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BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

On the following day he returned from his work to Saratoga about noon. This he had never done before, and therefore no one expected that he would be seen in the house before the evening. On this occasion, however, he went straight thither, and, as chance would have it, both the widow and her elder daughter were out. Susan was alone in charge of the house.

He walked in and opened the parlor door. There she sat with her feet on the fender, with her work unheeded on the table behind her, and the picture, Aaron's drawing, lying on her knees. She was gazing at it intently as he entered, thinking in her young heart that it possessed all the beauties which any picture could possibly possess.

"Oh, Mr. Dunn!" she said, getting up and holding the tell-tale sketch behind the skirt of her dress.

"Mother is out," said she, "I'm so sorry!"

"Is she?" said Aaron.

"And Hetta too! Dear me! And you'll be waiting dinner. I'll go and see about it."

Aaron began to swear that he could not possibly eat any dinner—he had dined once, and was not going to dine again—anything to keep her from going.

"But you must have something, Mr. Dunn; and she walked towards the door."

But he put his back to it. "Miss Susan," said he, "I guess I've been here nearly two months."

"Yes, Sir, I believe you have," she replied, "choking in her shoes, and not knowing which way to look."

"And I hope we have been good friends."

"Yes, Sir," said Susan, almost beside herself as to what she was saying.

"I'm going away, now, and it seems to be such a time before I'll be back!"

"Will it, Sir?"

"Six weeks, Miss Susan!" he said, and he paused, looking into her eyes to see what he could read there.

She leaned against the table, pulling to pieces a morsel of half-raveled muslin which she held in her hands; but her eyes were turned to the ground, and he could hardly see them.

"Miss Susan," he continued, "I may as well speak out now as at another time. He too, was looking towards the ground, and clearly did not know what to do with his hands."

"The truth is just this:—I love you dearly with all my heart. I never saw any one I ever thought so beautiful, so nice, and so good; and what's more, I never shall. I'm not very good at this sort of thing, I know; but I couldn't go away from Saratoga for six weeks and not tell you. And then he ceased. He did not ask for any love in return: His presumption had not got so far as that yet. He merely declared his passion, leaning there against the door, and then stood twiddling his thumbs."

Susan had not the slightest conception of the way in which she ought to receive such a declaration. She never had a lover before. Nor had she ever thought of Aaron absolutely as a lover, though something very like love for him had been creeping over her spirit. Now at this moment she felt that he was the beau ideal of mankind, though his boots were covered with the railway mud, and though his pantaloons were stuck up in rolls round his ankles. He was a fine, well-grown, open-faced fellow, whose eyes were bold and yet tender, whose brow was full and broad, and all his bearing manly. Love him! Of course she loved him. Why else had her heart melted with pleasure when her mother said that that second picture was to be accepted?

But what was she to say? Any thing but the open truth. She well knew that. The open truth would not do at all. What would her mother say, and Hetta, if they were rashly to say that? Hetta, she knew, would be dead against such a lover, and of her mother's approbation she had hardly more hope. Why they should disapprove of Aaron as a lover she had never asked herself. There are many nice things which seem to be wrong only because they are so nice. May be that Susan regarded a lover as one of them.

"Oh, Mr. Dunn! you shouldn't." That at first was all that she could say.

"Should not I?" said he. "Well, perhaps not. But there's the truth, and no harm ever comes of that. Perhaps I'd better not ask you for an answer now. But I thought it right you should know it all. And remember this: I only care for one thing now in the world, and that is your love." And then he paused, thinking it probable that, in spite of what he had said, he might perhaps get some sort of answer, some inkling of the state of her heart's disposition towards him.

But Susan had at once resolved to take him at his word, when he suggested that an immediate reply was not necessary. To say that she loved him was of course impossible; and to say that she did not was equally so. She determined, therefore, to close at once with the offer of silence.

When he ceased speaking, there was a moment's pause, during which he strove hard to read what might be written on her down-turned face. But he was not good at such reading.

"Well, I guess I'll go and get my things ready now," he said, and then turned round to open the door.

"Mother will be in before you are gone, I suppose," said Susan.

"I have only got twenty minutes," said he, looking at his watch. "But, Susan, tell her what I have said to you. Good-bye, and he put out his hand. He knew he should see her again, but this had been his dodge to get her hand in his."

"Good-bye, Mr. Dunn," and she gave him her hand.

He held it tight for a moment, so that she could not draw it away—could not if she would. "Will you tell your mother?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered quite in a whisper, "I guess I'd better tell her. And then he gave a long sigh. He pressed her hand again, and got it to his lips."

"Mr. Dunn, don't," she said. But he did kiss it.

"God bless you, my own dearest, dearest girl. I'll just open the door as I came down. Perhaps Mr. Bell will be here," and then he rushed up stairs.

But Mrs. Bell did not come in. She and Hetta were at a weekly service at Mr. Beckard's meeting-house, and Mr. Beckard, it seemed, had much to say. Susan, when left alone, sat down, and tried to think. But she could not think; she could only love. She could use her mind only in recounting to herself the perfections of that demigod, whose heavy steps were so audible over head, as he walked to and fro collecting his things and putting them into his bag.

And then, just when he had finished, she thought herself that he must be hungry. She flew to the kitchen, but he was too late. Before she could even reach at the loaf of bread, he descended the stairs with a clattering noise, and heard her voice as she spoke quickly to Kate O'Brien.

"Miss Susan," he said, "don't get anything for me, for I'm off."

"Oh! Mr. Dunn, I'm so sorry. You'll be so hungry on your journey, and she came out to him in the passage."

"I shall want nothing on the journey, dear, if you'll say one kind word to me."

Again her eyes went to the ground. "What do you want me to say, Mr. Dunn?"

"Say God bless you, Aaron."

"God bless you, Aaron," said she; and yet she was sure that she had not declared her love! He, however, thought otherwise, and went up to New York with a happy heart.

Things happened in the next fortnight rather quickly. Susan at once resolved to tell her mother, but she resolved also not to tell Hetta. That afternoon she got her mother to herself in Mrs. Bell's own room, and there she made a clean breast of it.

"And what did you say to him, Susan?"

"I said nothing, mother."

"Nothing, dear!"

"No, mother, not a word. He told me he didn't want it. She forgot how she had used his Christian name in bidding God bless him."

"Oh dear! said the widow."

"Was it very wrong?" asked Susan.

"But what do you think yourself, my child?" asked Mrs. Bell, after a while. "What are your own feelings?"

Mrs. Bell was sitting on a chair, and Susan was standing opposite to her against the foot of the bed. She made no answer, but moving from her place, she threw herself into her mother's arms and hid her face on her mother's shoulder. It was easy enough to guess what were her feelings.

"But, my darling," said the mother, "you must not think that it is an engagement."

"No," said Susan, sorrowfully.

"Young men say these things to amuse themselves. Wolves have been said to have said she spoken out her mind freely."

"Oh, mother, he is not like that!"

The daughter contrived to extract a promise from the mother that Hetta should not be told just at present. Mrs. Bell calculated that she had six weeks before her. As yet Mr. Beckard had not spoken out. But there was reason to suppose that he would do so before those six weeks would be over, and then she would be able to seek counsel from him.

Mr. Beckard spoke out at the end of six days, and Hetta frankly accepted him. "I hope you'll love your brother-in-law," said she to Susan.

"Oh! I will, indeed," said Susan, and in the softness of her heart at the moment she almost made up her mind to tell. But Hetta was full of her own affairs, and thus it passed off.

It was then arranged that Hetta should go and spend a week with Mr. Beckard's parents. Old Mr. Beckard was a farmer living near Uxbridge; and now that the match was declared and approved of, it was thought well that Hetta should know her future husband's family.

So she went for a week, and Mr. Beckard went with her. He will be back in plenty of time for me to speak to him before Aaron Dunn's six weeks are over, said Mrs. Bell to herself.

But things did not go exactly as she expected. On the very morning after the departure of the engaged couple there came a letter from Aaron saying that he would be at Saratoga that evening, and as the Beckards people had ordered him down again for some day's special work. Then he was to go elsewhere, and not return to Saratoga till June.

But he hoped, so said the letter, that Mrs. Bell would not turn him out into the street even then, though the summer might have come, and her regular lodgers might be expected.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said Mrs. Bell to herself, reflecting that she had no one of whom she could ask advice, and that she must decide that very day. Why had she let Mr. Beckard go without telling him? Then she told Susan, and Susan spent the day in trembling. Perhaps, thought Mrs. Bell, he will say nothing about it. In such case, however, would it not be her duty to say something? Poor mother! She trembled nearly as much as Susan.

"How are the ladies?" asked Aaron, trying to gather something from the face and voice of the domestic.

"Miss Hetta and Mr. Beckard be gone off to Uxbridge, just man-and-wife like. And so they are; more power to them."

"Oh, indeed; I am very glad," said Aaron. And so he was; very glad to have Hetta the demure out of the way. And then he made his way into the parlor, doubting much and hoping much.

Mrs. Bell rose from her chair and tried to look grave. Aaron glanced round the room and saw that Susan was not there. He walked straight up to the widow, and offered his hand, which she took. It might be that Susan had not thought fit to tell, and in such case it would not be right for him to compromise her; so he said never a word.

But the subject was too important to the mother to allow of her being silent when the young man stood before her. "Oh, Mr. Dunn," said she, "what is this you have been saying to Susan?"

"I have asked her to be my wife," said he, drawing himself up and looking her full in the face. Mrs. Bell's heart was almost as soft as her daughter's, and it was nearly gone; but at that moment she had nothing to say but, "Oh dear, oh dear!"

"May I not call you mother?" said he, taking both her hands in his.

"Oh dear, oh dear! But will you be good to her! Oh, Aaron Dunn, if you deceive my child—"

In another quarter of an hour Susan was kneeling at her mother's knees with her face in her mother's lap; the mother was wiping tears out of her eyes; and Aaron was standing by, holding one of the widow's hands.

"You are my mother too now," said he. "What would Hetta and Mr. Beckard say when they came back? But then he surely was not to be deceived."

There were four or five days left for the courtship before Hetta and Mr. Beckard would

return, four or five days during which Susan might be happy, Aaron triumphant, and Mrs. Bell nervous. Days I have said, but after all it was only the evenings that were so left. Every morning Susan got up to give Aaron his breakfast, but Mrs. Bell got up also. Susan boldly declared her right to do so, and Mrs. Bell found no objection which she could urge. But after that Aaron was always absent till seven or eight o'clock in the evening, when he would return to his tea. Then came the hour or two of lover's intercourse.

But they were very tame those hours. The widow still felt an undefined fear that she was wrong, and though her heart yearned to know that her daughter was happy in the sweet happiness of accepted love, yet she dreaded to be too confident. Not a word had been said about money matters; not a word of Aaron Dunn's relatives. So she did not leave them by themselves but waited with what patience she could for the return of her wise counselors.

And then Susan hardly knew how to behave herself with her accepted suitor. She felt that she was very happy; but perhaps she was most happy when she was thinking about him through the long day, assisting in fixing little things for his comfort, and waiting for his evening return. And as he sat there in the parlor, she could be happy there too, if she were but allowed to sit and look at him; not stare at him, but raise her eyes every now and again to his face for the shortest possible glance, as she had been used to do ever since he came there.

But he, the unconquerable lover, wanted to hear her speak, was desirous of being talked to, and perhaps thought that he should by right be allowed to sit by her, and hold her hand. No such privileges were accorded to him. If they had been alone together, walking side by side on the green turf as lovers should walk, she would soon have found the use of her tongue, have talked fast enough no doubt. Under such circumstances, when a girl's shyness has given way to real intimacy, there is, in general, no end to her power of chatting. But though there was much love between Aaron and Susan, there was as yet but little intimacy; and then, let a mother be ever so motherly, and no mother could have more of a mother's tenderness than Mrs. Bell, still her presence must be a restraint. Aaron was very fond of Mrs. Bell; but nevertheless he did sometimes wish that some domestic duty would take her out of the parlor for a few happy minutes. Susan went out very often, but Mrs. Bell seemed to be a fixture.

Once for a moment he did find her alone, immediately as he came into the house.

"My own Susan, do you love me? Do say so to me once," and he contrived to get his arm round her waist.

"Yes," she whispered; but she slipped like an eel from his hands, and left him only preparing himself for a kiss; and then, when she got to her room, half frightened, she clasped her hands together, and bethought herself that she did really love him with a strength and depth of love which filled her whole existence. Why should she not have told him something of all this?

And so the few days of his second sojourn at Saratoga passed away, not altogether satisfactorily. It was settled that he should return to New York on Saturday night, leaving Saratoga on that evening; and as the Beckards were to be back to dinner on that day, Mrs. Bell would have an opportunity of telling her wondrous tale. It might be well that Mr. Beckard should see Aaron before his return.

On Saturday the Beckards did arrive just in time for dinner. It may be imagined that Susan's appetite was not very keen, nor her manners very collected. But all this passed by unobserved in the importance attached to the various Beckard arrangements which came under discussion. Ladies and gentlemen circled about as were Hetta and Mr. Beckard, are, perhaps, a little too apt to think that their own affairs are paramount. But after dinner Susan vanished at once, and when Hetta prepared to follow her, desirous of further talk about matrimonial arrangements, her mother stopped her, and the disclosure was made.

"Proposed to her!" said Hetta, who perhaps thought that a marriage in a family was enough at a time.

"Yes, my love. And he did it, I must say, in a very honorable way: telling her not to make any answer till she had spoken to me. Now that was very nice; was it not Phineas?"

Mrs. Bell had become very anxious that Aaron should not be voted a wolf.

"And what has been said to him since?" asked the discreet Phineas.

"Why, nothing absolutely decisive. Oh, Mrs. Bell! You see I know nothing as to his means."

"Nothing at all," said Hetta.

"He is a man that will always earn his bread," said Mr. Beckard; and Mrs. Bell blessed him in her heart for saying it.

"But has he been encouraged?" asked Hetta.

"Well, yes he has," said the widow.

"Then Susan, I suppose, likes him?" asked Phineas.

"Well, yes she does," said the widow. And the conference ended in a resolution that Phineas Beckard should have a conversation with Aaron Dunn as to his worldly means and position; and that he, Phineas, should decide whether Aaron might or might not be at once accepted as a lover, according to the tenor of that conversation. Poor Susan, she was not told anything of all this.

"Better not," said Hetta the demure. "It will only flurry her more."

How would she have liked it, if, without consulting her, they had left it to Aaron to decide whether or no she might marry Phineas?

They knew where on the works Aaron was to be found, and thither Mr. Beckard rode after dinner. We need not narrate at length the conference between the young men. Aaron at once declared that he had nothing but what he made as an engineer, and explained that he held no permanent situation on the line. He was well paid at that present moment, but at the end of the summer he would have to look for employment.

"Then you can hardly marry at present?" said the discreet minister.

"Perhaps not quite immediately."

"And long engagements are never wise," said the other.

"Three or four months," suggested Aaron. But Mr. Beckard shook his head.

The afternoon at Mrs. Bell's house was not uneventful. The final decision of the three judges was as follows: There was to be no engagement; of course no correspondence. Aaron was to be told that it would be better that he should get lodgings elsewhere when he returned; but that he would be allowed to visit at Mrs. Bell's house, and at Mrs. Beckard's, which was very considerate. If he should succeed in getting a permanent appointment, and if he and Susan still held the same mind, why then—etc., etc., etc. Such was Susan's fate, as communicated to her by Mrs. Bell and Hetta. She sat still and wept when she heard it; but she did not complain. She had always felt that Hetta would be against her.

"Mayn't I see him, then?" she said, through her tears.

Hetta thought she had better not. Mrs. Bell thought she might. Phineas decided that they might shake hands, but only in full conference. There was to be no lover's farewell. Aaron was to leave the house at half past five, but before he went Susan should be called down. Poor Susan! she sat down and bemoaned herself; uncomplaining, but very sad.

Susan was soft, feminine, and manageable. But Aaron Dunn was not very soft, was especially masculine, and in some matters not easily manageable. When Mr. Beckard in the widow's presence—Hetta had retired in obedience to her lover—informed him of the court's decision, there came over his face the look he had worn when he burned the picture.

"Mrs. Bell," he said, "had encouraged his engagement; and he did not understand why other people should now come and disturb it."

"Not an engagement, Aaron," said Mrs. Bell, piteously.

"He was able and willing to work," he said, "and knew his profession. What young man of his age had done better than he had? and he glanced round at them with perhaps more pride than was quite becoming."

Then Mr. Beckard spoke out, very wisely, no doubt, but perhaps a little too much at length. Sons and daughters, as well as fathers and mothers, will know very well what he said; so I need not repeat his words. I can not say that Aaron listened with much attention, but he understood perfectly what the upshot of it was. Many a man understands the purport of many a sermon without listening to one word in ten. Mr. Beckard meant to be kind in his manner; and indeed was so, only that Aaron could not accept as kindness any interference on his part.

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Bell," said he, "I look upon myself as engaged to her, and I look on her as engaged to me. I tell you so fairly; and I believe that's her mind as well as mine."

"But, Aaron, you won't try to see her, or to write to her; not in secret, will you?"

"When I try to see her, I'll come and knock at this door; and if I write to her, I'll write to her full address by the post. I never did and never will do anything in secret."

"I know you're good, and honest," said the widow, with her handkerchief to her eye.

"Then why do you separate us?" asked he, almost roughly. "I suppose I may see her, at any rate, before I go. My time's nearly up now, I guess."

And then Susan was called for, and she and Hetta came down together. Susan crept in behind her sister. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her appearance was altogether disconsolate. She had had a lover for a week, and now she was to be robbed of him.

Good-bye, Susan, said Aaron, and he walked up to her without bashfulness or embarrassment. Had they all been compliant and gracious to him he would have been as bashful as his love; but now his temper was hot.

"Good-bye, Susan," and he took his hand, and he held hers till he had finished; and remember this, I look upon you as my promised wife, and I don't fear that you'll deceive me. At any rate, I shan't deceive you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Aaron," she sobbed.

"Good-bye, and God bless you, my own darling!" and then, without saying a word to any one else, he turned his back upon them and went his way.

There had been something very consolatory, and very sweet to the poor girl in her lover's last words; and yet they had almost made her tremble. He had been so bold, and stern and confident. He had seemed so utterly to defy the impregnable discretion of Mr. Beckard, so to despise the demure propriety of Hetta. But of this she felt sure, when she came to question her heart, that she could never, never, never cease to love him better than all the world besides. She would wait, patiently if she could find patience; and then, if he deserted her, she would die.

Then the summer came, the Saratoga summer of July, August and September, during which the widow's house was full; and Susan's hand saved the pain of her head, for she was forced into occupation. Now that Hetta was gone to her own duties, it was necessary that Susan's part in the household should be more prominent.

Aaron did not come back to his work at Saratoga. Why he did not they could not then learn. During the whole long summer they heard no word of him nor from him; and then, when the cold winter months came, and their boarders had left them, Mrs. Beckard congratulated her sister in that she had given no further encouragement to a lover who had cared so little for her. This was very hard to bear, but Susan did bear it.

That winter was very sad. They learned nothing of Aaron Dunn till about January, and then they heard that he was doing very well. He was engaged on the Erie trunk line, was paid highly, and was much esteemed. And yet he neither came nor sent.

"He has an excellent situation," their informant told them.

"And a permanent one?" asked the widow.

"Oh yes, no doubt," said the gentleman. "For I happen to know that they count greatly on him."

And yet he sent no word of love.

After that the winter became very sad indeed. Mrs. Bell thought it to be her duty now to teach her daughter that, in all probability, she would see Aaron Dunn no more. It was open to him to leave her without being absolutely a wolf. He had been driven from the house when he was poor, and they had no right to expect that he would return now that he had made some rise in the world. Men do amuse themselves in that way, the widow tried to teach her.

"He is not like that, mother," she said again

"But they do not think so much of those things as we do," urged the mother.

"Don't they?" said Susan, oh, so sorrowful.

And so through the whole long winter months she became paler and paler, and thinner and thinner.

And then Hetta tried to console her with religion; and that, perhaps, did not make things any better. Religious consolation is the best cure for all grief; but it must not be looked for specially with regard to an individual sorrow. A religious man should become bankrupt through the misfortunes of the world, will find true consolation in his religion even for that sorrow, but a bankrupt who has not thought much of such things will hardly find solace by thinking upon religion for that special occasion.

And Hetta, perhaps, was hardly prudent in her attempts. She thought that it was wicked on Susan's part to grow thin and pale for love of Aaron Dunn, and she hardly hid her thoughts. Susan was not sure but that it might be wicked; but this doubt in no way tended to make her plump and rosy. So that in those days she found no comfort in her sister.

But her mother's pity and soft love did ease her sufferings, though it could not make them cease. Her mother did not tell her that she was wicked, or bid her read long sermons, or force her to go oftener to the meeting-house.

"He will never come again, I think," she said one day as, with a shawl wrapped round her shoulders, she leaned with her head on her mother's bosom.

"My own darling!" said the mother, pressing her child closely to her side.

"You think he never will, oh, mother?"

"What could Mrs. Bell say? In her heart of hearts she did not think he ever would come again."

"No, my child, I do not think he will."

And then the hot tears ran down, and the sobs came thick and frequent.

"My darling! my darling!" exclaimed the mother; and they wept together.

"Was I wicked to love him at the first?" she asked that night.

"No, my child; you were not wicked at all, at least I think not."

"Then why—why was he sent away?" It was on her tongue to ask that question, but she paused and spared her mother. The next morning Susan did not get up. She was not ill, she said, but weak and weary. Would her mother let her lie that day? And then Mrs. Bell went down alone to her room and sorrowed with all her heart for the sorrow of her child. Why, oh, why had she driven away from her door—the love of an honest man?

On the next morning Susan again did not get up. Nor did she hear, or, if she heard, did she recognize, the steps of the postman who brought a letter to the door. Early, before the widow's breakfast, the postmaster came, and the letter which he brought was as follows:

"MY DEAR MRS. BELL,—I have now got a permanent situation on the Erie line, and the salary is enough for myself and a wife—at least I think so—and I hope you will too. I shall be down at Saratoga tomorrow evening, and I hope neither Susan nor you will refuse to receive me."

Yours affectionately,
AARON DUNN.

That was all. It was very short, and did not contain one word of love; but it made the widow's heart leap for joy. She was rather afraid that Aaron was angry, he wrote so curtly, and with such a brusque, business-like attention to mere facts; but surely he could have but one object in coming there. And then he alluded specially to a wife. So the widow's heart leaped with joy.

But how was she to tell Susan? She ran up stairs, almost breathless with haste, to the bedroom door. But then she stopped. Too much joy, she had heard, was as dangerous as too much sorrow. She must think it over for a while; so she crept back again.

But after breakfast—that is, when she had sat for a while over her tea cup—she returned to the room, and this time she entered it.

The letter was in her hand, but held so as to be hidden—in her left hand—as she sat down with her right arm towards the invalid.

"Susan dear," she said and smiled at her child, "you'll be able to get up this morning—eh, dear?"

"Yes, mother," said Susan, thinking that her mother objected to this idleness of her lying in bed. And so she began to bestir herself.

"I don't mean this very moment, love. Indeed, I want to sit with you for a little while. And she put her right arm affectionately round her

The Eastern Mail.

EPH MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 6, 1860.

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Converts to Douglas.

We have looked with no little amusement at the efforts of Col. Smart and his followers to spread the belief that the party are making converts from the republicans. Everybody knows the effect of such a conviction when once established; and on the other hand, no prudent politician would move such a fraud without the best assurance of success, because the consequences of failure are worse than ashes thrown against the wind. Col. Smart has tried the game before, and will now find out the extent to which he achieved weakness in his first experiment. The people remember it, and they are not easily deceived the second time by the same man.

"How is it?"—inquired a friend the other day in a neighboring town—"how is it about those fifty or sixty republicans in Waterville who have gone over to the democrats?—that's the story the Douglas men are telling here. Is there anything in it?" We had heard nothing of the kind at home, and assured him that the story must be one that had fallen into orphanage and turned to run the other way; that the conversions mentioned must be from the other party, if anywhere.

It is reported that the Colonel stated at Skowhegan that he had the names of fifty voters who had pledged themselves to go for Douglas, having always heretofore voted with the republicans. When called upon to give the names, he said they were "sealed up," and would be shown after election! Let it be remembered, that no political lie was ever good enough to be worth repeating after election; and the man whose conscience is so much ahead of his courage that he permits himself to be "sealed up" till after election, was fit to be a democrat last year, to say the best of him.

But one of these democratic conversions, that has been circulated with more rapidity and produced more astonishment than any other, is that of Hon. Joseph Eaton, of Winslow! Start not reader!—that staunch republican pillar has fallen!—Not three days ago, and not three miles from his home, we were assured by three men, [none of them in "backram"] that this was a veritable conversion. We happened to know the details of this case, as we had them but a single remove from the gentleman's own lips. It may not be out of place to comfort the democracy with the story, as it has too much merit to be lost.

When Mr. Douglas addressed the democracy at Augusta, Mr. Eaton, as superintendent of the S. & K. Railroad, issued large posters for passengers at reduced fare, with the name of "Joseph Eaton" in large letters at the bottom. On the same sheet was the name of "Stephen A. Douglas" and the word "Democrats." What should a plain unlettered democrat conclude but that these three personages all belonged to the same party! One of them did so decide, and started the count for Mr. Eaton as a convert. He was reported as a convert at the district convention which followed, and a committee was appointed to wait upon him with the inquiry if he would accept a nomination from the democrats to run against Mr. Morrill for Congress! The committee waited on the proposed candidate in the way of their duty. None but those who know Mr. Eaton can have a full perception of the truly democratic astonishment of the honorable committee, when he threw himself into a mock-theatrical attitude and exclaimed, "Good God! gentlemen, what have I done?" Mr. Fuller got the nomination.

There is still one more conversion worth mentioning. A gentleman of high standing in Skowhegan was passenger in the stage from that place to Lee, at the occurrence of the anecdote we published two weeks ago, in which an old democrat there mistook the Douglas who aims to be president for the Douglas who keeps a tavern near him. In the merriment that followed, the Skowhegan gentleman, tho' a well known republican, proposed three cheers for Douglas. On his return home he related the incident, not omitting the proposed cheers. In a few weeks he began to receive letters from friends and relatives abroad, inquiring into the truth of the report that he had gone over to Douglas! In each case he had to relate the anecdote in self-defense. These facts we had from the "convert" himself.

We have given these as a few samples, and we believe fair ones, of the great number of conversions over which Mr. Smart and his friends are trying so hard to rejoice. We don't know of a single case in this town or vicinity, though there are many changes the other way. The ballot box will reveal the truth.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—Gen. Houston declines being a candidate for the Presidency, but the number of aspirants for the office is kept good by the nomination of Gerritt Smith by the Abolition Convention, recently held at Syracuse. Samuel McFarland, of Penn., is put on the same ticket for Vice President, and Fred Douglas was nominated as one of the electors.

VERMONT ELECTION.—Partial returns from the Green Mountain State indicate that she has gone overwhelmingly republican, as usual. If there is any change she has spoken a little louder than ever before.

OUR TABLE.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—The August number has the following table of contents:—Recent Discoveries in Astronomy; Dr. Brown's Life and Works; Scottish Nationality—Social and Intellectual; Colonial Constitution and Defences; Recent Poetry; M. Thiers' History of the Consulate and the Empire; Imaginative Literature; La Verite sur la Russie; Recent Rationalism in the Church of England; Recent Theories in Meteorology; Recent Publications.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription:—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum any two Reviews \$6; any three Reviews \$7; any four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$5; 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 but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

MURRAY'S MUSEUM for September is full of nice memories and other good reading for the little folks, with numerous spirited engravings. The 'Obit' for the month is very lively and amusing, and the 'Puzzle Drawer' is full of nuts hard to crack. Published by J. V. Stearns & Co., 116 Nassau St., New York, at \$1 a year.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.—No. 54 of this low priced periodical contains the following pieces:—*La Pardon de Ploemel*. Bagnielle. La Carpentier. *La Bohemienne Polka*. National. C. Schubert. *Within a mile of Edinboro' Town*. Scotch Ballad.—Burns.

The Red Rose, (Roths Routine). German Song. A. Egan.

'Our Musical Friend' is published monthly; each number containing 12 large sized and handsomely printed pages of choice music. Price 15 cents a number, or \$1.50 a year. Address C. B. Seymour & Co., 438 Broadway, New York.

Excursion of the W. W. P. Association.

The Waterville W. P. Association, although of recent origin, is not altogether unknown to fame. Its principal objects are piscatory plunder and good fellowship. In the attainment of these objects it never resorts to other than the most approved and legitimate means, such, in short, as fully accord with the high-toned moral sentiment of the favored locality from which the association derives its euphonious and suggestive appellation. Although composed of choice, it may be ardent, spirits, its festive occasions are characterized by a degree of dignity, sobriety and decorum eminently befitting the mature age and conservative social position of its members.

At secretary of this organization—an office for the honors of which we are not ungrateful—it becomes our pleasing duty to write the history of a recent excursion—to place on record for the benefit of an admiring public the wise sayings, the brilliant achievements and pleasant episodes of that interesting and ever to be remembered occasion. We feel the magnitude of the undertaking, its interest to our contemporaries, and its importance to our humble imitators in coming time; and although we have had the honor to serve in similar official capacities till we may almost claim the title of "old public functionary," yet we do not remember ever to have taken up "the historic quill" with so much of trepidation. With these prefatory remarks, deemed necessary for the proper elucidation of our narrative, we proceed therewith:—

We are informed by authentic history that "on Friday, the third day of August, 1492, Christopher Columbus set sail from Palos in Spain." It occurred to us as a remarkable coincidence, that on Friday the seventeenth day of August, 1860, just three hundred and sixty-eight years and fourteen days from the date of Christopher's celebrated departure, a party of gentlemen set out from this village just after sunrise, and moved "in a westerly direction!" Proceeding to the West village, whose numerous and tasteful edifices sufficiently indicate the character of the people, the party was joined by some dozen kindred spirits equally "on pleasure bent." The whole procession, consisting of ten equine quadrupeds propelling nine wagons and a "one boss shay," presented a truly magnificent spectacle as it climbed the rugged ascent of Mutton Hill.

The natives of this elevated locality exhibited their wonder and confusion by an unparalleled protrusion of optics, while the animals, with which the eminence abounds, sought in vain for shelter behind some friendly rock. Near the top of the hill we overtook what we supposed to be an emigrant train, bound as we learned incidentally, for the fertile plains of Starks. Arriving at the "North Pond House" we found that mine host was not at home. His absence, however, was quite pardonable, being occasioned by the advent of a "domestic cry-sis"—an event of not infrequent occurrence in well regulated families, and which was regarded as a "great episode" in the "house of Artemus Ward." Our party being mostly men of family and entertaining lively recollections of similar occurrences, kindly forgave the absence of the host, as well as the hostler, and with the utmost good humor proceeded to unharness the animals and comfortably bestow them in their respective stalls.

This being accomplished, divers baskets, boxes and other vessels were dexterously brought to light from the hidden recesses of several wagons and the aforesaid "one boss shay," and laden with these vessels the party fled off decorously toward that beautiful sheet of water known as North Pond but which well deserves a more euphonious name. We will not dilate on our temporary disappointment in not securing 'Wade's Big Boat' with its accomplished skipper, but hasten to tell how we all embarked in 'two smaller craft,' propelled both by favoring gales and lusty oarsmen, glided swiftly to the place which the initiated know as the 'perch grounds,' cast anchor, baited hooks, and then in our lines. For a little time

"Then all was silence, deep, unbroken,
The vessel stood—no mortal spoke."
till an exulting shout from the editor called attention to the stern where that individual had perched himself. Slowly and deliberately he hauled in his line with an air of confidence which gave promise of a 'big catch.' Shall we ever forget the expression of that countenance when the expected mammoth perch proved to be a bunch of aquatic grass! The subsequent performances of this individual were

decidedly more fortunate, resulting in the capture of the finny tribes in great numbers and variety, including several pickerel and a liberal supply of horn pouts.—But to return to our party whom we left patiently waiting for bites. Nor did the fates decree that they should wait long; for soon premonitory nibbles gave place to decisive bites and the sport began in earnest. We have not space to account individual achievements however glorious.—Suffice it that the dealers in hard-ware, the vender of drugs, the makers of edged tools, the raiser of big porkers, merchants, scholars, and, 'in short,' as Wilkins Micawber would say, the entire force performed prodigies of skill in angling, so that our well laden boats returned to the wooded shore at noon

"With gannet ready to submerge
Itself beneath the flashing surge."

(This quotation is taken from Becket's Hester and the Atlantic Monthly is respectfully requested not to criticize.)—and now commenced the more serious and weighty business of the day, the business on which the success of our enterprise mainly depended, the concoction of a chowder. Not the article known by that name in hotels and restaurants, but such an one as would not tarnish the fame of our steward, the redoubtable raiser of huge porcine. Great quantities of onions and potatoes, cans of milk, tubs of butter, papers of seasoning, enormous sections of swine's flesh were speedily prepared and found their way into the kettle said to have been used by the army of the first Napoleon. And soon the air for miles around was impregnated with a perfume that might have tempted the gods—if there had been any within smelling distance. It is said that 'a watched pot never boils.' Not so with ours, for never pot boiled more cheerily though watched by two score of hungry eyes with an anxiety and longing that language is inadequate to depict. The important moment at last arrived. The joyful cry of land! land! sounded not more gratefully in the ears of Columbus and his followers than did the magic words 'the chowder's done' in the ears of that longing crowd. The pot was removed from the crane and placed in the center of that interesting group, when commenced such an onslaught as may be better imagined than described. For a time no sound was heard save the noise occasioned by bailing out and gulping down; but when hunger was sufficiently appeased to admit of speech there arose one universal note of approbation, and the health of the steward was drunk in steaming cups of fine old—Oolong from the brown store at the West village.

When the bowls had been several times replenished most of the company fell back upon lighter feed of which an abundance was provided. But still the contest for supremacy in disposing of the chowder was carried on by two champions of nearly equal calibre—a representative from each of our two villages. For a time the result was doubtful, so lustily did both ply their spoons. At length the champion of the East gave up in despair and victory perched on the banner of the West village, so nobly upborne by the stalwart arm of a brave descendant of Tubal Cain, 'the bulwark of old times.' We must not forget to mention the generous jar of pickles presented by our worthy representative to the great and general court, and other viands rich and rare from unknown hands, all which helped out a repast that might have spared them and yet been good beyond all praise.

At the conclusion of the feast the permanent organization of the W. W. P. Association was effected and the following officers chosen for the ensuing year.

President—Wm. H. Hatch.
Vice Presidents—Edwin Coffin,
B. C. Benson.
Secretary—C. A. Smiley.
H. C. Leonard,
W. P. Blake,
G. W. Hubbard.
Board of managers—

The inaugural address of the president was happily conceived and eloquently delivered, concluding with this sentiment:—"May your knees fall in pleasant places," though fate should scatter you from pole to pole, may you enjoy the good of this life *un-bated*, and having at last fought well the battle of life, each on his own hook, may you be found well seasoned with sufficient grace. The senior editor of the Eastern Mail was lustily called for and responded in some very felicitous allusions to the events of the day. Eloquent remarks were made by Hatch of Waterville College, Morse of Massachusetts, J. U. Hubbard, B. C. Benson and others. The exercises were concluded by singing Auld Lang Syne, and after another successful attempt at fishing the party returned home with a goodly show of spoils and happy remembrances of a day passed in innocent and healthful enjoyment.

CAUCUS.—The republican caucus for the nomination of Town representative in Waterville is called for Saturday at 4 o'clock P. M. There will doubtless be a good turnout, as there are several candidates in the field. Bear in mind, freemen, that under the present caucus management, there is where the battle is fought! If you don't attend, you have no real voice in the election. You simply take the vote given you and put it in a box. Look at the matter and see for yourself. Now, if you have any choice in the men who want the nomination, come and attend to the matter yourself. Don't wait for some one to come and draw you out, but be a freeman on your own account; and no matter if you start in season to draw out the drosses on your way.

WASHBURN ELECTED.—At the annual election for Governor at Bowdoin College, which took place on Monday, Sept. 3, the following was the result:—Whole number of votes, 147.—Washburn had 105, Smart, 37, Barnes 5. In the different classes the vote stood thus: Senior.—Washburn 25, Smart 6, Barnes 1. Junior.—Washburn 30, Smart 6, Barnes 2. Sophomore.—Washburn

25, Smart 14, Barnes 2. Freshman.—Washburn 26, Smart 8, Barnes 0.

If this is any index, Mr. Smart will not be the next Governor. The students are not all in college else the Republican majority would be greater.

AN INTERESTING EXHIBITION.—Three pupils of the Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind are now in our State—in charge of Miss Maria Moulton, the amiable, accomplished and highly esteemed Matron, and Mr. T. J. Campbell, Professor of Music in the institution—and are visiting the principal towns for the purpose of showing the people what can be done for the education and culture of the blind, and of awakening a new interest in this philanthropic enterprise. They held an exhibition in our Town Hall, on Monday evening last, and although the room was only about half filled, owing to the limited notice and a misunderstanding of the nature and object of the exhibition, yet to those in attendance it proved an occasion of wonderful interest and rare delight. After a prayer by Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. Campbell—himself blind—made a short opening address, explanatory of the objects of the present visit, giving a brief statement of what had been done, and what more they hoped to do, for the education of the blind. Cut off in a great measure from the pleasure which comes through a gratification of the senses—dependent and helpless—a blind person without education was capable only of a low order of enjoyment and comparatively limited in amount. Education and culture, therefore, which so increase the happiness of all, do much more for the blind than for those who are blessed with sight.

At present, they were enabled to give the blind only a common school education, as it were; but a project had been started, in which he was warmly interested, and which he trusted would prove successful, for establishing a higher school, in connection with Harvard University—in which provision would be made for a higher culture and broader development—giving to a select portion of the pupils a good collegiate education, and qualifying such as were fitted to be professors and composers of music. He was aware that there was a movement for establishing in Maine a school for the blind—another of those primary schools, such as they had in Massachusetts—but on a smaller scale, of course, as the sum asked for was very small. He thought this an unwise movement, at the present time, and felt sure that it would be better to continue to send our blind to the Massachusetts Asylum, as we had done—better for the blind and more economical for the State. Two schools were no doubt needed in the New England States—one for each of the sexes—and he was not particular where this second school should be located; and these, with the higher school, for the establishment of which he was laboring, he thought would be sufficient for the present.

At the close of Mr. Campbell's address he introduced the pupils, who favored the company with music, instrumental and vocal, playing the piano with much skill, and the younger ones singing some sweet and simple songs in a way that drew all hearts to them. One of the little girls is singularly blessed in her organization, and her voice—whether in talking, reading or singing—has a sweetness, clearness and purity of tone, that impart to it a witching charm for the hearer. Mr. Campbell, himself blind, is an artist of rare merit, and in the course of the evening favored the audience with specimens of his taste and skill, that commanded the applause of the best judges present, and fully justified the praise bestowed upon him by the guardians of the institution in their published report. The pupils were also exercised in reading, geography, &c.; and much more would have been done in this way, if there had been a disposition on the part of the audience to question them—for they were prepared for examination in arithmetic, algebra, and some other studies. The reading exercises were highly satisfactory and the audience were delighted to see how quickly the girls turned to any chapter and verse in the Bible, and how readily they traced out the words with their fingers, and with what fluency, distinctness and propriety they read verse after verse. We leave it for the teachers of our public schools to say how many pupils they have of the same age, blessed with good sight, who could equal them in this department.

Specimens of the workmanship of the blind were also exhibited—affording gratifying evidence that those possessed of limited gifts can be so trained as to earn their living and attain to a comfortable and elevating self reliance.

We are very sorry that no more of our citizens were present, for the sake of all concerned; and hope that, on their return, Mrs. Moulton and her interesting little pupils may be induced to repeat their exhibition.—They are here not to make money; they do not come to solicit charity, at the present time; but they wish to interest the people in the education of an unfortunate class, by showing what can be done for them. When they first came into the State, their exhibitions were free; but they have been compelled to charge a small admission fee to protect themselves from annoyance by rude and noisy persons who sometimes crowd in. The proceeds of these exhibitions will be sacredly devoted to enlarging the printing fund.

STATE RALLY OF WIDE AWAKES.—The demonstration by the Republicans at Portland on Tuesday, was the most imposing of any thing in the political line ever before attempted in this State. The speaking was done by Hon. W. P. Fessenden, of Portland; Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell, of Mass.; E. D. Culver, of N. Y.; and Walcott Hamlin, of N. H. An immense crowd was in attendance, and everything passed off pleasantly and successfully. The grand feature of the occasion, however,

was the torch-light procession in the evening. This, with the illuminations and fireworks made a most magnificent spectacle—not soon to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The Wide Awakes of Waterville were there in full force, and returned on Wednesday morning delighted with the trip and with a lively appreciation of the hospitable treatment they had received at the hands of their Portland brethren. They were accompanied by the Waterville Brass Band, and made a very handsome appearance.

James G. Brooks in Waterville.

The announcement of an address from James G. Brooks, a graduate of our College, and editor of the N. Y. Express, the great organ of the Union party, would of course draw a house in Waterville—and if so, that house would be two-thirds republicans. The Union men made no open disclaimer, and of course their absence was not noted till next day. We knew that Mr. Brooks had just closed the sale of his party in New York to the democracy; but nobody thought him simple enough to conclude that the time to commence a similar negotiation here, had yet come. So everybody went to listen to the advocacy of Bell and Everett,—everybody but the Union men, and they stayed at home. They knew what Brooks had been about, and were not ready to see him yet.

We have seen enough of the way and spirit in which partisans abuse each other, to be able to sit with some degree of philosophy under any ordinary dose of bitterness or falsehood.

In some cases we impute the wrong to "zeal without knowledge," and in others to an overbalance of personal interest—letting it all pass as so much of what is to be expected, and what God will overrule, if he take cognizance of it at all, to some harmless result. But we confess Mr. Brooks an exception. Neither ignorance or poverty can be summoned to his relief; and yet his entire effort was one of the simplest tangibilities of misrepresentation and distortion we ever heard. He even stood in the name of untruth, by claiming to be of the Unionists, and yet proceeding openly to declare his "fraternity with the democracy."—Of this, however, none would complain but those who object to the unmasking of this fraternity before its time.

Mr. Brooks claimed to be an anti-slavery man, and cited as proof the fact so well known, because so widely heralded, at the time, that in negotiating a matrimonial contract between himself and a Virginia lady, he required her to free all her slaves before she bound him. Mr. B. is a negotiator, and he was thus negotiating over the shoulders of that Virginia maiden, for a place in Congress from New York. He got the place by the same bargain by which he got his wife, and made all he could out of it; as he is now negotiating for another office over his wife's other shoulder. He has sold his party in New York, and can only get his pay when such anti-slavery men as he succeed in admitting slavery into the territories now free.

The assertion that the principles of the republicans excluded from office every pro-slavery man in the nation, drew from a republican the inquiry where he found authority for the conclusion? "Don't you declare slavery sinful and slaveholders wicked men?"—and are you going to appoint wicked men to office? Here was logic with a vengeance, and reason in proportion; and over it some of the audience raised such a howl of triumph, that the speaker dared the intruder to take the stand and defend himself! Again and again he repeated the challenge, and again and again the same class of auditors redoubled their clamor; till it was plain that both he and they believed that the great crisis in the argument was reached. We verify believe this to have been one of the strongest points the speaker made; and we venture the assertion that no man who heard him can recall another that had more prominence. We allude to it to show the general unfairness and dishonesty of his argument. It needs no comment but the democratic applause it secured at the time.

Mr. Brooks handled Abraham Lincoln without mercy—upon himself. He knew him well; and he asserted, and repeated, that there was not a man in that audience who was not as well qualified to be president of the United States as Abraham Lincoln. This, we say, was asserted, and re-asserted by a part of the audience! Neither does this foolish assertion need comment; but we mention it as a sample of the careless and reckless manner in which he made assertions that he knew his audience would give the positive stamp of falsehood.

Mr. B. knew all about the Maine Law. No republican defended it now; its old advocates entirely ignored its existence, and no republican had any part in executing a fraction of it! He unblushingly made these assertions in an audience among whom were several who at that moment were in the clutches of that law, and numbers of others who were almost daily concerned in its execution. Poor man! he probably wondered there was no applause over his announcement of the death of the Maine Law; but too many of the audience were only too conscious that it still had life enough for a strong grip. He said he had seen more rum drunk in Maine than in any other State! The audience made no applause here! They seemed busy wondering where Mr. Brooks had been to see so pleasant a sight! He lived in New York where rum was sold openly in ten thousand streams; and he had just entered Maine, coming through Portland, Bath, Gardiner, and Augusta to Waterville, in all which rum is sold only in the closest concealment—could it be Mr. Brooks was "one on 'em?"—or was he trying his hand at a fib, to amuse the democracy and cement the "fraternity?"—Was there a man or the pretence for one, in that audience, who came to the conclusion that he could safely charge Mr. Brooks with telling

the truth on this point? Does anybody answer?

But we did not intend to follow Mr. B. in his arguments or his assertions. The fact that he came here as an advocate of the Union party, and yet proceeded to contend for the extreme claims of the slaveholders, in complete "fraternization," to use his own term, with the democracy—this is one of his disclosures that we wanted to help circulate. Mr. Brooks is a mere politician—a man trained in the school of political management and bargain.—As such he knows well the principles and facts combined in the present contest; and an audience composed mainly of republicans had a right to expect from him at least respectful, if not decently truthful, allusions to principles known to be honestly theirs. Unfortunately for him, as it seems to us, he mistook his audience and forgot himself, in this respect. He offended the Union men, who now do all that Peter did when he denied his master! He disgusted the republicans, who looked for an ingenious and candid argument against themselves from one able to make it; and he puzzled the democrats by asserting, under the stimulus of their applause, more than they dare defend now that he is gone!

LEGAL.—We call attention to the card of Messrs. Drummond & Webb, attorneys at law. We venture to predict that this firm will prove a worthy successor to that of Drummond & Drummond, and commend it to the confidence of business men abroad, as having the right stamp of promptness, industry and faithfulness.

Our regular Worcester letter we are compelled to lay one side this week, much against our wishes. It arrived in due season, but the room was already occupied. We copy, however, what is said of Sumner and his recent speech:—

"Chas. Sumner was greeted here on Wednesday by an immense audience—Mechanic's Hall, the largest hall in New England, being filled to overflowing. The excitement as he made his appearance was intense. The whole audience, as if involuntarily rose to their feet, and amid long-continued clapping, cheering and waving of hats, he took his place upon the stand. His speech was an able exposition of the doctrine of Congressional Intervention, and his review of the three parties opposed to the Republicans was thorough and searching. Allow me a quotation from that part of his speech.

"Arranged on the other side are three other candidates for the Presidency—Bell, Breckinridge and Douglas—I mention them in alphabetical order—differing superficially from each other, but all concurring in friendship for slavery and in opposition to its prohibition in the Territories, and with followers ready, in order to defeat the Republican party to coalesce or fuse with each other. In this readiness you see the common antagonism. No person in the Republican party can think of coalition or fusion with either of these three parties; for they each and all represent in some form hostility to the prohibition of slavery, and therefore, must be opposed to each and all. The whole trio are no better than Mrs. Malaprop's idea of Cerebrus, three gentlemen rolled into one; and must be opposed together.

The applause during the speech was frequent and rapturous.

WILKS.
EXCURSION.—The two sections of Cadets of Temperance of our town—under the charge of their worthy Patrons, J. Nye, Esq., and Mr. C. A. Smiley—made an excursion to Winthrop on Saturday last. They were accompanied by the Waterville Band, spent the day very pleasantly and profitably, and returned in safety at night, wishing, no doubt, that each good time would come a little oftener.

MASS MEETING IN WINSLOW.—Governor Morrill will address the people at Winslow village, to-morrow (Friday) evening. A Wide Awake association has recently been organized in that town, which will parade on the occasion, and we hope to see them joined by their neighbors on this side of the river.

Rev. Dr. Sheldon will preach at the Universalist Church in this place, on next Sabbath, and the Sabbath following, viz: Sept. 9, and 16.

THE GRAND STATE EXHIBITION OF HORSES, takes place, at Augusta, as before stated, on the 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st of this month. It is to be held under the auspices of the 'Association for the improvement of horses in Maine,' and will attract a very large attendance, as arrangements have been made to have many of the best horses in the country present at the time.

ADMITTED TO THE BAR.—At the August term of the Supreme Judicial Court, for Kennebec County, on motion of J. M. Meserve, Esq., O. T. Gray, Esq., of Waterville, was admitted to the practice of law, in all the Courts of this State.

ORDINATION.—The ordination of Mr. Geo. D. B. Pepper, pastor elect of the Baptist Church in this village, will occur this afternoon. The public services will commence at 2 o'clock—the sermon to be preached by Rev. Dr. Hovey, of Newton.

I. O. O. G. T.—The Grand Lodge of Maine was instituted in Portland on Thursday, 23d ult., by R. W. G. D. C. T. J. H. Orne, of Massachusetts, and the following officers were initiated:—
G. W. C. T., Col. A. Berry, of Camden.
G. W. C. T., J. Davis, of Portland.
G. W. Y. T., Miss S. C. Venable, of Bangor.

G. W. S., E. C. Lowe, of Waterville.
G. W. T., J. Furbush, of Brunswick.
G. W. C. W. M. K. Bray, of Orono.
G. W. M., E. A. Sawyer, of Portland.
G. W. A. M., Miss L. M. Eaton, of Portland.
G. W. I. G., Mrs. S. W. Bridge, of Waterville.

G. W. O. G., Thomas Eaton, of Plymouth.
G. W. O. G. T., Mr. K. Rhodes, of Portland.

The next session of the Grand Lodge is to be held in Bangor.

FIRES.—The barn of C. C. Gould of Madison, together with about fifteen tons of hay and six tons of oats, were consumed by fire on Sunday evening about nine o'clock. Rumor says it is the work of an incendiary.

THE EASTERN MAIL,

An Independent Family Newspaper,

Published every Thursday, by

MAXHAM AND WING,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,

At Fry's Building, Main Street, Waterville.

RPH. MAXHAM. DAN'L R. WING.

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No paper discontinued until all arrears are

paid except at the option of the publishers.

POST OFFICE NOTICE-WATERVILLE.

DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Western Mail leaves daily at 10.15 A.M. Closes at 10.00 A.M.

August 31, 1860, 10.15 A.M. 10.00 A.M.

Stoughton, " " 4.40 P.M. 4.30 P.M.

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No. Well, won't they break off and make a free

State down there, by-and-by?

I should think it not impossible that they

might.

I wish to God they would; I would like

right well to go and settle there if it was

from slavery. You see, Kansas and all the

free States are too far north for me; I was

raised in Alabama, and I don't want to move

into a colder climate; but I would like to go

into a country where they had not got this

curse of slavery.

He said this not knowing that I was a North-

ern man; greatly surprised, I asked, 'What

are your objections to slavery, sir?'

'Objections! The first here' (striking his

breast), 'I never could bring myself to like

it. Well, sir, I know that slavery is wrong,

and God'll put an end to it. It's bound to

come to an end, and when the end comes

there'll be war in the land. And, instead of

preparing for it and trying to make it as light

as possible, we are doing nothing but make it

worse and worse. That's the way it appears

to me, and I'd rather get out of these parts

before it comes. Then, I have another objection

to it. I don't like to have slaves about me.

Now, I tell a nigger to go and feed your horse;

I never know if he's done it unless I go and

see; and if he didn't know I would go and

see, and would whip him if I found he hadn't

fed him, would he feed him? He'd let him

starve. I've got as good niggers as anybody,

but I can't depend upon them; they will lie,

and they will steal, and take advantage of me

in every way they dare. Of course they will

if they are slaves. But lying and stealing are

not the worst of it. I've got a family of chil-

dren, and I don't like to have such degraded

beings around my house while they are grow-

ing up. I know what the consequences are to

children, of growing up among slaves.'

I here told him that I was a Northern man,

and asked if he could safely utter such senti-

ments among the people of this District, who

bore the reputation of being, among the most

extreme and fanatical devotees of slavery. 'I

have been told a hundred times I should be

killed if I were not more prudent in express-

ing my opinions, but when it comes to killing,

I'm as good as the next man, and they know

it. I never came the worst out of a fight yet

since I was a boy. I never am afraid to speak

what I think to anybody. I don't think I shall

be.

'Are there many persons here who have as

bad an opinion of slavery as you have?'

'I reckon you never saw a conscientious

man who had been brought up among slaves

who did not think of it pretty much as I do—

did you?'

'Yes, I think I have, a good many.'

'Ah! self-interest warps men's minds won-

derfully, but I don't believe there are many

who don't think so sometimes—it's impossible

I know, that they don't.'

Were there any others in this neighborhood,

I asked, who avowedly hated slavery? He

replied that there were a good many mechan-

ics, all the mechanics he knew, who felt slavery

to be a curse to them, and who wanted to see

it brought to an end in some way. The com-

petition in which they were constantly made

to feel themselves engaged with slave labor

was degrading to them, and they felt it to be

so. He knew a poor, hard working man who

was lately offered the services of three negroes

for six years each if he would let them learn

his trade, but refused the proposal with indig-

nation, saying he would starve before he helped

a slave to become a mechanic. There was a

good deal of talk now about getting laws

side, covered with a six-shilling straw hat, and

wearing a suit such as anywhere could be

purchased for twenty dollars. Mr. Astor had

latterly taken to giving superb dinners.

A WORD TO HUSBANDS.—Has any body ever

written upon the responsibility which rests up-

on a husband with regard to the education of

his wife? Of course we know what you will

say about her being supposed to have 'finished

her education' before marriage, and all that;

and yet you and we know that she begins as

new education with him as if she had never

seen the alphabet. His views, his feelings,

his ideas, are they nothing to her, if she loves

him? Years after when they who 'knew her

as a girl' come to talk with the matron, do

they not find her husband reflected in every

sentence either for good or evil? Of course

the more strongly a woman loves the more

completely is her identity absorbed in her

husband's. This is a point which is too much

neglected by married men. A good husband

is almost certain to have a good wife; and

if she be 'not so good as he could wish' at the

commencement of their married life, he can

soon educate her up to the proper mark; and

on the other hand, he can so educate her down

as to render his home a purgatory, and perhaps

bring upon himself and his family the greatest

agony and the keenest pang of disgrace

which a husband and children can feel.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON THE SICK.—The effect

of music upon the sick has been scarcely at

all noticed. In fact, its effectiveness, as it

is now, makes any general application of it out

of the question. I will only remark here, that

wind instruments, including the human voice,

and stringed instruments, capable of continuous

sound, have generally a beneficial effect—

while the piano-forte, with such instruments as

have no continuity of sound, has just the

reverse. The finest piano-forte playing will

damage the sick, while an air like 'Home,

Sweet Home,' or 'As a sinner I am vile,' or

on the most ordinary grating organ, will

sensibly soothe them—and this quite indepen-

dent of association.—[Florence Nightingale,

Notes on nursing.

AFRAID.—This story is told to illustrate

the way in which old Touchwood's sons

'feared the Lord.' These sons were sadly

addicted to wicked practices; and one Sunday

morning the minister of the parish met one of

them starting for the woods with a gun on his

shoulder. Seeking out the father, the clergy-

man told him that he ought to admonish his

sons, and bring them up in the fear of the

Lord. 'Fear the Lord,' replied old Touch-

wood; 'they are so afraid of him now, that

they don't stir out of the house on Sunday

without a double-barrelled shot-gun in their

hand!'

NOMINATION FOR GOVERNOR.—The Rep-

ublican State Convention of Massachusetts,

on Wednesday last, nominated Hon. John A.

Andrew, of Boston, as candidate for Govern-

or. Hon. John Z. Goodrich, of Stockbridge,

received the nomination for Lieutenant Gov-

ernor.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.—A little son

of Serles Dore, of Stetson, about five years

old, was missed by his parents early Friday

morning last. Soon after an older son went

to the well to draw a bucket of water, when

he heard a faint noise in the well. He imme-

diately gave the alarm, when the family hast-

ened to the spot. Another son descended

the well, and found the little missing one lying

on the ledge at the bottom, partially insensib-

le. The well was forty feet deep, and has

about eighteen inches of water in it, on the

lower side of the bottom, the other side being

up to the water level.

The little fellow was lying on the upper side.

His brother to him on his shoulders, and brought him

up. Though considerably bruised on the hip, shoulder,

and back of the head, no bones were broken.

