes out ideal of "the best society" by the profane vigor of her expletives. But what can be thought of such a home as that of the Tiltons, with its nocturnal processions, its midnight picture hangings, its amazing experiments with young females, its woman-suffrage, and free-love, and "first circles," and general chaos, and confusion? And what can be said of the pious Beecher's singular doings; of his kissing Tilton on the mouth, because Moulton was sick; of his seating himself (in the heat of an argument) on Tilton's knee; of Mrs. Tilton's entrance, and of the delight at this singular spectacle which was so great that she "kissed him cordially?" In the name of Human Sanity, what manner of men and women are these? We are getting to feel towards them as

Mr. Twemlow felt towards the Veneerings; they have come upon us too late in life. And then, too, they are always crying in the most exasperating way. Mr. Beecher cries on the witness stand; and Tilton weeps; and Moulton sobs; and Bessie's voice is thick with tears; and Mrs. Tilton fairly melts into semi-occasional showers of pearly drops; and every one of the company resembles Job Trotter in "having the main always turned on." If this is one of the legitimate results of Evolution, the fact ought to be understood. If the tendency in the "best society" is in these directions, the world ought to know it. Perhaps it is indicative of a general advance in intellectual culture and all that sort of thing, but if we were compelled to diagnose the symptoms on pain of instant execution, we should be disposed to conclude that they indicated lunacy tempered by Maudlin Sentiment, and aggravated by epidemic tendency to Gush.—*Sacramento Record-Union*, April 7.

TEMPERANCE IN MAINE.—A Portland, Maine, correspondent of the *Boston Journal* says—The temperance reform movement in this State is doing wonders in reclaiming those addicted to intemperate habits. In Bangor, Lewiston, Auburn, Ellsworth, Biddeford, and other places, the movement just now is making great headway. Nothing like it has been seen for years. Those who are giving up the cup that inebriates and entering upon a life of sobriety can be counted by hundreds. The pledge that is signed also forbids the drinking of cider. In Lewiston and Auburn the meetings draw immense numbers. An enthusiasm prevails which has not been witnessed before for years. Most of the speakers are men who have just been rescued from the evils of intemperance. Some of them have been looked upon as hopeless cases. Their experience and the pathetic appeals made rarely fail to move the most obdurate heart. The movement is striking a deadlier blow at the rum shops than was ever before seen in the palmiest days of prohibition, when reformers relied upon the efficacy of law. By this movement new and fresher men are coming to the front in Maine in the temperance ranks, who will hereafter lead off in the crusade against the demon of intemperance.

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