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MISCELLANY.

THE TWO LEGACIES.

BY MARGARET LYON.

The chamber in which the sick man lay, was small and the furniture poor, though everything was neat, and clean, and orderly. There were four persons in the room; the sick man, his wife, and two children. The elder of the children was a boy fifteen years of age; the other, a girl just entering her sixth year. They were standing around the bed, gazing with tearful eyes upon a beloved face, which, after a few more feeble heart beats, would be cold and expressionless.

Edward, said the dying man, taking the hand of his son, and looking at him with a tender, yearning solicitude: 'Edward, my son, I am now about to leave you. It has not pleased our good Father in heaven to make me rich; I have neither houses, nor lands, nor money for my children—only the legacy of a good name, which I hand over to you as a sacred trust. Look well to it, that nothing sullies its brightness. Keep it as our family heirloom, and transmit it undimmed to your children. If you are ever tempted to do wrong, think of this high trust, and forbear. Be honest, virtuous, industrious, temperate, and faithful to all trusts that may be confided to you; and if it be best for you to gain riches in this world, God will pour them into your lap; and if you remain virtuous and honorable, holding them as good gifts from above, they will bless instead of cursing you. You are only a boy, but your hands are already used to work, and have acquired some skill. Be faithful to your employer, as if the business were your own. I leave your mother and sister in your care. Never forget them, my son.'

Then laying his thin white hand on the boy's head, the dying man, with his dim eyes lifted upwards, said temulously—
'The Lord bless thee, my son; and keep thee, unspotted, in this evil world.'

An hour afterwards, and there was silence and desolation in the house.

In the same street, and directly opposite the house in which this scene passed, towered up the stately mansion of one who had been more favored in worldly fortune. And his time had come also. Death is no respecter of persons. In his eyes, all are equal; rich and poor; the lofty and the humble; the bond and free—all alike must go down with naked feet to the darkly flowing river. Around his bed were gathered wife, and children, and friends. But the dying man's legacy was not reserved for announcement at this late moment. Years before, in due legal formality, his last will and testament had been written. His son and daughter would inherit ample fortunes. And so, in these his last moments, no anxious thoughts for them held him lingering on the utmost verge of mortality. Gradually his pulses grew feebler and feebler, and he died without a word or sign.

Almost at the same moment, a small piece of crape was fastened on a dingy brass door-knob, and a sign of death, falling in ample folds to the very door-step, tied to a silver bell-handle. From opposite sides of the street, these tokens of death looked at each other; the one fluttering bravely in the wind, the other shrinking against the door, as if half ashamed of its office. Three days afterwards, a grand funeral cortege, stretching away in a line of thirty carriages, took up its solemn march towards a fashionable cemetery. An hour later, and a hearse and two carriages moved sadly from the little house opposite the one from which the great company of mourners had passed.

Edward Strong and Charles Raynor, orphaned by these two deaths, were of nearly the same age. But how different their lots, and how different their prospects! To each had passed a legacy; but of what a different character.

In a work-shop, leaning over a bench, sat a boy. His clothes were coarse; his hands soiled and rough; his face dark with smoke and sweat. But all his movements were quick, and showed his mind to be active and in earnest. There were others at work around him—boys and men; some active and in earnest, like himself; others with slower and less interested movements, and some idling, or but half employed. The door opened, and the owner of the shop entered. He had a quick eye, and at a glance understood, from the movement of every boy and man, with what degree of earnestness he had been employed. To one he spoke a sharp word; to another he gave a mild reproof; and then came and stood by the lad to whom he had just referred. The boy did not look up, nor quicken his motions, but kept on in his earnest way. While the man eyed him, looking at him, he finished the piece of work on which he was engaged. His employer took it from his hands, and after looking at it carefully for a little while, said, in a kind, approving voice—

'Very well done, indeed, Edward, and finished in good time. Take it down into the store; there's a job that I want done by a careful hand. I will be down in a few minutes to see you about it.'

The boy arose from his bench, with a glow of pleasure ruddily gleaming through the soot on his cheeks, and passed from the shop with an elastic step. The proprietor came down into the store a few minutes afterwards; but, before noticing the boy, he went to a clerk, who stood writing at a desk, and said to him—
'How much do we pay Edward Strong?'

The clerk took down the wages-book, and, on referring to it, answered—
'Three dollars a week, sir.'

'Make it five.'

'Yes, sir,' and the book was closed. The man, whom we will call Mr. Campbell, turned from the desk, and went to where Edward was standing, awaiting his pleasure.

'We took an order this morning, Edward,' said Mr. Campbell, 'from a very particular customer, and I want it done in the nearest manner.'

He then gave Edward a description of the article required, with a pattern to work from. There were certain deviations from the pattern, however, that only an intelligent mind could comprehend, and a skilled hand execute. After a full description had been given, Mr. Campbell said—

'Can you do it, Edward?'

The boy lifted his bright intelligent eyes to his employer's face, and answered, in a confident tone—
'I can try, sir.'

'It is wanted on the day after to-morrow. The time is short; do you think it can be done?'

'Yes, sir, by working at night.'

Mr. Campbell stood a moment, and then said—

'It was an hour of joy to that mother, who sat low down in the vale of poverty, with the shadow of a great affliction resting upon her.'

At his desk sat a boy dressed in fine broad-cloth, leaning over a book, but only pretending to study. A recitation was called, and he went up with his class. When his turn came to recite, he was dumb. The teacher prompted him when he blundered over a few sentences, and then came to a full stop. The fact was, he had only pretended to study his lesson, and as a consequence, did not know it. The teacher reproved him before the class, and the boy answered impudently.

'Charles Raynor,' said the teacher, in a stern voice, 'you must take back that word instantly!'

The boy stood silent and dogged.

'Did you understand me, sir? There must be an instant apology before the class.'

The boy looked defiant. There was no thought of apology in his mind. He, Charles Raynor, with a legacy of sixty thousand dollars, to come into his hands on the day he became twenty-one years of age—he knew the exact provisions of his father's will—he apologized to a poor school-master? No indeed?

The teacher stood, sternly awaiting his decision.

'I give you five seconds, sir!'

The boy looked up with an insolent leer.

'Take your hat and go home, sir,' said the teacher, as the five seconds expired.

The boy turned away and left the school-room.

Mrs. Raynor was far from approving the conduct of her son, and tried her best to make him return and offer a suitable apology to the teacher. But the weak lad had already grown puffed up, and was not going to humiliate himself to a 'beggary school-master,' as he was pleased to call an accomplished and high-minded teacher, who occupied a more elevated position than it was possible for him ever to gain.

Five years later. In the same room where Edward Strong had received the legacy of a good name, with the dying injunction and blessing of his father, sat, late in the evening, a young man, deeply absorbed in a book. It was Edward himself, now on the verge of manhood. He had grown tall and well developed in chest and limb. His face was thoughtful, intelligent, and grave, for one of his years; his eyes large, deep, earnest, and full of purpose, as you would have acknowledged, had you seen them, as he looked up from his book on the entrance of his mother. He smiled as he closed the volume and said—
'Sit down, mother.'

As Mrs. Strong sat down, Edward continued—
'When father died, he left me his good name. Its lustre is not tarnished yet, and God being my helper, it never shall be! I cannot forget that hour, nor what my father said to me, a little while before his voice grew forever silent on the earth. It was a legacy better than gold. He said, "Be honest, virtuous, industrious, and temperate," and ever since that time I have seemed to hear his voice repeating the injunction. I have not been without temptation, but a thought of him always gave me strength to overcome, and so, dear mother, I have conquered thus far, though many have fallen around me. There was another injunction which I have endeavored strictly to obey. He said, "Be faithful to your employer as if the business were your own." I have endeavored to be thus faithful, and this faithfulness has worked to my own benefit in many ways, and now, especially, in this: To-day Mr. Campbell made me foreman of the shop, and increased my wages to eighteen dollars a week, saying to me, at the same time, such kind and flattering things as covered my cheeks with blushes.'

'There is no happier mother than I am to-night,' said Mrs. Strong, as she clasped the hands of her son, and held them tightly against her breast.

Even at this moment there came a loud riotous cry from the street in front of their dwelling, startling mother and son from their present state of mind. On going to the window and looking out, they saw a young man struggling in the hands of a police officer.

'Charles Raynor, as I live!' exclaimed Edward.

'What is the matter with him?' asked Mrs. Strong, in an alarmed voice.

'Drunk, that is all,' said Edward as he saw the young man throw his arms above his head, and heard him cry out in a voice that was incoherent from intoxication.

At this moment the door of Mrs. Raynor's elegant mansion opened, and a waiter came out hurriedly. Seizing an arm of the young man, he drew him, with the assistance of the policeman, into the house. The door shut, and the policeman retired.

'Wretched mother!' said Mrs. Strong, in a tone of pity, as she turned from the window with tears in her eyes. 'How my heart aches for her!'

A few months later, Mr. Campbell stood talking with Edward in the shop, on some matter of business. He had finished what he had to say, and was about turning from the young man, when, from the impulse of some thought, presenting itself at the moment, he asked—

'How old are you, Edward?'

'I am twenty-one to-day,' was replied.

'Ah! then you are of age?'

'Yes, sir.'

'I congratulate you on attaining your majority,' said Mr. Campbell, taking Edward's hand, and grasping it warmly. 'If the promise of your boyhood is fulfilled, success and honor lie before you. Since the day you came into my shop as a boy, I have never had aught against you.'

'I have tried always to do my duty,' said the young man modestly.

'And you have not failed. But what are your plans as to the future?' said Mr. Campbell.

'I have no plans, sir.'

'I should like you still to hold your present situation.'

'I have no wish to change,' was answered.

'You have made my interests your own,' said Mr. Campbell, speaking slowly, like a man who desired his words to be understood and remembered, 'and hereafter your interests shall be mine. Remember that I am in earnest, Edward,' and turning away, he left the shop.

What a happy mother was Mrs. Strong on that birthday evening of her son, when he repeated to her the words of Mr. Campbell!

Her heart beat in great throbs of pleasure and swelled with pride and gratitude.

'O, my son!' she exclaimed, 'you have made my cup brimming with joy.'

It was three or four weeks subsequent to this time, when a young man, fashionably dressed, entered the office of a prominent citizen, and said to an attendant in a curt, half-insolent way—

'Is Mr. H— in?'

'He is,' replied the attendant.

'Then I wish to see him.'

'Will you take a seat, sir? He is engaged just now.'

'How long will he be engaged?' asked the young man, rudely.

'Not long. Sit down.'

The visitor muttered something impatiently, and commenced walking the floor in a restless way. After a few minutes he turned to the attendant and said—

'Go and tell Mr. H— that Charles Raynor wishes to see him.'

The attendant went into the next room, and returned in a few moments, saying that Mr. H— would be at leisure in five minutes. At the end of this time, a gentleman, with whom Mr. H— had been engaged, came out, when the young man passed in.

'Good morning, Charles,' said Mr. H— smiling, and extending his hand, as his visitor entered. Mr. H— was a man somewhat past middle age, with a face, that indicated solidity of character, united with an intelligent experience of life. The smile with which he greeted the young man, played for only a moment or two about his lips, when his look became grave.

'I suppose,' said Charles, as he sat down at the request of Mr. H— 'you are aware that I am of age to-day.'

'Yes, Charles, I am aware of it,' replied Mr. H—

'And you are also aware,' said Charles, 'that according to my father's will I am now to receive my share of his estate.'

Mr. H— bowed in acquiescence.

'On what day will you be prepared to place me in possession of the property?'

'Whenever you desire it.'

'I desire it now,' said the young man, 'that is, just as soon as the proper legal papers can be executed. To-day I want five thousand dollars. Can I have it?'

Mr. H— looked at the stripling, whose face already bore sad evidences of sensual indulgence and evil passion, and hesitated to reply.

'Did you understand me, sir?' The manner of Charles Raynor was impatient.

'I understand you, Charles.'

'Very well. Can I have the money to-day?'

'I do not wish to be intrusive, Charles; but as your late father's friend, and yours also, I will venture to ask as to the use you wish to make of this large sum of money?'

The young man drew himself up with an offended air, and said, with an effort to be dignified—

'I believe, sir, that I am fully competent to manage my own business. I am a man, and responsible to no one.'

Mr. H— bowed coldly, and replied—
'Come at one o'clock, sir, and I will be ready for you.'

Charles drew out his watch and looked at it with an air of disappointment. It was just ten o'clock.

'At one, did you say?' A slight frown contracted his brows.

'Yes, sir; at one o'clock.'

Charles bowed formally and withdrew. He had scarcely left the office when Mr. H— took up his hat and went out in a hurried manner. His steps were directed to the house of Mrs. Raynor, with whom he asked an interview.

'Your son is of age to-day,' he said on meeting Mrs. Raynor.

'Yes; this is his twenty-first birthday,' but in a tone that gave no sign of pleasure.

'He has just been to see me.'

Mrs. Raynor looked, with a sober countenance, into the executor's face, but made no reply.

'He wishes to come into possession of his portion of his father's estate at once,' said Mr. H—

Mrs. Raynor's face grew troubled.

'He will squander it like water, I fear,' she said.

'I fear as much,' remarked the executor.

'Is there no way to keep it out of his hands,' asked the mother.

'I think not,' was replied. 'The provisions of the will are specific. I call now, to mention that he wants five thousand dollars to-day, and is urgent about the matter.'

'Five thousand dollars!' exclaimed Mrs. Raynor, with a look of distress; 'what possible use can he have for a sum of money like that?'

'No good use I fear,' returned Mr. H—

'Don't give it to him,' said Mrs. Raynor, in a tone of much feeling.

'It will be an unpardonable offence,' suggested the executor, leading to a break between him and the mother, and the destruction of all my influence over him in the future. Is it well to risk this consequence?'

The face of Mrs. Raynor grew still more distressed.

'I see, I see,' she answered, wringing her hands in a nervous, excited manner. 'And if your influence is lost, there is no hope of him. He won't take a word of remonstrance or advice from me. Oh, I have wished a hundred times that his father had died poor!'

'It would have been better for the boy, I'm sure,' said Mr. H—

'But the question now is, shall I give him the money he demands? It is his by right, and if I withhold it now, it can be only for a short time.'

'Do as you think best,' replied Mrs. Raynor, tears flowing over her pale cheeks; 'but, above all things, do not offend him. My only hope is in you. When your control is lost he is lost.'

And the poor mother's frame shook with the wild strife of her feelings.

At one o'clock, to a minute, Charles Raynor called at the office of Mr. H—, who was grieved to see that he had been drinking.

'I will take that money,' he said, with the air of a man who expected an immediate compliance with his wishes.

'It would suit me better to pay the amount to-morrow,' replied Mr. H— in a mild, conciliating tone. 'Can you possibly do without it until to-morrow?'

'Didn't I say that I wanted it to-day?'

The young man showed some irritation.

'You did, Charles.'

'Very well, sir; I meant just what I said. You told me that you would be ready for me at one o'clock; and here I am.'

Seeing that it would be in vain to parley with the young man, the executor took down his check-book, and filled out a check for five thousand dollars. He then wrote a receipt in due form, and required Charles to sign it.

On handing him the check, he said—
'Your property is in stocks and real estate. The real estate is paying a good interest, and the stocks are among the safest in the market. I shall have to sell some of these stocks in order to realize the amount I now pay you.'

'We'll talk about that another time,' said Charles, interrupting Mr. H— almost rudely, and turning away, he left the office.

Charles was not at home at tea-time. Ten, eleven, twelve, one o'clock came, and still he was absent. It was not a novel thing for him to be out late at night; indeed, he was rarely home before twelve or one o'clock. On this occasion Mrs. Raynor did not go to bed as usual. The fact that her son had demanded, and probably received, five thousand dollars, caused her to feel great concern on his account, and she could not retire without seeing him.

Long after every member of the household, except her son, was locked in slumber, she sat in anxious expectation, or walked the floor of her room with a troubled spirit; or stood, hushing her breath at the window, listening for the sound of his well-known footsteps. It was one of the saddest nights she had ever spent. She felt that her son stood upon the brink of a wildly rushing river, and in imminent danger of being swept away by the all-conquering flood. How feeble were her hands! Yet she felt that she must clutch after him, and hold him back from ruin, if that were possible.

It was nearly two o'clock when Charles came home. He entered with his night gaiters, the stairs, and was passing the room of his mother, when the door opened and she stood before him.

'You are late to-night, my son,' she said, in a kind, but grave voice.

He tried to pass her, but she laid her hand on his arm.

'Come into my room, Charles. I have something to say to you.'

The young man followed his mother as she stepped back into her chamber. Drawing him to a sofa, she sat down beside him, and looked earnestly into his face, the stronger light of her room enabling her to examine it closely. He did not meet her steady, searching glances, but looked past her, and tried to avert his countenance.

'Charles,' Mrs. Raynor spoke in an impressive manner, 'you were twenty-one to-day; but I am still your mother, and more interested in your welfare than any other human soul can possibly be. And now, may I take a mother's privilege, and ask where you have been to-day, and what you have done with the five thousand dollars you received from Mr. H—?'

The manner of Charles became instantly excited. He started from the sofa, and replied in an impatient voice—

'I do not care to be questioned in this style, mother! I had use for that sum of money, and have disposed of it in an honorable way.'

'In that case, Charles, there is no reason why you should hesitate about satisfying me in regard to the way.'

'Well, I don't choose to satisfy you,' answered the young man, rather sharply, and showing still greater disturbance of manner; 'and you might as well understand, once for all, that I don't mean to be catechised or lectured, or interfered with. I'm old enough, it strikes me, to know my own business, and manage my own affairs.'

Mrs. Raynor's face grew very pale, and she caught her breath several times in a choking way. For some moments the mother and son sat very still; then the latter arose, and without a word, passed from the chamber and went to his own apartment. As he left her room, the mother sank upon her knees, and bending down low upon the sofa, covered her face with her hands. An hour passed, and she still crouched there, like one who had fallen asleep; but her soul was too full of fear and pain for the opiate of slumber. Almost wildly she prayed for her son, until the very bitterness of her agony paralyzed her mind, and she sank into a dull, heart-aching stupor, in which she took scarcely a note of the passing time. Morning found her lying across her bed, asleep.

When the mother and son met at breakfast time a barrier of reserve had been thrown up between them. Mrs. Raynor tried to cast it down, but Charles held it firmly in its place. He was a man, now, coming into possession of a fortune, which he meant to use as his own judgment and inclination dictated; he wished no interference from any one, not even from his mother. Mrs. Raynor tried to renew the conversation of the night before, but he affected not to understand her; and when she pressed the subject, he threw her off impatiently.

Thus it was that Charles Raynor started in life with his legacy of sixty thousand dollars. There were many who thought him a most fortunate young man. Whether this was so or not the sequel will prove.

(REMAINDER NEXT WEEK.)

AFFECTING INCIDENT.—The Rochester Express tells the following:—

While Deputy Sheriff Bascom was en route for Auburn, on Tuesday, having in charge O. J. Bixby and others for incarceration at the State Prison, an incident occurred which is well worth relating. Our informant states that when the train stopped at one of the intermediate stations, a bright-eyed, intelligent boy, pedlar came aboard with a basket of fine cherries. He passed through the cars, disposing of his fruit in the customary way, till he reached the convicts, when he stopped abruptly, and cast a look of unutterable sorrow upon the men, who were manacled together, as though he comprehended at a glance their history and their gloomy destination. Without opening his lips he sat down, his basket, and dipping up several handfuls of cherries tossed them into the prisoners' laps. Then, without waiting for any reply, he picked up his basket and ran to the end of the car. Here he sat down for a moment, very thoughtfully, and then suddenly springing up, as if electrified with some idea, ran back to the party and flung up his basket, emptied its contents into the car. Then, unable to control his emotions

he burst into a loud fit of crying, and rushed out of the car.

The act had been generally observed by the passengers, nearly all of whom started to their feet in astonishment. Naturally, all supposed that the child was in some way related to one of the prisoners, but it was readily ascertained that he was quite a stranger to all of them.

Several kind-hearted persons suggested, almost simultaneously, that a collection be taken up, and every one else echoed the proposition.

The boy was captured and brought back, and the hat having been circulated, he was presented with a handsome sum of money. The little fellow accepted it, though not without some degree of reluctance. On being urged to carry it to his mother, however, his eyes sparkled with a very different emotion, and he thankfully pocketed the cash. No one was pleased to state, was so rude or unfeeling as to make any personal investigations concerning the actual cause of his emotion. All were satisfied that he was not a trickster, and the natural conclusion is, that the little fellow had been reminded of a father, or perhaps a brother, from whom he was separated by the same walls to which the present convicted party were destined.

The Quickest Runners.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

There was a large reward offered—indeed, there were two rewards offered, a larger and a lesser one—for the greatest speed not in one race alone, but to such as had got on fastest throughout the year.

'I got the highest prize,' said the hare—
'One had a right to expect justice when one's own family and best friends were in the council; but that the snail should have got the second prize I consider as almost an insult to me.'

'No,' observed the wooden fence, which had been a witness to the distribution of the prizes; 'you must take diligence and good will into consideration. That remark was made by several very estimable persons, and that was also my opinion. To be sure the snail took half a year to cross the threshold; but he broke his thigh-bone in the tremendous exertion which that was for him. He devoted himself entirely to this race; and moreover, he ran with his house on his back. All there weighed in his favor, and so he obtained the second prize.'

'I think my claims might also have been taken into consideration,' said the ewallow. 'More speed than I, in flight and motion, I believe no one has shown himself. And where have I not been? Far, far away!'

'And that is just your misfortune,' said the wooden fence. 'You gad about too much. You are always on the wing, ready to start out of the country when it begins to freeze. You have no love for your fatherland. You cannot claim any consideration in it.'

'But if I were to sleep all the winter through on the moor, inquired the swallow, 'sleep my whole time away—should I thus be entitled to be taken into consideration?'

'Obtain an affidavit from the old woman of the moor that you did sleep half the year in your fatherland, then your claims will be taken into consideration.'

'I deserved the first prize instead of the second,' said the snail. 'I know very well that the hare only ran from cowardice, whenever he thought there was danger near. I, on the contrary, made the trial the business of my life, and I have become a cripple in consequence of my exertions. If any one had a right to the first prize, it was I; but I make no fuss; I scorn to do so.'

'I can declare upon my honor that each prize, at least so far as my voice in the matter went, was accorded with strict justice,' said the old sign-post in the wood, who had been one of the arbitrators. 'I always act with due reflection and according to order. Seven times before I had the honor to be engaged in the distribution of the prizes, but never until to-day have I had my own way carried out. My plan has always hitherto been thwarted—that was, to give the first prize to one of the first letters in the alphabet, and the second prize to one of the last letters. If you will be so good as to give me your attention, I will explain it to you. The eighth letter in the alphabet from A is H—that stands for Hare, and therefore I awarded the greatest prize to the Hare; and the eighth letter from the end is S, therefore the Snail obtained the second prize. Next time I will carry off the first prize, and R the second. A due attention to order and rotation should prevail in all rewards and appointments. Everything should go according to rule. Rule must precede merit.'

'I should certainly have voted for myself, had I not been among the judges,' said the mole. 'People must take into account not only how quickly one goes, but what other circumstances are in question; as, for instance, how much one carries. But I would not this time have thought much about that, neither about the hare's wisdom in his flight—his tact in springing, suddenly to one side, to put his pursuers on the wrong scent, away from his place of concealment. No; there is one thing many people think much of, and which ought never to be disregarded. It is called BEAUTIFULNESS. I saw that in the hare's charming well-grown ears; it is quite a pleasure to see how long they are. I fancied that I beheld myself when I was little, and so I voted for him.'

'Hush!' said the fly. 'As for me, I will not speak; I will only say one word. I know well that I have outrun more than one hare. The other day I broke the hind legs of one of the young ones. I was sitting on the locomotive before the train; I often do that. One sees so well there one's own speed. A young hare ran for a long time in front of me; he had no idea that I was there. At length he was just going to turn off the line, when the locomotive went over his hind legs and broke them, for I was sitting on it. The hare remained lying there, but

spirit throughout. Its great feature is contempt of the law, and war with those who uphold and administer it; and the reader is expected to applaud the hero when he hangs the judge in the place of the alleged culprit. The ruling class is accounted alien, and right and humanity are supposed to be on the side of resistance. Even in the days of Henry VI. the name of the great north country man, Redesdale, is connected with the traces of this old English anti-Norman spirit, as still living behind the humbler.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, J. DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, . . . JULY 26, 1860.

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THE CAUCUS.—Our town caucuses may be thought small matters, but upon their management depends the success of parties. No party whose managers—for all parties have their managers—thwart the views of the majority of its voters, can rely for permanency upon the correctness of its principles. So it should be the great object of party leaders to make their "preliminary meetings" the medium for expressing the free and unbiased wishes of the voters.

Our town caucuses, for the appointment of delegates to the Congressional Convention on the 1st of August, meets at Town Hall on Saturday. Upon the result of that meeting depend important questions. The vote of Waterville, as of even the smallest towns, may decide the nomination; and the nominee of the convention will represent the district in the first session of congress under the new republican administration—so say all republicans. We care not for the result, beyond its being the free will offering of an intelligent majority. As it has been, and as there is danger that it may yet be, the management of interested persons has too often defeated the majority. The mass of the voters are in a great measure ignorant of the extent to which this has been the case. Office hangs upon office, in a dwindling chain, from the highest to the lowest, so that great numbers have personal interests at stake. We have known a case in which every delegate from a caucus was hoping for the same appointment, and that appointment depending upon the nomination of a certain man.

In the case before us the nomination of congressmen, both candidates are worthy of the support of the party. Both have served it well, and both have had all the rewards to which they can lay any reasonable claim. It is for the voters to look simply at their own interests and desires, in making a choice.—Would a change tend to their advantage, or to their disadvantage? This is a question rather for the great body of the voters than for the half dozen expectants who are waiting their turn for the office. If the former settle it, there is no appeal; if the latter, the decision must sooner or later meet the "sober second thought of the people," and the party at the same time meet the consequences. We say again, to all voters who value the right of freedom, attend the preliminary meetings. It is the only way to regain the power that has for several years past, in all parties, been stealing from the people to their leaders. Let republicans especially, whose professions in favor of the free vote of the ballot box have been loud and long, redeem their pledges upon this point.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.—There never has been a greater interest manifested in the Sabbath Schools of our village than at the present, time and they were never in a more flourishing condition. The report recently made by Dea. W. A. F. Stevens, Superintendent of the School connected with the Baptist Society, showed that during the last quarter the number of members was 221, with 23 classes and as many teachers. Largest number in attendance on any Sabbath 150; smallest do. 114; average 132. The reports of the several teachers were interesting and full of encouragement for the friends of the school.

During the quarter, branch schools had been organized at several outstations in the vicinity, under the direction of a committee appointed for the purpose, as follows:—In the Webb district, under the charge of Mr. George Keely, with 28 members; in the Penney district, under the charge of Mr. John B. Robinson, 28 members; in the Neck district, under the charge of Mr. A. J. Rich, 59 members; in Winslow, opposite the College, under the charge of Mr. Isaiah Record, 57 members. Glowing accounts of the success of these branch schools were given by those under whose care they had been placed; the interest was represented to be great and the attendance constantly increasing. Small libraries have been procured for all of them, we believe, and everything looks hopeful for the future. A picnic was held by the Winslow school, one day last week, with interesting exercises and agreeable recreations, which proved to be a delightful gathering—pleasant and profitable to all.

We would mention that one Charles Gray, said to belong in Gardiner, has been convicted of Pork stealing in Bangor and committed to jail; but as Brother Heath might regard it as an evidence of ill will on our part towards the folks down at Cobblestone, we won't say anything about it.

Rev. E. B. Webb, the talented Augusta preacher, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Shawmut church in Bangor, but he will not leave until the first of January.

OUR TABLE.

THE WOOD RANGERS, or the Trappers of Sonora. By Capt. Mayne Reid, author of "The Scap Hunter," "Rifle Rangers," "White Chief," "Hunter's Feast," "Quadrone," "The War Trail," "Onesie, the Seminole," &c., &c., New York: Robert M. De Witt. Capt. Mayne Reid's books are all popular with "Young America," and the advent of a new one is always hailed with delight. In this last volume, the reader will find himself taken into strange scenes and introduced to a new class of characters; but the author is at home on the new ground, and one is led spell bound under his magic wand, from the commencement to the close of the wonderful story. We make the following extract from the preface:—

"The popularity of Mayne Reid's works, both in this country and abroad, is sufficiently indicated in the avidity with which each new publication is sought by the numerous readers of those already published. This eagerness we have spared no expense to gratify, having invariably secured the advance sheets, at the earliest possible moment; and we are happy to be able to present to the American public a new volume, which, it is said to surpass all the previous ones in stirring incident and graphic adventure."

"The pretty and wicki-wicki of the ambitious Antonio de Medina, in compassing the murder of his brother's wife, and, as he supposed, the destruction of his home, are graphically contrasted with the devotion and noble daring of Boite-Rose and his singular companion Pepe, while the love passages of Fabian (the son of the Countess de Medina), lost in Sonora, under the name of 'Ti. Lucio Arelano,' and the thrilling adventures of the expedition to the Golden Valley, are intensely interesting."

The work is published in handsome style, and is illustrated by many spirited engravings. It will be found at the bookstore of C. K. Mathews, Waterville.

THE ATLANTIC MAGAZINE.—The August number, just issued, presents the following bill of fare:—The Carnival of the Romantic; A Legend of Maryland; Prince Adeb; Eleusinia; Victor and Jacques; Line; Midsummer; Tobacco; Shakespeare done into French; The Poet's Singing; A Journey in Sicily; The Professor's Story; Anno Domini 1560; Darwin on the Origin of Species; Reviews and Literary Notices.

The article on Tobacco is by George B. Cheever, M. D.; 'The Carnival of the Romantic,' by William L. Symonds, Esq.; 'A Legend of Maryland,' concluded, by John P. Kennedy; 'Prince Adeb,' by George H. Baker; 'Victor and Jacques,' by Caroline Chesson; 'Midsummer,' by Harriet M. Kimball; 'The Professor,' Dr. O. W. Holmes, continues his 'Story'; 'Darwin on the Origin of Species,' by Prof. A. Gray. The Atlantic Monthly is published by Ticknor & Fields, at \$3 a year.

THE LADIES' REPERTORY.—'Freedom' and 'Slavery,' in the August number, are two exquisitely beautiful match pieces that best tell their own story. Good reading, in great variety, including some of the best kind of stories, fills the number. The denunciation under whose patronage it is published, has good reason to be proud of this magazine, and they show great appreciation of it by a liberal subscription. Published by Lee & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$3 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for July has the following table of contents:—The Secret History of the Russian Campaign of 1812—Sir Robert Wilson. Capt. Speke's Adventures in Somali Land, Part 3. Poetry. The Royal Academy and other Exhibitions. Norman Sinclair, an Autobiography, part 6. An Election in France. Erinyes. The Reform Bill and the Tory Party.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York. Terms of subscription:—For any 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 to any part of the U States will be 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

BOYS AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.—No end yet, either to the story of 'The Three Midshipmen,' or that of 'Dick Onslow and the Red Skins,' but so long as they continue equally interesting, the little folks will be in no hurry to have them concluded. Much else that is useful and entertaining will be found in the August number, with a well filled puzzle department for exercising the wit. Published by William L. Jones, 122 Sixth Avenue, New York City, at 75 cents a year.

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

'Good Templars' Grand March. For Piano. By C. A. Ingraham.

'Le Japonais Galopade. By F. B. Hubner.

'The Japanese Polka. By Charles D. Albert.

When the Moon on the Lake is beaming. A Quartette as sung by the Alleghenians. Written by Stephen C. Massett, and harmonized by Wm. A. King.

'Minnie Gray. One of Sanford's Songs, as sung at his Drawing Room Entertainments. Arranged for piano by Stephen Glover.

'Masquerade Polka. For Piano. By J. Elton Jones.

All the above will be found at the Bookstore of C. K. Mathews.

A little paragraph in our item department, last week, clipped at random and with no idea that it had any special significance, is thought by some of our neighbors to have been aimed at them. For our part, we think it is not wise to please one's enemies by a too prompt acknowledgment of a hit, particularly if the shot is a random one, with no special designation. Our own shots, when we fire any, we promise shall be so well directed that there will be no doubt for whom they are intended, particularly when we go to 'firing bullets.'

REPUBLICAN MEETING AT WEST WATERVILLE.—To-morrow (Friday) evening is the one selected for the Republican demonstration at the West village. The meeting which is to be held at the Universalist Church, will be addressed by Gov. Morrill, and J. G. Blaine, Esq., of Augusta, E. Noyes, Esq., of Waterville, and other speakers perhaps, if the time will permit. The Waterville Brass Band will be in attendance; and as a special train will run from our village, it is confidently expected that the meeting will be a rousing one.

THE WASHINGTONIAN.—A handsome paper, with this title, neatly printed and exceedingly well filled, comes to us from Boston. It is a journal for the Sons and Daughters of Temperance, and is published by Wright & Potter, at \$1 a year.

NEW POTATOES.—Our first mass of potatoes, this season, after those of our own raising, comes from the farm of Mr. Andrew Archer of Fairfield. He calls them the Kennebunk Blues, but they are the sort known in this vicinity as the early blues—good, but not very prolific.

"Although 'honest Abe' is an acknowledged rail-splitter, he is not able to split the power which can ride the 'Little Giant' out of the rail."—Bangor Times.

Fabius I that rail was split at Charleston. The little giant is to be worked into steaks before he gets through with 'honest Abe'.

PERSONAL.—Mr. C. W. King, the accomplished and curious Bath artist, is giving lessons in his favorite art to the young ladies and gentlemen of Bangor.

SOLID MEN OF WATERVILLE.—The following list of our citizens who are assessed \$40 and over, will no doubt have an interest for all our readers. This is the amount of the State, County and Town tax, and the rate is 9.4 mills on the dollar.

Samuel Appleton	\$188.44
N. R. Boutelle	188.86
David Blaisdell	88.86
B. C. Benson.	50.82
Eleazer Burbank	40.00
John Cornforth	52.84
Paul L. Chandler	54.12
Edwin Coffin	88.04
Jas. T. Champlin	65.58
Sam'l. Doolittle	41.70
I. R. Doolittle	48.74
R. B. Dunn	48.75
Wm. Dyer	62.62
Dunn Edge Tool Co.	156.98
Esty & Kimball	93.58
James R. Elden	67.93
E. T. Elden & Co.	72.38
Elden & Herrick	94.75
Alben Emery	57.36
W. & W. Getchell	96.06
J. B. Gilman, Admrx.	711.58
Geo. F. Gilman	75.67
Chas. F. Hathaway	113.80
Thos. W. Herrick	41.47
Mrs. Abby Eva Hall	47.00
J. S. Johnson	161.88
Sam'l. Kimball	125.60
G. W. Keely	63.70
Isiah Marston	52.40
Jediah Morrill	137.19
Winthrop Morrill	69.97
Meador & Phillips	84.41
Chas. K. Mathews	55.38
D. L. Milliken	100.82
Messalonskee Manf. Co.	75.20
Morrison & Libby	45.33
Jos. Marston	41.18
Daniel Moor	43.30
John Mathews's Est.	49.63
C. P. Mason	44.99
Edwin Noyes	164.48
Sumner Percival	48.61
Jos. Percival	41.88
Geo. W. Pressey	74.07
John R. Philbrick's Est.	57.53
John W. Philbrick	52.61
Sam'l. Plaisted's Est.	167.70
Byron Porter	110.38
Sam'l. Redington	112.35
A. & K. R. Co.	56.40
Levi Ricker	45.65
Jas. Stackpole	165.92
Mehitable J. Stark	94.00
M. J. Stark as Guard.	56.49
John L. Seavey	86.04
Geo. E. Shores	99.04
Franklin Smith	118.50
Chas. H. Thayer	62.10
Geo. Wentworth	68.78
Webster & Haviland	62.84
Jas. M. West	80.06
John Ware	316.23
Cyrus Wheeler	48.44
Alfred Winslow & Co.	42.30

Residents within the limits of the Corporation have an additional tax to pay, this year, of 4.14 mills on the dollar—making in all about 13.54 mills—which, all will agree, is a pretty heavy tax. There has been no Corporation tax assessed for eight or ten years until the present year, and we have run on tick until a debt of over six thousand dollars has accrued. One third of this is provided for this year, and we shall be obliged to shoulder a load equally large for two years more before it will all be removed. The inhabitants of the rural districts will no doubt pay their taxes cheerfully—thankful that their load is so much lighter than that of their village brethren; while our portly burghers, instead of scolding the Collector and crying over spilled milk, would do well to register a vow to attend Corporation meetings in future, and assist in regulating the expenditures.

DR. SANGER'S LECTURES.—Backed by the hearty recommendation of Elihu Burritt, Dr. Sanger's lectures had been looked for with much interest; but even the strong language of the endorser was too weak to express the merit the audiences found in them. It is enough to say that at the close of the second lecture the audience voted to invite Dr. S. to repeat the one previously given, and the repetition elicited even increased applause. No lecturer ever drew warmer commendation from a Waterville audience. We hope the citizens of the few places he proposes to visit in Maine will receive him with the confidence necessary to secure full houses, and to such we promise all the satisfaction their best anticipations can demand. If they have listened to Beecher and Chapin and Phillips, they will know how to appreciate Sanger.

The editor of the Eastern Mail shows alarming symptoms of that terrible malady, Hydrophobia.—Clarion.

Just as we expected,—for a great shaggy cur up north, with a deal of froth in his mouth, has been snapping at us a long time.

"Grace, gumption and a little goose-grease enables a man to slip through the world mighty easy."—Times.

Don't want to slip through yet; but as we have the two first articles and you the third, "please exchange" and we'll try it.

Vigorous measures are to be adopted by the Turkish Government for the suppression of the disturbances in Syria, and the French and English squadrons will await the result before interfering.

The Prince of Wales arrived at St. John, N. E., Tuesday, and embarks for Halifax to-day.

The objections in the case of Benjamin Kimball, of Bangor—convicted of forging a deposition for the purpose of procuring a divorce from his wife—have been overruled. Petitions are in circulation asking for his pardon.

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.—Hon. Stephen A. Douglass has contributed one hundred dollars for the Lexington Monument Fund.

Joseph Gale, editor of the Washington Intelligence, died on the 21st inst., aged 75 years. He had long been in the harness.

THE GREAT WEST.—A correspondent of the Boston Courier, writing from a log cabin on the eastern bank of the Red River, Minnesota, 47 deg. north latitude, sums up what constitutes an Institution in a strip of country

two hundred miles in length, over which he had traveled, as follows:

The driving of a sufficient number of stakes into the ground to suspend a kettle and other cooking utensils constitutes a 'settlement.'

A log shanty of such height that an ordinary man can walk about in it without endangering either his cranium or the roof, constitutes a town.

The addition of a stable, capable of accommodating at least two horses, constitutes a city.

If, in the progress of events, two shanties should be within a quarter of a mile of each other, we presume they would constitute a commercial metropolis; but as no such phenomenon, as far as I can learn, is seen within 200 miles of where I write, it is useless to speculate on what it might be called.

WISDOM AND BENEVOLENCE.—There is hardly any one political arrangement which by its structure and formation does not shed a light on the capacities of human nature, and illustrate the powers and the wonders of the Providence to which man looks up as his maker and preserver. But most important, and to our feeble nature most consolatory, is the impression which all our study of this vast subject leaves of perfect wisdom being accompanied by constant benevolence. This is declared by all the works around us, and is deeply felt in all the sentiments of our mind. We find everywhere proofs that we live under a Ruler, who, unlike human lawgivers, far from proclaiming rewards that denounces punishment. Furthermore, it is a general rule, and would be found absolute and universal, if our knowledge embraced the whole system, that while pleasure is held out to induce much more than pain to deter, the pleasure is beyond what would suffice, there is some gratification more than requisite. And this can only be because the giver of good delights in the happiness of his creatures. Such contemplations at once gratify a scientific curiosity and afford a moral indulgence. They prove that the awful Being, of whose existence we are made certain, and whom we know as our Creator, is the good being by whose preserving care we are cherished; and sentiments of piety and devotion arise to fill our minds which he only can reject who has the faith of Epicurus and the feelings of a Stoic. The thorough exposing of these truths, and dwelling incessantly upon them, is not required for supporting the character of this famous University; but it must afford pure delight both to the teacher and the student. Above all, is the necessity of making upon the mind of early youth an impression which never can wear out by the lapse of time, or be effaced by the rival influences of other contemplations, or be obliterated by the cares of the world! The lessons thus learned, and the feelings engendered or cherished, will shed their auspicious influence over the mind through life; protecting against the seductions of prosperous fortune, solacing in affliction, preparing for the great change that must close the scene by habitual and confident belief in the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, and the humble hope of immortality which the study of his works has inspired, and which the gracious announcements of his revealed will abundantly confirm.—[Lord Brougham's Installation Speech at Edinburgh.]

HOW TO RAISE THE WIND.—Here is a good dodge, of which let greedy greenhorns beware. A gentleman of prepossessing appearance arrives at a well-patronized country hotel. He drives a fine horse, which he delivers into the hands of the ostler. While the animal is feeding, he takes his ease in the bar room, and is soon on terms of familiarity with the other guests. It is soon evident that he has a weakness. He drinks freely, and a few glasses serve to fuddle him. He grows friendly and hilarious; treats generously; and indulges in various extravagances indicative of intoxication. In the meantime, another traveler drops in, and gravely witnesses his performances. 'It's a shame,' he says, 'to see a well-dressed man behave in that way. He looks like a gentleman—if he was only sober. He has got money, but will lose it; and he ought to lose it.' Sure enough, the first traveler soon shows symptoms of parting with his funds in the most foolish manner. He would light his cigar with a bank note, but the sober traveler prevents him with a just rebuke for his folly. 'Come!' then says the tipsy one, 'tell me what I'll do! I'll make a bet with any man that's willing. Here's a half-dollar!' he takes the coin from his pocket, and places it under his heel on the floor—'I'll bet on that money what you please. I'll bet there's a half-dollar under my heel—burrah for a wager!' He gives a drunken whirl on his foot. The half-dollar slips from under it. The moral traveler, observed by every one except the tipsy man, picks up the coin and passes it to the bar tender, with the remark:— 'I would serve him right to bet with him now and win his money.' At that bait avarice and simplicity eagerly snap. The inebriate once more stamps his foot on the floor, and offers to bet large sums that there is a half-dollar under his heel. The bet is taken—two or three spectators, willing to turn an honest penny, putting up their money in sums five to fifty dollars. The bar keeper holds the stakes. Then the drunk man, instantly sobered, seats himself, pulls off his boot, and takes from under his stocking a second half-dollar. Of course, he pockets the stakes and he and the moral traveler ride off together.

OVERDOING.—Some men—young men especially—are proud of great feats of strength and endurance. They are not satisfied with ordinary labor faithfully performed; they must be doing some wonderful thing to excite attention and secure praise. Such men may be good enough in their way, but are not generally the most useful in society. For all ordinary purposes, they are apt to be lazy, and vain, and unstable. In the playfulness of youth, or the vigor of early manhood, it is natural for one to love to try his strength or his agility, just for the fun of it. Ordinarily, no harm comes from such performances; yet we must be allowed to say, be careful in your gymnastics. Not a few young farmers and mechanics by the excesses of a single day, lay the foundations of disease or infirmity for a whole life. In the present season of baying and harvesting, a word of caution here may be timely. Young men, don't be ambitious to do a great day's work. At all seasons of the year, more will be accomplished by doing regularly a fixed and moderate amount of work, than by overtaxing yourself at any one period. The work will be better done, and you will be likely to live longer to enjoy its fruits.

While at Eastport, on Thursday last, we saw the big Frolic, which was in the engagement with the Wasp, about forty-eight years ago. The F. is now about 52 years old, is owned in the Province of N. B., we believe, and has undergone considerable change in exterior arrangements since her fight with the Wasp.

[Machias Union.]

It had a foot to it.

A contributor to the New Orleans Delta tells, in a lively, rattling way, the following story of how he went into the country and what happened to him there. The point of the story is an admirable bit at the false modesty formerly so prevalent, but now happily confined to remote spots in the rural districts, which condemned young women to call things by their wrong name—and pretend to blush, as the true modesty of honest English:—

I went to church last Sunday with Miss Angellette—that is, I started out of the house with her. At first I tried to keep up a conversation; but she placed such a gulf of brocade between herself and me, that I found it would be necessary to engage a speaking trumpet for the occasion, if I expected to be heard. Did I draw near her, she was brought to a sudden stop by my stepping on her dress; if I drew back, in order not to retard her progress in this way, the pauses were filled by my saying one thing over and over, and her exclamation of—

'I did not understand you, Mr. Crossbones! A little louder, Mr. Crossbones, if you please!' And after I had tried first one side, then the other, and finally dropped to a safe distance behind, I felt, when I reached church, like an exhausted rope-walker who had just performed his first feat.

I also asked her a few days ago to go out riding on horseback with me. She gave a gracious consent, and I half dreamed, as I waited for her on the piazza below, that I should see her come down arrayed in simple habit and pretty straw hat, looking a sweet and rosy village girl. I started at hearing my name pronounced, and turned to find her habited splendidly. Velvet hat, ostrich plumes, gauntlet gloves, gold-mounted whip, embroidered mouchoir, &c. What a pleasant surprise! How unexpected, away out in this country town, a thousand miles from New York! Zounds! how gracefully she mounted! what ease in the saddle! what a Zenobia with the reins! Away we went! gently at first—then faster. Over the bridges with a tramp loud enough to waken the sleepers; up the low hills and down the green slopes. Then came a long, long stretch of level ground. 'A race!' cried Miss Angellette, her cheeks blazing, her eyes flashing, excitement forcing her to herself by making her forget herself. She plied the whip forward dashed our matchless steeds. We were neck and neck; then the lady was half a length ahead. She kept it. How we whizzed along! The plumes and ribbons floated and fluttered. How fine it was. But to there was a mis-step—a stumble. Something went over the head of Miss Angellette's horse. I drew rein, and sprang to pick it up. There were ostrich plumes, ribbons, gold-mounted riding-whip, gauntlets, green habit cloth, and—Miss Angellette!

'You are hurt!' I cried as I caught sight of the cheeks with the flush all gone from them, and the bright eyes dimmed.

In my sympathy I forgave her for disappointing me in her character. I forgot her 'fashionableness.' She was the daughter of my father's old friend, now; a village girl whose acquaintance I had travelled far to make. I tried to lift her from the ground. She groaned.

'Where are you hurt, my dear young lady?' I said earnestly. She shook her head and still groaned. 'Only frightened?' I asked, lifting her pale face to my bosom.

No, no; hurt—dreadfully hurt; but I can not tell you. Oh, dear! oh, dear!

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But you must tell me, dear Angellette. I must get assistance; if you need medical aid here, I must bring it. Do confide in me.—Remember, I was like a brother to you once.

There was a pause; then with a burst of tears she said—

'I think I have broken a limb.'

'A leg or an arm?' I asked.

'Oh, Mr. Crossbones!' with a shocked look. 'I told you a limb—isn't that enough?'

'No; God gave you four limbs, as you call them, miss, and if you will not allow me to call them by the right name, at least tell me if the limb you have broken is an upper one or a lower one.'

'That I consider, sir, none of your business?' with a groan and writhing of pain.

'Well, at least tell me whether it has a foot or a hand attached; because, if a hand, you can walk home, or even ride on horseback, with my guidance. If a foot, I must find a vehicle somewhere to carry you comfortably home.'

Hiding her face, she faltered forth—

'It has a foot attached, sir!' and without more ado I lifted her in my arms, and carried her to the roadside; then, hailed a ploughboy from a neighboring field, and started him post-haste on my horse for a carriage.

The limb proved to be only a sprained ankle, and the patient is doing remarkably well under the village doctor's care. She is able to sit in the parlor in a splendid negligee composed of materials which, in richness, surpass any thing ever dreamed of in our great-grandmother

