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MRS. WALKER'S BETSEY.

BY MRS. T. L. DOWD.

It is now nearly ten years since I became a summer visitor in the little village of Cliff-spring, as teacher in its largest public school. The village itself was devoid of the smallest pretension to beauty, natural or architectural, being the sudden upgrowth of prosperous speculation, and at that time rejoicing in its newness of factory chimneys and curiously fluted depots. But all its surroundings were romantic and lovely in the extreme. Skirting on one side was a winding river, bordered with beautiful willows, and on the other high hills, thickly wooded, and in many places craggy and precipitous. These woods, in spring and summer, were full of flowers and wild vines; and a clear, cold stream, that had its birth in a cavernous recess among the ledges, dashed over the rocks, and after many wonderful bends and plunges, found its way to the river. At the foot of the hill wound the railroad track; at some points, nearly filling the space between the brook and the rocks; at others, almost overhanging by the latter. Some of the most delightful walks I ever knew were in this vicinity, and there the whole school would often resort in the warm weather for a Saturday's ramble.

It was upon one of these summer rambles that I first made the acquaintance of Mrs. Walker's Betsy. Not that her unenviable name and reputation had been concealed from my knowledge heretofore, for almost from my first introduction to that place, a stream of obloquy, touching that unlucky personage, had been poured in my ears, till her name seemed a synonym for everything evil. It was the one subject upon which churches, and sewing societies, and neighborhood cliques, were not divided; upon which gossipers were harmonious, and quiet people garrulous. But as she was not a member of my class, she had never personally fallen under my observation.

I gathered that her parents had but lately come to live in Cliff-spring, that they were both ignorant and vicious, and that the girl, who, after all, was only Mrs. Walker's by a former marriage, was an arrant compound of mischief and malice—a sort of goblin spirit, with such proclivities to diabolism as had never been known since the era of witchcraft.

In school her reputation was worst of all. Was a green pumpkin found in the principal's hat, or an ink bottle upset in the water bucket; or did a teacher, upon putting on her bonnet, find a nest of young mice suddenly dropping over her neck and shoulders, her shawl extra bordered with burdock, her gloves filled with some ill-scented weed, or her India rubberers nailed to the floor—half a hundred juvenile tongues were ready to proclaim Mrs. Walker's Betsy as the undoubted delinquent; and this, despite the fact that very few of these misdeeds were ever proved upon her. But whether proven or not, she accepted their sponsorship all the same, and laughed at or defied her accusers, as her mood might be. That the girl was a character in her way, shrewd, and sensible, though wholly uncultured, I was well satisfied from all I heard; that she was sly, stubborn, and malicious, I believed, I am ashamed to say, upon very insufficient evidence.

Where *did* my parol have gone? I said, as school closed one sultry July day, and I looked from the window of the room, shrinking from an unsheltered walk in the fierce heat. I was sure I had not carried it from home in the morning, and supposed it had been left in the school house over night. The girls of my class constituted themselves a committee of search and inquiry, but to no purpose. The article was not in the house or yard; and then my committee changed themselves into a jury, and, without a dissenting voice, pronounced Mrs. Walker's Betsy guilty of "ribbing" my poor little sun-hat. There had been seen loitering in the ante-room, and afterward running away in great haste. The charge seemed reasonable enough, but as I could not learn that Betsy had ever been convicted of a theft, though continually suspected, I requested the girls to keep the matter quiet for a few days at least, to which they unwillingly consented.

That evening I had promised to conduct my class to a place in the woods, where on the day previous I had found some beautiful specimens of plants, on which we were to call botanical requisition. When the sun was low in the west, we set forth, walking near the whole distance in the shadow of the hill. We climbed the ridge, rested a moment, and started in search of the splendid patch of purple blossoms I had accidentally found in taking a short-cut over the hill to the house of a friend I was to visit.

"Stop, Miss Burke," came in suppressed tones from half my little troop, as emerging from a thicket, we came in sight of a queer object, perched upon a little mound, among dead sticks and leaves. It was a diminutive child, who, judging from her face, and not her size, might be eleven or twelve years of age. A little, brown, weird face it was, with keen eyes lightning out from a mass of stringy black hair, that wandered distractedly from the confinement of an old comb.

"There's Mrs. Walker's Betsy, I do declare!" whispered Matty Holmes. "She often goes home from school this way, and now she is playing truant. She'll get a whipping if her mother finds it out."

"Miss Burke," interposed another, in an energetic whisper, "see what she has in her hand!" I looked, and there, to be sure, was my lost parol.

"There now, didn't we say so?" "Don't she look guilty?" "Impudent baggage!" were the low ejaculations of my indignant vigilance committee; but in truth the girl's appearance was unconcerned and innocent enough. She sat away from herself, about, opening and shutting the wonderful instrument, holding it between her eyes and the light, to ascertain the quality of the silk, and sticking a pin in the handle, to try if it were ivory, or mere painted wood.

"Get a dish upon her, and see her scamp!" was the most benevolent suggestion whispered in my ear.

"No," I said, "I wish to speak with her alone first. All of you stay here out of sight, and I will return presently." They fell back disaffected, and contented themselves with peeping and muttering, while I advanced toward the solitary child, determined to win her confidence, so far as to persuade her of my friendly intentions toward her, before referring to the wrong she had done me. She started a little as I approached, thrust the parol behind her, and then pleasantly made room for me on the little hillock where she sat.

"Well, this is a nice lounge," I said, dropping down beside her; just large enough for two, and softer than any *de-la-ta* in Mrs. Graham's parlor. Now, little girl, I should like to know your name, for I thought I 'best to forget your name of her antecedents."

"Betsy," was the ready reply.

"Betsy Walker," mother says, but I say Arnold. That was my father's name. 'Taint no difference, though. It's Betsy, any way."

"Well, Betsy, what do you suppose made this little mound so desolate upon?" I asked, merely to gain time.

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"I never heard," she answered, looking up curiously in my face. "Maybe a rock got covered up and growed over, ever so far down. Maybe an Injun's buried up there."

I told her I had seen larger mounds that contained Indian remains, but none so small as this.

"It might be a baby, though," she returned, digging her brown toes among the leaves, and winking her eyelids roguishly. "A paopooe, you know; real little Injun! I wish it had been me, and I'd been buried here! I'd liked it first-rate! Only I wouldn't a wanted the girls should come and set over me."

"Why do you talk so? What makes you wish yourself buried here?" said I.

"Cause I do! It's better to be a dead Injun than a live nigger," she answered resolutely.

"You're not quite so dark-skinned as that," I said, with a considerable grin.

She burst into a pleasant and musical laugh. "I wasn't thinking of my skin, and you know it. Mother and old Walker make a nigger of me, and send me to get drink for 'em, when I'd rather get 'em pizen. The old man drinks, and mother, she's learning, and I expect to take to it some day. The school girls treat me worse than a nigger, too. If I didn't want so bad to get to read the books father left, I'd never go to school another day. I wouldn't, so!" And her brow darkened again with evil emotions.

"Did you own father leave you books?"

"Yes, real good ones. Only they're old and torn some. Mother couldn't sell 'em for nothing; so she lets me keep 'em. She sold everything else." Then suddenly changing her tone, she asked, slyly:

"You hain't lost anything, have you?"

"Yes," I answered; "I see you have my sun-hat."

She held it up, laughing with boisterous triumph. "You left it hanging in that tree yonder," she said, pointing to a low-branched branch at a little distance. "Sposin' it had been!"

Astonishment kept me silent. How could I have forgotten what I now so clearly recalled—hanging the shade upon a tree, the previous afternoon, while I descended a ravine for flowers. I felt humiliated in the presence of the poor little neglected and suspected child.

"Well, Betsy, I was certainly dreadfully careless, and am greatly obliged to you for taking care of my lost property. Now I must go with my class, who are waiting for me over yonder. So only a word more, this time, but I will see you again soon. Keep on going to school, and try hard to learn. Don't notice what the girls say, but act rightly, and make them ashamed to plague you. Next term, if you study hard, you will get into my department, and we will see then if those books can't be mastered very soon. At home, be patient and gentle to your parents, and never, never taste that wretched drink! Good by!"

"Good-by," Her eyelids were winking again, but not this time with mischief. She tossed on her ragged bonnet, and before I had rejoined my embarrassed class, was out of sight. Foul and friendly little wail, how my heart ached for her!

I found the embarrassed faces considerably elongated, and much more serious than I had left them, for they had heard every word that passed, and were measurably ashamed of their unjust suspicions. But I do not think they felt any more kindly towards Mrs. Walker's Betsy than before.

For several days after this, the girl did not come to school at all, nor did I once see her, though I thought of her daily with much anxiety. During this time, the principal of the school planned an excursion, by railroad, to a station ten miles distant, to be succeeded by a picnic on the lake shore. Great was the delight of the little ones, grown weary of the unvarying routine through the exhausting heat of July. Many were the councils called by the boys, many were the enthusiastic discussions held among the girls, and seldom, indeed, did they break up without leaving one or more subjects of controversy unsettled.

In these differences, the teachers wisely interfered as little as possible, and they were generally amicably adjusted. The party who wished blue to be the uniform dress yielded to the majority, who preferred white; the portion who voted for warm refreshments were soon reasoned into holding up their hands for cold; and the few who desired a speech from some noted orator, reconsidered the matter, and decided that it would undoubtedly be "edgious!" But upon one point, the most perfect harmony of opinion prevailed, and it was the solitary one against which I felt bound strongly to protest. This was their decision that Mrs. Walker's Betsy was quite unnecessary to the complement of the party, and was consequently to receive no invitation.

"Miss Burke!" That looking object! cried Amy Pense, as I earnestly remonstrated. "Why, the girl hasn't a thing fit to wear, if there were no other reasons!" I reminded her that Betsy had a very decent bonnet given her by the minister's wife, and that an old lawn skirt of mine could be tucked for her with very little trouble.

"Such an awkward, uncouth creature! She would mortify us to death," groaned Heatie Dale.

"She could carry no biscuits or cake, for she has no one to make them for her," said another.

"She would eat enormously, and make herself sick," objected little Nellie Day, a noted glutton.

In vain I combated these arguments, offering to take lemons and crackers for her share, and even urging the humanity of allowing the poor girl to make herself sick upon good things for once in her life. Some other teachers joined me, but when the question was put to a vote among the scholars, it received a hurried negative, as unanimous as it was noisy.

"And now I think of it," said Mattie Price, the principal's daughter, "the Walkers are out of the precinct, and so Betsy has no real right among us at all." And thus the matter ended.

All the night previous to the excursion I suffered severely from headache, which grew no better upon rising, and as usual increased in violence as the sun mounted higher upon its cloudless course. At half past nine, as the long train, with its freight of eager faces, moved from the depot, I was lying in a darkened room, my forehead bound in ice bandages, and my feverish pillow saturated with camphor and hartshorn.

The disturbance, it itself, was not so

vere. I needed rest, and the utter stillness was very grateful to my overtasked nerves. Besides, the slight put upon poor Betsy had destroyed much of my pleasure in anticipation. And I lay patiently until two o'clock, when, as I expected, the pain abated. At five I was entirely free from headache, and felt much in need of a walk in the fresh air, which a slight shower at noonday had cooled and purified.

Choosing the shaded route, and ascending by a gentle slope, I walked out upon the hill, and, book in hand, sat down under a tree, alternately reading and gazing upon the sweet rural picture that lay before me. Soon a pleasant languor steeped my senses. Dense wood and craggy hill, green valley and gushing brook, faded from sight and hearing, and I was asleep!

Probably half an hour elapsed before I opened my eyes, and saw sitting beside me the same elfish little figure I had once encountered in the wood. The stringy hair, the sun-burned neck, the tattered dress, the wild, weird-looking eyes, could belong to no one but Mrs. Walker's Betsy. In one hand she held my parol, opened in a position to shade my face from the glaring sunbeam; with a small bush in the other, she was protecting me from mosquitoes and other insect annoyances.

"Well done, little Genius of the Wood; am I always to be indebted to you for finding what I lose," I said, jumping up and shaking my dress clean from leaves.

She laughed immoderately. "First you lost your shade in the woods, and now you've been and lost yourself. I guess you'll have to keep me always," she giggled, trotting along beside me. "I was mighty scared when I see you lying there, and the great red lion going to spring at you and eat you up. I thought you had gone to the ride."

I explained the cause of my detention, and saw that she was rather pleased than otherwise; for, as I soon drew from her, she had been bitterly disappointed in the affair, and felt her rejection very keenly. She had come to this spot now, for the sole purpose of peeping from behind some rock or tree at the merry company on their way home, which would be at six o'clock.

"I coaxed old Walker and his wife to let me have some green corn and cove-neighbors, and I put on my best spencer, and went to the depot this morning, but none of 'em asked me to get in. Hal Price kicked my basket over to get in. 'I s'pose I wasn't dressed fine enough. They all wore their Sunday things. I wish it would rain pitch, and spill 'em—I do so!"

I offered her many topics of conversation, but she refused to listen, and went on enumerating sundry disastrous results, which she justly wished would happen; she did so? and giving vent to various amusing, if unchristian, denunciations. Suddenly she stopped, and at the same instant we raised our heads and listened. It was a deep, grinding, crashing sound, as of rocks sliding over and past each other. There was a cracking, as of roots and branches twisted and wrenched from their places beneath a jar, heavy and terrible, that reverberated through the forest, making the earth quake beneath our feet, and all the leafy branches tremble above us.

We knew it instantly; there had been a heavy fall of rock not far from us, and instantaneously we started in the direction of the sound. The place was soon reached. An enormous mass of rock and earth, in which many small trees were growing, had fallen directly upon the track, and that, too, at the point where the stream wound nearest, and its bank made a steep descent upon the other side. A moment of gazing, in horror struck silence, the thought started to our lips—What is to be done? It appeared we were sole witnesses of the accident; and though the crash might have been heard and the jar felt at the village, who would think of a land-slide? And upon the railroad! Ten minutes at least must elapse before we could give the alarm, and in half that time the train was due.

In that speechless, breathless moment, before my duller ear perceived it, Betsy caught the sound of the approaching train, muffled as it was by the hill that lay between. It was advancing at fearful speed; rushing on—all that freight of joyous human life—on to certain destruction; into the terrible jaws of death!

I was utterly paralyzed. Not so Mrs. Walker's Betsy.

"I'm goin' to run and yell!" she cried, and was off upon the instant. Screaming at the top of her voice, keeping near the edge of the bank, from which she could be seenest seen from the approaching train, plunging through underbrush, and leaping like a chamois among the rocks, she dashed on, and sounded her warning cry as she went.

"Fire! Fire! Murder! Hello the house! Head the horses! Thieves! Thieves! Mad dogs! Get out of the way old Dan Tucker!" were a few of the changes improvised as she ran.

I followed as I could; seemingly in a sort of nightmare, wondering why I did not shriek, yet incapable of making a sound; expecting every moment to fall upon the rocks, yet picking my steps with a sureness and rapidity that astonished me even then.

Betsy's next move was to bend down a small sapling, and, calling to me to throw my scarf around it, she allowed it to rebound. Then she did me shake it, which I did vigorously. It stood at an angle upon the bank, and, commanding a long stretch of the railroad, it was a most appropriate place to erect a signal. Then leaping upon the track, she bounded on like a deer, shouting and gesticulating with rebounded energy, now that the train appeared in sight. It soon became evident that the engineer was neither deaf nor blind, for the brakes were speedily applied, and the engine reversed. Still it dashed on with fearful velocity, and Betsy turned and ran back toward the obstructed place in an agony of excitement.

Gradually the speed lessened, the wheels obeyed their checks, and when at last they came to a full stop, the cow-catcher was within four feet of the rock. Many, seeing the danger, had already leaped off; many more, terrified and unconscious of the real nature of the danger, crowded the platform, and pushed off those before them. It was a scene of the wildest confusion, in which my heart sent up only the quivering cry of joy—"Saved! saved!"

Betsy had climbed half way up the bank, and thrown herself, exhausted, upon the gravel, with her apron drawn over her head. I picked my way down to the train, to assist the fright-

ened children. Mr. Price, the principal, was handing out his own three, and teachers and pupils followed like swarms of bees from a hive.

"Now, Miss Burke," said the principal, in a voice that grew tremulous, as he looked at the frightful mass before him, "I wish to hear who it was that gave the alarm, and saved us from this hideous fate. Was it you?"

I think I never felt a glow of truer pleasure than then, as I answered, quickly, "I had nothing to do with saving your lives, and take no credit in the matter. The person to whom your thanks are due sits on the bank yonder—Mrs. Walker's Betsy."

Every eye wandered toward the crouching figure, who, with head closely covered, appeared indifferent to all that was passing. Mr. Price opened his portmanteau. "Here are two dollars, he said, which I wish you to give the girl, for myself and children. Tell her as a school, she will hear from us again."

I went to Betsy's side, put the money in her hand, and begged her to uncover her face. But she resolutely refused to do more than peep through one of the holes in her apron, as the whole school singly and slowly defied past her in the narrow space between the train and the bank. A more crest-fallen multitude I never saw, and the eyes that ventured to turn toward the prostrate figure, as they passed within a few feet of her, had shame and contrition in their glances. Only once she whispered, as a haughty-looking boy went past, "That's the one that kicked over my basket. I wish I'd let him go to smash! I do so!"

The children climbed over the rocks, and went to their homes, sadder and wiser for their awful lesson; and in twenty-four hours the track was cleared from obstruction.

The principal, though a man but little inclined to look for the angel-side of such unprepossessing humanity as Mrs. Walker's Betsy, had too strong a sense of justice, and too grateful a sense of his children's spared lives, not to make a very affecting appeal to the assembled school on the following day. A vote to consider Betsy a member of the school, and entitled to all its privileges, met with no opposition; and a card of thanks, couched in feeling terms, received the signature of every pupil and teacher. A purse was next made up for her by voluntary contributions, amounting to twenty dollars; and to this was added an entire new suit of clothes, a quantity of books, and a handsome red shawl, in which her brunette skin, carefully washed, and her neatly combed, jetty hair, appeared to excellent advantage.

Betsy bore her honors meekly, and, no longer feeling that she was scorned as an intruder, came regularly to school, learned rapidly, and in her new dress and improved manner became gradually an attractive as she had always been a most intelligent child. Of her own accord, she went to the teachers and confessed sundry mischievous pranks and absurdities formerly committed, but firmly denied any participation in the more serious misdemeanors which had been attributed to her. And strange to say, no one doubted her story.

In less than a year her mother died, and her miserable step-father removed to the far West, leaving her as a domestic in a worthy and wealthy family in Cliff-spring. The privileges of school were still granted her, and amid the surroundings of comfort and refinement, the change from Mrs. Walker's Betsy to Lizzy Arnold became still more apparent. She rapidly rose from one class to another, and is now one of the judicious and beloved managers of the very schools, and instructs the younger brothers and sisters of these scholars, who, ten years since, vowed her a nuisance and a plague. There is truth in the old rhyme:

"Rin't all in bringing up,
Let them say what they will;
Neglect may do a silver coin,
It will be better still!"

ENGLISH SKETCH OF GARIBALDI.—The special correspondent of the London Times in Italy has been to visit Garibaldi. He says, "I am not greatly inclined to hero-worship, and never went two steps out of my way to see the face of any man living; but I have now just travelled 150 miles to press the hand of Garibaldi." In the course of his journey, he says:

"I fell in with the Chasseurs of the Alps, and both Garibaldi's followers and the whole population had no theme of conversation save the adventures of hero I was in quest of. At Como I found the depots of the corps, a body of 2000 to 3000 men, which, in spite of the armistice and peace, receive every day new recruits. At Sondrio, and all along the lower valley, the Cuciniotti degli Appennini, now united to their fellow-chasseurs of the Alps, were *escoltonnes*. At Tronza we were only a few hours from the Stelvio Pass, where the last shots in this war have been exchanged between the Tyrolean Jaggers and the Italian sharpshooters. The road across the Apennine Pass, from the valley of the Adige to the valley of the Oglio, still bore traces of recent conflicts. Baricades were thrown athwart the road on the highest slopes, calculated to break the impetuosity of the assaults at the only point where a rush could be made.

At Edolo, in a deep gorge jammed in by gigantic green mountains, we were at the foot of the Tonale Pass, and there also the dread rifles of the Tyrolean highlanders were levelled against the bad muskets with which Garibaldi's men have hitherto carried on the unequal conflict, making up for the inferiority of their weapons by undaunted courage and the lavish sacrifice of their lives. All along the road, at the different minor head-quarters, I conferred with Garibaldi's men and officers. It is not rare to find in this singular corps, the common soldier a better informed and educated man than his capulet commander. The charm thrown by the hero of Montevideo over the whole Italian population has enlisted young men of the highest classes, artists, literary men, professors and scholars, in his ranks as mere privates. Even the veteran Montanelli, once a roler in Tuscany, and for many years an illustrious exile in Paris, the author of *Cammaro*, and other historical and literary works, quitted his wife in Turin, and followed his only son, who had embarked as a common soldier in this perilous venture. Among a hundred Italians you find, perhaps five or six adventurers of all other countries, French, Swiss, and German, Spaniards, Americans, of both continents, and even a Chinese and Englishman.

On arriving at Lovere, where Garibaldi then was, the correspondent was favored with an interview which he thus describes:

"The leader was ill in bed, as I said, when I went to see him at Lovere, about noon on Monday last. Garibaldi is never ill on a battle day, and never well during an armistice of peace. He suffers from rheumatic fever, I was told, which he can only shake off by incessant exertion. I had a long talk with the officers of the Staff in the antechamber, and kept waiting for about half an hour, as there was a lady in the case. But, upon having my name and errand conveyed to the General, I was admitted into his sleeping apartment. The General lay in his shirt-sleeves on a large bed, the lady—rather a young and good-looking person—sitting in a chair at the foot of the bed. She was, I believe, a sister for the release of some of the young Alpine hunters, her relative, who either had got tired of the game, or was particularly wanted by his friends at home.

Garibaldi was born in 1807, and is therefore 52 years old. He has a bright cheerful look, the color of his skin and hair betoken a sanguine temperament. There is not one of the busts, lithographs, photographs, &c., which are sold by thousands throughout Italy and Europe as Garibaldi's portraits, that gives the slightest idea of the expression of that noble countenance. There is not the least approach to fierceness or wildness about the hero's countenance. He looks intelligent, earnest, benevolent, and affable in the extreme. He is somewhat narrow about the temples—round-headed, square jawed. He has a fine head, but not very massive; a large but by no means a broad face. Even his beard is absurdly exaggerated by the men who have worked at his likeness, or else he has lately been trimming it in the excessive heat. The hair is brown, and has been rich and glossy. The eyes struck me as light gray, but with a tint of the lion red in it. His voice is clear, ringing, silver-toned. Nothing can equal the gentleness, freedom and ease of his address. He sat up in his bed, without the least effort to welcome me, and, like one free from suffering, he held out his hand, and said he was bidden by a common friend to take me by the hand, and would be happy to do so. He then, leaning on his elbow, and I proceeded with my errand—which is no man's business.

As I surveyed that fine, bright face, that powerful yet elegant and symmetrical frame, and beheld the fair, plump, Lombard lady seated by his bedside, I could scarcely attend to what I was saying, as my imagination ran back to the scene in the *Talisman*, and I fancied I saw the lion-hearted King lying on his lions' hides, and his lovely Queen a suppliant at his feet for the life of the Scotch knight. Truly, Garibaldi is one of nature's own kings and leaders of men. It was neither fair justice nor good taste to represent him as a truculent bandit or as a theatrical hero. Loaded with stars and crosses by more than one monarch, he never wears any decorations or distinctions whatever. His costume is, or rather was, picturesque, yet extremely simple, suited to the climates where lay the scene of his earliest exploits, and common among the people who first trusted him with the supreme command. At rest from immediate action he shuns the gaze of applauding multitudes and seeks humble employment in quiet retirement. He is the master of a merchant vessel or the owner of a plantation in some solitary island the moment he ceases to be a military chief or general. He is a modest, gentle, independent character. He is strongly devoted to Victor Emmanuel's interests, but I will venture to say he will never appear at the Court of Turin nor eat the bread of his well-earned General's pension.

'ANTENAS WARD'S' 4TH OF JULY ORATION.—Antenas Ward, the quaint Western humorist publishes his Fourth of July Oration in the Cleveland Plaindealer, with the following preface:

"Sirs:—I send herewith a synopsis of the skeleton of my oration on the 4th of July, at Wethersfield. Please correct the spelling and punctuation in it in proper style. I spoke two hours, and was ninety-six minutes passing a given pint. There was between two hundred persons present, who with open mouth and closed eyes listened to me with strict attention."

A. W.

The oration itself was a perfect gem, and one of the best things that 'Antenas' has yet gotten off. We subjoin an extract or two—After the usual apostrophe to the Goddess of Liberty, he says:

"I hant time to note the growth of Ameriky from the time when the Mayflower cum over in the Pilgrim and brot Plymouth Rock with them, but every school boy nose our kateer has been tremeniky. You will excuse me if I don't praise the early settlers of the Kolonies. People which hung idiotic old within for witches, burnt holes in Quaker's tongues, and consigned their feller critters to the treadmill and pillory on the slightest provocation may have been very nice folks in their way, but I must confess I don't admire their sills and will drop them all. I spose they ment well, and so in novel and techin language of the nusepapers, 'peas to their shies.' There was no discount, however, on their brave men who fit, bled, and died in the American Revolution. We needn't be afraid of setting them too steep—Like my Show, they will stand a heap of praise."

I see much to admire in New England—Your gals in particular air about as snug bill pences of Caliker as I ever saw. They air fully equal to the corn fed gals of Ohio and Injanny, and the will make bestest kind of wives. It ains my Buzzum on fire to look at 'em."

Be still my sole, be still,
You hat, stop cuttin' up!

Which affectin' lines is either from the pen of Govner Morrill, of Maine, or Doctor Watts, and I disremember which. I like your skol houses, your meetin' houses, your enterprize, gunpshon, &c., but your favorite Berridge I despise. I allude to New England Rum; it was war the kind of whisky of Injanny, which eats three stone jugs and will turn the stomach of the most shiffling Hog.

I seldom seek consolation in the flowing Bolef but other day I worried down sum of your Rum. The first glass induced me to swell like a inflated trooper. On takin the second and glass I was seized with a desire to brake winders, and after inhibin the third glass I snatched a small boy down, pickt his pocket of a New York Ledger, and wildly commenced readin of Sylvanus Kobbas last Talk. I verily do believe that if I'd build in another glass I would have bin desperat enough to attack the Mt. Vernon Papers.

Its drefful stuff—a sort of Hekwid-tin-gin-gin up under the personal supervision of the devil

—fears men's inards all to peace; and makes their noses blossom as the Lobster. Shun it as you would a wild hyenny with a fere brand tied to his tale, & while you are about it you'll do a first-rate thing for yourself and everybody about you by shunning all kinds of intoxicatin' lickers. You don't need 'em no mor'n a cat needs 2 tules sayin' nothing about the trouble and sufferin they cause. But unless your inards are cast iron avoid New England's favorite Beverage.

My friends lime dun. I tear myself away from you with tears in my eyes and a pleasant odor of Onyuns about my close. In the language of Mister Catherine to the Rameno, I go but perhaps I shall cum back agin. Adoo, people of Wethersfield. Be virtuous & you'll be happy.

ANECDOTE OF GOVERNOR SEWARD.—Cossens in his last Wine Press, tells an old story, which, he says, few persons have not heard. When governor of New York, Seward, in those pre-railroad days, had occasion to visit a certain part of the State, and, accordingly, mounted upon the box of the mail-coach, in order that he might enjoy his cigar and the scenery. The driver was an inquisitive fellow, and his passenger humored him.

"Land agin?" said the driver.

"No," quoth Seward.

"Selling goods?"

"No."

"Travelling preacher?"

"No."

"Circus?"

"No."

"What then?" asked the baffled driver, "what is your business?"

"Governor," replied Seward, with a tranquil puff.

"Governor o' what?"

"Governor of the State of New York," replied the smoking passenger with great composure.

"Get out!"

"Seward," for here is a man on the road with whom I am acquainted, and, as the stage passed by, he saluted him. "Good morning, Mr. Bunker, I want to ask you a question—am I not the Governor of the State of New York?"

"No, by thunder!" was Bunker's unexpected answer.

"Who is, then?" said the started smoker.

"Thurloew Weed!"

EXCESSIVE HONESTY.—Sitting in the Peoria House barber shop last evening, we were much amused at a conversation which took place between a certain well-known forwarding agent, and a certain railroad freight agent.

"There's a swindling in all trades but ours."

"That's so with us," replied Charlie.

"O, yes!" said Henry, "railroads never swindle. Their officers never steal anything that's out of their reach, and with a few side remarks the subject was dropped, until another well-known railroad man stepped into the saloon.

"K," said Charlie, "Henry says that railroad men never steal anything that's out of their reach."

"Well," replied K, "river men have an advantage in that line, by using a long pole pole with a hook on it. O, yes! river men are honest! the smallest business they ever do is to break open a box of oranges, steal a dozen, and then charge 'em for postage' for mailing up the box!"

Henry owned up, and soon became a man of few words.—[Peoria Union.]

The Eastern Mail.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
BY H. MAXMAN, J. DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... AUG. 18, 1859.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

B. M. PITTENGER & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and to publish them at the same rates as required at this office.

S. B. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer,) Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Beasley's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be directed to "MAXMAN & WING," or "EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

After Commencement.

The bustle and excitement attending our annual literary festival having subsided, there usually succeeds a period of quiet, in our village. The students and the visitors that thronged our streets, are gone, and following in the footsteps of the retiring crowd, many of our own citizens have scattered in various directions, for health or pleasure. Those who remain behind, wearied in body and mind, and with nerves all unstrung from the exhaustion naturally following over-excitement, move slowly about in a state of lassitude, patiently awaiting the recuperation of their lost energies, while the hot sun shimmers down into our quiet streets in which an almost Sabbath stillness reigns.

This year, however, our people, much as they appeared to enjoy, seem to have come out from this exciting period in better spirits than usual, and with less loss of vigor. As a consequence, therefore, there is not the usual stagnation observable either in the business or social currents, but the tide of life flows on at about the usual healthy rate. Some evidences of this desirable state of things we put on record for the information of our absent citizens, to whom our sheet goes abroad greeting.

Last week the members of our flourishing Division of the Sons of Temperance took the initiatory steps for a grand picnic and temperance celebration. Inviting the co-operation of the three Divisions in Bangor, and the Divisions at West Waterville, Kendall's Mills, Clinton and Newport, who entered into the project with a hearty zeal, they finally pitched upon Pittsfield as the place, and Wednesday of this week (yesterday) as the time for the demonstration. Accordingly, accompanied by our volunteer brass band, and well provided with creature comforts, they went aboard the cars, at 7 o'clock, with Mr. Nye's Cadets of Temperance and many invited guests—a company four hundred strong, which swelled to seven hundred before they arrived at their destination. Forming in procession, on the arrival of the eastern delegates—thirteen car loads, about eight hundred persons—they escorted them to Hathorn's grove, about three-fourths of a mile from the depot. Here the citizens, under the lead of Mr. Hathorn, had made every provision for their accommodation—tables, seats, stands, &c., for which they deserved and received the hearty thanks of all present. The meeting organized by choosing the following officers:

PRESIDENT.—John S. Kimball, Bangor.
VIC PRESIDENTS.—George Cotton, Kendall's Mills; E. C. Low, Waterville; C. W. Billings, Clinton; N. E. Murray, Burnham; J. S. Bridges, Newport; J. Conant, Bangor; C. A. Smiley, Bethesda Division; J. T. Hall, Bangor; F. M. Sabine, Bangor; N. M. Warren, Veazie; Cyrus Wheeler, W. Waterville; Nathaniel Wilson, Orono; Gowen Hathorn, Pittsfield; Geo. M. Carter, of Waterville Section of Cadets.

SECRETARIES.—C. A. Smiley, W. Waterville; O. H. Ingalls, Bangor.

Having completed the work of organization, the meeting adjourned for dinner, and the good things which had been provided disappeared rapidly under the assaults of the hungry crowd. Separate tables had been provided for the several Divisions, and such of the visitors as chose, dined quietly in groups under the shade of the trees—presenting a picturesque and pleasant sight.

At one o'clock the meeting was called to order by the President, and Rev. M. C. Leonard, Chaplain of the Grand Division, addressed the throng of Grace. After the prayer, able and spirited speeches were made by C. S. Crosby, O. H. Ingalls, F. M. Sabine, and Ira Dunbar, of Bangor; Rev. H. C. Leonard, and Joshua Nye, Esq., of Waterville; Hon. Joseph Barrett, of Canaan; Rev. A. C. Cotton, of Veazie; C. A. Smiley, of West Waterville; Isaac Oakes, Newport; C. W. Billings, Clinton; Rev. W. C. Stinson, Pittsfield; Orrin Faver, of Brewer—and several others. The enthusiasm of the speakers, and the manner in which their talk was received, showed conclusively that the hearts of the people are—in this great work. The timid were encouraged; the weak strengthened, and the strength of the strong man was increased.

All felt that it was good to be there, and found the period of communion all too short. In the course of the afternoon the following vote of thanks was proposed and passed with a loud and deep amen from all present:

Resolved, that we tender our grateful thanks to Gowen Hathorn, Esq., and other citizens of Pittsfield, for their generous kindness in making such ample provisions for our enjoyment on the occasion.

It was estimated that over 3000 persons were present—a greater gathering, probably, than was ever before seen at Pittsfield. At four o'clock the meeting at the grove broke up, and at a quarter of six, the trains left in opposite directions, bearing heavy loads of happy and satisfied excursionists safely to their homes. No accident marred the pleasure of the day, and while pronouncing it one of the most successful affairs of the kind, (particularly when we consider with what haste it was got up) all are loud in their praise of the good people of

Pittsfield, whose courtesy and kindness they hope to be able, sometime, to repay in kind.

On Monday last, Ticonic Village Corporation, through the agency of its constituted authorities, broke ground for the construction of a large reservoir, where we have long had a small one, near the junction of Main, College, Elm and Centre sts.—an important point and one from which more destructive property can be reached than from any other in the village. This reservoir is to hold at least 150 tugs—heads, and will be constructed entirely of cement—the experiments with brick not having proved very satisfactory with us. The work of excavation is about completed, and Mr. Weeks, of Vassalboro', the contractor, finding everything about the location favorable, confidently expects to furnish us with a reliable reservoir immediately.

The Road Commissioners, determined to make thorough work on the upper portion of Main Street, are building a spacious under-drain, with its head opposite North Street and venting through the old drain near the depot, constructed by the A. & K. Railroad Co.—The new drain is made of brick, resting on pine boards and covered with slate, and is so spacious that we can hardly suppose it will ever be choked up or obstructed in any way.

Mr. George Gilman, who has recently purchased that portion of the estate of the late James Hasty, Esq., which lay between the Messalonskee and Pleasant Street, is doing a great work upon it, in grubbing and clearing the land from roots, stumps and underbrush—cutting down the scrubby bushes, trimming the trees, and draining the low, wet places. The old swamp that ran across the centre of it—and which with a few blueberries, formerly bore marvellous crops of bull rushes, lamb-kill and tadpoles—has been transformed into a pleasant grove, with firm footing for those who choose to stroll in its shade. The water is all drained into "the Devil's Punch Bowl," a sort of bottomless pit, at the south end, which we remember as the great unfathomed mystery of our boyish days. He is building a bridge across the little Trout or Hayden Brook, and will lay out and construct a road from Pleasant Street straight through his lot to the Messalonskee, which he will submit for the acceptance of the town, with the expectation that they will meet it with a road from the Rangeway on the other side, and bridge the great brook at this point. He has about twenty-five men employed on the territory, at one thing or another, and under their united labors, the place is rapidly rounding into comeliness and beauty.

When the street is opened this will be one of the pleasantest building lots in our village, and with a street running parallel with the brook along the table land this side, the same would be true of the lots all the way from the County road to Mill street. Workmen are now engaged in framing a large stable for Mr. Gilman, which will be placed on the upper side of the lot next north of the Hasty lot, but which now forms a part of it, nearly midway between the two brooks—between which and the big brook, on the slope of the hill, he will build a laborer's house. We also understand that he contemplates building another season, a large and handsome residence on the sunny side of the big stable. All are gratified to see one of the pleasantest localities of our village improved, and in this connection we may be allowed to hope that some one will take the delightful valley of the little Trout Brook in hand—clearing up the underbrush, trimming the trees, and removing the obstructions in its bed. Whoever undertakes it, however, should have enough of the spirit of poetry in his composition to see that no rude hand is laid upon the noble trees that now line its banks, and to insist that its course shall not be straightened, but that it shall be left to wander at its own sweet will, with many a graceful curve, as it goes murmuring musically along to join its elder sister on her way to the noble Kennebec; mingling with whose waters—the drainings of a thousand hills—and bearing along a memory of all the pleasant sights and sounds of its earlier course, it eventually, helps to swell the tide of the great ocean below, and join in the mighty chorus that goeth up from it continually—an everlasting anthem of praise and rejoicing to the great God who made and loveth all.

GOWEN FEMALE SEMINARY.—A neatly printed catalogue from the press of Daniel Tucker, of Portland, informs us that 110 pupils have received instruction at this well known institution, during the past year. The annual examination in July, gave great satisfaction to those in attendance, and many complimentary notices of it have been published. Edward P. Weston, A. M., who has done so much to spread abroad its good name and reputation, will continue to act as Principal, assisted by an efficient corps of instructors. The next term will commence on Thursday, Sept. 16, and for further particulars we refer our readers to notice in our advertising columns.

CORRECTION.—Three hundred thousand dollars—and not two hundred thousand, as we supposed—is the sum which it is proposed to raise for Brown University and Waterville College, in which they share alike.

The Freshman Class, of which we neglected to speak in our last, will probably be the largest ever entered. Thirty-five have already been admitted, and it is confidently hoped that when the term shall commence the number will not fall short of fifty. The Sophomore class numbers about forty, we believe. Under the present able, efficient and popular management, the students who go abroad to graduate, after having acquired his education at Waterville College, perpetrate a great wrong—being guilty of mean dishonesty, for which there is no excuse.

OSWEGO.—Later advice from the Pacific, render it more than probable that a republican member of Congress has been chosen in Oswego. An unexpected triumph.

OUR TABLE.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July contains eight articles, in addition to the usual copious account of Contemporary Literature which forms a valuable appendix to every number. The paper, *Westminster Review*, is of most value. It is a comparative estimate of the relative value of different kinds of knowledge for the purpose of education, with a strong leaning to a greater infusion of the practical element in the ordinary systems. *Josiah and the Broad Church*, is a phrase which will convey a distinct meaning to few readers. We will briefly say that the book under review is Prof. Josiah's Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians and Romans, and that the Broad Church includes very distinct views of character, and is of altogether a more liberal cast than the High Church or Evangelical. The *Influence of Local Causes on National Character* is an interesting exposition of the operation of nature in determining the pursuit, position and future destiny of a people. In the *Life of a Conjuror* we find a account of that wonderful mechanical genius, Robert Houdin, who, the reviewer remarks, "if not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, may be said to have revealed that physiological abnormality by coming into the world with a file and hammer in his hand." The most labored article in the number is a very long one on the *Government of India, its Liabilities and Resources*, which is well fortified with statistics, and appears to be a lucid explanation of the internal administration of that country. The *Recollections of Alexander von Sternberg* give some pleasant glimpses of German nobilities of the early part of the present century. The *Roman Question and Austrian Intervention* carry us into Italy, and have all the advantage over the hasty comments and unripe speculations of the newspapers of the day, which a careful and methodical arrangement of fact and argument is sure to confer.

BRITANNIA REVIEW.—The July number has the following table of contents:—State of the Navy, The Acropolis of Athens, Memoirs of the Court of St. Louis, Life and Remains of George Jerrold, Fossil Footprints, Countess Maria Antonietta, Dr. Careton's Syrian Gospel, Brampton, Life of the Duke of Wellington, Adam Bede, Tennyson's Idylls of the King, The Late Ministry and the State of Europe.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription:—For one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discounts to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

New volumes of all the above works commenced in July, and the present is therefore a favorable time to subscribe.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for September has a fine steel engraving, entitled "The Young Ploughman," a beautiful fashion plate, hosts of patterns and designs, some of them of rare merit; for music, Goethe's celebrated *Mignon's Song*; and the usual amount of attractive reading, stories, &c. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.—The September number, like all its predecessors, is brimful of good things for its young patrons—pretty stories, poetry, &c., all handsomely illustrated. It is an attractive and useful work for the young and is furnished at a very low price. Published by Wm. L. Jones, New York at 75 cents a year.

SHANKFUL.—The old exorbitant rates of postage, though sometimes urged as an excuse, were of course never seriously looked upon as a justification, for defrauding this branch of the national revenue of its legal dues. What, then, shall be said of those persons, who, at the present time—when for a paltry three-cent bit one gets the same accommodation that formerly cost a quarter—not content with carrying on their correspondence on the margin of a paper or in an enclosed note—attempt to smuggle through all sorts of articles, however bulky, under cover of a cent stamp—stockings, mittens, gloves, patterns, rings, bosom pins, earrings, daguerreotypes, &c. &c. So openly and boldly has this been done through the Waterville office that the postmaster, though once blind, could not fail to know it; and what can they expect him to do, after he has sworn faithfully to perform the duties of his office—one of the most important of which is to see that the department is not defrauded in any manner? The law and his oath of office make it obligatory upon him to prosecute all such felonious attempts, and for their escape hitherto these offenders are indebted to his forbearance and generosity—which he has frequently carried so far as to himself pay the legal postage. We cannot believe that these individuals sin through ignorance; but that they may no longer put in that plea in extenuation, we publish the provision of the law in relation to it—adding, as a sort of hint, that our postmaster promises he shall hereafter perform his whole duty, without fear or favor.

To enclose or conceal a letter, or other thing, (except bills and receipts for subscription,) in or to write or print anything after its publication, upon any newspaper, pamphlet, or magazine, or other printed matter is illegal, and subjects such printed matter, and the entire package of which it is a part, to letter postage; and if done in order that the same may be carried free of postage, subjects the offender to a fine of five dollars for every such offence; and in such cases, if the person addressed refuse to pay such letter postage, the package should be returned to the postmaster from whose office it came, to prosecute the offender for the penalty.

FIRE IN LAWRENCE, MASS.—A fire broke out, on Friday afternoon, in the United States Hotel, building, at Lawrence, consuming the Hotel, Central Congregational Church, the new Court House, and one or two small wooden buildings. At the same time a fire broke out in the Unitarian Church, some distance from the hotel, which was partially burned. Supposed incendiary. The loss by these fires is estimated \$150,000. During the fire three men were killed by the falling of the walls of the hotel. Their names were as follows:—Stanley, a printer; Henry, an auctioneer; and Leighton, a wool sorter of the Washington Mills.

HALLOWELL BRIDGE.—The bridge across the Kennebec river, at Hallowell, is progressing rapidly. The favorable opportunity offered by the low state of the water has been promptly improved, and the piers, we believe, are all down. This portion of the work, we learn, has been done by Mr. T. J. Emory, of Kendall's Mills, a gentleman who has had a good deal of experience and wonderful success in similar undertakings, and with whose work the Directors are well pleased. The superintendence will be pushed forward to completion without delay.

A PICTURE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.—A lively gossiping female correspondent of the Boston *Atlas* is furnishing that paper with some very readable sketches of life and manners at the South, from which we clip the following amusing account of a conversational tournament with a Member of Congress, whom she met—

"As I entered the stage-coach to go to Demopolis, the Colonel put me under the care of his friend Mr. G., who chanced to be an inmate of the stage. And Mr. G. of Kentucky proved to be an ex Member of Congress, and we talked the afternoon through, in that amiable stage-coach. He discussed to me questions of people whom he had known at Washington—Hale, Webster, Everett, and a hundred more people, winding up the list with His Excellency James Buchanan.

"By the way," said he playfully, at last, "can't you teach those Northern people how to behave, and do what is exactly right on these crisis questions? You have been living here so long, now, you have learned that the Southern men have consciences as true as Northern men, and they are as anxious for what is right. There are difficulties always in the path of duty—but you must teach those Northern people to let us act according to the light of our own consciences, not theirs."

"But," I replied to him, "you Southern men need to be taught forbearance. What gunpowder hearts you have! Those people in Congress last winter—and all along—quarrelled like a set of wild school boys, and the more they quarrelled the worse affairs became. Pity some good schoolmaster can't give them a whipping to make them behave. I never saw any good come of quarrelling yet. I wish I were President of these United States."

"I wish you were!" said he, "I have no doubt you would teach the nation forbearance." We both laughed.

"This is a great free country," I continued, "America boasts of being the only land on the face of the earth where men have liberty—not only of thought, but speech, and yet—I must be very wary in my speech to you—I must be very careful not to seem 'unsound' on the slavery question."

"Of course," Truth must not be spoken at all times."

"But I can say to you what it would not be polite to say to an ultra Southern-Rights man—that my opinion of slavery is that it is a grand curse!"

Mr. G. looked somewhat in dubious dismay. So I went on, and made a "hi fallutin'" speech to get out of a dilemma. I was a little cross, too, and provoked at his look.

"The good people of this world all consider themselves great searchers after Truth. You can't find a man or woman on the round earth who would violate their consciences for a universe. I have become a convert to Hobbs' philosophy. 'Men set themselves against reason when reason is against them. If mathematical truths were found contrary to men's interests, their doctrine, if not disputed, would be suppressed!'"

"Human nature is a perverse animal!"

"All the reason and preaching in Christendom could never convince a 'Fire-eater' (ultra Southern man) that the Bible had not made slavery right, because the Mosaic law sanctions it; because the Man-God did not condemn it by words; because Paul told servants to obey their masters, even the unkind and froward, assuring them that it would be a virtue in them."

"Go on," said I, he, smiling.

"And there are men who could never be convinced by all the Bibles in the world that slavery was ever right, or under any circumstances could be made right, even by the law decreed by God himself, and given to Moses; though your definition of sin, no doubt, is the little definition: 'a transgression of the LAW.'"

"Well, well," said he, "what do you think of slavery?"

"I think it the curse of our country, sir; a disease like that of sin, in humanity; like a cancer in the blood. Whether there is a cure for it remains to be demonstrated. Its evils may be mitigated, but I'm afraid that it's a viral disease; the cancer cannot be rid of in life, in death it will be buried!"

"And what is to be done about it?"

"I don't know, sir; I wish I did. What do you think, sir?"

"I shall think you a dangerous person, directly," said he, laughing. "You talk in quite an upright and downright fashion about Truth and Right."

"I can put another face to my remarks if I choose; you know Major Downing describes Van Buren with a double face, smiling to everybody under all circumstances."

"So I suppose at the North you preach Abolitionism."

"Wouldn't it be a grand speculation, sir, for me to write an Abolition book?"

"No; Mrs. Stowe has run the thing into the ground."

"Then I'll write on Truth, thus: Van Buren, according to Major Jack Downing, was a descendant of Truth. Truth is a very coquetish, double-faced jade, smiling most bewitchingly upon us when we woo her, caresses, until we, enchanted with her favors, deem her our own, and proud as Lucifer, are going forth light-bearers to the world, when lo! we discover that our double-faced mistress, on whose love our lavish hearts would spend themselves, has been smiling with the most bewitching sweetness upon our rivals, inviting them as wooingly as ourselves!"

"Which, being translated, means that, according to Sir Roger de Coverly, of the *Spectator*, 'There's much to be said on both sides of every question.'"

"Exactly, sir!"

"I'll give you my vote to be the next President."

"Please don't, sir—I'm perfectly 'sound' on the 'woman question'—I believe in the Bible—believe that Eve was made a 'helpmeet' for Adam, out of his rib—and all that—I believe any quantity of things more than I shall ever tell you—and there are many things that I do not believe, which may astonish you, sir, though you have been in Congress."

"Yes, I'm astonished! Go on."

"I don't believe that women are ever good politicians. The Bible says that it is a shame for a woman to talk in church, and if she wishes to learn, she must ask her husband at home—but I don't believe any woman will ever see the beauty of that doctrine, until she desires it as Truth."

"Which brings us back to the old question of the perversity of human nature on matters of belief. Please go on."

"Yes, sir; I don't believe I shall ever be President of these United States; I don't even believe I shall succeed in becoming Mrs. James Buchanan, though I intend to set my cap for him."

"That is the idea exactly!" said he. "I'm morally certain you'd get him, and it will be the salvation of the nation. I'd trust your diplomacy. You could throw oil on the troubled waters North and South."

"I'll do my best; but it will be a delicate

affair to manage; I shall be obliged to ask the gentleman myself, you know, and it will require a deal of art to do it willingly."

"I've no doubt you will succeed."

"But, sir, I have great doubts. I've been practising in the line of business lately, and the worst of it was, the gentleman gave me a plump 'No' for an answer."

"I'm astonished! How was it?"

"Why, I told him I should insist upon his furnishing me with a splendid span of horses, and carriage to match; also a magnificent saddle horse and a gallant; then I should want 'carte blanche' on expenses for silks, moiré-antiques, jewels, &c., besides the shoe-bills to foot. Moreover, I couldn't handle creation without gloves, and I should want permission beforehand to ruin him in sweatshirts, pickles, preserves and other 'goodies'; for a fondness for 'goodies' was one of my feminine weaknesses; then I should want a full purse to start immediately for Europe, Asia, Africa, Patagonia, Hotentot-land and the Cannibal Islands!"

"Well, he said 'yes,' of course."

"He said he wouldn't begin to do it!"

"I'm astonished at him!"

"So was I, sir."

Just here we both commenced laughing, which item of information ought to amuse you, Mr. Editor. We parted at Demopolis, after settling the affairs of the nation, and I went down the Tombigbee river.

"When you go North next summer," said he, as we parted, "be sure and teach those descendants of the Puritans how to behave."

"I'll do my best. I'll tell them that I think this slavery is a mighty curse to our country; but that I have brothers in this Southern land who differ with me entirely in my opinion—and this America of ours boasts of its 'freedom of thought.' I will tell them that I love my brothers because I know them to be good and noble in all things else. I love them, too, because hating them would make the evil greater. If anything can be done to mitigate the evil, it must be done in a spirit of love. The Bible teaches that 'grievous words stir up anger.' I will be sure to love my brothers; doing aught else, will be following the sad examples of those teachers and ministers of Christ's gospel—Men who ought to be brothers, who, because they differ in opinion, contend for the letter of the law till they lose entirely the spirit—the 'love which is the fulfilling of the law'—the love which is the glory of heaven! There is my hand, sir, with those sentiments, North and South; now and forever!"

He shed a genial smile upon me as he clasped it. "There is my hand upon it also, and may God bless you!" And so we parted.

I have written an unconsciously long letter of unmitigated fact, yet have not reached my journey's end. But no more this time.

I am yours, ARAMA.

Marengo County, Ala., Dec. 1 1858.

P. S. This document manifests any amount of egotism and vanity. But did you ever see a woman who was not vain enough to out talk a member of Congress?

ATTENTION, THE WHOLE!—The Portland Rifle Blues, Captain Roberts, accompanied by Chandler's Brass Band, went up to Skowhegan, on Tuesday last and will remain until Friday morning, when, we learn, they will leave, calling at our place on their way home.

The Deluge Engine Co. of Saco passed through our place yesterday on their way to Bangor, accompanied by the Saco Cornet Band. They expect to be here on Friday.

DEDICATION.—The new hall of Cascade Division, at Waterville, was dedicated by appropriate services on Saturday evening last. Rev. H. C. Leonard delivered an eloquent address, and good speeches were made by delegates from other divisions.

HONI SOIT, ETC.—"An idle man's brain," it is said, "is the devil's workshop." Now see what a busy half hour Auld Clotie made of it, on Commencement day, in the head of the reporter of the Boston *Atlas*, (who with nothing to do, awaited the arrival of the procession), and what queer and mischievous fancies he forged for his amusement.

While the house is thus filling up, opera glasses and spectacles and naked eyes are all brought into requisition, to see who's who and what she has on. Mrs. Sniffkins in the gallery enjoys the supreme felicity of turning up her nose at Mrs. Tweedledum in the body of the house, and all on account of a certain 'love of a bonnet' with which the aforesaid Mrs. Sniffkins had adorned the back of her neck; while Miss Sarah in the north gallery casts the most spiteful glances at Miss Arabella in the south gallery, and all on account of certain 'sheep's eyes' which a certain mutton headed youth is wasting on the latter of the two damsels.

In this interesting and agreeable amusement an hour was whiled away until the final notes of Gilmore's Band was heard in the distance, when headed by excited and perspiring marshals in pour the viri honorarii clari optime.

STATE FAIR.—The Secretary of the Maine State Ag. Society calls upon all those intending to exhibit stock or articles at the coming Show, to make their entries with him at Augusta as early as possible. An entry costs nothing but the postage, and the sooner it is attended to is the better for all concerned.

Philip C. Johnson, Esq., formerly Secretary of the State of Maine, died in Washington on Wednesday last week. At the time of his death he was clerk in one of the naval bureaus.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION, KEN. CO.—By referring to notice in our advertising columns it will be seen that Hon. Mark H. Dunnell, Superintendent of Common Schools, has arranged for a Teachers' Convention at Mendon Centre, the session to commence on Monday, 29th inst. Prof. Ephraim Knight, one of the instructors named, has had a large experience as a teacher in Institutes, and enjoys a good reputation for thorough scholarship; Mr. Wells, the other instructor, is well known in this State and needs neither introduction nor recommendation. So well established and wide spread is the conviction of the value and importance of these gatherings, that we can hardly conceive that teachers—actual or prospective—need any urging to induce them to attend. We trust there will be a full and a profitable session.

DROWNED.—Mr. James T. Upham, about 38 years of age, was drowned in the Cobscook Cut, near the New Mills in Gardiner on Wednesday last. His aged father was on the bank, but could render him no assistance.

MASS. REFORM SCHOOL BURNED.—The State Reform School building for boys, at Westboro' Mass., was set on fire by one of the inmates, on Saturday morning last, and both of the new wings destroyed, with a loss of about \$100,000. No lives were lost, and the boys, none of whom attempted to escape but labored hard to save the property, were removed to Concord and Fitchburg.

CAPT. HOLMES.—Fresh air and travelling it has been decided will benefit Capt. Holmes instead of injuring him, and he will be taken before the Court on the 8th of Sept. next to hear their decision on the exceptions taken and the motion for a new trial.

FARMERS.—Don't be in a hurry to sell your hay, or if speculators must have it, be sure and get a fair price for it. Should the present dry weather continue a little longer, the price must rise.

DR. MORSE.—By looking at his advertisement, by another column, it will be seen that this gentleman will visit our village next week, and make a stop of three days. Those who wish to consult his will of course govern themselves accordingly.

STUPID PREJUDICE.—Mr. Gangooly, a converted Brahmin, now studying Christianity in this country, was recently refused a seat at the table of the Glen House, at the White Mountains, on account of his color, which is about as dark as that of our Senator Hamlin. Such treatment must give the converted Brahmin an exalted idea of the workings of Christianity in this enlightened Republic. Mr. Gangooly is an intelligent gentleman, of high rank in his own country, and has been respectfully treated in the first class hotel of all our larger cities, yet because his color is not of the orthodox shade he is refused a seat at the common table of the Glen House! Such fearful deference to the absurd color-phobia which afflicts a portion of our people is simply stupid. It is behind the times, as those who practice it will not be long in discovering. There is nothing in the caste prejudices of India worse than this.—[Port. Trans.]

The N. Y. Post says it is understood that upon certain conditions which have been duly considered by his personal friends, Mr. Stetson will voluntarily surrender his claim to represent the third Congressional District. The plan is to hold a special election, the parties agreeing to nominate an anti-Leocompton Democrat.

GREAT FIREMEN'S MUSTER.—The Manchester, N. H. Mirror, states that the firemen of that city have made the preliminary arrangements for a grand muster of the fire companies of the country. It has been agreed to hold the muster on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, and that \$500 in money shall be offered in prizes, as follows:—First prize, \$400; second, \$200; third, \$150; fourth, \$100; fifth, \$50.

The first will be reception day, the second day will be occupied in playing for the prizes, and on the third day the Manchester firemen will contend for additional prizes, horse-racing, with, perhaps, balloon ascensions, fireworks, &c. There is some talk of offering a handsome prize for the steam fire engine, but that is undecided.

PROBABLE DESTRUCTION OF ST. ANTHONY FALLS.—During the recent flood, at least one hundred feet of the rock has given way. The reaction of the current is rapidly wasting the bed of sand, and the result is, manifested by the frequent fall of large masses of the overhanging stratum of rock. As it entirely disappears some twelve hundred feet above the present crest of the fall, we can readily conceive of the entire extinction of the magnificent fall. One hundred and fifty feet has fallen within the limit of a single week. [Minneapolis Journal.]

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN LOMBARDY.—The Press says: "The Governor of Milan, representing Victor Emmanuel, has proclaimed liberty of worship, reading, and printing. This is no ordinary privilege. It will do more to prevent the reflux of Austrian domination and sacerdotal intolerance than treaty or army or battalions. It will give the people a taste of enjoyment which it will be almost impossible to eradicate at any future time, because the longer it lasts, the more extensively and firmly it will interlace and incorporate itself with the very life of its people. What is worthy of remark in this instance is the fact that this is not a Protestant insurrection against a Roman Catholic institution resting its right on sacred Scripture, and deriving its growth from the overthrow of Roman dogmas, but a purely civil right exacted by Roman Catholics for the use of Roman Catholics. These have demanded and vindicated it as a political necessity of national existence."

The Atlantic Telegraph company have decided

