



11-3-1859

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 13, No. 17): November 3, 1859

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 13, No. 17): November 3, 1859" (1859). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 640.
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Be still, little Paul, be still. She had a clear, bright voice, and it leaped like a pleasant tune along the young man's pulses—the young man who had just come round the side of the house and looked inside the door. This happened a long, long time ago, reader, for the last summer of the eighteenth century had just married itself to the autumn, but his kisses had not yet crimsoned her cheek with blushes. She still looked fresh and young in the robe which the May had woven for her.

Amy Nash was picking over frost grapes that afternoon for preserving. She sat in the large, old arm-chair, which her great-grandfather had brought over from England a century before, when he made up his mind to settle in the colonies.

A large tray filled with clusters of the purple fruit stood on a high stool at the girl's left side, and as she lifted the bunches the sunlight that rippled through the narrow window-panes sparkled among the fruit, until each cluster looked like a great purple vase enameled with gold. But even then they didn't look half so pretty as the girl whose small, brown fingers quickly picked the grapes from the stems, and dropped them into the great yellow bowl on her lap.

Amy Nash had a face that suited her voice, young and bright, with the faintest little dimples in the corners of her cheeks; and blue eyes, full of sparkle and quick changes; and sunny brown hair, full of ripples, running in smooth plaits round the small ears, and gathered into a heavy roll at the back of her head.

Her cheeks were not like peach blossoms, the bright, warm glow of youth set strong and stately in them, as the ripe flush did in the apples hiding themselves amid green branches in the orchard.

Amy Nash was her father's oldest daughter; and she had been motherless for three years; and Paul, her young brother, was nearly four.

Between these two there had come half a dozen young faces, and half a dozen little graves, amid which now lay the mother's.

Amy was nineteen; her father was a farmer, with a few acres of orchard, and meadow, and pasture land, which was enough for the simple wants of the little family on earth, and his heart was much with the larger family in heaven.

The house, where Amy Nash was born, was a low, brown cottage, built a quarter of a century before the Revolution, and the wide, old kitchen, with its brown rafters frescoed with flakes of sunlight, the shelves running along one side with their brightly scoured milk-pans; and the old-fashioned chest of drawers, with the shining brass handles, made a pleasant, quaint old background to the bright picture of fair Amy Nash in her cherry dress and muslin ruffles; with the little, plump, black-eyed, mischievous-looking girl, who was poking his restless hand into small, fat fingers into every place where it was especially desirable that they should be kept out.

There was a rap at the door, and Amy started and looked up hastily. The young man walked in. "Don't trouble yourself to get up, Miss Amy. I hope you are well to-day."

Very, thank you, Richard, and she gave him one of the small brown hands stained with the broken grapes.

Richard Morris had a dark, handsome face, and a jaunty air; but a strict scrutiny of the face did not give one entire satisfaction. There was a certain coarseness and weakness about the mouth, and the eyes had a reserved, cautious expression, which enforced the character of the mouth. But Richard's good looks and agreeable manners made him a great favorite with all the young girls in Wood Farms; and as he had passed a couple of years with his uncle in the city, and as he was now clerk of the only store in the village, which combined dry-goods, groceries, hardware, stationery, and a multitude of other departments, Richard Morris fancied himself the solitary young gentleman of the village.

He had always had a fancy for Amy Nash; and perhaps the slight indifference which the farmer's pretty daughter manifested for the handsome clerk, piqued his vanity and stimulated his preference.

He took the chair which she offered him, and they chatted awhile of various things, of the husking, frolic at Deacon Slade's, and the dance over to Pike's tavern; and of the promise of the orchards and the nuts, that season, with little side currents of village gossip, and heaps between of Amy's sweet, low running laughter.

And at last, Richard related some anecdotes of the French Revolution, which he had come across in an old paper, for the 'Reign of Terror' was, at that time, one of the principal topics of conversation in New England farm houses, when they pored the apples and poured the golden cider around their birch fires; and the glow faded away from the girl's cheeks, and her blue eyes were blurred with tears as she listened to the recital of those fearful tales.

At last there came a pause. Richard Morris tapped his boot a moment, meditatively, with his cane, and then he spoke suddenly.

"Do you know, Amy, the singing school opens next week, in the school-house at South End."

"Yes, Melissa Dike was telling me so yesterday. (Paul, you naughty boy, you must let grandma's yarn alone.) Don't you think they're early about gettin' up singin' school this year?"

"Well, the evenings are beginnin' to grow long, you know, and then they're mustering a strong company this fall."

"So they say; but, dear me, it's a lonesome place to go by those Black Woods. It always makes me shudder to hear the owls hootin' there in the evening."

"Well, Miss Amy, if you'll allow me to have your company this fall, to the singing school, I will engage to scare all the owls off."

"Thank you, Mr. Morris," stammered Amy, "it should be very happy to go with you, but I'm—"

"—and here she came to a dead stop, catching the berries in her embarrassment, and the rich juice gushed out and dyed her fingers."

"Why, Miss Amy, you don't mean to say you've company engaged, this year, to Allan Parsons? I didn't think of such a thing after what he said to Sally Stevens the other night."

"The blood burned along the cheeks of Amy Nash. I didn't say I was engaged to any body; and the drooping head set off so prettily as a redness on the dusky neck; and Richard Morris felt that the arrow had struck home, that he had stirred up the high spirit of his young hostess."

"No, I know you didn't, Amy, and I spoke before I thought."

"Well, I should very much like to know any boy who liberties Allan Parsons has taken with my name, any boy!" and the blue eyes flashed out an impressive confirmation of the declaration.

See here, Richard Morris, I must know.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, NOV. 3, 1859.

NO. 17.

Don't hold it back, not that he's anything special to me, or that I set any great value on his sayings; but if he's been slandered, me to Sally Stevens, it's but fair that I should know it, and if you're my friend you'll tell me."

He drew his chair a little nearer the excited girl. "Well, I've always been that, Amy, ever since we used to stand side by side in the spelling, class together, and to prove this to you, I'll promise to repeat what Allan said, if you'll give me your sacred word of honor that you'll never mention it to a soul; for it goes against my feelings to betray an old schoolmate."

"I promise you," she said it as though she dared not trust her voice to speak further; and when she passed up her hand to smooth the ruffle around her neck, Richard Morris saw that the fingers shook like leaves in a storm.

"Well, hushing his chair yet a little nearer his companion, 'you know there was a little gathering at Ellen Wright's just over the hill, last week. They're distant cousins of the Parsonses, so they was all invited, and Sally Stevens is Mrs. Wright's step-sister's child, so of course she was on hand."

"Well, after the plays was over, and they was all eatin' cake and countin' apple seeds, Sally turned suddenly round to Allan, who'd kept close to her all the evenin' as a calf to a cow, and she says,

"I s'pose we'll see you on hand at singin'-school among the earliest with Miss Amy?"

"I can't answer for Miss Amy, but I can myself, Sally," he answered, and I couldn't help hearin' this, for I was just behind them, close to the window where they sat."

"Why, she hasn't give you the mitten, has she?" asked Sally.

"No; nor I ain't give her a chance."

"Matters look as if you intended to, pretty soon, anyhow."

"Well, then, all I've got to say is matters are very deceitful. Amy ain't got no brother, as you know, and so bein' Tom's spoken for, you, Sally, I out of charity like to take Amy to the huskin' and apple bees, and singin'-schools, and whatever turns up, but I've no more serious thoughts toward Amy Nash, than I have toward my grandmother."

Amy sat still while Richard Morris related this conversation. She sat still, except for the quick beating of her feet on the carpet and the gnawing of her under lip; but beneath all this quiet, surged a sea of wounded maiden pride, and though she would not have owned it to herself, of womanly affection. Quick, indignant blushes burned over her cheeks as she greedily drank in the words; and when the young man concluded, she confronted him with her level flashing eyes. "And you heard Allan Parsons say all this with your own ears, say that he waited on me out of charity?"

For a moment Richard shrank, but those level eyes were on his face. It was too late to falter now.

"Of course he did. Do you s'pose, Miss Amy, I should tell you anything but the truth?"

She did not answer his question, but the glowing lips curled with a freezing scorn that had become an insulted princess.

"Well, all I have to say now is, that I shall give Mr. Parsons no farther opportunity to exercise his charity toward me. And let tones said more plainly than any words, that the subject must be pursued no farther."

And herein Amy Nash indicated plainly her right and title to that name of lady—that name so often misapplied to men, but only bestowed of God. A less finely grained nature, when so stung in its most sensitive part, would have gone into all sorts of diabolical of any regard for Allan Parsons, and heaped contemptuous epithets on that young gentleman, but Amy's silent scorn was more emphatic.

Richard's face flushed out with a sudden triumph. "Well, Amy, you will do me a most charitable deed, by allowin' me to have the pleasure of your company to singin'-school this fall."

He was regarded by all the girls as the 'smartest' beau in the village; and though there had been occasional rumors of his having been 'wild' in the city, they were quite forgotten in his agreeable presence; and then it would be such a triumph over Allan Parsons. Amy was not long in answering, 'I shall be very happy to go with you.'

At that moment farther Nash entered the kitchen. He was a tall, broad-chested, stalwart man, his honest face browned and seamed by hard labor. He seemed a little surprised to see his daughter's guest, but greeted him cordially.

The two men chatted together a little while about the weather, the crops, &c.; and then farther Nash called out suddenly, 'Why, Amy, what in the world is that boy up to? He's a sleazebag into that new scheme!'

There was no help for it now. The little rogue had seized his grandmother's ears, and for once, secure from his sister's watchful eyes, had gashed the two yards of seine which he had netted two days before. His black eyes sparkled half with terror, half with triumph, when he found he was discovered in the surreptitious employment he had enjoyed so vastly. But Paul was a spoiled child, and he escaped with impunity; and after a hearty laugh, Richard rose to leave.

"You will remember next Tuesday night, Amy?"

"I will remember."

"Any, what sent Richard Morris round here?" asked her father, as she turned away from the door.

"Oh! he came to see me. Have you any objections, father?"

"Not I know no child. Dick's a scrumptious-looking fellow; but when you've lived to be as old as I, you won't set so great store on fine feathers. I always had a feelin' that he ain't so reliable a young man as Allan Parsons."

"Well, I'm sure what Allan Parsons is, is no concern o' mine, but I don't think he's any thing to boast of," answered Amy, with a toss of her head; then she added quickly, "won't you just go out in the barn and see if there's any eggs, father, while I slice up some ham and put the tea-kettle on, as it's meet time for supper."

Allan Parsons whistled an old-fashioned psalm tune to himself, as he pushed in the back door to the old cart, which contained the last load of corn that he intended to gather for that day. The large golden ears, around which tangled the faded skeins of silk, while the long withered leaves fell away from them told their own story of an abundant harvest.

Allan Parsons was a young, strong-limbed, broad-chested man, with a most pleasant countenance, not handsome, but intelligent and manly, and with thick, silken brown hair clustering

above it. He was a farmer, as was his father before him, and the second of eight children. His family were in comfortable circumstances, though by no means wealthy, and Allan had begun to take his father's place on the farm, as the life of the latter was falling into old age.

The young farmer could not have told himself when he first began to love Amy Nash. It seemed to him he had always done this, for he had dragged her over the snows on his sled to school before her little mouth, red as the ruby, in his mother's wedding brooch, could plainly articulate his name; and along the years in which they had come up to man and womanhood, was strung like jewels the memory of the matings and berryings, and apple gatherings they had had together, and the little golden head had been his especial charge and pride.

For the last two years he had waited on the girl steadily, thus keeping aloof many other suitors, for Amy was a great favorite with all who knew her.

Yet Allan Parsons had never been able to open his soul to the woman of his love, and show her where in his holiest inner chamber she stood serene and glorified.

Perhaps it was the very depth and integrity of his devotion which made it so difficult for him to fashion into words the story of his love, but these always failed him in the presence of his object; and a sudden fear would thrill his nerves and sink his heart, that perchance his suit might not win acceptance. And then Allan Parsons could not endure, like many sensitive natures, to have his regard for Amy the topic of jest and innuendo.

Sally Stevens was a sparkling, mischief-loving girl of twenty, and she took a world of pleasure in tormenting Allan about Amy, with no real intention of annoying the young man, but simply out of her love of mischief.

Now most lies crystallize round a nucleus of truth. Richard Morris had listened to Sally's jests at the house of her aunt, but he had entirely changed the tone and sentiment of the young farmer's awkward embarrassed replies to the jests of his friend. He did indeed affirm that as Amy had no brother, he was always ready to devote himself to her, especially as Sally was engaged; but he did not utter one word which Amy Nash herself would not have been flattered to hear; but Richard had, as I said, taken a fancy to the girl, and he was resolved to circumvent Allan, toward whom he felt that spite which petty natures often do toward those who come in their way.

But that night, as he went humming a psalm tune out of the field with his last load of corn, and occasionally cracking his whip on the sides of his fat oxen, Allan Parsons made up his mind to go over that very evening to the brown house and invite Amy to attend the singing-school, and say to her those words which it costs a man and a love like his so much to say to a woman; but as he put up the bars of the corn field, Richard Morris walked out of the little brown gate whistling triumphantly and saying to himself, 'I've fixed you now, Allan Parsons.'

"Thank you, Mr. Parsons, I'm already engaged for the singin'-school this fall."

She said these words in a cold, steady voice, meantime winding one of Paul's golden rings of hair round her fingers. For a moment the man sat thunderstruck. The reserve of Amy's manner had troubled him ever since he entered the house, but these last words of hers fairly overwhelmed him.

"Why, Amy, I thought that you knew I intended to ask you," he stammered, after a brief silence which had fallen between them.

"How should I know that?—and then I didn't like to be so much indebted to your charity."

The cruel words wounded him still deeper, though he did not, of course, understand the hidden sarcasm which Amy intended to give them. He sat a few moments trying to conceal by an occasional common-place remark the storm which surged through his soul, and then took his leave.

And Amy Nash laid Paul on the wooden settee in the little parlor, for his golden head was drooping with slumber, like the flowers of the golden rose in the autumn night dew, and then she sat down, buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of bitter weeping.

Allan Parsons strode madly off to a little belt of birch woods a half mile from the cottage. He threw himself down under the thick trees, where even the solemn glances of the stars could not reach him, and the storm that raved through his being was wild and hopeless.

He felt as a man must whose life has been suddenly crushed—whose hopes and ambitions are all cut down in their youth; for he had not had, for years, a dream of joy, for he had not gathered around a dream of Amy Nash. And did not gather around a dream of Amy Nash. And now the little stunted boy grew hunched at last; and then Allan Parsons heard the hayrids in, and the grass, and the buzzing of the insects, and all the soft sounds of that still summer evening fell like dew and healing upon his heart. He fell like dew and healing upon his heart. He fell like dew and healing upon his heart. He fell like dew and healing upon his heart.

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He had made arrangements to ship on a vessel bound for the West Indies, the next week; and, one night, a strange impulse seized the young man to go to farmer Nash's, and look, for the last time, upon the cottage which still held what was dearest to him on earth.

It was a pleasant autumn night, and Allan Parsons' heart ached as he caught sight of the steep, blackened roof, and remembered how often that first glance had stirred his soul with delicious dreams.

He kept on until he had reached the high stone wall which ran in front of the garden and cottage, and here he suddenly stumbled upon some person.

They recognized each other in a moment—Richard Morris and Allan Parsons.

"So ho! that's you; is it, Allan? I'd just got up to the front gate when I saw a shadow moving along and thought I'd step on and see what was. Comin' to see your old flame, eh?"

The words, and the braggart manner, stung Allan almost past endurance; especially as he felt certain, from Richard's attentions to Amy, that he had succeeded him in her affections.

"If you mean by my old flame, Miss Nash, I was not going to see her; though I'll take the liberty to ask you not to speak of her again to me in that fashion."

"What I angry at being cut out, Allan? The prize, you know, is to the swiftest runner, as the wife is to the smartest fellow."

Allan fairly glared on the man.

"Let me pass, Richard Morris, I don't want to stand here parleyin' with such a you."

Richard burst into a taunting laugh.

"What, sour grapes, my man? Jest go in, now, and ask Amy which she sets the greatest value on; I can afford to be generous now, you see, 'cause she belongs to me."

This last taunt stung Allan to madness.

"Well, hardly knowing what he said, 'if she does belong to you, she belongs to a sneak in coward, a liar, a villain!'"

Richard Morris was a fiery-tempered man. He clenched his fist and struck Allan a blow on the face that made him stagger backward.

But Allan was the stronger of the two, and the next moment the two men closed in a deadly wrestle. It was fierce but short. In a few seconds Allan had hurled his antagonist to the ground, and planted his foot on his breast; and then the young man sailed out of the small cloud which had covered her face like folds of pearl-colored muslin; and Richard Morris looked up, and he saw the face of his foe bent with deadly vengeance over him.

"Oh! don't murder me, Allan, don't! he cried. And at that moment the demon that had arisen went down in the soul of Allan Parsons; and the memory of that blessed old line in the prayer that his mother taught him, came over his lips, 'Forgive us our enemies.'

He stood a moment looking down on his prostrate rival, and the man's better nature rose and triumphed.

"No, Richard," he said, "I won't murder you, and God forgive me for the madness that was in my soul. You've robbed me of what was dearer to me than my life. You've wrecked my happiness for this world; and just as I was about going away, a lonely, wretched man, you came here to-night and taunted me with your triumph, and my loss, in words a saint couldn't have stood. But God has said, 'Vengeance is mine,' so get up, and go for all harm o' mine."

And the young farmer turned and walked quickly away; and Richard Morris rose up slowly and limped off; but he did not go to Amy Nash that night, and whether there was remorse in his soul, God knoweth.

Allan! Allan! I've been waiting for you two whole hours, under the chestnut tree in the lane, for I knew you'd come to night."

"What does it all mean, Amy? I must be dreaming," said the young man, and he passed his hand over his eyes.

"Yes, it is I, Allan! I've been waiting for you two whole hours, under the chestnut tree in the lane, for I knew you'd come to night."

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"Yes, it is I, Allan! I've been waiting for you two whole hours, under the chestnut tree in the lane, for I knew you'd come to night."

So, sitting on the old wooden bench, he took the little brown fingers in his hard hand, and he said,

"Amy, you heard what I said to Richard to-night? You know—his voice broke down here."

"Yes, I know, Allan; and you must know, also, I have come over here to-night to tell you this."

"I must go now, Allan; father'll be scared out of his senses if he gets home and finds me gone at this hour o' night."

He drew her arm in his—the little soft, plump arm that belonged to him now—and he said, with solemn reverence,

"It is the Lord that hath done this!"

"Amen!"

So they went down the lane, and across the meadow, together. It was nearly eighty years ago, reader, but the stars shone down on them as brightly as they may be shining to-night on you who read this story.

The Yankees.

The inhabitants of New England are proverbial for untiring and successful enterprise. They are frightened at no rival, stopped by no obstacle, subdued by no competition. Wherever interest calls them, upon land or water, under a zone torrid or frozen, there do they go with a determination to be successful, if success be possible. Nor is the spirit which influences them crushed at a failure. It may be bent but not broken. If unsuccessful, they look for a cause and try again, adding perseverance to the attempt.

What people are most often to be met with on the fishing ground? The Yankees. What people in the Pacific in pursuit of oil and furs? The Yankees. Who is he who barters lumber and onions with the West Indian; beads and red cloth with the Otabian; lamp oil with the Hollander; corn with the Greek; rum, tobacco, snuff, and cast iron muskets with the Africans; cotton with the English and French; pickled fish with the Russians and Danes; flour with the South Americans; opium with Chinese, and dry knocks with the Algerines? Why the Yankee. If a freight is to be carried from one foreign port to another, who takes it for a furthering lease in a pound than any other man? Why Jonathan is there—his coat is off; he is ready for a job, and his ship for a freight; so he whisks it up, and is off before the Frenchman can make his bow to the shipper, or John Bull finish his roast beef. He is everywhere, if a prospect of gain opens that way, and a few days of hard labor is no task for him, if money is to be found at the close.

What long-legged brig is that? said the Captain of an English merchantman, who was entering the port of Leghorn, as he peeped over the taffrail, and beheld a vessel which hovered in sight some twelve hours before, now close on board of him. "I don't know, replied the mate, but the fellow must be crazy. Who'd ever think of putting cloth on multi-pick spars with this breeze—sudden sails fore and aft!" "What brig is that?" shouted the Captain through the speaking trumpet. "Two Sisters

he approached him with the intent to elicit, if possible, such information as would gratify his curiosity. The following are the questions he pronounced, and the answer thereto: 'Goin' ter Klumbus?' 'Yes, (Groffly), 'Goin' enny further?' 'No.' 'Goin' to stop in Klumbus?' 'Yes.' 'Goin' ter see enny friends there?' 'No.' 'Goin' ter do enny kind o' work there?' 'Yes.' 'Goin' to start business on yer own hook?' 'No.' 'What you goin' there for?' 'Going for seven years.' The Yankee's curiosity was almost satisfied.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, ... NOV. 3, 1859.

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Advertisements 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 "MAXHAM & WING," or "EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

HOW FOOLS ARE MADE.—The immense number of lottery papers and circulars distributed through the post office in all parts of the country, and especially in this State, where lotteries are closely prohibited by law, is evidence enough that a large amount of money is spent for lottery tickets. There is no end to the variety of devices resorted to by dealers and swindlers to draw the unwary and foolish into their traps. Nobody who knows anything of these schemes believes that one in one hundred has any basis of integrity, while very few of them either have any drawings or ever pay out a cent in prizes. Young men, and old ones too, who dream themselves into the idea they are the special favorites of fortune, send off their money for tickets, and if they ever hear from it again it is only by way of a printed slip that tells them their prize is a blank. In nine cases out of ten they do not even get as much as this. The following letter, received on Monday last by a gentleman of this place, may be taken as a sample of the manner of doing these things. It is ingeniously contrived, and was probably thought by the writer to be pretty sure of bringing the \$10 by return of mail. In most cases it might prove so, but for once the roguish "Gilbert & Co." are in the wrong box.

DEAR SIR:—We take the liberty to enclose you a scheme of the Delaware State Lottery, for which we are general agents, our object being to try and sell you a good prize, so as to create excitement in your locality that will tend to increase our business. With this end in view we offer you the preference to purchase a very fine arrangement package of 21 tickets, which have been selected in the Lottery drawing Feb. 18, class 604. This package gives you the advantage of \$16.25 worth of tickets, for the cost of only \$10; and to convince you of our confidence in its success, we will guarantee you another package in our Extra Lotteries, free of charge, if the above fail to draw a number prize, the lowest being \$100—see full scheme within. We make this offer in good faith, with a desire to sell you the Capital \$21,600. Should you think favorably of it, enclose us \$10, and the package will be sent by return mail, the result of which we confidently think will be satisfactory to you.

This is confidential.
Yours truly, GILBERT & Co.
Probably a younger man would have jumped at this flimsy bait, without inquiring how Gilbert & Co. could be honestly acting as the agents of the Delaware State Lotteries, and yet bargaining away the highest prizes as here proposed; or how they can afford to send a prize of \$21,000 to a little country village like Waterville, for the sake of a little excitement; or still further, how they venture, if they have either position, character or integrity, to send such a letter to a stranger who may betray them, as is now the case!

TOUCHING LETTER FROM A SISTER OF ONE OF THE INSURGENTS.—Wm. Leeman, one of the abolitionists who was shot on Monday by the citizens at Harper's Ferry, while he was attempting to escape by swimming the river, was a native of Hallowell, Me. On his body was found a letter from his sister, signed his "ever affectionate sister—Lizzie." After asking if he ever expects to see the "loved ones at home," the letter continues:

"I don't like to write so discouraging to you, brother, but if you knew how much we wanted you to come home, you would not blame us for writing such letters. Would you come home if you had the money to come with? Tell me what it would cost? Oh, I would be unspeakably happy if it were in my power to send you money, but we have been very poor this winter. Mattie has had a very good place, where she has had 75 cents a week; she has not spent any of it in the family, only a very little for mother. Father has had a very small pay, but I think he has more now; he is watchman on the Eastern Queen, that runs from here to Boston. I should have worked in the straw factory at Natick this winter if mother had been well. Mattie has left her place, and talks of going to work in this mill, but she will not if she can possibly do anything else. I do not think you would know mother; she is very poor; she does not look like our mother. We try to make her as comfortable as we can; she has everything that she wants; the folks in this place have been so very kind to us—our neighbors too; it seems as though they could not do too much. Father says he wants you to come home, if you have to go back again. Ah! my dear brother, you never can know how much your folks want you to come home.

My dear brother—I want you to be sure and write often, and as soon as you receive this, for we are so very anxious when you don't write. Oh! dear brother, I hope you are as good as you were when you went from your home, and I know you are, for you would not do anything wrong."

HAMMONTON.—A tangible argument for Hammonton may be seen on our table, (not dinner table, yet), in a sample of sweet potatoes, raised by Dr. J. F. North, late of W. Waterville, now of Hammonton, N. J. A dozen of these makes a big peck!

OUR TABLE.

THE MINISTER'S WORKING. By Harriet Beecher Stowe.

New York: Derby & Jackson.

This last work of Mrs. Stowe has attracted a good deal of notice, as successive chapters of it have made their appearance in the *Atlantic Monthly*, where it is yet unfinished; and the rapid sale of the complete work is evidence of the great interest excited. But it is not a story simply, that the work is thus eagerly sought for, great as is the graphic power of the talented authoress and her skill in touching the heart. Like the preaching of her brother, it is largely indebted for its flattering reception to the fact that it echoes the popular protest against the old New England Theology. An active spirit of religious thought and inquiry is abroad in all the land, such as was never before known; a great sitting of doctrines is going on, and whoever gives voice and utterance to this spirit of unrest among the people will be listened to eagerly. Some may regard the teachings of the work as unsatisfactory or even unpalatable; but as that does not prevent their perusal of it, it helps to swell the list of buyers and readers, and thus add to the apparent popularity of the book. It is evidently destined to have a great run.

For sale at O. K. Mathews's.

THE SEA OF ICE. By Percy B. St. John. Boston: May-hew & Baker.

This work was first published in England, with a different title, and it will no doubt be as popular with our youth as it was on the other side of the big water. It is in the Robinson Crusoe style of romance, and though the incidents are imaginary, the pictures of life, nature and scenery are all drawn with faithfulness to nature, and are such as are to be met with in the Arctic seas. The volume abounds in thrilling adventures and will afford a rare treat to youthful readers, and all who would be pleased with the perusal of Robinson Crusoe, The Swiss Family Robinson, and kindred works.

For sale at O. K. Mathews's.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER.—A dull number of this famous periodical would indeed be a curiosity, and the reader never fails to find something worth his while in its pages. We have no intention to canvass the different articles in the present issue, which offer the usual variety; but we cannot refrain from calling attention to, and soliciting a careful perusal of the abstract from Captain Speke's Journal in this and the number for September, giving the details of a journey in Central Africa, made by him in conjunction with Lieut. Burton. Traversing districts hitherto unknown by the white man, that officer, having entered Africa on the east coast, voyaged up to the northward and westward to the Mountains of the Moon, and in their vicinity has discovered a vast lake, or inland sea, to which he has given the name of Victoria Nyanza, and which there is every reason to believe is the long sought Fountain of the Nile. This lake is situated exactly on the Equator; and its position and the formation of the country lend much probability to the suggestion. The continuation of this article will be looked for with interest.

The other articles are—Part 2d of *Howe's Denial* in Syria, which is very entertaining reading; Part 7th of *The Luck of Lady Medley*; *Mountain-keeping—The Alpine Club*; *The Sea-side in the Papal States*; *Bretton Ballads*—King Louis's Page and The Crusader's Return. The Legend of Barney O'Carroll; and Sir William Hamilton—which though highly commendatory of the great man, and his system of philosophy, is by the same hand made such a slashing work of Dr. Mansel's lectures, in the July number.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. of our 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 discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage on 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.

THE MAINE TEACHER.—We are pleased to see evidence of an increased interest in this educational work, on the part of the teachers of Maine, in contributions from their pens, relieving the editor, in a measure, from the necessity of filling his paper with extracts from other publications of a kindred character. The October number abounds in pointed and timely articles, suggested principally by the experience of practical teachers, and the hints and suggestions thrown out will be found of great value. The Maine Teacher should not be permitted to languish, either for lack of original contributions or a liberal pecuniary support. Published by Hon. Mark H. Dannel, Supt. of Common Schools, at \$1 a year.

LADIES' REPERTORY.—Two beautiful steel engravings are given in each number of this excellent magazine. Those in the November number are "The Tree of Shelter," and a spirited portrait of Mrs. Ann Wilkins, missionary to Liberia. The reading matter of the number is well chosen for the instruction and improvement of young and old. Though published by the Methodistists, it is by no means a sectarian work, and will be hailed as an efficient conductor by all friends of pure morality and Christian literature. Published by Stormstedt & Co., Cincinnati, at \$2 00 a year; J. G. Mages, Boston, agent.

MEXLEY'S MUSKUM.—The first article in the November number of this juvenile magazine, is very appropriately devoted to that good old Yankee festival, *Thanksgiving*, and the pleasant talk and pretty illustrations will not fail to please the little folks, apart from any special interest in the subject. Another pleasant reading, handsomely illustrated, will be found, the whole making a rare treat for young people, that will at the same time be highly refuted by the old who are so fortunate as to remember that they were once children. Published by J. N. Stearns & Co., New York, at \$1 a year.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson & Co. the well known Boston publishers, we have received the following musical novelties:

German Melody, Arranged for the Piano Forte by Ch. Grobe.

The Revelers' Chorus.—We'll all meet again in the morning! Words and music by B. R. Hanby. Not a drinking song, as some might suppose, but a temperance song.

Gen. McMahon's Grand March. Arranged for the Piano by A. Silcox.

Pen and Ink. A Series-Comio Song. Words by J. E. Carpenter, music by F. Wallersteins.

Great Eastern Polka. For Piano, by A. Visher.

Old Sounds. False Brilliance, by Johan Daring.

For sale at the bookstores of O. K. Mathews.

SURPRISE PARTIES.—We learn that Rev. Mr. Wood, pastor of the Baptist church in our village, was on Monday evening greeted with one of those pleasant surprises, so agreeable to all concerned—being waited upon by a delegation from the Sabbath School connected with his church, who left with him substantial and liberal tokens of their esteem and regard. On Tuesday afternoon, the younger members of the school made a call of the same kind at his house and left their free will offerings with his children.

Rev. Mr. Hawes, pastor of the Congregational Church, experienced a like visitation on Monday evening, and was made the recipient of similar evidences that his labors are properly appreciated.

PEOPLE'S BANK.—Mr. Homer Percival has been chosen cashier of this bank, in place of Mr. Sumner Percival, who recently resigned this office which he has held since the establishment of the institution. This makes a vacancy in the board of directors, which, as will be seen by a notice in our advertising columns, the stockholders are called upon to fill on the 20th inst.

Hon. Freeman H. Morse delivered an excellent address before the Sagadahoc Agricultural Society, on the 13th ult., which they voted to publish.

Fine Arts. Letter No. 3.

When we look at the picture of nature, and mark that vivacity which looks so gay, that mildness which prevents it from dazzling, that elegance which charms the fancy, that simplicity which removes disgust,—when we look at scenes, must we not say, they were made to delight the imagination, to polish the taste, to inspire with religious sentiment?

Nature, like her Maker, can strike as well as charm. In the vast theatre around us, we are presented with grand, august, and wonderful exhibitions; scenes in which nature talks of God in a nervous, striking, and sublime style.

Beauty and sublimity are the two prime features of Nature, and of nature's God. The emotions they kindle are the two grand pulses of the human bosom; to solemnize the mind in the view of Him whose name is wonderful; to fire the heart with delight in the view of Him who is altogether lovely.

The verdant lawn, the shady grove, the variegated landscape, the boundless ocean, and the starry firmament, are contemplated with pleasure, by every attentive beholder; but the emotions of different spectators, though similar in kind, differ widely in degree; and to relish with full delight the enchanting scenes of nature, the mind must be uncorrupted by avarice, sensuality, or ambition—quick in her sensibilities, elevated in her sentiments, and devout in her affections.

Perhaps such ardent enthusiasm may not be compatible with the necessary toils and active offices, which providence has assigned to the generality of men. But there are none to whom some portion of it may not prove advantageous; and if it were cherished by each individual in that degree which is consistent with the indispensable duties of his station, the felicity of human life would be considerably augmented.

From this source, the refined and vivid pleasures of the imagination are almost entirely derived, and the elegant arts, owe their choicest beauties to a taste for the contemplation of nature.

Painting and Sculpture are express imitations of visible objects, and where would be the charms of Poetry if divested of the embellishments which she borrows from rural scenes? Painters, sculptors and poets, therefore, are always ambitious to acknowledge themselves the pupils of nature; and as their skill increases, they grow more and more delighted with every view of the animal and vegetable world.

But the pleasure resulting from admiration is transient, and to cultivate taste without regard to its influence on the passions and affections, is to rear a tree for its blossoms which is capable of yielding the best and most valuable fruit.

Physical and moral beauty bear so intimate a relation to each other, that they may be considered as different gradations in the scale of excellence; and the knowledge and relish of the former, should be deemed only a step to the nobler and more permanent enjoyment of the latter.

In the study of nature we become susceptible of virtuous impressions from almost every surrounding object. The patient ox is viewed with generous complacency, the innocent sheep with pity, and the playful lamb with emotions of tenderness and love. We rejoice with the horse, in his liberty and exemption from toil, while he ranges at large through the enamelled pastures, and the frolics of the colt would afford unmixed delight, did we not recollect the bondage which he is soon to undergo. We are charmed by the song of birds, soothed by the hum of insects, and pleased with the motion of all animal life, because these are expressions of enjoyment, and we exult in the felicity of the whole animated creation. Thus an equal and extensive benevolence is called forth into exertion, and having felt a common interest in the gratifications of inferior beings, we shall be no longer indifferent to their sufferings.

It is obvious that nature intended to please the eye in her vegetable productions. She decorates the flowers that spring up beneath our feet in all the perfections of external beauty. She has clothed the garden with a constant succession of various hues. Even the leaves of the trees undergo a pleasing change. The fresh verdure which they exhibit in the spring, the various shades which they assume in summer, the yellow and russet tinge of autumn and the sakedness of winter, afford constant pleasure to a lively imagination. From the snow drop to the moss rose, the flower garden displays an infinite variety of shape and color.

Did nature bring forth the tulip and lily, the rose and the honeysuckle, to be neglected by the haughty pretender to superior reason? I do think, that to pass by the beauties of nature, lavished before us without observing them, is no less ingratitude than stupidity.

DIFFIDENCE.

The following extract from a letter not intended for publication, which recently made its appearance in the Newburyport Herald, was probably written by the wife of Rev. J. Fletcher, who recently accompanied her husband on a tour to the eastern country.

PREQUEE ISLAND, AROOSTOOK.

You have requested me to write to you, and make you share the enjoyment of this northward trip. I wish I could transfer with words all the rare and exquisite scenes of loveliness and grandeur which have constantly blended themselves in my mind, and which will remain there as a grand picture painted by the faultless artist—nature. But you know how unjust descriptions ever are; therefore I will not attempt my skill on any. I will only say that the two first days of our journey here, from Oldtown to Houlton, would have been days of inspiration to any artist who had a soul—days woven with brilliant gorgeous impressions, and illumined throughout by the very light of heaven itself! We followed the windings of the beautiful blue Penobscot. Perched upon the very top of the stage, my view of it and all its frame-work was indeed a "tip-top" view. The river almost disappeared at inter-

vals, between golden-wooded islands, and then re-appears and looks as if it were playing hide-and-seek with its own loveliness. Then, again it will rush with tremendous power, till it seems to become weary, and spread itself into a lake, so motionless, so transparent and blue, so calm, that one could fall in a dream looking at it. The islands with which it is sprinkled are little Paradises of beauty. They are covered with huge trees; the regal water-maple, looking so much like the olive tree of the north of France; the noble birch, stately and proud-looking; under them all the pretty, maiden-like ferns spread out their cool, delicate leaves, and the moss grows luxuriantly in carpets of green.

At Mattawakeag we took the stage, at three o'clock in the morning, and bade adieu to the Penobscot. Our road was cut through magnificent woods. We were ushered into a perfect entanglement and wilderness of nature! The trees are so immense they lift themselves into the very blue of heaven!

It was beautiful to watch the awakening of the morning, and to follow the first fluttering blushes of dawn on the horizon. Heavy masses of clouds rolled away, and made room for the bright, laughing sun; and then, oh! then, one might have wished for no eyes more! I never saw anything, except in Brazil, to compare with the overflowing exuberance of beauty which characterizes nature in this favored county of north-eastern Maine. Everything wears a harmony of its own; even the enormous logs, which are left to decay on the road side, are not left to their ugliness, since a thick carpet of moss stretches over them.

We reached the summit of a very high hill—Clifford Hill—from which the view is magnificent, and very impressive. The eye wanders over a range of sixty miles. Mount Katahdin looms up as a watchful sentinel at the horizon, and the vast, unbroken forest, below, looking as an army of men in gorgeous uniform, standing as if almost ready for the march. You wonder to see them remain still so long! Of course, we thought how much you would have found to feed upon, with all your artistic taste and discernment, and we often said: "How Mr. Bricher would admire this!" I cannot understand why artists do not visit this region. It would open a new field of ideas to their inspirations, and turn them all into poets.

From Houlton to this place, the country is perfectly lovely. It reminded me of my own beautiful Switzerland, with more of soft beauty, and less severity. We are encircled by a belt of low, blue mountains, and water abounds—running everywhere—in a thousand crystalline, gurgling streams. I have not time to tell you of the partridges and woodcocks we saw in the forests, nor of the delicious potatoes and honey we ate; neither of the sad accident I met with, by which I am made lame for a few weeks. This last item is the only shadow that has come across our path.

J. Nye, assisted by the officers of Waterville Section No. 5, Cadets of Temperance, instituted a Section at Gatchells' Corner, Vassalboro', under the name of Vassalboro' Section No. 11, on Thursday P. M. Oct. 27th.

Officers for present term:

E. Gilbert, W. A.
E. M. Dunham, V. A.
James Maxwell, S.
Geo. Dunham, A. S.
Jesse Maxwell, T.
Oren Snow, A. T.
Geo. Fiston, G.
W. E. Tarbell, U.
E. Prasecott, W.
M. Savage, S.
Chandler Alden, Worthy Patron.

THE FRIGHT AT WASHINGTON.—The Washington Star in referring to the excitement produced in that city by the "insurrection" of Brown and his eighteen associates, says:

"The entire police force was on duty, one half on parade and the other fifty under arms at the City Hall, for action at a moment's warning. Police mounted on horseback were stationed at every outlet of the city, at the bridges, &c., to give instant warning of any hostile demonstration from outside of the city. Capt. Goddard instructed the active police force to arrest all colored persons found on the street and search them for concealed weapons, and in case of finding any, to take the parties to the watch house, and if no weapons were found, to send such arrested persons to their homes without delay. As an evidence of the rigor with which this order was carried out, some watchmen arrested a colored man soon after ten o'clock, and proceeded to search him, when he cried out, 'Bress God, massa, no use to search dis nigger; I'se been searched free times afore to-night.' He was cautioned to make tracks for home, and released. Permits to colored people to hold balls, and festivals, which had been previously issued, were countermanded, and the Mayor and all the police force, as well as the clerks in the City Hall, were on the alert till daylight."

THE FERN TANNED LEATHER.—A letter from Rev. Theodore Hill, who recently visited the tannery of Messrs. Harrington and Russell, at China Branch Mills, says, among other things:

"I learned, that the same process is followed in preparing the skins as though they used hemlock bark. Also, that no foreign compound is used—nothing save the native Sweet Fern. They tell me the secret is in extracting the strength of the Fern. They say that the leather so tanned will last one half longer than by the bark process; that it retains the pliability of the French tanning; that it is a great repeller of even snow water. My impressions were that it is no cheat so far. Keep it before the people—they will soon settle the question."

WINTER SHOES.—Hall's Journal of Health gives the following sensible advice:

"Like the gaunt oak that has withstood the storms and thunderbolts of centuries, man himself begins to die at the extremities. Keep the feet dry and warm, and we may snap our fingers in joyous triumph at diseases and the doctors. Put on two pairs of thick woolen stockings, but keep this to yourself; go to some honest son of St. Crispin, and have your measure taken for a stout pair of winter boots or shoes; shoes are better for ordinary every day use, as they allow the ready escape of the dross, while they strengthen the ankles, accustoming them to depend on themselves. A very slight accident is sufficient to cause a sprained ankle to an habitual boot-wearer. A shoe does not compress the legs, and hence admits a more vigorous circulation of blood. But wear boots when you ride or travel. Give directions also to have no cork or india rubber about the shoes, but to place between the layers of the soles, from out to out, a piece of stout hemp or tow linen, which has been dipped in melted pitch. This is absolutely impervious to water—does not absorb a particle, while we know the cork does, and after a while becomes soggy and damp for weeks. When you put them on for the first time they will

feel as easy as an old shoe, and you may stand on damp places for hours with impunity."

THE DIFFERENCE.—The New York Evening Post compares the treatment of Walker and Old Brown as follows:

"A different measure has been meted out to Walker and his crew than will be probably dealt to Brown and his set. Walker, who organized an armed invasion of a peaceful neighboring State, has been acquitted by the New Orleans courts; but Brown can only look forward to execution. Yet we do not see that Brown's enterprise was any whit more atrocious than Walker's. Both contemplated invasion and bloodshed. But the design of Brown was relieved by a generous though mistaken purpose of giving freedom to an oppressed race, while that of Walker had no other end than to establish slavery on a new soil. Brown was the victim of his own heated and disordered fancies, while Walker planned his schemes in cold blood, and with the most deliberately selfish ends. Southern law knows of no penalty for Walker, although it can scarcely wait its own tardy processes in its eagerness for the life of Brown."

BROWN'S TRIAL.—The trial of Brown, the leader of the insurrection, so called, at Harper's Ferry, terminated at Charleston, Va. on Monday, by a verdict of guilty. This result will surprise nobody. With good intentions men may do very bad and foolish things, and Brown and his associates probably did enough to subject themselves to the penalty of death under the laws either of Virginia or the U. States. And yet, after looking carefully at all the testimony, we believe Brown will die as truly a martyr to his zeal for freedom in the broadest and fullest sense, as did the men who fell at Bunker Hill. He is evidently a man of more talent than was imputed to him while in Kansas, and possessed of more honesty and dignity of purpose. The testimony shows that he made this impression upon the prisoners he took, as well as others, who came in contact with him. He had not received his sentence at last date, but had been remanded to prison, while the court was proceeding in the trial of Coppie, another of the prisoners. Gov. Wise has probably political shrewdness enough, in himself to see that none of these men are hung; but whether he will dare to be wise, before the frightened and almost bewildered "chivalry" of the old dominion, as they now stand quaking at one another, no sober free man can guess.

Dispatch by way of Bangor this morning—Thursday—states that Brown has been sentenced to be hung on the 2d of December. The jury have also pronounced Coppie guilty, after a brief session of thirty minutes.

RIOT AT BALTIMORE.—At the election on Tuesday there was great disturbance at the polls. The Reform party were driven from the polls; some thirty were shot, a few of whom are reported dead. Baltimore has become a model of disorder.

Quite an excitement exists in Massachusetts in relation to the management of the State Liquor Agency; and an inquiry having been ordered by the Legislature, the Commissioner, Geo. P. Burnham, Esq., has sent in his resignation, while at the same time he denies all the accusations and promptly appearing before the committee, demands an opportunity to vindicate himself. The examination is now progressing.

Officers of Waterville Section No. 5. Cadets of Temperance, for the present quarter.

Albert G. Blunt, W. A.
Willard M. Dunn, V. A.
Fred E. Boothby, S.
Edgar Scates, A. S.
Nath'l S. Emery, T.
Frank N. East, A. T.
R. Wesley Dunn, G.
Frank T. Hawes, U.
William C. Goff, W.
George A. West, Sen.

Frederick Douglass has failed to meet several engagements to lecture recently, and the presumption is that only a few personal friends know of his whereabouts. In consequence of disclosures by the Harper's Ferry insurgents, he may have considered it advisable to take passage on the Underground Railroad for Canada.

A STATE TEACHER'S CONVENTION, we learn from the last number of the *Maine Teacher*, will be held in this State, in some central place during the present month, due notice of which will be given.

BECOMER OF OLD BROWN.—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, says the Tribune of Monday, gave an elegant discourse Sunday evening, upon the subject of the late riot at Harper's Ferry. He was particularly severe upon the cowardice of the Virginians, dwelling impressively upon the fact that 2000 of the latter were held in awe by an armed force of seventeen men, led by a lunatic. He paid a tribute of respect to the character and attitude of John Brown, declaring that, even on his senses, he was, morally, head and shoulders above his captors, Gov. Wise, the militia of Maryland and Virginia, the Executive, and the Federal forces. The orator strongly denounced all of that class of Abolitionists who go among slaves to stir up disaffection, incite to rebellion, and entice them away, declaring that they were, in his experience, untrustworthy with money or with the interests of the slave. His attitude toward both the slave and his owner he defined as one of strict impartiality and justice, founded on a spirit of Christian love and forbearance. His remarks upon the proscription of free negroes at the North from all honorable and profitable employments created a marked sensation among the audience. The negro must be raised to the platform of equal rights among ourselves as he could be aided elsewhere. The day was past with him when he could fear that slavery could destroy the Union. No! Slavery was doomed to fall before the wholesome reforms that would be enforced by public sentiment.

The right of chastity for slave-women, the institution of matrimony, the inviolability of the family relation—these alone would cause slavery to become unwieldy, unprofitable and inexpedient. For with these common decencies of life conceded, the slave would become a serf, would no longer be, individually a currency—would assume personal rights and relations inconsistent with a chattel condition, would cease to be a thing, and be recognized as a man. Thus would the Rev. gentleman

abolish slavery by the practice of Gospel precepts. The reporters who heard the opening of his discourse would be disappointed, that they might make the most of it. He loved the slave owner. He loved the slave. They were his brothers in Christ. He loved the wronged ones. He loved the wrong-doers; they were fellow-sinners with himself, and co-heirs with him of salvation through the blood of the Savior. If he went South, he would not be muzzled. He would preach as he now preached. He would inculcate obedience to their masters as the best policy, as the Christian duty, of the slave. But the Gospel did not forbid the slave to break his chains, although it certainly made docility a duty while the relation of slavery was voluntarily sustained. He would nevertheless aid the slave when he had escaped, considering that the presumption of his rights as a man, came of the direct inspiration of Deity. The base attempts of a portion of the Press to implicate the best and brightest men of our country in the mad escapade of Brown were foolish, and their authors self-convicted of malignity and insignificance. The intelligent public would soon know all the truth, and laugh at and despise the miserable creatures now attempting to mislead them by false reports. This effort of the Rev. gentleman was received with great satisfaction by a congregation literally overflowing. The prayers and benediction were peculiarly impressive, and the choral and instrumental music worthy of the occasion.

THE LOUISIANA VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.—The accounts recently published, of the dispersion of five hundred outlaws, or persons dealt with as outlaws, in the State of Louisiana, were regarded by the Northern press as so extraordinary as to be treated as either untrue or greatly exaggerated.

According to the accounts, the outlaws were armed and entrenched, and were only forced to fly by the display of cannon. That their number was large, if the accounts were genuine, was evident from the fact that upwards of one hundred prisoners were taken.

The lapse of time since these accounts have remained without contradiction, and the subsequent accounts of a confirmatory nature leave no room for doubt that the facts are, in substance, as originally stated.

The Baton Rouge *Advocate* of September 16th, says:

"Gov. Wickliffe left this morning for Vermillionville, to lend his presence and authority to the suppression of the anarchy that reigns in the parishes of Lafayette and Vermillion. Urgent official letters from Judge Martel, and accounts by private correspondence, rendered it imperative that the Governor's presence was necessary to the preservation of the laws and respect to the legally constituted authorities. Report says that the vigilantes are five hundred strong, and that their proceedings are of the most sanguinary nature. It is thought that the militia will have to be called out to suppress the out break against law and order."

Anarchy in rural districts, to readers in our Free States, seems an impossibility. Riots in great cities are intelligible, but entrenched camps of outlaws in the country are scarcely credible.

What has happened in Louisiana confirms an opinion we have long held, that southern society, as it exists where the slave system is fully developed, is in more danger from the inferior caste of whites than from the blacks. Gov. Hammond describes them as whiling away existence in a condition not elevated at all above that of the aboriginal Indian. Without employment, idle, poor, ignorant and hopeless, these people have at the same time the natural spirit and capacity of the Caucasian race, and it is precisely this which makes them dangerous.

In this particular case, we have observed that some five hundred persons have either conducted themselves as outlaws, or have been dealt with as such. At this distance, and with the obscurity of the information given by the Louisiana press, it is not easy to determine whether they were the aggressors or the victims of unjust violence. At the outset of the affair it was said that the objects of the vengeance of the vigilance committee had been tampering with slaves, and all the subsequent accounts agree that the vigilantes are made up of planters. When it is recollected that the poor whites in the extreme South are said to subsist very much by means of illicit traffic with slaves, it may be conjectured that what is happening in Louisiana is simply a movement of planters to get rid of white neighbors who are poor, thieving and troublesome.

That the movement has been passionate, cruel and bloody, is evident from various accounts.

It was brought to the Governor's notice that three of the victims of the vigilantes had died from the severity of the brutal whipping inflicted upon them; that one had been shot and stabbed; that a number of other dead bodies had been found in the prairies; and that women and children were dying in the prairies, whose husbands, fathers and brothers have been driven from their homes by the vigilantes. A sad catalogue of crimes are these, indeed, to be perpetrated in a civilized community. Aid to cap the climax of audacity, it is said that Judge Simon has been notified not to attempt to hold court in the parish of Vermillion.

The Planter's Banner, of the same date says:

"The vigilance committee have publicly whipped nearly seventy citizens of their parishes, in the heat of such a passion as is exhibited only by a wild and infuriated mob, without judge or jury, and have ordered them to leave the State in five days, or suffer the penalty of death by the hands of the same company. And we are credibly informed that a heavy vote of the committee, but not a majority, was given in favor of hanging, instead of whipping, the proscribed company."

FINE READY-MADE OVERCOATS AND BUSINESS COATS, together with an endless variety of Pants and Vests, of the latest styles and most approved patterns, may be found at the extensive Clothing establishment of J. W. Smith & Co., Dock Square, corner of Elm street, Boston. Now is the time to purchase Over

MISCELLANY.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

There's a wailing in the play woods this weary Autumn night—
There's a black cloud hanging darkly o'er the accident's red light—
There's a shadow floating 'tween me and the pale moon's tender smile—
Oh! I said in the beauty of the sleeping world serene,
And dull to me are all the fields cold in their fading green;
And 'tween the present and to come what phantoms intervene!

Misunderstood!

Faces that bear for others a wealth of beaming smiles,
That hold the loved ones as the waves embrace the happy isles—
And loving hands for blushing brows fair wreaths of blossoms twine!
Oh! I grieve sweetly in the trees, come drop thy breathing here—
Maybe there is a Gilead balm my home-sick soul to cheer—
Maybe a little something hope floats in the atmosphere!
Could I but gather from the earth the joys with which it teems,
And drink draughts of rapturing fire from out its airy streams,
And catch the gorgeous fantasies from its high Heaven of dream!

But ah! does not the ocean beat forever on the shore?
And pity not the harassed beach by many a struggle torn?
So faith in hearts cannot come back to my heart evermore!
For what will bring life back again to those dead pale lips?
And what will thrill the stranger's soul who wanders unknown lands?
And lift up to the stern, cold sky his white imploring hands?

And lo! the dismal future opens her grim portals wide!
To lure me onward, onward, e'en in a vision of the tide—
What use to me so powerless is empty, titled pride?
In weakness and dreariness the whole long night and day,
Loveless, alone, a stricken waif, in sable all the way!
Oh! to December when should thrill the passion-life May!

Misunderstood!

SPoons—Some time since a Catholic servant girl stole a lot of silver spoons from a Protestant preacher in whose family she was a servant. A correspondence something like the following ensued:

To the Protestant Preacher:

I send your spoons back. If your servant girl had been a Protestant, you never would have got them again.

Yours, CATHOLIC PRIEST.

To the Catholic Priest:

I thank you for the spoons. If the servant had been a Protestant, she never would have stolen them.

Yours, PROTESTANT PREACHER.

Of the humorous, David Masson declares, 'one may certainly agree with Goethe, when he says that the predominance of the humorous spirit in the literature of any period is a sign of approaching decrepitude; and I do not know but that at present, when comic literature seems to be in the ascendancy among us, and when even of greatest talent find it necessary to wear the cap and bells, it might be well to bear that observation of the German sage in mind.' A significant paragraph, and no where more applicable than in America, where even ministers of the Gospel play such antics before high Heaven sometimes, as one would be likely to look for out of the tan bark ring of the circus. The most solemn truths must needs have bells on their toes as they go, and the calm deep cheerfulness of religion be aggravated into jollity. It is certainly a marvel that when men try to stand erect, they are so very sure to lean backward; escaping from one extreme, they almost inevitably plunge into the other.

THE DIFFERENCE IN PRICE.—The mention which we made of the old building opposite, now being renovated, brings to the mind of an old resident an anecdote of its landlord, Huse. He was famous in his day as a joker, and he had to be a pretty shrewd man who got the advantage of him. There lived at the time, in one of the neighboring towns, a man famous for his enormous appetite, and as being 'one who could put away almost any quantity of food at a sitting.' This man 'given to appetite' having once been charged the usual price, which he considered an extravagant one, for his dinner at the tavern, proposed to himself a revenge. Having prepared himself by fasting, he repaired to the tavern and called for dinner. The usual food placed on the table disappeared in a twinkling, as did several fresh supplies, and in fact the customer kept devouring until not an edible thing was left in the house. Making his way to the office, the guest then dined the landlord a five dollar bill, from which to take the price of his dinner. The landlord put it in his pocket and said nothing. 'What,' said the customer, 'do you charge a man five dollars for dinner?' 'No,' replied Boniface, 'I charge a man fifty cents, but when a confounded hog gets to my table, I charge him five dollars!'—[Belfast Journal.]

A person walking into the counting room of the late Mr. C., of a neighboring city, and by the way a very wealthy and shrewd merchant, inquired of the clerk the rent of the store which his employer wished to let. The enquirer being satisfied with the terms said he would hire the store; but the clerk, knowing that he had recently declined closing the bargain until he saw Mr. C., who was then absent from the city, and desired the gentleman to call again.

Upon Mr. C.'s return the clerk informed him of what had been related.

'How much did he fail for?' asked Mr. C.

'About one hundred thousand dollars,' was the reply.

'And how much did he pay?'

'Only ten per cent, sir.'

'Let him have the store, Sam, he's got money enough!'

PICTURE FRAMES!—Just received, a great variety of Oil and Wood Mounting Frames, which will be offered for customers in the most workmanlike manner, at lower prices than have been paying for Mountings alone. Prices of Mounting from 4 cts. to 61 per foot. OVAL and CIRCULAR FRAMES furnished to order at moderate prices.

CANTAS STRETCHERS for Oil Pictures, made at much lower prices than elsewhere.

July, 1859. Mr. W. A. GIFFEY, No. 3 Bouteille Block.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—At the sign of the Big Bear, 500 GOOD COAT & PAINT MARKERS, to make Boston work. To such as can make good work, good prices and constant employment will be given. Address, April 12, 1859—50. K. N. FLETCHER.

Molasses, &c. for Sale.—5000 Carrots Molasses, 100 Casks Cement, 2000 Barrels of Flour, all grades, 2000 Bushels of Corn, 2000 Bushels of Beans, 2000 Bushels of Potatoes, 2000 Bushels of Apples, 2000 Bushels of Peaches, 2000 Bushels of Plums, 2000 Bushels of Cherries, 2000 Bushels of Raspberries, 2000 Bushels of Strawberries, 2000 Bushels of Blackberries, 2000 Bushels of Elderberries, 2000 Bushels of Huckleberries, 2000 Bushels of Serviceberries, 2000 Bushels of Amelanchiers, 2000 Bushels of Viburnums, 2000 Bushels of Cornus, 2000 Bushels of Rhamnus, 2000 Bushels of Lonicera, 2000 Bushels of Asclepias, 2000 Bushels of Digitalis, 2000 Bushels of Scilla, 2000 Bushels of Tulipa, 2000 Bushels of Narcissus, 2000 Bushels of Allium, 2000 Bushels of Fritularia, 2000 Bushels of Anemone, 2000 Bushels of Ranunculus, 2000 Bushels of Delphinium, 2000 Bushels of Aconitum, 2000 Bushels of Nigella, 2000 Bushels of Thalictrum, 2000 Bushels of Corydalis, 2000 Bushels of Papaver, 2000 Bushels of Mecon, 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